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THE

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THE ABIDING POWER OF DANTE.

BY EDMUND G. GARDNER.

I.

THERE is a noble poem by Carducci, written in 1896, in which the soul of Dante after death is appointed by God to watch over the destinies of Italy throughout the centuries as her guardian spirit: "*Ed or s'è fermo, e par ch'aspetti, a Trento*—And now he is standing, and seems to wait, at Trent."[1] It was reported in our papers that the monument, for the inauguration of which these lines were written, was destroyed by the Austrian soldiers when Italy declared war last Whitsunday. It is at least unquestionably true that, in the thoughts of all Italians, the spirit of the Divine Poet is presiding over the last phase in the making of his nation, which coincides, in so striking a fashion, with the six hundred and fiftieth centenary of his birth.

But Dante is immeasurably more than the poet of a single nation—even though that nation is for so many of us, wherever we were born, our second spiritual fatherland. Tennyson wrote well of his abiding and increasing power:

> King, that hast reign'd six hundred years, and grown
> In power, and ever growest.

It is, however, to Longfellow that we must still turn for the most admirable expression in modern poetry of this unique power, in those six sonnets (surely among the greatest in the English lan-

[1] *Per il monumento di Dante a Trento* (in *Rime e Ritmi*).

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guage) which are prefixed to his rendering of the *Divina Commedia.* There is the testimony to the more obvious and external aspect of the poet's influence:

> Thy fame is blown abroad from all the heights,
> Through all the nations, and a sound is heard,
> As of a mighty wind, and men devout,
> Strangers of Rome, and the new proselytes,
> In their own language hear thy wondrous word.

And, with a more poignant actuality for us to-day, when we are confronted with a cataclysm almost unparalleled in history, we have the message of consolation that the Sacred Poem bears for the individual soul:

> So, as I enter here from day to day,
> And leave my burden at this minster gate,
> Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
> The tumult of the time disconsolate
> To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
> While the eternal ages watch and wait.

II.

Had Dante never lived to write the *Divina Commedia,* to fulfill the promise made at the end of the *Vita Nuova,* to say of Beatrice "what hath never been said of any woman," he would nevertheless have been the predominant figure in mediæval literature. Even without the supreme poem, his lyrics—the early pieces included in the *Vita Nuova,* and, more particularly, his maturer series of *Canzoni* or Odes—make him rank as the greatest poet of his age. He would likewise have been known as the first writer on philosophy in the vernacular, and as one of the creators of Italian prose, in virtue of his *Convivio.* Moreover, his two chief Latin works—the *De Monarchia* and the *De Vulgari Eloquentia*—reveal him to us as a profound and original thinker on mediæval problems of Church and State, and as a pioneer in literary criticism. This is surely achievement enough for a single man in the annals of letters; but it sinks into comparative insignificance in comparison with the *Divina Commedia.*

Francesco Torraca has wittily protested against the writers of mediæval visions of the other world being dignified with the title of *Precursors of Dante.* Reminding us how Benvenuto Cellini, when the bronze did not fuse rapidly enough for the casting of his Perseus, threw all his tin plates and bowls into the furnace as alloy, he per-

tinently asks whether the men who made these humble utensils should be called the precursors of Cellini. The journey through the world beyond the grave was no new thing in literature, either in classical poetry or in mediæval legend, from the eleventh book of the *Odyssey* to the sixth of the *Æneid,* from the Apocalypse of St. Paul and the tales told by Venerable Bede to the visions of Alberic of Montecassino, Tundal of Cashel, and Edmund of Eynsham. But no one before Dante had transformed the traditional vision of hell, purgatory, and heaven into a supreme work of art, basing upon it an allegory of the whole life of man, making it the mystical ladder by which the soul, while still in the body, passes up from the knowledge of sensible things to tbe contemplation of the suprasensible, enshrining within it all that was noblest in the thoughts and aspirations of an entire epoch.

" The poetry of Dante may be considered as the bridge thrown over the stream of time, which unites the modern and ancient world." This golden sentence of Shelley aptly defines the position of the *Divina Commedia* in the literature, not of Italy or the Middle Ages alone, but of all Christendom. Nearly a thousand years had passed since Constantine transferred the capital of the Empire from Rome to Byzantium. The brilliant intellectual light, the keen questioning, the spiritual vitality of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries had dissolved the gloom of the dark ages. A new vernacular poetry had come into being in France and in Provence, and then in Italy herself. The spirit of liberty, though destined to be again quenched for centuries, had inflamed the Italian communes. The religious revival wrought by St. Francis of Assisi had not indeed transformed the world, but it had at least shown that Christianity was essentially a life to be lived, a path to be followed, after the pattern and in the footsteps of its Founder. The great Schoolmen, Blessed Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas Aquinas, had brought Aristotle into the service of the Church, and had given utterance to the highest philosophical thought of the Middle Ages in the language of the wisdom of the Greeks. Thus, by the end of the thirteenth century, a standpoint had been reached from which to review the records, and measure the loss and gain, of the past. And this is what Dante does in the *Divina Commedia.* The bridge that he thus " throws over the stream of time " is, as it were, a summary of the centuries from the close of the classical age down to his own; a summary, fragmentary and partial as to the earlier centuries, fuller and more detailed in those that followed; a summary, the very reverse of those epitomes which, as Shelley says, " have been called

the moths of just history " because " they eat out the poetry of it;" a summary which is illumined by imagination and kindled with passion; a summary which gives voice to what is otherwise poetically silent; which grasps what is permanently significant; a summary which aims at presenting man and nature in the mirror of eternity. This, then, is the first secret of Dante's abiding power. He is the supreme interpreter to the modern world of an epoch of unfading significance in the history of humanity.

All the essential currents of thought and speculation from the preceding ages that made up the intellectual, political, and religious heritage of the thirteenth century, are represented, and rendered intelligible as *vital nutrimento,* " vital nourishment," in the *Divina Commedia.* In Dante's hands these varied threads are woven into a rich and harmonious texture. Nowhere else does the debt of the mediæval and modern world to the literature, the law, the civilization of ancient Rome find nobler expression. The whole story of the Roman Empire is revealed in its significance for the Christian historian—with an intuition that at times startlingly anticipates the conclusions of modern scholarship. In his cantos we can trace the Augustinian reading of secular history in the light of revelation, the philosophical ardor and devotion of Boëthius, the Christianized Neo-Platonism of Dionysius. More explicitly, we are made to realize what the Crusades meant for the mediæval Catholic, to what mystic heights the chivalrous love of the troubadours could lead the soul, the value of the evangelic fervor of St. Dominic, the supreme meaning of the espousals of St. Francis with Lady Poverty. The subtleties of the Schoolmen, or what to-day seem to us as such, wedded to the highest poetry, are revealed in their true spiritual import. Never was there such testimony borne to what St. Bonaventura calls " the broadness of the illuminative way " as in that gathering of the doctors and their associates in the Fourth Heaven. The Christianizing of Aristotle, the great philosophical achievement of the thirteenth century, finds its most sublime expression in certain passages of the *Paradiso,* where " the master of those that know," though still relegated to the abode of the Virtuous Heathen in Limbo, speaks for all time from the throne upon which those two sons of St. Dominic, Blessed Albert and St. Thomas, had placed him.[2]

Dante's figuration of the classical world is no mere mediæval anachronism; it is intuitive spiritual interpretation. We know how the Middle Ages represented Vergil as a magician. Comparetti, in

[2] *Inf.* iv., 130-133; *Par.* xxiv., 130-132; *Par.* xxvi., 37-39; *Par.* xxviii., 41, 42.

his monumental work, has urged strongly that Dante entirely ignored these mediæval legends, and that the Vergil of the *Divina Commedia* is a character deduced solely and entirely from a profound and sympathetic study of his poetry. This view (though contested by several scholars) is, I am convinced, the true one. Dante's conception of Vergil is founded on the *Fourth Eclogue* and the *Æneid*. He accepts later tradition only in so far as it represented his Guide as not only *l'altissimo poeta,* but "that noble sage who knew all," "the sea of all wisdom;" as an unconscious prophet of Christ; and as having given an allegory of human life in the first six books of the *Æneid*. This last notion, however, is subordinated to that of Vergil as the poet of Rome and of her Empire, as it was revealed through the journey of Æneas to the realm of shades.[3] Ulysses, eager for wisdom and conceiving nobly of man's destiny, discerning dimly the goal of the human spirit, but not, as anything personal to himself, the preliminary need for repentance, is for the poet the type of the ancient pagan world—like the Platonists, in the *Confessions* of St. Augustine, who saw only the goal of vision without knowing "the way that leadeth, not to behold only, but to dwell in the beatific country."[4] Cato, transferred from the pages of Lucan to guard the shores of the Mountain of Purgation, becomes a type of those who died to kindle the love of liberty in the world.[5] The story of the conversion of Statius to Christianity may or may not have a historical basis; with psychological truth it represents the yearnings of the Hellenistic Roman society for a religion of the spirit—such as Statius himself had expressed in his description of the Altar of Mercy in the twelfth book of the *Thebaid*.[6]

A striking instance of Dante's reconstruction of a character of antiquity in the light of both Vergil and the Scriptures, is found in the redemption of Rhipeus through his love for justice: "*Tutto suo amor laggiù pose a drittura*—All his love on earth he set upon righteousness."[7] In the second book of the *Æneid,* in the great story of the night of the fall of Troy, Dante found the unobtrusive figure of this Trojan warrior among those that gathered round the destined father of Rome in the moonlight, and read how, overwhelmed by the numbers of the Greeks, he fell by the altar of the goddess of wisdom, to live forever in two nobles lines of Vergilian praise:

[3] *Inf.* iv., 80, vii., 3, viii., 7; *Purg.* xxii., 67-72; *Conv.* iv., 26; *Inf.* ii., 13-27.
[4] *Inf.* xxvi., 112-135; *Conf.* vii., 26.
[5] *Purg.* i., 71-75; *Mon.* ii., 5.
[6] *Purg.* xxii., 64-91.
[7] *Par.* xx., 118-129.

Cadit et Rhipeus, iustissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus æqui.[8]

Dante must have perceived that this brief characterization was in harmony with the ideals of the Old and New Testaments alike; that here was one who, like David himself, had "walked before the Lord in truth and justice and an upright heart;"[9] a veritable citizen of Sion, like him described by the Psalmist;[10] one of those of whom St. Peter spoke: "In very deed I perceive that God is not a respecter of persons; but in every nation, he that feareth Him, and worketh justice, is acceptable to Him."[11] Inevitably, it would have flashed into his mind that this love of righteousness had a source that was hidden from Vergil: that here was one of those many Gentiles to whom, according to Aquinas, "a revelation was made concerning Christ." And, at the end, by dying for his country, he had fulfilled (as the pastoral letter of Cardinal Mercier recently reminded the world) the words of the Gospel: "Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends."[12]

The men and women of mediæval times—from St. Benedict, the first man of the new age and the incarnation of the monastic ideal, to Guido da Montefeltro, mighty soldier and tortuous politician of the latter years of the thirteenth century, who had passed into the world of spirits but a few months before the date of the vision—stand out from the poet's cantos with an actuality, a power of delineation that Shakespeare himself does not surpass. So sure is Dante's touch upon the everlasting and unchanging sources of human character and drama that Francesca da Rimini and Piccarda Donati, Fazio degli Uberti and Pier della Vigna, Count Ugolino, Buonconte da Montefeltro and King Manfred, and many another, are brought as near to us as though they had lived yesterday. This is perhaps more generally felt in the great episodes of the *Inferno* and in the tender humanity of the *Purgatorio;* but even amidst the celestial music of the *Paradiso,* where the blessed have become "sempiternal flames," their glory does not for long separate them from us: "In your wondrous aspects there glows I know not what of the divine which transforms you from our old conceptions..... But now what thou tellest me aids me, so that to recognize is easier to me."[13] No man or woman who finds a place in the *Divina Commedia* can ever become a mere name to us, whether we

[8] Rhipeus also falls, the one most just man among the Trojans and the strictest observer of right" (*Æneid* ii., 426, 427). [9] 3 Kings iii. 6.
[10] Psalm xiv. (Vulgate). [11] Acts x. 34, 35. [12] John xv. 13. [13] *Par.* iii., 58, 63.

meet them again in the annals of history or find no record of them save in the poem. If they still live in their volumes upon the shelves of our libraries, Dante has invested their books with the glow and glamour of personality. He, for instance, who has been in spirit with the poet in the Heaven of the Sun will turn to the works of Aquinas as to the writings of an intimate friend of his own.

III.

The poetic splendor of Dante's art, the pregnant concision of his style, the perfect correspondence of thought with utterance, the mighty music at once lyrical and epical with its vast range of modulation, was a new thing in mediæval literature no less than his characterization. And, though the mind of man was "his haunt and the main region of his song," the *Divina Commedia* is likewise a treasury of transcripts from external nature—objects and phenomena closely observed and recorded with a personal note. "*La notte che le cose ci nasconde*—The night that hides things from us."[14] Mr. Arthur Symons has finely said of similes like this that they have "a homely naturalness which sets us wondering afterwards how so simple a statement of fact can have turned into such great poetry." The same keen critic remarks of Dante's fidelity to nature that he almost invariably "gets the inevitable magic of a statement which is at once completely truthful and completely beautiful." The fireflies gleaming on an Italian hillside at nightfall after the long summer day, the shimmering of the sea at dawn, the startled doves leaving their pasture, the storm covering the scene of the lost battle at nightfall, the goats resting in the shade from the heat of the sun, the appearance of the stars at the first rise of evening, the song of the skylark, the flight of daws at the beginning of day:[15] the Sacred Poem is full of passages of this kind, and this, too, is a part of Dante's abiding power.

Even when such natural images are not free from literary reminiscence, he has made them peculiarly his own. A remarkable instance is the last cited: the comparison of the motion of the contemplative saints on the Celestial Ladder to the flight of daws: "And as, according to their natural habit, the daws together at the break of day bestir themselves to warm their chilled pinions; then some depart without returning, some turn again to whence they started, and others wheeling round abide: such fashion seemed to

[14] *Par.* xxiii., 3.

[15] *Inf.* xxvi. 25-30; *Purg.* i., 115-117, ii., 124-129, v., 115-123, xxvii., 76-81; *Par.* xiv., 70-72, xx., 73-75, xxi., 34-39.

me was here, in that glittering band that came together, as soon as it smote upon a certain stair."[16]

Richard of St. Victor teaches that contemplation works in many ways in the soul, all of which we can see represented daily in the flight of birds. He enlarges, at considerable length, on these various modes in which birds move on the wing, and shows how each has its parallel in the motion of the understanding of the contemplative.[17] Dante modifies the image by his own observation of the natural habit of one particular species of bird, and—perhaps following St. Thomas who discusses and criticizes Richard's theory[18]—simplifies it by reducing all these different kinds of motion to three alone, according to the Neo-Platonic doctrine, elaborated by Dionysius, that the soul has three movements when it strives to unite itself with God. It is a miracle of Dante's art that this is suggested and condensed into a few lines which, until we know the source of the conception, read like a simple transcript from nature—as indeed, at the same time, they obviously are.

"I am one who, when love inspires me, note, and go giving utterance in the way that he dictates within."[19] Here lies another of the permanent elements of Dante's power and influence. Love is the noblest and strongest passion of our souls, and men will ever turn to the poet of the *Divina Commedia* as the most inspired revealer of what Francis Thompson calls love's "possible divinities and celestial prophecies." As long as chivalry holds any sway in the relations between men and women, the image of Beatrice will rule over hearts from "the throne which her merits have assigned to her,"[20] and Dante's lyrical farewell to his transfigured Guide in the Empyrean Heaven will ever thrill the souls of all "who have understanding of love." Thus, an eternally significant human gloss is put upon the profound truth enunciated by the Schoolmen: "Love, by reason of its very nature, hath no limit to its increase, for it is a certain participation in the infinite love, which is the Holy Spirit."[21] And when the poet attains that spiritual harmony which is the perfect assimilation of the powers of the soul with the Divine Will, the Divine Will Itself is revealed as universal, all pervading, and all moving love: *"L'amor che move il sole e l'altre stelle."*[22]

To Catholics, Dante has a special significance as the sovereign singer of their faith. The poet's son, Pietro Alighieri, styles him

[16] *Par.* xxi., 34-42.
[17] *De Contemplatione,* i., 5.
[18] *Summa Theologica,* II., ii., q. 180, a. 6 ad 3.
[19] *Purg.* xxiv., 52-54.
[20] *Par.* xxxi., 69.
[21] *Summa Theologica,* II., ii., q. 24, a. 7.
[22] *Par.* xxxiii., 145.

il mæstro della fede, and declares that if the Faith were extinguished, Dante would build it up again: "*Se fussi spenta, rifariala Dante.*" Cardinal Manning wrote: "The poem unites the book of Dogma and the book of Devotion, and is itself both Dogma and Devotion clothed in conceptions of intensity and beauty which have never been surpassed or equalled." Let one example suffice. The *santa orazione,* the lyrical prayer to the Blessed Virgin on the lips of St. Bernard that opens the last canto of the *Paradiso,* gives supreme poetic utterance to the rapt meditations of generations of mystics, from St. John of Damascus to St. Bernard himself, Richard of St. Victor, and the poet's own contemporaries, the two Mechthilds in their Saxon cloister—rapt meditations contemplating in one form of human perfection the revelation of divine mercy and tenderness. The dogmatic teaching of the theologians, from Cyril of Alexandria at the Council of Ephesus to Aquinas and Bonaventura, here blend harmoniously with the fervor of popular unlearned devotion rising as spiritual incense from countless shrines. Dante is the representative of all upon whose behalf the Beloved Disciple "was chosen from upon the Cross for the great office;"[23] but the prayer is no less that of the poet's own soul, in which he is setting forth in flawless verse what love dictates within.

Further, Dante is appealing with a new power, and is perhaps destined to exercise a wider influence, through that revival of the study of mysticism, which is so remarkable a tendency in religious thought at the present day—more particularly among religiously minded persons who are not Catholics. For the *Divina Commedia* is confessedly the record in poetry of the contact of the soul with the ultimate Reality, that anticipation of Eternity here and now, which is the essence of mystical experience. We know how, in the Letter to Can Grande, Dante unmistakably claims that he has been the recipient of some such ineffable experience, of which he feels himself unworthy, and which he professes himself unable adequately to relate. "Invested with the variety of sacred veilings" (to adopt a phrase from Dionysius), he is translating this experience into the figurative language and with the symbolical imagery that would render it intelligible to his contemporaries. Under the allegorical representation of the pilgrimage through the three realms of the *immortale secolo,*[24] it is easy to trace the stages recognized by the adepts of mystical theology: the awakening of the spiritual consciousness, or conversion; the threefold way of purgation, illumination, and union, whereby the soul attains its goal. Students of this

[23] *Par.* xxv., 113, 114.

[24] *Inf.*, ii., 14, 15.

aspect of the vision are still divided as to whether the subtly indicated mystical stages of Dante's ascent in the *Paradiso* are more closely analogous with the grades of contemplation indicated by Richard of St. Victor, or the stages of illumination distinguished by St. Bonaventura in his *Itinerarium,* by which " the soul, as it were by steps or journeys, is disposed to pass to peace through excesses of Christian wisdom." In either case, the poet is, at the most, adapting the mystical psychology of his predecessors to interpret his own experience:

Io, che al divino dall'umano,
All'eterno dal tempo era venuto.

" I, who to the divine from the human, to the eternal from time was come."[25]

Allegory ceases at the consummation of the vision. Once granted the Catholic conception of God, the Catholic doctrine of the fruition of the Divine Essence in the Beatific Vision, human language has never attained so nearly to its adequate utterance as in the closing canto of the *Paradiso.* But, since the means employed are primarily those of poetry, *fantasia*—" imagination "—must needs serve her mistress, the pure understanding, to the end. " *All'alta fantasia qui mancò possa*—To my high phantasy here power failed."[26] This is that higher mystical imagination of which the Angelical Doctor speaks, when " phantasms are formed in the imagination of man by divine aid, which express divine things better than do those which we receive naturally from the senses, as appears in prophetical visions."[27] It does not imply that the Sacred Poem is what we should now call a " work of imagination," a poetical fiction.

IV.

The greatest poets are not merely supreme artists. They are those of whom Plato speaks as " fathers and guides to us in matters of wisdom." To such, in the bitterest of times, we should be able to turn, not for the simple æsthetic consolation of being transported from the consciousness of the present, but to be kept in touch with abiding realities and to receive hope for the future.

There are burning lines in which Dante denounces "the evil

[25] *Par.* xxxi., 37, 38. The scansion of the first line is significant; *io* is two syllables and there is no elision of the *che;* thus emphasizing the personal character of the experience, the poet's wonder that it should be granted to him, and producing the slow movement, the solemn intonation of the verse.

[26] *Par.* xxxiii., 142.

[27] *Summa Theologica,* I., q. 12, a. 13.

plant that overshadows all the Christian earth."[28] It is tempting to apply this to contemporary militarism. Many passages of the *Divina Commedia* could be cited as bearing upon what is now happening before our eyes in Europe; but we approach Dante from too low a standpoint when we lay much stress upon such coincidences, striking though they unquestionably are.

From the Stellar Heaven, Dante looks down upon the earth, *l'aiuola che ci fa tanto feroci:* "With my sight I turned back through all and each of the seven spheres, and saw this globe such that I smiled at its humbled semblance. And that counsel I approve as best that holds it for least; and he who turns thought elsewhere may truly be called righteous.....The little threshing-floor, that makes us so fierce, all appeared to me from the hills to the estuaries, as I turned me with the eternal Twins."[29]

Similar representations of the insignificance of the earth in comparison with the rest of the universe are found in Cicero's *Dream of Scipio* and in the *Consolation of Philosophy* of Boëthius. The contrast with Cicero is noteworthy. Scipio does not smile at the semblance of the earth, but is grieved to think how small a thing the mighty Roman Empire is: "The globular bodies of the stars greatly exceeded the magnitude of the earth, and the earth itself now appeared to me so small that I grieved for our Empire by which we touch as it were a mere point of it."[30] Boëthius, in a like strain of moralizing, is still possessed by the idea of Rome. Having shown the minute circumference of the earth compared with that of the heavens, of which earth only a very narrow area is inhabitable, he asks: "What size or magnificence can fame have, which is shut in by such close and narrow bounds? Can the fame of a Roman ever reach parts to which the name of Rome cannot come?"[31] Neither the scope of the Roman Empire (though for him a sacred thing), nor the possible reach of his own fame (which he did not regard as of no account), was in Dante's mind at that moment; he was concerned only with the relative value of the temporal and the eternal.

Nevertheless, the temporal welfare of man is not in his eyes a matter to be disregarded. The association of the Roman idea with this terrestrial threshing-floor appears in another form in the *De Monarchia.* "This is that mark upon which the guardian of the world, who is called the Roman Prince, should chiefly fix his mind,

[28] *Purg.* xx., 43, 44.
[29] *Par.* xxii., 133-138, 151-153.
[30] *De Re Publica,* vi., 16.
[31] *Cons. Phil.,* ii., pros. vii.

to wit, that on this threshing-floor of mortality life may be lived freely and in peace."[32] For the goal of civilization as a whole, the realization of all the potentialities of the human mind in thought and in action, can be attained in freedom and in peace alone[33]

"Universal peace is the best of those things which are ordained for our blessedness. Hence it is that to the shepherds there sounded from on high not riches, not pleasures, not honors, not length of life, not health, not strength, not beauty, but peace. For the celestial soldiery announce: *'Glory to God in the highest, and, on earth, peace to men of good will.'* Hence, also, He Who was the salvation of man used the salutation: *'Peace be with you.'* For it was meet that the supreme Saviour should utter the supreme salutation."[34]

Liberty and peace! These two words are constantly on Dante's lips. "He goeth seeking liberty—*Libertà va cercando*"—is the mystical passport of the *Purgatorio*.[35] "And His will is our peace—*E la sua volontate è nostra pace*"—is the key to the *Paradiso*.[36] "O limitless life of love and of peace—*O vita intera d'amore e di pace*"—is the poet's cry in the celestial "smile of the universe."[37] "Thou hast drawn me from servitude to liberty—*Tu m'hai di servo tratto a libertate*"—floats upon the music of the Empyrean in his last address to Beatrice.[38] Liberty and peace are perfectly attainable only in the hereafter, when the soul has come from time to the eternal; but, in some degree, they can be anticipated here and now; for man's temporal felicity, blessedness of this life, is the first of the two ends for which he is ordained by Divine providence.

To lead men to this goal was, in the poet's political theory, the function of the "Roman Prince." That Holy Roman Empire, in which he so passionately believed, has passed away; *fuit, et non est;* but the ideal which it represented to his mind may still, in some sort, under the totally different conditions of the modern world, be ours. For, to Dante, the Empire that he thus idealized was essentially an international tribunal of arbitration, armed with power to enforce its impartial decisions for the temporal welfare, the liberty and peace, of the human race.

There is a philosophy of which we are probably destined to hear more in the near future: the Messianism of the Poles. Its most famous exponent, Adam Mickiewicz, lays down as the first of its three cardinal points the "necessity of a sacrifice:" "We

[32] *Mon.* iii., 16. [33] *Mon.* i., 3. [34] *Mon.* i., 4. [35] *Purg.* i., 71.
[36] *Par.* iii., 85. [37] *Par.* xxvii., 8. [38] *Par.* xxxi., 85.

cannot begin any action, or any fruitful labor of thought, without a preliminary sacrifice." Dante seems to strike the same note, when he makes the story of the Eagle, the "sacrosanct sign" of the Roman Empire, begin with the self-sacrifice of Pallas: "See how great virtue has made it worthy of reverence, and it began from the hour that Pallas died to give it sway."[39] And there is surely profound meaning in the fact that not only Euryalus and Nisus, who fell fighting for Æneas, but also the champions of the adverse party, Camilla and Turnus (the slayer of Pallas), are elsewhere enrolled by the poet in the same martyrology.[40] In emphasizing that suffering, *martiro,* is the road to peace, he twice uses an almost identical phrase. Thus, the soul of Boëthius "from martyrdom and from exile came unto this peace—*da martiro e da esilio venne a questa pace.*"[41] And Cacciaguida says of himself: "*E venni dal martiro a questa pace*—And I came from martyrdom unto this peace."[42]

Martiro, whether voluntary or involuntary, is the badge of the nations at this moment. "O supreme God, Who on earth wast crucified for us, is it preparation, that in the abyss of Thy counsel Thou art making, for some good utterly severed from our perception?"[43] It may be that this period of anguish and suffering, the unparalleled sacrifice that is now being offered upon the battlefields of Europe, is the ordained prelude to some new era of peace and freedom in which Dante's ideal will be realized—though in what form it is as yet impossible even dimly to foresee. Should this prove only an Utopian dream, we shall still have the words of the Church's collect upon which to fall back: *Da servis illam, quam mundus dare non potest, pacem.* And, in the meanwhile, Dante's own invocation at the sight of the "secure and joyous realm" of the Blessed will be ours too: "O threefold Light, which glowing in a single star upon their sight dost so content them, look down upon our tempest here below:"

O trina luce, che in unica stella
Scintillando a lor vista sì gli appaga,
Guarda quaggiù alla nostra procella.[44]

[39] *Par.* vi., 34-36. [40] *Inf.,* i., 106-108. [41] *Par.* x., 128, 129.
[42] *Par.* xv., 148. [43] *Purg.,* vi., 118, 119, 121-123. [44] *Par.* xxxi., 28-30.

LOUVAIN AND THE IRISH.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

IF the present gigantic war in Europe is, in the phrase now grown trite, making history, it is likewise attracting attention to many interesting pages of past history. Belgian towns and cities, for instance, already somewhat known to tourists through the notes in Baedeker, have now become as familiar as street names to newspaper readers at the ends of the earth, since the history of places along the war roads from Liège to Louvain has furnished plentiful "copy" for alert publicists in the Sunday journals. The affirmations and the subsequent denials about the present state of things leaves the judgment of readers confused; it is not possible to see through the battle smoke and the manufactured reports. But the records of former days happily remain outside of acrimonious discussion, and retain their power to instruct and their charm to interest.

One of the places that has afforded ample material for journalistic "writeups" during the recent months, is the venerable academic city of Louvain. What are marks of war upon its features to-day we will not question here; let that await a more dispassionate time. Neither do we propose to survey the entire field of Louvain's centuries. A leaf or two out of its great volume will be sufficient for the present, namely, the relations of some Irish students with this ancient Belgian town.

The proposed retrospect is not far-fetched. Any tyro in history knows that countless Irishmen, both in times of peace and of war, have written their names on Belgium's rolls of honor. To the schoolboy in the class of declamation, perhaps the glory won by the Irish Brigade at Ramillies and Fontenoy is preëminent; yet the fame of Irish valor upon these fields is far less estimable than the other glories of Irish achievement on Belgian soil. "Ireland sent the Faith to Belgium; and the Irish martyrs, Rombaut, Livin, and a host of others, strengthened that Faith with their blood. Ages rolled by; and when the sword was drawn against the Faith in Ireland, Belgium welcomed to her shores the persecuted Irish. The nobles were honored in the courts of her

rulers; the prelates found peace in her sanctuaries, and comfort in the palaces of her bishops. The Irish merchants made names for themselves in Flemish cities; and the soldiers were received into the service of the Archdukes of the Netherlands."[1]

The same might truly be said of Ireland in relation to many other countries of the continent. Not to win a place in the sun, but in order to bring the light of learning to the rest of Europe, these men of heroic faith built their schools and monasteries and left an academic "Irish street" in nearly every city of Europe. To this Iona in the north and Bobbio in the south, and a hundred places between bear testimony. In later times, when Ireland was driven from her prominent position, she brought blessings to Spain in return for the hospitality afforded her; and when her warriors were received in France, Ireland was their generous comrade-in-arms. "During the latter years of Louis XIV., there could not have been less, at any one time, than from twenty thousand to thirty thousand Irish in his armies, and during the entire century authentic documents exist to prove that four hundred and fifty thousand natives of Ireland died in the service of France."[2]

All this is perhaps a wide circle to draw for the purpose of reiterating a fragment of Irish history in its European relations; yet although the facts may often have met the reader's eye, many a reader still expresses incredulity—showing a neutral attitude, the genesis of which is easy to understand when it is remembered that England cut the cables from Ireland long ago. From the days of Edmund Spenser's official lies to the time of Froude's defamations, the English-speaking world has too often looked askance at Ireland, asking: "What good can come out of Nazareth?" Occasionally conviction forces the alien pen to speak a true word, such as this from Swift: "I cannot but highly esteem those gentlemen of Ireland who, with all the disadvantages of being exiles and strangers, have been able to distinguish themselves in so many parts of Europe, I think, above all other nations."

But from this obvious digression, let us turn back to Belgium. Glorious as were the relations of Ireland with Europe generally in former centuries, we are assured that her record in Belgium was the most brilliant. "There is no country in Europe with which the Irish have been more intimately connected than with Belgium. In every page of history, ecclesiastical as well as military, we may

[1] J. P. Spelman, in *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record,* vol. vii., 1888.
[2] Justin H. McCarthy, quoted in *Ireland and Her People,* vol. xiv., p. 370.

read of our countrymen as distinguished for piety, bravery and learning."[3] The space of a volume would be required to tell the story of all this "piety, bravery and learning." One only of its pages do we recite here; but before we mention some of the illustrious Irish names connected with old Louvain, let us re-read, in as brief a manner as possible, the foundation of this academic city.

The University of Louvain had its origin in the age when the voice of the Church was listened to by all the nations of Europe. Religion and piety were strong, and learning was highly honored. To augment the splendor of Louvain, which was the capital of the Duchy of Brabant, Duke John petitioned the Holy Father for a university, or *studium generale;* the Papal Bulls were granted on the ninth of December, 1425. By virtue of them, the dean and chapter of the Church of St. Peter, and the magistrates and Commonality of Louvain, were authorized to open *studia generalia* in all the faculties, that of theology excepted. At the earnest petition of Philip the Good, in 1431, Pope Eugenius IV. established the faculty of theology. The University was entirely unfettered; for its *Rector Magnificus* (who, more than once, was an Irishman, as we shall see), was chief magistrate in Louvain, having civil and criminal jurisdiction over students and citizens.[4] In 1609, in the reorganization of the University, the power of criminal jurisdiction was taken away from the *Rector Magnificus* and other privileges substituted.

The fame of the University spread over Europe. Princes and nobles were inscribed on its registers; thousands of students from neighboring countries flocked thither, and took home with their learning the proud praise of their Alma Mater as *florentissima academia Lovaniensis.* Justus Lipsius, before whose famous rostrum many illustrious students were counted, sang of Louvain as the Belgian Athens.

Salvete Athenæ nostræ, Athenæ Belgicæ
O Fida Fides Artium, O Fructu bona,
Lateque spargens lumen, et nomen tuum.

In the official list of the old colleges which was published on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee in 1884, the names of forty-

[3] Samuel Bindon, in his introduction to the historical works of Rt. Rev. Dr. French.

[4] Valerius Andreas, in *Fasti Academici,* cap. v., sec. 1: *"Ut jurisdictio omnimodo, qua civilis qua criminalis, pertineret ad universitatem et rectorem ejusdem."*

four colleges are given. Three of these colleges were Irish: that of the Irish Franciscans, founded in 1609; the college of Irish Dominicans, in 1659; and the "Collegium Pastorale Hibernorum" founded in 1626 by Eugene Matthews, Archbishop of Dublin. But many famous Irish names are to be found on the lists of other colleges as well, not only as students, but as professors and presidents. From the Bax Manuscripts at Brussels and from the *Fasti Academici,* we may read a partial list of the distinguished places that Irishmen held in the old University. But the foregoing documents deal only with graduates; they do not record the hundreds of alumni who frequented Louvain before the nineteenth century. Thus, for instance, Daniel O'Connell, before he went to Douai, was a student at the College of the Holy Trinity; and, let us add, he probably began his oratorical studies there under an Irish professor of rhetoric, Thomas Flinn, of whom the Bax Manuscripts speak as follows: "Thomas Flinn, of Lismore, an Irishman. In the year 1783 he obtained the first place in rhetoric in the College of the Holy Trinity at Louvain. After taking his degree of Master of Arts he entered theology. On the sixteenth of May in 1791, he was elected professor of syntax in the aforesaid college, and put upon the council of the faculty. Afterwards on the resignation of Professor O'Hearn, he was appointed professor of rhetoric."

In these lists of distinguished graduates, we find over thirty Irish bishops and over two hundred graduates from nearly every diocese in Ireland, who won high honors at Louvain.[5] They also furnish us with the names of nearly three hundred priests whom Belgium sent over to Ireland during the penal times.

It would be impossible in the limits of a short paper to mention even the names of these illustrious Irishmen at Louvain; a few of the honor men out of hundreds will suffice to confirm the claim that Irish exiles, when deprived of educational facilities in their native land, maintained the scholarly reputation of their race at Louvain. As early as the second half of the sixteenth century, the illustrious catalogue of Irish graduates begins. The first in point of time to receive the sanction of the Doctor's cap and ring was Dermod O'Hurley, afterwards the martyred Archbishop of Armagh, who took his degree in arts in 1551. In the same year, Richard Creagh of Limerick graduated, and he, too, became Archbishop of Armagh. Yet another Archbishop of this famous see came from Louvain in the person of Peter Lombard of Waterford.

[5] Joseph P. Spelman, in *The Irish Ecclesiastical Record,* vol. vii., 1888.

After his early studies in Ireland, Lombard went to Oxford, and later became professor of theology at Louvain, and attracted great attention by his extensive learning. In 1601, while he was in Rome, Clement VIII. appointed him Archbishop of Armagh. At Rome he wrote *De Regno Hibernorum Sanctorum Insula Commentarius,* which was first published at Louvain in 1632. The edition of this work, to which Cardinal Moran added a preface, was published in Dublin in 1868, and therein we may learn of what heroic mould these Waterford ecclesiastics were. A fellow-student of Lombard in Louvain was Nicholas Quemerford, and of him and others the Lord President of Munster, Sir William Drury, complains that " the Catholic cause was mainly supported by the students of Waterford educated at Louvain, by whom, and by some others aforesaid, the proud and undutiful inhabitants of the town are cankered in Popery and are slandering the Gospel publicly." The zeal of these Irishmen from Louvain is, in the judgment of this pious Protestant officer, " shameful in a reformed city."

Peter Lombard was one of the distinguished Irish students to win the high honor of *Primus in schola Artium,* an honor indeed when we consider the method of conferring it, and the merit required to win it.[6] To select the student, a general *concursus* of the faculty of arts was held each year. Nine students were chosen from each of the four following colleges, Castri, Porci, Falconis, and Lilii. Two professors from these colleges examined the candidates; and on the third Sunday of October made known their judgments. The announcement of the *Primus* was regarded as a great honor to the recipient, as well as to his college, his native country, and his friends. Receptions and fêtes were held at Louvain, and likewise, as the chroniclers of the time tell us, in the native place of the honor man. Ireland was not in a way to celebrate the glorious record of her successful children; for, as the commentator adds, " Our country in those penal days had to remit one-half the rejoicing, as their native land was bowed down with sorrow and resting in blood."

Among the other names that stand accredited with this great academic honor of *Primus* was John Shinnick of Cork, who took his degree at Louvain in 1625. In his class of competitors were two hundred and thirty-six Masters of Arts. A note from the Bax Manuscripts about John Shinnick will serve to describe a state of

[6] From 1428 to 1797 this preëminent mark of excellence was accorded only to three hundred and thirty-nine alumni.

society which existed in Ireland in the seventeenth century, when even amid the hardships of persecution, zeal for learning was still vigorous.[7] "John Shinnick began his classical studies in his native city of Cork. In a short time he made such progress therein that not only his masters and fellow-students, but also the magnates of the whole Province of Munster turned their eyes towards him on account of his great talents, and, according to the custom of the country, wished to take possession of the boy, that he might live in their sight; so that three of the most ancient and illustrious families of Munster fought with the sword for his residence among them; which aforesaid quarrel caused his parents to send him to Louvain, although otherwise they could conveniently educate him at home. Thus, in his early youth, for the sake of the Catholic Faith, he was exiled from his country and his kindred, and inflamed with a love for knowledge and virtue he came, as it were from the Ultima Thule, to the University of Louvain."

The early promise given by young Shinnick in intellectual achievements was richly fulfilled in later years. He pursued his studies at Louvain with marked success. Step by step he went on gaining academic successes as a teacher and regent. But his greatest honor came in February, 1643, when he was elected *Rector Magnificus* of the University. He was reëlected in August, 1660. Theological controversy was vigorous in Louvain during Dr. Shinnick's rectorship. The great question *De Auxillis* exercised the master minds of the University. Cornelius Jansenius was one who tried his hand at the controversy, and in 1640 appeared from the press his work: *Cornelii Jansenii Episcopi Iprensis Augustinus.* As *Rector Magnificus,* Dr. Shinnick took a leading part in the great debate. Eleven publications bear his name; and while the reader may doubt his orthodoxy, knowing that the Congregation of the Index condemned some of his writings, yet Shinnick never wavered in his devotion and obedience to the Holy See. He died in May, 1666, at the College of the Holy Ghost, of which he had been president for twenty-five years. Though his scholarly life had been passed for the most part at Louvain, he did not forget his "dear old Ireland." One indication of his affection for his native land may be observed in the terms of his will, which treat of the recipients of the bourses which he founded. These were to be first, the students of his family; then, in lieu of kinsmen, the

[7] Bax Manuscripts 22181, Bibliothêque Royale, Brussels, cited by Spelman, *ibid.*, p. 733.

bourses were to go to the natives of the County of Cork, then of the Province of Munster, then to the distinguished Irish students without reference to the locality of their birth and finally to other distinguished students, preferably those of Louvain, Bruges, and Turnhout. An elaborate epitaph marks his grave before the altar in St. Peter's, recording among other illustrious praises of him that he was "*gentis suæ grande decus.*"

Another Irishman who attained the supreme honor of being *Rector Magnificus* of Louvain was Thomas Stapleton of Cashel. He took his degree in 1659, and proceeded to win other honors, especially in his connection with the College of Luxemburg, until the highest honor of all in the gift of the University was accorded to him. "And to-day the traveler may see the portraits of Stapleton and Lombard amidst the portraits of the illustrious sons of their Alma Mater in the University halls."

If nothing else could be said of Ireland's achievements at Louvain, surely the fact of having two of her exile sons during the harassing times of the seventeenth century appointed to the highest position in Louvain would be glory enough. Yet Ireland gave hundreds of others to the work at Louvain, men who won distinction there, and were lavishly honored by their Alma Mater. As presidents of the various colleges, as lecturers in the arts and sciences, as zealous missionaries who went to the perilous parts of the British Isles, these Irishmen of Louvain won the halo of honor for their names. They were cognizant of the scholarly traditions of their ancestors, of the monastic schools and the great abodes of learning that once adorned their native land, of Bangor, Clonenach, Glendalough, Mungret and Iniscaltra, Tuam and Clonmacnoise, schools that numbered their students by the thousand, hundreds drawing from the continent, schools where the learning and sanctity flourished, that won for Ireland the great name of "Island of Saints and Scholars." And we of these later centuries are entitled to remember, when we are invited to pity the devastation that war has made in Belgium, that Ireland once had schools and monasteries older than Louvain, more valiant than Liège, and more brilliant than Brussels, and that little commiseration has been sought for them in the pages of English history. Countries upon the continent have borne witness to the scholarly zeal of these great Irish apostles. Spain and France and Italy might write of them a passage similar to this from the learned Kessel in his summary of the achievements of the Irish in the German provinces. "Every province in Ger-

many proclaims this race as benefactor. Austria celebrates St. Colman, St. Vigilius, St. Modestus, and others. To whom but to the ancient Irish was due the famous 'Schottenkloster' of Vienna? Salsburg, Ratisbon, and all Bavaria honor St. Vigilius as their apostle.....Burgundy, Alsace, Helvetia, Suevia with one voice proclaim the glory of Columbanus, Gall, Fridolin, Arbogast, Florentius, Trudpert. Who were the founders of the monasteries of St. Thomas at Strasburg, and of St. Nicholas at Memmingen, but these same Irish?.....The Saxons and the tribes of northern Germany are indebted to them to an extent which may be judged by the fact that the first ten bishops who occupied the See of Verdun belonged to that race."

Likewise, as we have recorded in a brief manner, Louvain has always held in affectionate memory the names of the illustrious Irishmen who honored her schools, especially in the seventeenth century. The *Fasti Academici* and the Bax Manuscripts have their names in great numbers; yet even on the admission of these sources, only a partial list of the Irish students is given. "Would that it were allowed," writes David Rothe in his *Analecta,* " to collect all of them into one, so that, as if from shipwreck, some, at least, of these lists might be preserved for posterity. But many of them have perished; many are hidden away in old libraries, and if they could be brought to light, they would show how wonderful was Ireland."

A grateful memory is one of the precious characteristics of an Irishman. And the little army of exiles who received hospitality in Louvain during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, gave of their generosity to the support of their Alma Mater; whether they remained there to fill places of distinction, or went back to labor in their own perilous Ireland, they kept a devoted affection for Louvain. Let the words of Richard Creagh speak for them. He took his degree at Louvain in 1551, and was appointed later Archbishop of Armagh. Being sent to the tower of London as a prisoner, he was asked " what he would have done if he had been received Archbishop of Armagh, he said he would have lived there quietly. Being asked what he would have done if he had been refused, he answered that he would have gone back to Louvain to his track again, as being discharged of his obedience."

A CANADIAN PASTORAL.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IN summer an excursion boat, leaving the city of Detroit, crosses the pearly Lake of Ste. Claire and, entering a shallow river of Ontario, bears slowly up the stream, as though loath to hasten through the charming pastoral scenes that arise before it in tranquil succession. Once a day the little steamer goes up and down the river, taking several hours to make the trip between the rapidly-growing metropolis of our Middle West and the elm-shaded Canadian town of Chatham, drowsy now but seething with pent-up energy fifty years ago, when it served as a station of the underground railroad for refugee slaves from Virginia and Kentucky.

During the voyage, the steamer encounters no other craft, save an occasional punt or canoe, upon the bright waters that meander through the meadows, like a procession of fairies sportively threading a maze. The excursionist, being out for a holiday, resigns himself to the long trip, and improves the abundant leisure by lapsing either into slumber or day-dreams. For the first time, perhaps, he realizes that a flat country may be beautiful. Willows bend over the current as if to catch the reflection of their own supple grace; whitewashed farmhouses and unpainted barns, silver-hued from age, come into view at intervals; cattle feast in the green pastures. Rarely is a laborer to be seen in the fields, yet they have been well cultivated and give promise of a generous harvest.

About half-way up the river two especial, adjoining farms extend from the water's edge into the heart of the prairie. Two summers ago the upper farm, like the majority of the holdings in the vicinity, was not well kept, yet like them, too, the dilapidated appearance of the buildings was more indicative of content with the old order of things than that the owner lacked the means to improve them. Here lived Monique Bernoit, a French-Canadian demoiselle, no longer young but still good-looking and vivacious. At the death of her father, old Jacques Bernoit, who had been long a widower, Monique, his only surviving child, had entered into possession of the estate, and here she had remained, alone, save for the elderly couple, Jean and Françoise, her faithful servants for many years.

Jean still managed to work the land, with hired help, in midsummer, and Françoise attended to the ménage, with considerable assistance from her mistress.

John Hackett, the owner of the adjacent farm, was a stalwart Irishman in the prime of life, who had recently bought the place with the avowed intention of improving it. The inhabitants laughed at his folly.

"The soil ees well enough," they said, "and as long as the old sheds hold together where ees the good of spending on them the money that ees so hard to get? Bettair put eet by for the day of want; even to a man who has no one to care for but heemself, such a day may come."

Nevertheless, Hackett persisted in his plan.

"If only a fool would patch up these things, then I'm that fool," he declared. "Although I'm not married, I want my home comfortable; or rather, *since* I'm not married I have a fair chance to *have* my home comfortable, for are not peace and quietness better than a scolding wife?"

Early in the spring, before plowing time, he busied himself in repairing his fences, all save the one that divided his orchard from the property of Mademoiselle Bernoit. Old Jean had happened to remark to him that when Mam'selle Monique was a *jeune fille* she loved to romp in the orchard with the young people of the Ladue family. It was from Michel Ladue that Hackett had bought the farm.

The Irishman did not fancy Mademoiselle Monique.

"Her smart, quick way is a sign she has a temper," he soliloquized one day, as he watched her from the door of his barn, while she fed the ducks and chickens in her poultry yard. "I've never taken to these little dark women and," he laughed good-humoredly, "as she has shown no neighborliness toward me, we are like to remain civil and strange. Still, it would be ill-mannered of me to mend the gap in the boundary fence, even though her hens do bother me a deal. Maybe at times she would like to sit under the shade of the orchard trees now. My old mother, God rest her soul, set great store by what she was used to when she was a slip of a girl, and, no doubt, women are much the same in their notions."

Had John Hackett taken a more practical view of the matter, there might never have been the trouble about the little pig. Ah, the little pig is the true hero of this story. To whom did he belong? That is the whole question.

On a certain afternoon, as Mademoiselle Monique was passing down her boundary field, she saw him scamper across the sward, through the gap in the fence, and into the Irishman's orchard, and begin a search for windfalls in the long grass.

"*Venez ici, petit cochon! Venez ici!*" called Monique, giving chase to the runaway without a thought that she, herself, was wandering beyond her own preserves. "Shoo, shoo, stupide leetler beast."

Extending her skirts with both hands, to form a barrier against his further escape, she danced lightly to and fro, repeating, as though the cry possessed the same charm to drive him homeward as it had for her pullets and the big rooster, "Shoo! Shoo!"

The greater her exertions, however, the more determined seemed his pigship to make for the barnyard of her neighbor. He fought valiantly for and won his liberty.

Mademoiselle had pursued him almost to the end of the orchard, when she suddenly became aware that someone was coming to her aid. A tall figure stood in the path of the errant animal, a strong hand swooped down and made him prisoner. The next moment, Monique stopped, flushed with the unwonted exercise, short of breath, and speechless from mortification. She had almost rushed into the arms of the neighbor toward whom she had, until now, thought proper to assume an air of hauteur, as if to say, "I hold my lands by inheritance; you are a stranger who owe your position here to the power of the vulgar dollar." Never had she entered the orchard since his occupancy of the farm, and now both she and the little pig were caught trespassing. A quick glance showed her that the Irishman was not only sturdy of frame, but that he had what his own country-people would call, "a good open countenance." His reddish-brown hair and beard were lightly touched with gray—but an almost boyish color glowed in his cheeks, and his blue eyes unmistakably twinkled with mirth.

"*Ma foi,* he is not ill-looking. I like that bright hair and those fresh complexions," she thought. "*Mais, vraiment,* the man dares to laugh at me!"

"Though she's sallow, she has a fine pair of eyes in her head and her hair has a pretty wave to it," said Hackett to himself. Then he added aloud, as he held toward her the struggling and squealing truant, "He is a spry fellow, ma'am, and complimented I am by your interest in my little pig."

Mademoiselle Monique had extended her arms to receive the

fugitive with much the same eagerness that a lady of fashion would have accepted an Airedale terrier of irreproachable pedigree. At the remark of her neighbor she hesitated a second; then she seized and held fast the wriggling animal, as she exclaimed with spirit:

"My intairest in *your* leetler peeg! Pardon, m'sieur, eet ees *my* leetler peeg. I know nottings consairning peegs of yours."

The Irishman laughed good-naturedly.

"Mademeeselle," he said, doffing his wide-brimmed straw hat, "*shure* it is your little pig, if you will accept it."

"Chut, m'sieur, I care not to receive as a present that which is already mine," returned Monique with a graceful, if satirical, politeness.

The blue eyes could flash too.

"Oh, very well, ma'am," said their owner, a trifle stiffly, "if you won't take him, I won't give him to you."

"But I *will* take heem, because he ees mine," she declared with a fine assumption of dignity.

"I would fain not argue with a woman, but the little pig belongs to me," answered John Hackett firmly. "Only yesterday I bought him from Jacques Cicotte, a habitant up the river. You know his farm, I suppose?"

"Yes, I know," admitted Monique. "Since you say so, of course, m'sieur, I believe you bought *a* leetler peeg. What has become of eet ees not my affair. But this is my leetler peeg. Eet run away. I find eet here; can there be anything more plain?"

For answer he threw back his head and laughed again.

"Was *evair* a man *si bête,*" repeated Mademoiselle Monique under her breath.

Instead of continuing the argument that day, however, she wheeled around and ran home, with the little pig clasped close in her embrace. Her heart was filled with trepidation lest the Irishman would stride after her and take, perforce, the squirming object of their dispute. As a matter of fact, he made no attempt to assert his claim further, but plucking a spear of timothy, drew it through his hand, as he looked thoughtfully after her.

"She is like a bird with its feathers ruffled, and her scolding is like the chatter of a bird too," he mused, "but if she won't take the little pig as a gift, I'll not yield it up to her at all."

Triumphant and happy, Monique reached her own barnyard.

At the beginning of the season there had been four little pigs

in the Bernoit pen. Two had been sold; the third had been "adopted" by a family of ne'er-do-wells, and mademoiselle, because of their poverty, while rebuking their excess of philanthropic zeal, had formally renounced, in their favor, all right and title to this estrayed property; the fourth little pig had openly run away. Congratulating herself upon her recovery of the truant, mademoiselle now jubilantly restored him to the care of his natural guardian, and the old sow received him with demonstrations of delight. Was there ever more conclusive proof of ownership?

During the summer evenings, Jean and Françoise kept each other company on the back porch of the Bernoit house, while Mademoiselle Monique sat alone on the gallery of her solitary home and thought of other summers, when the place reëchoed with the voices of youthful merry-makers; of the soft twilights; and of a certain trysting tree in the neighboring orchard. But, ah, these memories had to do with a period long past. On the evening following her capture of her recreant property, she was engrossed by other reflections.

"The leetler peeg is mine, *certainement,*" she ejaculated. "I must to this M'sieur Hackett speak more about eet, to-morrow."

The next day, when she saw her neighbor going through the orchard, she hastened out from her kitchen and, leaning over the broken fence, called to him. He came at once to where she stood, and listened attentively while, with naïve persistence, she strove to make him view the matter in what she considered its proper light. The discussion was prolonged for more than half an hour but—

"Bah! What a stubborn man," Monique mentally exclaimed. For *ce monsieur* was of the same opinion still.

"Mademeeselle," said he with a conciliatory bow, "you are welcome to the loan of anything I possess, but I do not care to have *my* little pig 'adopted.'"

Ignoring the gleam of mischief in his blue eyes, Monique tossed her head and flushed with indignation.

"Monsieur," she cried hotly, "this very day shall Jean begin to build up the gap in the fence."

Old Jean spent at the task every hour he could spare from the farm work, and in few days the repairs were completed.

But the little pig could have undermined a stone wall. Mademoiselle lamented that his loyalty to ancestral acres was not proof against the temptation of the luscious windfalls of the adjoining

orchard. Her neighbor maintained that every living creature, if left free, will return to its home.

All during the summer, the little pig continued to run away from mademoiselle, and mademoiselle continued to send Jean or Françoise for him, and to protest to *ce Monsieur Hackett* that she only claimed her property. At last, one beautiful September morning, the Irishman said to her. " It is time, ma'am, this quarrel was settled. What do you say to driving with me up to the Cicotte farm, or, better still, suppose we go down to the River Church to see Father Bonaventure? Shall we let him decide who owns the little pig? "

" The lower road will be bettair for the wheels of your wagonette than the rough route up the *côte,*" replied Mademoiselle Monique amiably, " and I shall be satisfied if Father Bon says the leetler peeg belongs to me."

Hackett tacitly commended her thoughtfulness with regard to the wagonette, although the suspicion lurked in his mind that she did not wish to face the Cicotte testimony with regard to a certain bill of sale.

They set off in good spirits, even with a degree of gayety, and the little pig, now fast out-growing the diminutive, went with them, securely tied in the box at the back of the vehicle.

John Hackett's turnout was the handsomest in the vicinity, and John Hackett was a personable man, as Monique was forced to acknowledge to herself.

" There's a trimness about the mademeeselle that is most pleasing to the eye and her company is mighty enlivening," thought the Irishman. " She is a conscientious woman, too, except in the matter of the little pig, and good to the poor. Moreover, old Jean says she is the best cook and housekeeper in these parts. What a pity she has such an obstinate disposition."

The spire of the River Church seems, from a distance, to rise out of the river itself, like the mystic arm that held aloft from the deep waters of the mere the jeweled hilt of Excalibar. The small gray-brick, ivy-grown edifice is, in fact, built at a point where the meadows jut out into the current. Beside it stands a very humble rectory that is scarce more than a shelter from the weather, like the old gray coat of the incumbent. All around these two isolated structures extends the low plain, with only a clump of trees, here and there, and not a house in sight. A stranger marvels that a church was built in such a spot. Nevertheless, the location is re-

garded as central, since the farmers, from miles around, come hither with their families, either by way of the river in punts, or by the road, driving in their old-time habitant charettes.

Father Bonaventure or, as he is affectionately called, "Father Bon," is a white-haired, thickset, ruddy, and genial French-Canadian from Montreal, who for twenty years has been pastor of the River Church. With devotedness and piety he possesses a keen sense of humor.

"The top of the morning to your Reverence," cried Hackett as, accompanied by Mademoiselle Bernoit, he entered the small parlor of the rectory.

"*Bon jour, M'sieur le Curé,*" murmured Monique, an unaccustomed diffidence stealing over her.

"*Bon jour,* my frien's, I beg you to be seated," courteously responded the Curé, who had been acquainted with Monique from her childhood.

"Your Reverence, the lady and I are after having a bit of a dispute, and we have agreed to let you decide it," began Hackett. "Is it not so, mademeeselle?"

"Yes. That ees, if Father Bon says the leetler peeg ees mine," repeated Monique with recovered equanimity.

"Mademeeselle, will you state the case," continued the Irishman chivalrously.

Father Bon drew down his features to a sympathetic gravity and prepared to listen.

Monique eagerly gathered her forces.

"Monsieur le Curé, I had four leetler peegs," she explained volubly. "Two I have sold; the third he have been sto—'adopted' by a family that Jean calls the ne'er-do-wells, in the lane; the fourth I have find in the orchard of my neighbor, here, and I bring heem home, for he ees mine."

At this point Hackett interposed, glancing respectfully at the lady, but speaking with firmness:

"Your Reverence, the little pig belongs to me. I bought him at the Cicotte farm. Mademeeselle's fourth little pig has simply disappeared. No doubt it met its destiny long ago."

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" protested Monique in tones of mingled grief and scorn.

"With all apologies to the lady for standing out against her, I will show your Reverence that the subject of our contention belongs to me," persisted Hackett.

Thereupon, he brought in the little pig and set it on the floor. He called the lively animal by name and it ran to him. For a quarter of an hour he amused Father Bon, and even Monique, with its antics and the tricks in which he had cleverly trained it.

"*Nevair* did I behold a peeg with *tant d'esprit,*" exclaimed Monique. Nevertheless, she would not relinquish her claim.

"Mademoiselle—monsieur," said the Curé, "listen to my decision. The pig shall be killed, roasted, and equally divided between you."

But this decree did not meet the approval of either party.

"The leetler peeg he ees not yet quite fat enough to eat," faltered Monique beginning to weep.

"I see no other way to settle the quarrel," cried Father Bon in desperation.

"There may still be a means of arranging it," suggested Hackett.

"*Mais comment?* How pray?" asked mademoiselle.

"I am thinking that mademoiselle and I might own it together," spoke up Hackett boldly. "Now if we were to get married—"

"What foolishness," interrupted Monique.

Father Bon glanced at her sharply. "Why was she still Mademoiselle Bernoit? Ah, yes," he said to himself, "I recall a youthful love affair wherein a worthless son of old Ladue played the part of hero. For the sake of a faithless lover she has rejected other offers. Now here is a fine fellow who would make her a good husband. She is a capable, cheery, little woman, with a flash of spirit that would keep his life from being monotonous. Such an arrangement would be excellent for both of them. But does the Irishman really mean what he has just said?"

"Monsieur, you should not jest on the topic of marriage. Those who have tried it say it is by no means a joke," hazarded Father Bon, tentatively.

"I have no thought of jest at all, your Reverence," Hackett acknowledged, in no way abashed. "*Shure,* I may as well admit it, mademeeselle ran away with my heart when she ran away with the little pig. In short, I may say she sto—er, ahem—*adopted* it."

Monique lowered her gaze, and the wave of rosy color that overspread her face made her look years younger.

"Dry your pretty eyes, mademeeselle, and say you will marry

me," he went on. "Grant me this, alanna, and I'll not gainsay you in anything else."

Monique looked up at him through her tears but made no reply.

"Say you will marry me, mademeeselle, darlin'," he whispered.

A smile, arch as a girl's, played about her lips.

"Yes," she stammered very low, "I will marry you—to save the life of the leetler peeg."

"Then marry us now, your Reverence," pleaded the impatient suitor.

"But the banns and the license?" objected their kindly referee.

"No—no, I could not be married so—suddain," protested mademoiselle. "Eet must be with the usual ceremonies, also with the music, the flowers, the long-trained gown and the veil. Yes."

Monique had not outlived her youth after all. She never doubted the suitableness in her case of these latter accessories.

"Oh, well, since the matter is settled, I am as happy as—as the little pig," said Hackett resignedly.

A few weeks later, the marriage took place at the River Church, and was followed by a fête at the Bernoit farm.

"What about the little pig?" inquired Father Bon when, after the festivities, he again congratulated the bride and bridegroom.

"Ah, the leetler peeg," sighed Monique contentedly. "He did not at our wedding feast appear, because, Père, we have decided to give heem to *you.*"

"*Mais non,*" answered the disinterested Curé, "madame, as a thanks offering for the fortunate culmination of the romance with which he had so much to do, I think he ought to be given to the poor."

"All right, your Reverence," cried Hackett gaily, "then the ne'er-do-wells of the lane *will* do well this time, for *they* are like to get this little pig, too, in the end, and joy be after him, which is but another way of saying 'may he nevermore be a subject of dispute between Monique and myself.'"

IN MEMORIAM—ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

(Died October 19, 1914.)

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

O'ER Hare Street House the autumn sky
  Cups beauty to the brim;
Night weaves a tender witchery
  Of dreams for him.

The South Wind weeps from sea to sea,
  And the violets mourn on the mere,
For a noble Knight of Chivalry
  Once tarried here.

The young moon views with saddened eye
  These paths that knew his feet,
Where lips were wont to bid good-bye
  And hands to meet.

Ay, many a spring shall bloom again,
  And many a summer's rose,
No more shall this true knight greet men,
  Or friends or foes.

Faithful, his chapel-tapers flame,
  Christ still smiles from above,
The very hush cries out his name,
  For such is love!

Yet now a picture crowds mine eyes—
  (How soft yon meadows sleep!
Only the stars—bright mysteries—
  Old vigils keep.)

Ah, see! Christ stretches forth His hand
  A Maiden-Knight to bring
Unto His own—His promised land,
  For visioning.

* * * *

The world has lost proud Chiefs of State,
  Famed Heroes of the Sword—
This Hero fought—hence doubly great—
  For Christ, the Lord!

KIKUYU: THE NEW SITUATION.

BY A. H. NANKIVELL.

THE outbreak of war in the summer of 1914, with all the appalling evils which have followed in its train, at least brought to England peace at home and hushed the storm of party strife. In her political life a state of extreme tension gave way to that generous rivalry in the service of country; and in a somewhat similar way her interminable religious dissensions were for very shame hushed into silence. On the very eve of the outbreak of hostilities, the Archbishop of Canterbury had announced that he was about to issue his decision in the controversy which had arisen out of the Missionary Conference at Kikuyu. He had referred the matter to a Consultative Body consisting of fourteen bishops, which was constituted by the last Lambeth Conference for dealing with such questions as might arise affecting the whole Anglican Communion in the intervals between these decennial Conferences, and this Committee had held its sittings on the last five days of July. Its report was signed by eleven members of the Committee, headed by the Archbishop of York, for the Archbishop of Canterbury naturally did not sign a document addressed to himself, and the Bishops of St. Alban's and Sydney were absent. The High Church Party were poorly represented, but it may be noted that Dr. Talbot, Bishop of Winchester, was among the signatories. However, the report was not made public, and the promised decision never appeared, and no demand was made that it should. It was felt that the *status quo* ought to be preserved for the period of the war.

Whether under any circumstances the truce could have lasted so long it is difficult to say. The Archbishop wished it to be understood that the postponement was only due to the "ceaseless and exacting" demands upon his time that the war entailed. At any rate it was not till the Bishop of Hereford had appointed a leading Modernist to a Cathedral Canonry, and the Bishop of Zanzibar had accepted the challenge by placing on record his emphatic protest, and declaring that "so long as the ground of our complaint set forth above remains, there can be.....no communion in

Sacred Things between ourselves and the Right Reverend John, Lord Bishop of Hereford," that the Archbishop bethought him of his peculiar relations to the Bishops of Uganda and Zanzibar, who are not in any province, and of whom he is "Metropolitan or quasi-Metropolitan." Then like a flash Jove's arm was bared, and the thunderbolt was hurled.

The questions raised at Kikuyu were eight in number, and it may be convenient to state them here. I have used the term "Nonconformist" to designate the Non-Anglican Protestant. It is not quite satisfactory, but the alternatives are not any better.

1. May Anglicans preach in Nonconformist chapels?
2. May Nonconformist ministers preach in Anglican places of worship?
3. May Nonconformists communicate in Anglican churches?
4. May Anglicans communicate in Nonconformist churches?
5. Was the united communion at Kikuyu contrary to Anglican principles?
6. May united communions be held?
7. Does the Anglican Church insist on episcopacy, and, if so, to what extent?
8. Does the Kikuyu scheme of federation, taken as a whole, contravene recognized Anglican principles, and, if so, in what respect?

Looking back over these questions, it might seem plain that the fifth is determined by the third, and the sixth by the third and fourth, but that is really not the case. Most Anglicans have been prepared to tolerate, if not approve, "occasional conformity" by individual Nonconformists; and in the past persons of repute have received the sacrament from non-episcopal Protestant ministers; but what one might describe as formal demonstrations of sacramental unity, whether at Grindelwald or at Kikuyu, have always been deeply resented.

The questions before us may be conveniently grouped as two questions about preaching; four about intercommunion; and two about church government. Of these it may be noticed that the first, though asked, is not noticed by the Consultative Body, and only answered incidentally, and as it were accidentally, by the Archbishop. It is apparently assumed that if a Nonconformist may preach to Anglicans, *a fortiori* an Anglican may preach to Nonconformists without objection being taken on the part of churchmen. And this shows more than anything how fast and how far the Anglican

Church has been traveling of late years in the undenominational direction.

The questions as actually put by the Archbishop to the Consultative Body were two, viz., the eighth and the fifth of our list, though the actual wording is of course our own. The drift of their answer is that reunion is the aim in view, and the adoption of practical steps towards reunion is wholly desirable. But federation is not exactly the same thing; and so big a scheme should be sanctioned by the Lambeth Conference before being put into practice. In detail, the mutual recognition of ministers requires anxious consideration. No doubt the bishop could invite a Nonconformist minister to preach, but it could not be claimed as a right. Similarly, Nonconformists might be admitted to communion without previous confirmation with the approval of the bishop of the diocese, but not as a matter of course. And it does not by any means follow that Anglicans may receive communion from Nonconformists. Without judging the value of the ministry existing in other communions, "Anglican churchmen must contend for a valid ministry, as they understand it, and regard themselves as absolutely bound to stipulate for this for themselves."

To the other question relating to the Kikuyu communion, the Committee declined to give a direct answer. "We desire to abstain from any expression of judgment about it.....But..... we are bound to add that any attempt to treat it as a precedent, or to encourage habitual action of the kind, must be held to be inconsistent with principles accepted by the Church of England. It would be a very serious alteration of the terms of communion, made not by any deliberate and corporate resolution of the Church, but by the sporadic action of individuals. However well intended, it would be subversive of church order."

To summarize the Answer of the Consultative Body:

The Archbishop of Canterbury put questions eight and five.

Their answers deal with eight, two, three, four, seven, five, and six.

Eight is only answered by the answers to the others.

2. If allowed by the bishop.

3. If allowed by the bishop.

4. No.

7. The Anglican Church insists on episcopacy for its own members, without judging non-episcopal churches.

5. No answer, but see six.

6. No.

The Archbishop seems to have been dissatisfied with the tone of this reply, if not with the substance of it, and from his point of view it is not surprising; for the Answer of the Committee leaves the future of the Church of England very much in the hands of the individual bishops. If it is interpreted in a broad spirit, no doubt it might be the letting out of water. The only positive restriction is the prohibition of communion with Nonconformists in their chapels, though no doubt that means much more in the mission field than it does at home. But, on the other hand, the whole tone of the report suggests the desire to smother the unwelcome babe with infinite gentleness. The drift of it is: let us allow a few exceptions here and there, and take due account of the difficulties that exist in remote heathen districts; but let us preserve as far as we can the *status quo* at home, and avoid anything that might break up the compromise. In other words, do not be too strict, but make no change.

Now the whole purpose of the Archbishop's statement is to accept this ruling as that which will least divide the Anglican body, and at the same time to give it the character of a decisive step in the direction of innovation. He insists, at some length, on the magnitude and gravity of the problem as it presents itself at the present time in all parts of the mission field. Everywhere the divided sects of Protestant Christendom are realizing how meaningless, and out of place to-day, are the watchwords of the seventeenth century in Africa or India or Australia. Everywhere they are aiming at the formation of native (national) churches, which shall be united and free from the denominational divisions which unfortunately still characterize the parent bodies. In his own words, the objective in this discussion is "the planting and growth of a rightly ordered Christian Church in East Africa." He then draws attention to the very pertinent counsels of successive Lambeth Conferences in this matter, and shows that the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda are right in claiming that the Kikuyu Conference was, in their own words, "an honest attempt to interpret what we believe to be the spirit and intention of the Lambeth Conference in regard to closer coöperation in the mission field with the only churches with which such coöperation is at present possible." And he insists that "to arrange when possible for occasional conferences of an interdenominational kind, is not only permissible, but is positively enjoined by successive Lambeth Conferences."

At this point he turns aside to consider practical difficulties. An obvious one is the question whether the Church of England

has laid down a rule that marks all non-Episcopalians as *extra Ecclesiam.* Quoting some leading High Churchmen against this view, he says that the *onus probandi* at least rests with those who would assert it.

And here we may note that there appears to be a subtle difference of opinion between the Archbishop and his Consultative Committee, which appears to have escaped the attention of their critics hitherto. The Archbishop takes the line (1) that the Church of England has not passed an adverse judgment on non-episcopal Churches, or declared them *extra Ecclesiam;* and (2) that in the absence of any such adverse judgment the burden of proof rests on those who would treat them as such, in other words, that their ministries are to be regarded as valid though irregular. In another place, he expressly refuses to describe their ministries as *invalid,* and he only describes them as "irregular," *in inverted commas.* Whether he is merely drawing attention to what he considers the correct description of such orders, or attempting to insinuate a doubt as to their real "irregularity," we cannot say.

The line taken by the Consultative Body has only the most superficial resemblance to this position. In their opinion, no adverse judgment has been passed upon non-episcopal orders or Churches, because "it is no part of our duty, and therefore not our desire, to pronounce negatively upon the value in God's sight of the ministry in other communions." Silence, therefore, is, in their opinion, the strongest form of censure that Anglican charity allows itself. It is obvious, therefore, on their principles, that Anglicans have no warrant at all for treating non-episcopal ordinations as of any value; and indeed so far from being willing to give the benefit of the doubt to Nonconformists, they say quite plainly that Anglicans must contend for a valid ministry, and that action on the contrary assumption is "subversive of church order."

Returning to the Archbishop's statement, we find that he lays great stress on one of the chief objections to the scheme of federation which is favored by the Low Church bishops. For federation inevitably implies the setting up of some sort of executive called in the Kikuyu scheme the "Representative Council," with some measure of authority over the federated bodies, though not necessarily over their internal affairs. And such a step could not be taken by one section of a great communion without the consent of the whole. The Archbishop proceeds to discuss the questions before him in detail under three headings.

(1) The question about preaching, being the first and second in our list, both of which he answers in the affirmative, subject in both cases to the consent of the bishop concerned. He says: "I see no reason to restrict the freedom of a bishop in the mission field, as to those whom he may invite to address his people, or as to the sanction which may be given to a priest or deacon of his diocese to address in their own buildings, on due invitation given, Christians who belong to other denominations. No fundamental principle seems to me to be involved. It is a matter of local, and primarily of diocesan, administration."

(2) The admission of unconfirmed Nonconformists to communion. "I have no hesitation in saying that in my opinion a diocesan bishop acts rightly in sanctioning, when circumstances seem to call for it, the admission to Holy Communion of a devout Christian man to whom the ministrations of his own Church are for the time inaccessible, and who, as a baptized person, desires to avail himself of the opportunity of communicating at one of our altars." This he describes as "ordered liberty."

(3) The proposed permission to Anglicans to communicate with Nonconformists, when unable to obtain the ministrations of their own clergy, does not meet with as much favor at the hands of the Archbishop as one might have expected. But that seems to be due much more to the dislike with which it is almost everywhere regarded than to its inherent impropriety. "So far," he says, "as I can appraise and correlate the testimony given to me from China and Manchuria, from India, from Melanesia, and from Canada, the result of giving such advice in general terms would be not only to create perplexity in administration, but to hamper and retard such measure of coöperation as is now happily in progress." And it is fair to add that he lays stress on the danger of treating "the question of a threefold ministry as trifling or negligible." On the Kikuyu communion, and the general question of united communions, he takes the same line as the Consultative Body, but the objection which he emphasizes is practical, rather than theoretical. Reunion must not be rushed by a faction, because it is going to be the deliberate work of the whole Church.

What, then, is the new situation created by the "Statement," as they call it, of the Archbishop of Canterbury? How does it affect, not the missionary dioceses immediately concerned, but the great parties and interests really involved in this matter? What does it mean to the Church of England? Or to that still

more mysterious entity, the Anglican communion? Has the Consultative Body succeeded once more in moving the previous question? Or is the official Church going to be made to say yes or no?

On the one hand, the Bishop of Zanzibar and those who are with him are showing a remarkable determination to act quite seriously on a definite theory, and to take the consequences; the theory being in this case that the real Catholic Church consists of separated episcopal branches, and that the Anglican bishops are really, and not for the sake of argument, Catholic prelates. A theory so divorced from the truth must, if seriously acted upon for any length of time, lead to some remarkable results.

The Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda seem equally determined to act on their theory that the Catholic Church is a congeries of episcopal and non-episcopal sects. The divisions are considered "unhappy," mainly as they do practically divide those who might otherwise freely worship and labor together. For there is no indication that they regret their separation from Catholic or Orthodox Christians, and no indication that they particularly value communion with the ultra High Church. And on the other hand, if strict unity of government with other Protestant Christians is unattainable, federation seems to them a natural and satisfactory substitute. And they are able to quote, among other official and semi-official utterances of Anglican authorities, the words of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States: "We do not seek to absorb other communions, but to coöperate with them on the basis of a common faith and order." And, as they remind us, the Lambeth Conference has spoken not only in general terms of "other Christian Churches," but also more definitely of "Presbyterian and other non-episcopal Churches."

But these Low Church bishops further make a serious claim, that the Anglican Episcopate has already by implication conceded their main contention at least as far as strict Presbyterian Orders are concerned. To the High Church contention that Presbyterians, having no episcopate have consequently no valid Eucharist, they point out that in the so-called Lambeth Quadrilateral the basis of reunion between Anglicans and Nonconformists was laid down under four heads, viz., (1) Holy Scripture, (2) the Creeds, (3) the Sacraments, and (4) the Historic Episcopate. And then they quote the words of the Committee of Reunion and Intercommunion, appointed by the Lambeth Conference of 1908: "Whenever they have held closely to their traditions and professed standards of

faith and government, as formulated at Westminster, they satisfy the first three of the four conditions of an approach to reunion laid down by the Lambeth Conference of 1888." And they add: "The peculiar strength of this Committee, and the representative character of the fifty-seven archbishops and bishops who composed it, gives special weight to its utterances."

Now what, in these circumstances, is the real position of the great Centre Party, which constitutes the real Church of England, as it exists effectively for practical purposes and keeps it from falling asunder? This main body consists of people of moderate views, whose sympathies or associations lie with more than one of the three great traditional parties, with a large substratum of purely Erastian supporters of the Establishment. They have not any very clearly thought-out principles, but they try to take common-sense views of practical questions. In the main they are moderately Low Church without being evangelical. They do not as a body bother themselves much about conversion or justification by faith. And they tend to think more of the Commandments of the Second Table than of the First. Their doctrine of the Church is nearer that of the Evangelicals than that of the Ritualists. They mostly believe, to some degree, in sacramental grace; they are not quite clear whether Romanists, as they describe us, are or are not in the Catholic Church; and they are not sure which of the non-episcopal Churches can really be counted as parts of the Church of Christ. On the whole they are inclined to rank Presbyterians as properly within the Church and Quakers as without. But at the same time they are quite alive to the strategical advantages of the High Church view, and they have a great deal to say about the validity of Anglican Orders and the sinfulness of repudiating them.

It is not likely that this Centre Party will have any great quarrel with the statement of the Archbishop. As a whole it thinks much as he does, though he being an individual, and a very capable one, moves more swiftly to his conclusions, while it, being a very conservative party, tarries for the slowest of its members. It is fully aware that the Anglican communion has no future outside the country of its birth, unless it is amalgamated with the leading Protestant denominations. And it is prepared to make almost any sacrifice to secure the formation in English-speaking and heathen countries of National Protestant Churches on an "episcopal" basis which shall be strong enough and united enough to make the triumph of Catholicism impossible. But there

are certain considerations, beside its innate conservatism and its imperfect unification, which tend to delay its acceptance of the new policy.

1. It aims at retaining a certain High Church element in the united Protestant Church which it seeks to establish. The increase of extreme evangelicalism and rationalism which must result from any considerable reunion with the larger Nonconformist bodies, will make this both desirable and difficult. At present these tendencies are balanced by encouraging the idea of reunion with the "Eastern Churches." A surrender to the Orthodox might please some High Church Anglicans, and gratify their animosity to Rome. But a reunion with the Photian schism *and* with English Nonconformity is a combination too unlikely to occur to be seriously entertained by the most optimistic believer in the special mission of the English Church.

2. The traditional Church of England dislike of "dissent," though clearly diminishing, is by no means extinct. And there is much in the present and the future that may tend to revive it. It is plain that whatever may happen in Asia or Africa, the average Churchman is not hankering after too close association with his non-episcopal neighbor at home.

3. It is feared that the Pro-Roman Party is able and willing to break the Church of England in pieces rather than submit to the triumph of Kikuyu principles. Its leaders are already saying with the prodigal, "Give me the portion of substance that falleth to me." The general situation in the National Church is not unlike that of Europe before the war. It might last for years if no one strikes a decisive blow. But one disturbing element might make it impossible to maintain the present precarious peace.

In a delicately balanced situation such as we have described, it is plain that unusual power is found in the hands of men with the gift of leadership. At ordinary times, in a democratic country, a leader can only lead by submitting to the guidance of his group or party, and saying what its members think or feel. But there are moments when everything is uncertain, and the multitude wait for a word of command, and the whole opportunity is in the hands of the man who wills and knows. If he is clear and confident and resolute, he can generally force a decisive result, though that result may be wide enough of the mark at which he aims.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has himself given a lead that may easily be followed by the main body of English Churchmen.

He has quietly set aside the idea, so widely received in Anglican circles during the last quarter of a century, that there can only be one Church in one place, and that in England the English Church is the Catholic Church in England. It is hard to realize the extent to which this Tractarian idea has established itself in the modern Anglican mind. It takes no doubt a variety of different forms. With one it means the claim to hold the whole Catholic Faith, the Faith of Gregory and Augustine and Bede and Anselm and Becket, and to this parade of Catholic ancestry the objections and difficulties are obvious. To others it stands for a Church of England that was never completely Catholic, for "Augustine was the Apostle of Kent, but Aidan was the Apostle of England;" and for an acknowledged Reformation at which "the Church of England washed her face." Always and in all places it results in an endeavor to restate history in the Anglican interest, and to represent the Church of England as having been "Protestant before the Reformation, and Catholic after it." The practical mind of Doctor Davidson regards all this with very little sympathy. It does not square with the facts of the day, as he knows them, at home and abroad. The Anglican Church is sick of its splendid isolation; as a National Church it is restive in the presence of a world-wide empire, and great European alliances. But union with the Catholic Church is not a practical proposition. Nor is union with the "Eastern Churches" any nearer to an earthly goal. There remain the Lutherans abroad, and the Nonconformists at home. The Englishman over the seas is for the most part Presbyterian or Methodist. The logic of facts is conclusive.

And therefore it is not a mere courtesy or a matter of form when the Archbishop speaks of "missionaries belonging to different branches of the Church of Christ," or of "the different Churches working in the mission field," or approves of "the admission to Holy Communion of a devout Christian man, to whom the ministrations of his own Church are for the time inaccessible;" or again when he repeats, with evident satisfaction, the phrase of Bishop Willis, "a recognized minister in his own Church;" or insists that to maintain episcopacy with all steadfastness "is not the same thing as to place of necessity *extra Ecclesiam* every system and every body of men who follow a different use, however careful, strict and orderly their plan." It is plain that he is moving along a certain line to a well-defined goal, and the lengthy quotations he gives from the dossiers of the Lambeth Conferences demonstrate

that he can justly claim the support of the Anglican episcopate, as a whole, for his policy.

Meanwhile distinguished leaders of the opposition will not be wanting. The weakness of their position is that they must either take up a purely negative attitude at a moment when negative attitudes have never been so unpopular, or cast in their lot with those who go to Petrograd or Constantinople for the Faith against which the gates of hell shall not prevail. The first step was the announcement made by the Bishop of London, and echoed by several diocesans in the province of Canterbury; that the "pamphlet" of the Archbishop was a "statement" and nothing more, and had no bearing on the dioceses of the Province of Canterbury. It concerned the extra-provincial dioceses which were subject to the personal jurisdiction of the primate and them alone. Any attempt to impose it upon the Church at home would meet with resistance, but such an attempt had not been made. That declaration allayed for a moment the fears of those who thought that a final decision had been given, against which there could be no effective appeal. But after reflection it was seen that the matter could not be lightly set aside. It was pointed out that it was a statement of what may or may not be done. The Archbishop was Metropolitan of the Province of Canterbury, Primate of all England, and a kind of President of the whole Anglican episcopate. If the Archbishop ruled that certain proceedings would be allowed, it was impossible to suppose that they could be effectually forbidden. It would be impossible to reprobate at home a policy which had been formally sanctioned for East Africa and elsewhere.

But while the Bishops of London, Oxford, Salisbury, and Chichester are intimating that the whole question will have to be reconsidered after the war, and that at present the statement embodies a policy that is not theirs, it is as usual the ordinary clergy who are going to bear the brunt of the fighting. A meeting of clergy held at Westminster, decided to withhold subscriptions from any missions and missionary societies that would not pledge themselves to abstain from all acts of religious intercommunion with non-episcopal Protestants. Some of the clergy have already withdrawn their support from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. In the second place, the general Committee of the Anglican and Eastern Association have sent the Archbishop a strongly worded protest against the setting-up of new barriers between the Anglican Church and the Orthodox Churches of the

East, and other societies have made similar protests. (It must be remembered that resolutions of this sort mean much more than usual at a time like the present, when the war dominates all our thoughts and conversations, and when attention to any other subject is distasteful.) And in the third place, a definite line of action has been formally announced by one of the most influential clergy in London.

At the present moment those who wish to know what is going to be done about Kikuyu are keeping their eyes on All Saints', Margaret Street, London. There has always been about this church a certain air of primitive Tractarianism. It has at all times been patient and loyal and cautious, without the infidelity to principle which has commonly gone with these qualities. But at the present moment a stronger man than usual holds the helm, and he is able to play a part in great affairs that would have been impossible to his predecessors. It is no secret that he is in close touch with the Bishop of London and also with the Bishop of Zanzibar, and at the same time he has the confidence of an important section of the younger clergy.

Two recent pronouncements by the Rev. H. F. B. Mackay, Vicar of All Saints', Margaret Street, make it quite clear that the most interesting Kikuyu developments are still to come. It was announced beforehand that he would not make any statement to his flock about the present crisis until he had taken counsel with the Bishop of London, and the statement which he made was substantially endorsed by the Bishop himself at the National Society's House on the following Wednesday. The drift of it was that the Archbishop must not be understood to mean all that his words might naturally imply, and particularly that the admission of separatists to address "the faithful" on matters of general and common interest was not the exercise of the teaching office of the Church. (How this can be reconciled with the official statement of the Primate is not explained by Mr. Mackay, and such unofficial glosses are obviously useless as safeguards.) He further insisted that it was necessary to cut themselves clear from the attitude adopted by the Archbishop of Canterbury and his Consultative Committee. But to do so, it was not necessary to renounce communion with the Province of Canterbury. The Province was not committed to it. Their own bishop (London) and three other bishops of the province had dissociated themselves from it. Their own bishop had said plainly that the Kikuyu Communion

was wrong in principle, and that non-episcopal Christians should be admitted to our services, but not communicated.

"What steps," he continued, "shall be taken to obtain the wider acceptance of these principles? For there is a danger that the line advocated by the Bishops of the Consultative Committee and the Archbishop may be followed, if strong voices are not raised and strong action is not taken? We shall begin by getting an assurance from any mission or missionary society to which we subscribe that the practice of admitting members of separatist bodies to Holy Communion or admitting them to preach in our churches is not permitted within the sphere of the mission or missionary society in question.

"Secondly, we shall take our share in a big campaign in defence of the doctrine of the Church, which is now to be started in view of the next Lambeth Conference. If a cleavage in the Church of England comes after the next Lambeth Conference, it will be the fault of those who will have broken with the formularies of the Church and with Catholic tradition. For us who abide by them there is no greater work to be done than the work of speeding the reunion of Catholic Christendom."

It is a striking commentary on this address that it was followed by another on reunion on the feast of SS. Peter and Paul. The treatment of the subject was naturally more or less unsatisfactory from the Catholic point of view, and the usual Anglican assumptions about the three divisions of the Catholic Church pervaded the whole, and made much of it very unpractical. Yet important admissions were frankly made. "It is impossible," said Mr. Mackay, "to look candidly at Christian church history and deny that as Patriarch of the West the Pope is the proper Head of Western Christendom; and, further, that as the successor of St. Peter he has a primacy over the whole Church, a primacy which is no empty honor, but is intended to be a gift and a benefit to all who acknowledge it."

There are many things which have disappointed us in England during the last twelve months; there has been no great revival of religion here as there has been in France, either within or without the Catholic Church; but it is impossible to pay attention to the movements and events here recorded without feeling that we can set no limits to our hopes and prayers for Our Lady's Dowry.

SHALL WOMEN VOTE?

BY JOSEPH V. MCKEE, A.M.

T the present time the question of Woman Suffrage has been carried far past the point of the abstract; it now has become a concrete problem. Within a month the constituencies of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts will be called upon to decide whether or not the full exercise of the ballot shall be conferred upon women. No longer is it an academic question. The issue has been placed squarely before the voters of these four great Eastern States. Shall the right of suffrage be extended to all citizens, male and female? Shall the whole body of women of voting age be enfranchised? Shall the millions of mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters enter the political arena and take their stand with or against their fathers, brothers, husbands, and sons, as the case may be?

Were it not for this fact, that these questions must be answered within a very short time, there would be very little need to review the grounds *pro* and *contra* Woman Suffrage. Since 1848, when the first convention of suffragists under the leadership of Lucretia Mott promulgated its "Declaration of Independence," and demanded an equal participation in government, there has been much agitated discussion of the suffrage rights of women. That discussion has grown more vital since 1910, during which time the total of States granting full suffrage has risen to twelve and the number of women voters to four million. Because of this continued agitation the whole field of suffrage has long since been thoroughly traversed, and little opportunity left for the discovery of new ideas. Consequently it is a difficult task to oppose suffrage on new grounds, because the advocates of equal suffrage have brought forward no new, additional reasons to support their contentions. Nevertheless there is need of a clear discussion and restatement of the underlying principles of the problem. The same appeals have been made so often, and the reasons supporting them repeated so frequently, that there is danger that insistency might be taken for truth and persistency for fact. If a statement is repeated often enough it is, in time, accepted as truth,

and its enunciators hailed the protagonists of the verities. There has been so much said of woman's *rights* that there are many who are profoundly convinced that the exercise of the ballot is an inalienable prerogative which man is unjustly withholding from women. We have heard so much of man's tyranny and injustice that many believe that women without the ballot are actually degraded. So distorted has become the whole agitation that it seems to have resolved itself not into an effort to unite with man in his attempt to better conditions, but into a struggle against him for so-called "independence" and "liberty."

Fundamentally, suffrage is the "participation in political government by the election of representatives and by voting for laws and measures." In itself it is not an *end* but a *means* "to keep up the continuity of government, and to preserve and perpetuate public order and the protection of individual rights" (Cooley). It is not absolute and immutable, for, as in the case of other means, were it to become unsuited for the accomplishment of the ends for which it was instituted, or a more efficient means discovered, it might reasonably be discarded. At no time, even under the most favorable conditions, has it ever been universal in application. Nor could it ever be so used; for at all times there would be some disabilities to stand in the way of its proper and efficient utilization.

Since, therefore, this participation in government may be subjected to enlargements and limitations, we must admit that suffrage *can* be given to women. There is no natural or statute law or sociological conception that connotes the impossibility of women's exercise of the ballot. This, of course, is obvious. The real problem lies in the question, Should women vote? or, more urgently, Shall women vote? If women should vote, then the ballot should be given them for any or all of the following reasons: First, because voting is a natural right. Second, because it is a duty. Third, because it would be expedient.

The suffragists hold the exercise of the ballot to be primarily a natural right; that it is inherent in the conception of citizenship. If you grant that women are citizens, which is universally held, you must, say they, grant them the right to vote; for voting, like the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, is necessarily implied in the connotation of citizenship. If this contention is true, then man is doing a grave injustice in depriving the other sex of an inalienable right—the right to vote. But it is not true, and such a contention cannot be justified in reason. The right to vote

is not a natural right; it is not a *right* in any sense of the term. Natural rights are rights that are possessed by the individual *per se* and precede in order the idea of government. A man has the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness prior to the establishment of government; for government is established to safeguard and preserve these rights, not the rights to safeguard government. By the same token the machinery of government was instituted not to protect the ballot (in some governments there is no suffrage), but voting was instituted as a means to aid government to protect the rights of man.

Suffrage is never a necessary accompaniment of citizenship, nor do any authorities on constitutional law admit that it is. (*Vide* Cooley, Const., 2d. ed., 752; 1 MacArthur, 169; Blach., 200.) "Suffrage," says Cooley, "cannot be the natural right of the individual, because it does not exist for the benefit of the individual, but for the benefit of the State itself." It is granted as a privilege by the State on the grounds of expediency, when the exercise of the ballot is necessary for the best interests of the State, or when its extension would work some good which could be acquired less easily no other way. From this it is clear that women cannot claim the ballot as a natural right. If they are to receive the suffrage, they will obtain it because the State feels that their votes will conduce to greater efficiency in government. It is upon this ground, namely, that the State will benefit by women voting, that the cause of Woman Suffrage must stand or fall.

Equally untenable is the cry, so often heard, that "taxation without representation is tyranny." Taxation is the means used to collect the moneys necessary for the maintenance of government. Taxation makes possible government, and government makes possible the protection of rights. We do not vote because we pay taxes. We submit to the various tax levies because they are the considerations in return for which we receive material benefits, such as roads, schools, and hospitals. If voting were based upon taxation, then every corporation would have the right to suffrage. Carrying it *ad absurdum,* were a taxpayer the guardian of six tax-paying minors, he would have the right to cast seven ballots, one for himself and for everyone of the children.

If women were not represented in government in any way "taxation" would be "tyranny." But she is represented; for man's interests are her interests, and his welfare is so bound up in the welfare of the other sex that to neglect the one is to neglect the

other, to injure the one is to injure the other. There is no logical reason for making sex a political division with representatives for each. It would be just as logical to insist upon representatives being chosen from boys under twenty-one, and from girls who likewise are under voting age.

If suffrage is not a right, it is hard to see how it can be a duty. So frequently have we heard the expression, "Woman's place is in the home," that it has become trite and bromidic. But has it lost any of its truth? It is hard to bring forward cold reasons concerning a subject so vitally feminine. We are old, old men and women in the passing of the centuries, and when we see that nature has preserved the physical and psychological distinctions between man and woman, when we see that to one she gives strength, hardness, deliberation, and to the other sweetness, lovableness, impetuosity, we can be sure that there is reason for it all—that it is good to keep holy this relation of man and woman. And making her a political unit subject to the bruit of politics, where she will become a pawn in the game that hardens even men, will do much to destroy that relation, and bring about changes that the man of high ideals does not desire.

The married woman with a family could find time to study political conditions and vote intelligently. But what are the reasons to urge her to add to her burdens? What will she gain that she has not now? What greater happiness will be hers when she has the ballot? The apathy of the majority of women toward suffrage is not due to ignorance, prejudice or selfishness. It is more deeply rooted. Perhaps its explanation can be seen in the reply of a mother to a deputation of women who came to urge her to join them and fight for her rights. "Ladies," she said, "I am so busy and happy here at home attending to my duties that I have no desire to go out and fight for my rights."

The only real ground upon which the suffragists can base their claim to the ballot is that of expediency. Suffrage is not a right; it is not necessarily a duty. It is a means to better government. Consequently, if the State feels that the extension to women of the ballot would work greater good, then it should grant that extension. If, when women vote, our government would be more efficiently conducted, if better laws would be enacted and higher standards of living established, if individual rights would be better protected and greater happiness secured, if women's votes would secure any of these or hurry them along, then women should vote.

This is the vital phase of the Woman Suffrage, and its consideration leads to many questions. Would the extension of the suffrage to woman secure any material advantages which cannot be obtained without her vote? Would these changes be effected more quickly if women vote? Would woman's position be improved socially, morally, economically by the exercise of the ballot? Women do not need the ballot to secure greater freedom or wider privileges for their sex. At no time in the world's history have women had the freedom they possess at the present time. Without the vote they have full entrance into all the professions. Treated as an equal in business, they yet are free from many of the duties that devolve on man.

The women of the State of New York do not enjoy the exercise of the ballot. All the laws are man-made laws. Yet the discrimination that exists in legal matters is all in favor of women. Legally, whether married or single, she is an independent unit, possessing, in fact, more privileges than men enjoy. Particularly is this true of married women. The property of a married woman, whether acquired before or after marriage, is her own separate property, and she may convey, sell or mortgage it without the consent of her husband. On the other hand, a married man cannot make the smallest transaction of his property without the written consent of his wife. She can sue and be sued, carry on a business in her own name; she is entitled to all her earnings. She can enter into contracts with her husband or with others. She is not liable for the debts of her husband. She may dispose of her property by will, without reservation or limitation of any kind.

In the matter of dower she is especially favored. Upon the death of her husband, she is entitled to dower in all the lands owned by her husband during their marriage, unaffected by any debt or act of her husband not assented to in writing by her, consisting of the use during her life of one-third of all such lands. She possesses an inalienable right, which cannot be defeated, to one-third absolutely of all personal property. If there are no children or descendants, the widow takes one-half of the estate, and if there are no parents or children, but the husband leaves brother or sister, nephew or niece, to the widow is given precedence over them, and she takes the other half of the whole estate or the whole if the whole is under two thousand dollars.[1]

A married man has no claim on the estate of his deceased wife.

[1] *Vide* Foster, *The Legal Rights of Women.*

While he cannot defeat the right of his wife to one-third of his estate, he himself does not share in the property of his wife in any way except by will. Formerly he was privileged to support some claim by an "action in chose," but this has fallen into disuse and is rarely invoked.

"Before the law," writes Judge Cullen, "the woman is in theory the equal of the man, while in practise the common complaint is that a man does not have a fair chance in litigation when opposed to a woman. There may be still trifling matters of which women can justly complain, but they would be redressed for the asking."

Surely it is idle to talk of "freedom" and "independence" in the light of these conditions that exist in this State, where women do not vote. For themselves what do they expect to gain by voting, when already they receive privileges that men do not enjoy? When has it ever been known in the history of the legislature that women without the vote have failed to obtain whatever they wished? Since they can and do obtain without the ballot the things they deem necessary, there is no need to enter the field where their efforts will be robbed of their greatest asset—the powerful influence of disinterestedness. There is no need to lay their actions open to the suspicion of political jobbery, a result which will follow when they become political units.

It is evident that in New York woman suffers in no way because she does not possess the ballot, and if the vote is given to her she could gain nothing for herself that she cannot now obtain without the suffrage. The only other reason why the ballot should be given to her is that her vote is needed to accomplish public good, to raise the standard of public morals, and to quicken public conscience. Would these follow as direct or indirect consequences of voting? Most of the evils of our public and private life are due to moral reasons. The casting of a ballot will never change men's hearts, and no amount of prohibitory laws will make men better. Voting can suppress an evil only after it has arisen, and the damage it has done become so great as to attract widespread attention. The solution lies in the prevention of the evil, not in its suppression. And women's greatest work consists not in policing public morals, but, by her influence in the home, in lessening the need of prohibitions. Her noblest work is to instill high ideals in the hearts of her sons, her husbands, and her brothers. This is her true sphere,

and here nature has given woman her strongest powers to mould for good or evil.

In *The Saturday Evening Post* of September 11th, former President William Howard Taft writes: "I question whether in politics and in resistance to corruption we should find any sturdier honesty among women than among men. The most common defect in legislation is not the ideal good aimed at, but in the lack of practical provision for its attainment. The lack of experience in affairs and the excess of emotion on the part of women in reaching political decisions on questions like prohibition and the social evil, are what would lower the average practical sense and self-restraint of the electorate if they were admitted to it now."

Woman suffrage has been in operation since 1869, yet it has failed to accomplish any marked improvements that can be attributed to its influence. Wyoming has suffrage, and there the marriage vows can be dissolved for any of twelve reasons. New York is not a suffrage State, yet its statutes recognize only one cause for divorce. Utah, a suffrage State, presents the spectacle of polygamous marriages and a condition of affairs which is not very creditable. In matters of legislation the non-suffrage States do not show any lack of that zeal for public welfare which the suffragists claim as their exclusive birthright. Prohibition was secured in the South and in the Southwest without the aid of Woman Suffrage. New York has labor laws that protect adequately the women and children who must work. Its legislature has passed the Workmen's Compensation Law and the Widows' Pension Bill. North Dakota, which rejected woman suffrage in 1914, passed a mother's pension bill. Pennsylvania has a child labor law limiting the hours a child under sixteen may work to fifteen a week. If all these measures can be obtained without suffrage where, in the name of expediency, is the need of doubling the present vote, making cumbrous the voting machinery and adding to public expense?

Judge Edgar M. Cullen, in a recent letter to Miss Alice Hill Chittenden, expressing his reasons for opposing Woman Suffrage, writes on this point: "My own belief is that to grant women suffrage will not make any substantial change in government and laws; that the great mass of women will exercise the suffrage in harmony with their male relatives and friends. In that case the grant of suffrage will have no practical effect, except to increase the cost of elections."

A fair and impartial estimate of the operation of Woman Suf-

frage is furnished us by Bryce in his revised *The American Commonwealth.* He says: "No evidence has ever come in any way tending to show that politics are in Wyoming, Idaho or Utah substantially purer than in the adjoining States, though it is said that the polls are quieter. The most that seems to be alleged is that they are no worse; or as the Americans express it, 'Things are very much what they were before, only more so.'"[2] If politics, with Woman Suffrage, are "no worse," but "things are very much what they were before, only more so," the claim that women should have the vote on grounds of expediency can hardly be sustained.

So far we have considered only the grounds for giving or withholding the suffrage. Nothing has been said of the evils that may follow the extension of the vote. Yet there are many dangers that will follow on the footsteps of the ballot. But as they are psychological, and have to do primarily with the private lives of men and women, it is difficult to note and analyze them. The unit of the State is the family. Destroy that and you work the downfall of society. Yet that is the tendency of Woman Suffrage, for, like Socialism, it emphasizes the individual to the detriment of the family. If the man in exercising alone the ballot expresses the will of the family, there is no need to grant the vote to the wife. If there is dissension, then the suffrage exercised differently by the husband and wife becomes a source of discord, and proves the opening wedge for the breaking up of the family and the dissolution of the marriage bond.

While these dangers may not be apparent at first sight, they are no less real because they are insidious. A still greater danger to things even more precious, comes from the very leaders of Woman Suffrage to-day. Because of the principles they have enunciated and the alliances they have not repudiated, they cry down the rebuke of all clean-minded men and women. We judge a man by the company he keeps. We cannot be censured if we do the same thing with Woman Suffrage. When the leaders of Woman Suffrage demand "freedom from man's tyranny," and speak of women being "debased and degraded" because they do not have the ballot, the injustice of the cries can be overlooked in the heat of the campaign. But when they mean by "freedom" immorality; when their "liberty" consists in discarding the laws of decency and purity, then we must cry halt!

At a recent suffrage dinner at the La Salle Hotel in Chicago,

[2] *The American Commonwealth,* vol. ii., p. 609.

Professor W. I. Thomas addressed the women gathered there on the subject of women's rights to limit offspring and to become mothers without the formality of marriage. It is hard to conceive that any pure-hearted woman would remain to listen to such a speech. But instead of rebuking Professor Thomas for introducing such a topic, the Rev. Anna Howard Shaw, the acknowledged leader of all the suffragists and president of their national body, endorsed the speaker and his pernicious doctrines. She is quoted in a Chicago paper as saying: "You have to shock the people to make them think. The address has set every woman who heard it thinking, and they are the thinking women who will consider both sides of such a proposition. Political emancipation is not the only emancipation. There is a greater freedom which women must gain, the freedom of social relations. Women are over-sex-developed, and men are responsible for that condition.....I do not believe in mother's love. I believe in mother's intelligence."

These are principles no decent woman can subscribe to. Dr. Shaw is an ordained minister of the Gospel. In the ranks of the suffragists she is hailed their prophet, and wields a tremendous influence. Her words are therefore dangerous in the highest degree. Any increase in the power of suffrage is an increase in her power, and a greater opportunity for her to work evil. Surely honest men and women cannot be expected to join hands with such a leader to fight for a "greater freedom." That she cares for little outside the mad desire to force the vote from men upon women, she showed when she said recently at Atlantic City: "I believe in Woman Suffrage, whether all women vote or no women vote; whether all women vote right or all women vote wrong; whether women will love their husbands after they vote or forsake them; whether they will neglect their children or never have any children." While she is the head and front of Woman Suffrage, we cannot further the cause that gives her greater power.

In a speech made as chairman at a debate held recently in Brooklyn, Miss Inez Millholland (now Mrs. Boissevain) declared that the three greatest achievements of the century were "the higher criticism of the Bible, Woman Suffrage, and Socialism."

Mrs. Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale has written a book called *What Women Want*. It has become the official literature of the suffragists. In it she shows a state of mind on questions of deepest importance that would be ridiculous were it not dangerous in the extreme.

The attitude of the leading suffragists is reflected in their alliance with radical Socialists, and other advocates of principles destructive of ideals we hold precious. In a recent suffrage parade the latter half of the marchers were Socialists, who made the parade a grand propaganda for Socialism under the guise of suffrage. To the most radical Socialists are given places of honor on the speaker's platform at suffrage meetings; and to *The Masses,* the most outspoken of the Socialist papers, has been awarded a large advertising contract by the suffragists. While Miss Stone Blackwell, Charlotte Perkins, Mary Ware Dennet, Max Eastman, Inez Millholland-Boissevain and others equally radical, who are Socialists first and suffragists after, continue to hold power in the councils of the suffragists, deep-thinking people will hesitate to advocate the cause of Woman Suffrage.

Woman suffrage is not a natural right. It is not a duty, but would become one were the exercise of the ballot extended to women. It is not expedient that women should vote; for she has little to gain, and may lose much with the gaining of the vote. It is not necessary for the welfare of the State, since with women voting "things are very much what they were before, only more so." This is a summary of the sociological reasons against granting women the vote. Other reasons no less important are the pernicious radicalism of the suffrage party's accredited leaders and the alliance of suffrage with Socialism.

CATHOLIC WOMANHOOD AND THE SUFFRAGE.

BY HELEN HAINES.

THE critic who asks a definite Catholic attitude toward any great national or political question, is apt to forget that the bond which unites us is purely ethical. Evidence of failure to grasp this fact is to be found to-day in the effort of our secular press to reconcile the diversity of Catholic opinion upon the world war. And, for a number of years, the same attempt has also been made in the discussions concerning another great question—the political enfranchisement of woman.

Such critics confuse the Church's longitude and latitude. For in the great sphere of her activities, we may consider her longitude as those lines of thought and action which converge towards the two poles of faith and morals. And by her latitude, those which extend the material development of her children, and define great zones—fervid, temperate or austere—which have produced so infinite a variety of fauna and flora. This growth and flowering, throughout the ages, whether we consider the thought and work of Catholic manhood or womanhood, arise from our freedom as individuals which the perverse critic affects not to grasp. Undeniably there are points of intersection where the operation of material or political measures creates disabilities for Catholics. And these measures also affect moral issues, in which all right thinking citizens are as deeply concerned. In the case of the suffrage movement, as in all other political measures, its use, not its gift, raises it from a political to an ethical question for Catholic men and women.

Within the Fold, as without, during the past half century, we find the same extremes of indifference and enthusiasm when this political issue is discussed. For each prelate, priest, or layman, each Catholic woman worker or woman of leisure who has denounced it as a deplorable innovation, other Catholics, similarly placed, cordially welcome it. This latitude of Catholic sentiment towards Woman Suffrage might be unimportant save for one patent fact, the movement's own wide and rapid growth. For while the blood-letting abroad has, in most instances, temporarily

submerged the "cause"—the various woman suffrage organizations undertaking relief or industrial work—yet in our own country, with a few notable exceptions, it has gone steadily forward.

"In about four years time we shall see a great advance," Secretary Daniels prophesied of this movement to the writer in the Democratic headquarters on the night of President Wilson's election. And, to-day, if we look at the suffrage map, we will see that nearly one-half of our national area has enfranchised women. In eleven States and one territory (Alaska) full suffrage obtains. In twenty-two States taxation, bond or school suffrage prevails. One State (Illinois) has Presidential, partial county, State and municipal suffrage, while fourteen States are wholly in the black belt. The importance, to the suffrage movement, of the autumn of 1915 lies in the fact that the campaign is shifted for the first time to the East. During September and November, four of the great commonwealths—Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania—will give to nearly four million men the opportunity to cast their votes for or against votes for women.

Since we must admit the coming of enfranchisement, and are no longer in doubt that its operation in various parts of the world has been instrumental in bringing about many needed reforms, may it not be well to question the desirability of our Catholic latitude towards enacting woman's suffrage as a law, since the issue has become one which each Catholic male, of voting age, must meet.

The trend of our times being toward a more complete and free democracy, it would appear all arguments for or against the enfranchisement of women are comprised in the claim of the United States to democracy, although yet withholding from one-half of her citizens any participation in government, or in the laws which so deeply affect this section of our population. Even the knowledge that in the enfranchisement of the negro male there was foisted upon the nation a wholly unprepared electorate, is not a logical argument against woman's enfranchisement. Nor have the important questions of expense, expediency, nor of woman's efficiency as voter, any bearing upon what Cardinal Moran termed "the rightful privilege," which democracy long ago gave to women in Australia.

An attempt to discover where this discrimination lies in the United States is not a statement to the effect that expense and expediency or even efficiency are not to be considered. In the

present campaign in the Eastern States, these items are constantly kept before the eyes of the voter by the opponents of enfranchisement. Woman Suffrage has proven its efficiency in the States where women vote. The male voter has never considered expediency in the case of the male emigrant. Or when have our great commonwealths stopped at expense? Has not New York her Barge Canal and Pennsylvania her State Capitol?

No, the discrimination in the United States is yet as wholly one of sex, as in the years 1647 and 1648, when Catholic Margaret Brent—the first woman in this country to ask for a vote—demanded it of the Colonial Assembly. The militant Margaret, in fact, asked not for one vote, but for two, as she was executrix for and managed Calvert's estates, and insisted upon managing those of the absent—and indignant—Baltimore. The men of the Colony wrote Baltimore praising her ability, but they denied her the vote, frankly, because she was a woman. Margaret Brent was not represented in the Assembly, although the estates she managed were the largest in the Colony. Nor are women to-day always able, as anti-suffragists assert, to "provide themselves with male voting appendages," the reply of a witty suffragist. The advisability of votes for women, as a political measure, is further strengthened by Dr. Anna Shaw, who points out that woman, although an industrial entity, has politically no choice in the laws affecting her as such.

The New York *Evening Post,* discussing the question wholly in its political aspect, further suggests that bare feasibility in a democracy like ours demands that we do not rear within our borders a large body of discontented citizens of voting age.

England's sensitiveness in this regard has also been reserved for her male workers. *The Tablet* well expressed this, some years ago, in an article on suffrage: "The only possible justification for giving the franchise to agricultural laborers was the belief that in the long run it is better for any class to express its own aspirations, however blindly and however blunderingly, than to have to trust to the beneficence of aliens. Apply that principle to the separate interests of women workers in the industrial world—and the controversy is at an end."

Politically, then, the argument against the gift of suffrage to woman in a free democracy is no more tenable than the argument that it is un-Catholic. Those of us who have strayed so far afield in our zeal forget that we have a number of ancient examples

of certain kinds of franchise for women in many of the old Catholic States. "*La femme ne demande aucun privilège. Elle réclame l'égalité*—Woman asks no privilege; she reclaims equality"—was the manifesto of Catholic women suffragists of Belgium issued not long before the war. "It would be a return rather than a novelty," Marie Mangeret, the leading Catholic suffragette of Paris, wrote me, at the same time comparing the then conditions in France with those overturned by the French Revolution. But we must not confuse these political rights of women—which were a survival of the Middle Ages, and not so much a recognition of woman as the place woman happened to fill—with the present day demand for universal woman suffrage. But if we can divest ourselves of preconceived ideas and study the question—not merely as a political gift, but as an operative law with a close affiliation to our ethical needs—both in antipodean lands and in our own, it will curb much loose thinking.

When it comes to principles, we Catholics pride ourselves on being rather fundamental. Our religious attitude toward marriage enhances in our eyes the importance of the Christian home to all society. Our acquiescence in the Church's ideal for woman—wifehood, motherhood and home—is so entire that thousands of other women have for centuries consecrated their virginity to upholding the mother's hands. While, according to the light of each age, Catholic manhood has protected this ideal for all generations, under conditions as hostile as the materialism and industrialism of our own time.

It would be idle to claim that these two agencies have not affected our ideal. Modern education has fitted woman for other careers than matrimony. She is no longer "the lonesome survival of the unasked," as Father Carlin of Philadelphia has amusingly written. Moreover, in one generation modern industrialism has wrought a revolution which has thrust over eight million women and children out of the home to work.[1]

As in every other age, our devout religious women have arisen loyally to these new needs to protect the modern home. They have raised convents to colleges, established business courses for women, working girls' homes, day nurseries and kindergartens for little children, while the value of the retreats given to young

[1] In New York and New Jersey one-third of all women of voting age must work out of the home to get a home. In Massachusetts, the proportion of these women is forty out of every one hundred. In Pennsylvania, thirty per cent.

children, young women workers, teachers and mothers, cannot be overestimated.

Thus in many beautiful ways, we Catholics are prepared for the modern onslaught upon the soul and our Catholic ideal. But can Catholic men do anything more? The Catholic woman suffragist offers votes for women as a modern means of protection for the home, and asks the Catholic male voter for this political gift. But if operative at all for Catholics, he will claim it must be worth while for all classes of homes, for all classes of our women —the nun, the woman of leisure, or the woman worker.

"Now that a very large proportion of our female population has gone 'out of the home' and into industry," Dr. Ryan has elsewhere written, "the traditional argument against Woman Suffrage has lost most of its value. To vote at elections and to participate otherwise in political life, would not add measurably to the sum of woman's extra household burdens and activities. Through the ballot women could protect themselves against many of the evils to which they are exposed by their new industrial tasks and surroundings. They could hasten the enactment of legislation for decent wages and employment generally. In a much larger proportion than men, women would support legislative measures in the interest of religion, good morals, and the home."

The value of Dr. Ryan's opinion, as our leading political economist, need not be impressed upon the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. He has so often clarified our ideas on modern problems that in this simple statement of facts, which nobody can gainsay, we see how simple is the relation between the vote and the protection of our great Catholic ideal. Nor are we longer in doubt as to the practicability of the suffrage. For we have ample evidence that the vote has not made woman's position less secure, either at home or in antipodean lands.

"After twenty years experience of women voting," the editor of the New Zealand *Tablet* answered my queries, "the people here would laugh at the suggestion that it unsexes women or causes friction in the home. Our elections have become incomparably more orderly since women took part in them; and election day nowadays is characterized by almost as much quietness and decorum as the observance of Sunday. I have taken a keen interest in the subject ever since the bill was passed (1893), and have never heard of a single case of domestic trouble through women exercising political rights."

In fact if we pursued to its logical end much that Catholic men and women have written on this subject, we would be obliged to admit that the mere conferring of the franchise upon our women would produce a deleterious effect upon Christian character: that women would deteriorate if they should move from Maine to California; or that the gift of the franchise in the suffrage States had already produced such deterioration. Only by such naïve absurdities do we come to realize that superficial criticism of the extension of the franchise has been more rife than superficial claims as to its accomplishments.

Certainly our highest Church dignitaries in Australia and New Zealand have registered enthusiastic approval of the operation of suffrage, as has Archbishop Delaney of Tasmania—the opinions of these prelates having been printed and used by both English and American suffragists. Archbishop Redwood, of Wellington, when visiting in St. Louis some short time ago, expressed himself as heartily in favor of the movement here. He claimed that the women of New Zealand "maintained a high standard of purity and womanhood," and were, if possible, "better wives and home-conservers" than before they voted. Their greatest service, he thought, lay in school, hospital, and charitable departments, and in municipal beautification and improvements.

In addition to temperance measures the laws passed in Australia and New Zealand, since women voted, greatly favor the woman and child worker. They comprise equal pay for equal work, equal naturalization, protection of juvenile immigrants, eight-hour day, minimum wage scale, appointment of police matrons, establishment of juvenile courts, raising the age of boy and girl workers to sixteen and eighteen years, etc. And these, and many similar laws in both countries, are as operative as is temperance for the Catholic woman or child worker, and strengthen the outposts of our ideal—the Christian home.

The effect of woman's vote in our own suffrage States has been much the same. And, in all, the woman and child worker have been benefited. Nor is the claim well-founded that suffrage has failed because factory legislation is not as complete in certain of the suffrage States, as in non-suffrage States which employ thousands of women factory workers. The writer heard such an argument at a public meeting in a New Jersey town. The suffragist pointed out the small number—less than fifty women—employed industrially in the agricultural State which had offered the point

for attack. The anti-suffragist replied that if one woman was so employed the laws should be changed, and was applauded! Yet in this State there are sixty-eight men to every fifty women. And the total State population is less by thousands than the number of women employed by the factories in New York State.

The only States which have eight-hour laws for women are suffrage States. It is true that the Supreme Court decision of 1908—in the Oregon case (written by the late Justice Brewer, a believer in Woman Suffrage)—upholding the ten-hour law was the beginning of some abatement in laws affecting the woman workers, even in non-suffrage States. In Massachusetts there is a nine-hour law after forty years. While in Idaho the women consider nine hours a compromise, but the vote of women got it in two years. It is remarkable how few people seem to realize the number of men whose work is restricted to eight hours. Nor can we believe that the men unions, if men were not voters, would have been so favored. For the attitude of many employers of woman labor has not changed. Woman, trained to the needs of the industrial machine, becomes one. These men are like the prosperous farmer in Pennsylvania whose wife became desperately ill. The physician insisted upon a trained nurse, and the woman answering the call was one who had often shown herself a tower of strength in the writer's own household. The farm house was primitive. There was no other "help." On the third afternoon, having been continuously on duty night and day, the nurse made a suggestion. Would the farmer watch beside his wife and give her the chance for an hour's sleep? The man's disillusionment was complete. "Why," he exclaimed, "I thought you was a *trained* nurse!"

In addition to shorter hours for woman workers, the equal suffrage States have all raised the age of consent. In California it is now the highest in the Union—twenty-one years. When the writer lived in Georgia and North Carolina, it was ten, and has not been changed.

It is also noteworthy that women have made many changes in the suffrage States in laws relating to the child worker, and to children of school age, in laws regarding weights and measures, food and milk supplies, juvenile courts, reformatories, etc. While minimum wage laws are characteristic of equal suffrage States and of four partial suffrage States.

Any unprejudiced person who will take the trouble to com-

pare the laws of suffrage States with those where no suffrage obtains, cannot claim the woman worker has not been benefited by the extension of the franchise. Suffragists do not "expect to make people good by law." They realize enforcement of law requires constant vigilance. But they know that where women do not vote, laws for women and child workers are not only defied, but are rarely punitive.

Two widely-separated cases in point are the broom-makers in Illinois and the shirt-waist workers in New York City. The then Mayor of New York whose public utterance on the vitalizing influence of public opinion has been quoted by a leading anti-suffragist, "had not time" to see the large delegation of women who went to City Hall after the fire in the Triangle factory, which caused the death of one hundred and forty-five girls. And the owners of this factory were later fined twenty dollars for continuing the same conditions which had cost these lives. Public opinion had been outraged. The city resounded with protest. But of what punitive use was it?

In Illinois, a broom-making concern, by employing convict labor, made a living wage impossible for the men in the industry so improvident as to stay out of prison. Labor drove the firm to a neighboring State. Once more labor drove them out. The company returned to Illinois, breathing defiance. It solved the problem of cheap broom-making by employing Polish and Lithuanian girl emigrants. These girls worked for a low wage. They operated a machine considered unfit for woman's use. But it was the conditions in the locked factory under a grossly immoral superintendent which mattered. He kept them at work by a clever manipulation of their ignorance, fear and shame. Labor, suspicious for its male workers, discovered the hideous truth, and brought the man to justice. Justice? A county indictment and a fine of twenty-five dollars—the law's limit. This case also outraged public opinion. Of what punitive value was it?

It is through the operative effect of the ballot upon such needs of the woman worker, that the woman of leisure has come to realize keenly that her own home is also affected by the economic and industrial changes of our time. These women do not feel the pinch of circumstance, but are as keenly alive to their disabilities. If she is a property owner, woman pays taxes, and her home —all homes—have an intimate concern with those franchises, controlled by the vote, which furnish us with light and telephone,

and regulate water rates. Woman now goes out of the house to buy everything formerly made in it under her supervision. Her duty toward laws which govern her food and milk supplies cannot be gainsaid. Her interest is keen in educational laws, in ordinances on health and morals. Juvenile courts, prison reform and temperance have become ballot issues, though it is worth noting of the latter that many States looking most coldly upon the suffrage movement have long since "gone" for prohibition.

In view of the many unsavory political scandals in the operation of these safeguards and needs of the home and family, can we as citizens or as Catholics say our women have no concern with the vote?

What of that other hideous evil which threatens our national life, beckons to our children at every turn, and fastens itself to the heart of our city governments by corrupt political bonds? Have women—have Catholic home-makers—no concern with these things?

"Let us acknowledge with due thanks," says Alice Meynell in the Catholic *Suffragist,* writing of London evils, "that some of these indecent anomalies have been due to the wish of men to keep women out of touch with these things. Did I say to keep women out of touch with these things? No—to keep a certain few women. It happened to the present writer to hear early one dark morning under her windows the outcries of a woman in the street. At the police station she inquired what had happened—had any woman been brought in hurt or distressed? 'No,' said the policeman, 'but it was probably a female. You ladies don't know anything about females.'" And further asks—considering the question of women's coöperation in such problems—whether there can be any woman "so vitally, and mortally and immortally, interested as Catholic women?"

All apostles of the *laissez faire* in public matters which affect us all, have offered as an objection to suffrage the vicious and ignorant woman. The good and educated—not always allied—woman vote would be nullified. We will set aside the fact that women as a whole are more moral than men, nor need we consider those foreign countries where suffrage obtains and which refute by experience this argument. We now have a comparison of the woman vote in evil precincts with the total woman vote of two cities in suffrage States. In Seattle, three hundred and forty-five out of a total of twenty-one thousand eight hundred and seven. In Denver, one hundred and forty-four out of a total of thirty-

eight thousand. And these figures have not been questioned. In two cities, San Francisco and Seattle, we know the woman vote was responsible for the abolishment of that connivance of corruption in high places and indirect influence which we term commercialized vice.

Such moral dangers to the Christian home, by prevention—in religious education—and by reformation, the nun has endeavored to meet. A belief in political equality does not in any way change the axiom that a nation cannot rise above the level of the individuals who compose it. Our convents and institutions have been homes for thousands in every country, and our religious are only too well apprised that the institutional laws have a grave bearing on their work for the Catholic ideal and the nation at large.

In Australia the nuns do not as a rule vote. They have "in a few instances used the franchise," says the editor of the *Freeman's Journal* of Sydney, "because their duty in this respect has been insisted upon by political organizers of repute." In Dunedin, New Zealand, the editor of *The Tablet* writes, that the nuns, although reluctant, did so once, "at the request of the bishop," but adds, "of course, if a grave crisis for the Church arose, such as legislation threatening religion or the educational rights of Catholics, the nuns could at any time be registered and voted."

These suggestive items need not be italicized for the Catholic voter who has sacrificed much to transmit the Faith to his children. Happily our own country long ago followed the example first set by the one Catholic colonial colony, Maryland. But it should occur to us to ask whether we could have met political crises elsewhere, if our women—our religious—could have been "registered and voted."

"The days are gone by," Virginia Crawford warned in these pages seven years ago, "……when women could be content to be mere onlookers of contemporary politics, and if Catholics are not prepared to organize and educate themselves for the defence of their ideals and beliefs, they will undoubtedly witness the triumph of doctrines they detest."

A complacent disregard of the march of centuries must also bring some untoward surprises in our own. Feminism has been one of these. For its contributing causes were not recognized; nor the bearing which events, widely separated and complex, have had upon bringing it into being. Passivity toward the suffrage movement, as toward any other attempt at widespread political reform

affecting us all, serves us only so long as we are reinstating our Bourbons or indulging in academic discussions on the propriety of permitting women to work.

The confusion among all conservative people has been sufficient to call forth a leaflet by Mrs. Catt, the President of the National Woman's Suffrage Association—on *Feminism and Suffrage*—in which she states clearly that Woman Suffrage has no other plank in its platform than votes for women; while our own *Ave Maria,* which has a happy way of dispelling vagaries, has had an admirable paper called *Fallacies on Feminism,* which should have wide circulation.

Space forbids incorporating it here, but "the sixth and most fatal fallacy is that irreligion is at the bottom of the feminist agitation. On the contrary," the writer continues, "the entire tendency of the movement is profoundly religious, and betrays, apart from certain unavoidable excesses and deviations, an instinctive training after rules enjoined on her children by the Church. The suffragists are clamoring for moral reforms which in reality are incompatible with the rejection of dogma. The closer we examine, the plainer does it appear that what is fallaciously called feminism, is in reality a powerful impulse toward Catholic ideals and a Catholic code of morals."

Catholic women, believers in political equality, have for many years grasped this fact: that there was nothing in the principle of suffrage incompatible with the greater principles of their faith. In every country Catholic feminists have gone into the movement, not as Catholics, but as believers in what we now call votes for women, and have joined the nearest organization. And Catholic women have for many years worked individually, or as members of committees of such organizations, to interest other Catholics.

Letters sent the writer from Italy and France expressed regret that there were no distinctly Catholic organizations. For Marie Mangeret's well-known society, which met every year at the Catholic Institute of Paris, was not a suffrage organization, although the meetings had witnessed spirited discussions on the subject. This ardent Catholic and suffragist prepared a memoir of the whole movement in France, which she presented to the late Pius X., who received her with every mark of sympathy. The need for Catholic organizations has been felt to prove to the ultra conservative Catholic that women could be both feminists and good Catholics; and also because the opponents in the Church were

making use of the Church as an argument against the suffrage movement.

Through the foresight of two teachers, Miss Jeffery and Miss Gadsby, London saw the first of these societies. Miss Gadsby has since entered a religious order. It was she who sat up all night to finish the Joan of Arc banner under which the women, some seventy or eighty strong, marched in the first suffrage parade which Mrs. Fawcett's book numbers at forty thousand. The writer is indebted to Elizabeth Christitch for an interesting account of the early struggles of this little organization known as The Catholic Women's Suffrage Society, and has kept in touch with its growth. For it now has branches all through England. In October, notwithstanding war conditions, it issued a small monthly magazine, under the editorship of Leonora de Alberti. Its methods are "educational and non-party," and numbers among its associates many prominent Catholics both lay and clerical. The second organization among Catholic women was in Brussels, where the Roman Catholic Woman Suffrage League of Brussels was a branch of *Feminisme Chrétienne de Belgique.*

The third society organized about the same time, in New York City known as The St. Catherine's Welfare Association, grew out of the work of the Catholic Committee of the New York City Woman Suffrage Party. Sara McPike was the Chairman of this committee, and became the President of this society, which, like the one in London, shows a gratifying increase of membership. This organization stands for the working woman. Its object is educational, and its programme, to interest Catholic women in the duties of true citizenship. It has conducted meetings in parlors, convents, and parish halls in New York and New Jersey, and at the Catholic Summer School. Distinguished clerics, as in London, have coöperated in many ways, beside presiding at the meetings. This has been the first body to present the subject to our church organization for men.

Philadelphia also has a large Catholic women's organization, known as the Philadelphia Suffrage League. Katherine Brégy and Honor Walsh are officially connected with this society, as are many other prominent women. Jane Campbell, the Catholic pioneer in the suffrage movement in this country—who organized and for twenty years was President of the Philadelphia County Society—is Honorary President.

In all States where the issue goes to the voter this fall, there

are fine committees of Catholic women in every prominent city. Mrs. Margaret Rorke has had charge of this work for the Empire State Campaign Committee, and her speakers have been heard by many of our men's societies under the most distinguished clerical patronage.

The test of any movement must be in the members who compose its various organizations, and in its accomplishment. To both of these the Catholic women suffragists can point with pride. Our women workers know, as do the English suffragists, that a voteless competitor in labor or a voteless trade union is powerless to affect needed reforms. The evils in the body politic to-day—so diffuse and sinister—cannot be categorically detailed. Behind those brief words, materialism and industrialism, are sins which point to a national decadence. For out of a large section of our people have gone the love and fear of God, which are the beginning of all humanity's wisdom. The widespread consciousness that something is wrong—expressed in our varied achievements for human betterment—is our most encouraging sign.

Votes for women injects into this situation the most moral element in our nation. The fear that woman would unduly seek political preferment or that she would lose her womanliness by voting has long since been dispelled. If it is a growing conviction in our country that woman's insight, comparable only to man's breadth of vision, will be an asset to our great democracy in our troubled times, will the Catholic voter continue to deny her this privilege because of her sex?

A WAR LITANY.

BY SARAH M. BROWNSON.

The late Sarah M. Brownson was a frequent contributor to THE CATHOLIC WORLD in its earlier years. She composed the following litany immediately after the death of her brother, who was killed in the Civil War. In view of the present European conflict, it has again a sad timeliness.—[ED. C. W.]

WHEN those who survive, shall take up the dead, may they be found "facing the foe" as soldiers love to die. May no stain of cowardice ever sully their name, and when those who love shall hear of their loss,

Have mercy on them, O Lord!

In that first shock of grief uphold them by Thy grace, let them be resigned to Thy Will which has bereft them; give them a just pride in those they loved, and when memory presses hard their loss,

Have mercy on them, O Lord!

For the sake of those who have already given their lives for us, for those whose bones now whiten many a battlefield,

Give us peace, O Lord!

For those who now are battling with death and growing weaker and weaker in the conflict,

Give us peace, O Lord!

For those who are suffering in crowded hospitals, who have lost so much in fighting for peace,

Give us peace, O Lord!

For those who look to-day for the last time on the sweet blue sky, and hear the music of the gentle spring for the last time,

Give us peace, O Lord!

For the tears, the broken hearts, the crushed spirits, the lost hopes, the life-long misery that war has caused,

Give us peace, O Lord!

For the eyes that to-day grow dim, for the lips that must know no smile for many years,

Give us peace, O Lord!

For the innumerable prayers that are daily lifted to Thee in the North and South,

Give us peace, O Lord!

For the sake of Thy Son, Who came upon earth as the Prince of Peace, do Thou, Who art not "delighted in our being lost," hear us. Cleanse the Nation from its great sin; teach it to place its trust in Thee alone; purify it as gold is purified by fire. Lead our armies to victory; dry the tears of those who weep; bless Thy soldiers, bring them speedily to us and

Give us peace, O Lord!

THE CHURCH'S MOVING PICTURE SHOW.

BY T. J. BRENNAN, S.T.L.

THERE are three hundred and sixty-five days in the year; and our years on this earth sometimes pass beyond the Biblical "three score and ten." If one day were like the rest, and one year like another, what a monotonous thing life would be. "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow" would approach, bringing nothing to nourish hope or excite the imagination; yesterday and yesterday and yesterday would be behind us, a confused mass without special interest or affection, except as so many days ticked off from our allotted time, so many wavelets upon which the bubble we call life danced until it was submerged again. There is nothing so tiresome as monotony, even a monotony of pleasure —if that is not a contradiction in terms. Sitting down to eat and drink and rising up to play is not enough. The *menu* must vary every day; the games must be changed with the season; otherwise the epicure will rise up from the table unsatisfied; the "fan" will go to sleep on the benches. Whenever we hear people grumbling against the "same old thing," the emphasis is always on the "same."

Nature knew this from the beginning, and, as her ultimate aim in the making and moulding of this earth was that it might be a dwelling place for her darling—man—she planned accordingly.

> The earth was made so various, that the mind
> Of desultory man, studious of change,
> And pleased with novelty, might be indulged.

Long before her favorite child appeared, she had been rehearsing her programme. There was evening and morning; sea and dry land; fruit trees bringing forth their fruit in season; light and darkness; a veritable vaudeville wherein the performers were the great cosmic forces, and the programme was a ceaseless blending of taste, color, form, and sound. The "moving picture" business antedates the human race, and is the oldest lesson in nature's system of pedagogy.

No sooner had man started into business for himself than he took the hint from his mother. He would add to the entertainment of nature, and he would adopt nature's plan. Variety was the secret of her success; variety would rule his programme also. The elements at his disposal were, of course, more limited; but nature had covered three-fourths of the ground, and he was called on for only a few supplementary numbers. So he took the year and he subdivided it into seasons and months and weeks, and tried his skill at imitation. The result is what we call the Calendar. It differed in different ages and countries, but was common to all. The Babylonians, the Romans, the Greeks, and the Jews all had their Calendars, that is to say "a register or list of days of the year, according to its division into days and weeks and months, showing the various civil and ecclesiastical holidays."[1] By this means man sought to preserve a remembrance of the things he had experienced, or in which he trusted. Gods and goddesses, heroes and victories, mysteries and miracles—all were set into the circle of the revolving year, that the young might be introduced to, and the old reminded of, the nation's inheritance of fact and fiction. Each generation of children asked: "What is the meaning of this service;"[2] and the elders by repeated answering deepened their own knowledge. It was a great system, especially in those far-off bookless days. It gave a special interest to each month and week and day. The year, like the scribe learned in the law, made his round, bringing forth from his treasures new things and old.

When the Church was established she received this command: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Naturally, the first thing she did was to reconnoitre, to look over the ground, taking note of helps and hindrances. First of all she noted that it was by no means a virgin field. There were religions everywhere, local, national, and ultra-national, with their temples, shrines and ceremonies. There were gods many, and lords many. She noted especially how each religion had its calendar, its moving picture show of commemorations; and that these commemorations, with their festive accompaniments, were a highly popular and efficacious means of religious instruction. She was not averse to taking suggestions. Her Divine Founder had changed water into wine; and had elevated to sacramental dignity several previously existing ceremonies. Why should she not also

[1] Universal Dictionary. [2] Exodus xii. 26.

consecrate to pious purposes ideas and usages already in vogue among the children of this world. So she resolved to construct a calendar of her own; to run a moving picture show lasting the whole year round, and bringing before the eyes of her children the mysteries of grace whereof she was the dispenser among men. The result is what is known as the Church's Calendar, the richest and most varied of its kind that the world has ever seen. To this Calendar we shall confine ourselves in this paper, enough having been said by way of preamble.

In drawing up her Calendar, the Church had only one thing in view, namely, to preach Jesus Christ and Him Crucified. She wished to make Him its beginning, middle, and end. She felt as did St. Paul, and could truly say, "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me."[3] She remembered all the things He had said and done, and went forward joyously to set them before the eyes and ears of her spiritual children.

We might expect she would begin the exhibition on New Year's Day. But she did not. In the first place Jesus was not born on that day; besides New Year's Day had been long associated with festivities the Church did not approve, and against which she fought. Again, we might expect she would begin with the birth of her Divine Founder. But neither did she do this; for the history of Jesus did not begin with His birth. Like all great events it cast its shadow before, inspiring prophet and priest, and shaping the minds and hopes of men. She began with the Advent, and on the first Sunday of Advent, as a mother waking her little ones for some festive day, she said to the faithful: "It is now the hour for us to awake from sleep. For now our salvation is nearer than when we first believed. The night is far spent, and the day is at hand. Let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and put on the armor of light."[4] Her first picture, therefore, was the reveille: "Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye forth to meet Him." She sounded the note of expectancy, and warned all to come in the wedding garment of penance and purity: "Do penance, for the kingdom of God is at hand." She introduced John the Baptist with his garment of camel's hair, and his earnest call for preparation. Thus, during Advent her cry was: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." By Christmas-eve she had her children on the tiptoe of expectation; she herself was possessed of the same spirit. "This day," she said, "you shall

[3] Galatians ii. 20. [4] Epistle for the Sunday.

know that the Lord will come and save us, and in the morning you shall see His glory."[5] "Lift up your gates, O ye princes, and be ye lifted up, O eternal gates, and the King of glory shall enter in."[6] Then the looked-for morning dawned. She drew aside the veil, and disclosed the crib with Joseph and Mary and the Infant lying in the manger. The angelic voices were heard; the shepherds came from the hills; and the general invitation was issued to all to pay their homage to the King: "*Venite, adoremus*—Come, let us adore Him." Every valley was filled, every mountain and hill was laid low, the rough ways were made plain, and all flesh saw the Salvation of God.

That was the first great act, the climax of the first number. The feasts that group themselves around Christmas were made partakers by contagion of the Christmas spirit, and only after Epiphany, or Twelfth Day, did the festivities disappear. The next big number in the programme was Easter, or rather we shall say Holy Week, culminating in Easter. Marking as it does the termination of the early life of Jesus; commemorating as it does the greatest tragedy and the greatest triumph of all time, the Church had little to do except to state the facts; the feelings took care of themselves. Yet here, too, she stood afar off like the uncleansed leper; she realized she was about to tread on holy ground; and, with ashes on her head and much fasting and prayer, she asked that the sins of men might not be remembered on the anniversary of the day that sin had made. The Great Week came, and one by one she set before her children, simply and concretely, the things that had come to pass. On Palm Sunday she rehearsed, with hymns and jubilant procession, the triumphal entry that was soon to be changed into the Way of the Cross. On Holy Thursday she recalled the washing of the feet, the Last Supper, and the Gift of Love. Then on Good Friday, with all the outward emblems of sorrow, she chanted the story of the sorrowful Event she commemorated; she unveiled the Cross on which the Saviour of the world hung; and with bare feet she advanced, followed by her children, to do it reverence as the symbol of her salvation. Easter Sunday, however, she taught her children to rejoice as did the holy women by the empty tomb. Her alleluia resounded throughout the Church; the garments of sorrow were put away; and she cried out: "This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice therein." Thus did she

[5] Introit of the Mass of the day. [6] Offertory.

bring to a close the second great incident of her annual miracle-play.

The cycle was brought to a conclusion by the feast of Pentecost. While celebrated with less pomp, it was to the Church a commemoration of the graduation day. She recalled the baptism of fire by which the Apostles received their final enlightening for the work they had to do; she recalled the "mighty wind" that signalized the coming of the Holy Spirit. And in some places she allowed her children to represent these happenings by concrete methods. In Italy showers of red rose leaves were let fall from the ceiling to signify the tongues of flame; in France the mighty wind was reproduced by the blowing of trumpets; and the red vestment symbolized the love of the Holy Spirit for the Church.

These were the great incidents which the Church selected from the life of the Saviour, and which she set before the eyes of her children: His birth, His death and resurrection, and the divine *imprimatur* uttered in tongues of fire. Other events and mysteries of the divine drama she recalled, but these stood out over all, and gave their name and color to the seasons of the Church year, as the changes of nature mark off the seasons of the earthly year. The Son of God was always in the centre of the stage, sometimes uttering words of love, sometimes doing works of mercy, sometimes receiving sinners and eating with them. It was a work conceived in love, executed with genius, and giving occasion for the manifestation of every human emotion—joy and sorrow, hope and fear, pity and wonder.

As times went on another element began to enter. The anniversaries of Saints and Martyrs came around, and could not be forgotten. Perhaps the relics were near by; perhaps the relatives or descendants were in the congregation; or perhaps it was necessary to remind those still in danger that they would not be forgotten if they too should fall by the sword of the persecutor. And so for the edification of the living their departed brethren who had fought the good fight were allowed to come forward, received their meed of applause, and were asked to remember them in the heavenly kingdom. The number grew with the centuries till it resulted almost in confusion; but then in due time the Church stepped in with her legislation, and took the management of the matter into her own hands. She defined who were and who were not to be honored during the ecclesiastical year; she regulated the days on which they were to appear, and the degree of

honor to which they were entitled; and by numerous admonitions she warned her children not to forget Christ in His saints, but rather to remember that the Saints were honored simply and solely because of their resemblance to Jesus. With these precautions the new arrivals were allowed to follow the Lamb in the mystic representation of the Life Divine, and were made sharers in the glory of His triumph. Martyrs and Virgins and Confessors of the Faith; doctors of the Church, and missionaries unto the heathen; princes and peasants—all circled round the Central Figure, vaunting not their own glory, but the glory of Him by Whose grace they were healed, and ever singing as they passed: "The Lamb that was slain is worthy to receive power, and divinity, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and benediction."[7]

Thus did the Church elaborate, and thus does she present to us annually, that most wonderful of all moving picture shows. A synopsis of the life of the Divine Founder, a commemoration of all those who have attained unto her Roll of Honor, a presentation of the mysteries of Faith—it passes before us a record of doctrine and a history of achievement, which he who runs can read, and reading cannot fail to comprehend. This is what is technically known as the Calendar of the Church, the most artistic and most instructive moving picture ever staged on earth.

[7] Apocalypse v. 12.

WHITE EAGLE.

BY L. P. DECONDUN.

X.

PARIS, August, 1913.

SINCE we heard about Count Klonowicz, my own Rex, I need not tell you how anxious we were to try the experiment suggested by the Prince. Each evening, while the Count was in his apartment—directly behind the oak room—Nancy sang all the Irish airs she could remember; but we were told, night after night, that nothing had roused his attention. However, three days ago, as Nancy sitting at the piano after dinner was dreamily playing, racking her memory for something forgotten, the telephone rang. Maryña was sitting close to it, so she lifted the receiver, listened to a sentence or two, and replacing the instrument she turned toward us.

"Count Stanislaw has been listening to you, Miss O'Dwyer," she said. "My father is now bringing him here to look at some papers and documents in this old desk. Of course that is a pretext; the Count does not remember what he reads. They will be far enough from us to remain apart, and my father wishes us, after the shortest possible exchange of words with them, to take as little notice of their presence as we can. As for you, Miss O'Dwyer, he will be grateful if you continue to play, following your own fancy. Am I making myself clear?"

Nancy answered affirmatively and wheeled round on her stool. I have an idea that she went on with "Snowy Breasted Pearl," but for the life of me I could not tell you. Madame Stablewska bent silently over her work after having exchanged a glance with Maryña. Helena did the same, and Miss Lowinska took back her book. Mine was opened on my knees, but I was unable to look at it; my entire self was concentrated in my hearing, as already several steps were sounding on the stairs. Then the door opened and the four men came in.

We looked up as naturally as we could; Nancy left the piano only long enough to allow the simplest and most formal of introductions to be made; and when the Prince asked us to excuse their intrusion and their obligation to go on with their work, we did our best to appear to forget them all. Needless to add, that we never became more watchful than we were then. But Nancy was splendid. She set about her task with a marvelous tact and for her special audience, beginning one song, dropping it, trying another without ever

seeming discouraged or tired. She had her back to the desk, but she kept glancing at Helena, and the latter, half hidden by one of the central columns, was able to study the Count's expression. For some time nothing occurred; Count Stanislaw was taking papers from a box which one of his sons had placed near him, and putting them back into it, while the Prince was unlocking drawer after drawer of the broad desk. I was beginning to feel restless, when at last the old man looked up with a flicker of interest; his hands resting upon the box. My heart jumped in my throat and I noticed the imperceptible sign made by Helena to Nancy. The latter nodded, played a bar or two, and began to sing: "Who Fears to Speak of '98." But the attention of the Count wandered; he again resumed his occupation. Helena shook her head and Nancy made another attempt. Like the bards of old, she passed from grave to gay, from laughter to tears, from lullaby to warlike song, but without success. The "Wearing of the Green" woke no more response than did "The Kerry Recruit." Some of Moore's melodies attracted the Count's notice for a short period, but in no very marked manner; and I was tempted to despair in earnest when Nancy struck up one more of the popular airs: "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old!"

With this, Nancy's energy, which I presume had been flagging, sprang up again at Helena's encouraging nod. Count Klonowicz had gripped the box of papers with both hands and, leaning forward, was now following every word with dumb intensity, never relaxing his hold until the last note had died away. Then he leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. His lips were moving soundlessly. There was a dead silence as, at my first movement, Madame Stablewska had quickly lifted her hand in command. A few seconds dragged interminably, after which the Count opened his eyes; his lips moving still, and words came out slowly in faultless English.

"Remember the days of old! Yes, yes this is what we may, what we must remember! From the Piatts to the Jagellons—Leszczynski, Poniatowski, Kosciuszko. From Brian Boru to Emmet O'Connell, all, all Irish and Poles, Irish and Poles. *Za Wiare i Ojczyzne,* and there is more! Surely this is—(he stopped and drew a long breath)—this is but the dark hour, the—the darkest."

We all had been covertly watching him; even Nancy had turned her head, but at these last words a light broke on her face: she knew now! Her stool revolved noiselessly, and her fingers ran over the ivory notes. A strong contraction passed across the features of Count Klonowicz, once again he raised his head; Nancy was singing.

"Bereft of his love and bereav'd of his fame,
A knight to the cell of an old hermit came."

I don't think, Rex, that I can explain to you the tense feeling

forcing us to hold our breath while this was going on. We hardly dared look up, and yet we were aware of the smallest movements. As for me, in a flash I had remembered Nancy singing Lover's "Ballad" to Helena one evening, and there was little doubt that it was it which had struck a slumbering chord in the Count's memory.

"Oh, the hour before day.....!
'Tis always the darkest the hour before day."

And as with the third verse her voice rose gently pathetic, the box full of papers which the Count held, fell with a crash. He stood up suddenly, one hand stretched forth and the other clenched on the Prince's shoulder; but Nancy never stopped, never wavered; her voice kept clear and firm;

"'Tis always the darkest, the hour before day."

Only, when she came to an end, the Count tried in vain to speak; he took one step forward, staring strangely at us; then his head fell on his chest and he swayed heavily. He might have fallen if both his sons had not been ready to support him (and this was what I had feared in my excitement). However, no such thing happened; and before half the possible tragedies pictured in my imagination had been dispelled, the Count, his sons and the Prince, had quitted the room.

But when we five women remained alone, we looked at one another for a few seconds with questioning faces. Maryña was thoughtful; Madame Stablewska and her daughter very grave, and Nancy's eyes particularly eager; she was dying to speak. After a moment Miss Lowinska saw it; she smiled and sat down, which made Nancy and me follow her example. (Neither Madame Stablewska nor Helena had risen from their chairs.)

"Miss O'Dwyer," said Maryña, "you have been magnificent, you could not have managed things better. Something *does* seem to have been done, and it is in God's hands now."

"Oh," interrupted Nancy, "my share in this is a very small one. The fact of my knowing these songs cannot be put to my credit; I did not learn them purposely. But tell me do you honestly believe that we have been successful?" There was a short pause.

"It is impossible to be absolutely certain," answered Maryña with a touch of hesitation, "yet it may be so."

"To-morrow may tell," remarked Madame Stablewska.

"And we must hope for the best," added Helena with her gentle smile. We all stopped to listen; some steps could be heard below, but it might have been the servants who were still about the house.

And then, I cannot describe to you, dear, what a strange atmosphere began to close around us. I am sure that we were all anxious to shake it off, but how was it to be done? On the one hand, Nancy

and I felt that we were but sympathetic spectators of some drama which meant even more to the people among whom we were than was apparent on the surface. On the other, we had the intuition that our friends hesitated which course to pursue with us. To mention nothing of their feelings might make it look as if we could not be trusted, and to discuss them openly at the risk of imposing them on us would seem to them the last thing to be thought of. Clearly it was a delicate point to decide, and I could read the same reflection in Nancy's eyes, when Maryña put it frankly into words.

"I am afraid, Mrs. Camberwell," she said, "that our preoccupied and serious attitude is rather depressing, but we are so anxious for the recovery of Count Stanislaw that we cannot help dreading disappointment. For one thing, he is one of my father's dearest friends and, more than that, some of us have paid a great price for the Count's life, though we saved neither his liberty nor his mind."

Madame Stablewska glanced up quickly, but she did not speak; she only knotted her silk thread and went on with her work; so Nancy made an effort.

"How wonderfully he speaks English," she remarked. "I know that most Polish people are capital linguists, but his words came to me as a complete surprise."

"And to us as well, Miss O'Dwyer," said Helena. (She had stood up and was folding her piece of embroidery.) "It is what makes me hopeful, as nobody has heard Count Stanislaw utter a syllable of English for several years." She turned to put her work away in a curious oak chest; then she silently left the room.

Maryña was looking out on the night sky; when she heard the door close she piled some cushions in the angle of the window, and sat leaning against them, her face in the shadow.

"The last time Count Stanislaw had any need to speak English," she began in a strangely even tone, "was the evening he was arrested. So many of the Russian police spies have a smattering of French or German that we have had, when possible, to resort to something else. However, the fact of his using English to-night must have brought past events very vividly before Helena, and those events were the great tragedy of her life, as well as of other people's. So you will understand why silence fell on us as it did."

I found myself staring at Maryña, and Nancy bent forward, keenly interested.

"But, Miss Lowinska, she must have been a mere child when Count Klonowicz was imprisoned."

"She was twelve."

"Well, do you know, to be quite candid, Nemo and I have often thought that there must have been some reasons for Helena to be so

different from English or Irish girls of her age. Of course we wondered, though I don't think it was out of curiosity."

Madame Stablewska had stopped working. Her steady eyes were gazing at us and lighting the pale oval of her face.

"If you wish to know the facts to which Maryña is alluding," she said calmly, "she is at liberty to tell you. It has been the story of so many of us that there is hardly anything out of the ordinary in it. It is a page of history brought home."

But Miss Lowinska shook her head. "No," she said, "I could not."

"Oh! but why?" exclaimed Nancy impulsively. "Now you have said too much or too little. Would Helena object to our hearing it?"

"Helena!" repeated the girl, "oh, I don't think so; Helena believes that she has done her duty, no more."

"Helena believes rightly," interposed Madame Stablewska, "just as you yourself would have done in the same circumstances. Only—" And there appeared the shadow of a smile on Madame Stablewska's face.

"Only?" inquired Maryña with a gleam of surprise in her questioning eyes.

"Only you would not have been satisfied with her methods; you would have preferred to face several bodies of police single-handed."

Maryña laughed, a peculiar little laugh, but she leaned back without answering.

"In all this," remarked Nancy in a half-aggrieved, half-humorous manner, "what I see most clearly is that we shall have to curb our curiosity and remain in the dark."

Madame Stablewska looked at her. "Would you really care to know, Miss O'Dwyer?"

"Very much indeed, and Mrs. Camberwell also," she added with a wicked little glance at me; "only she is the sort of timid mouse who always lets other people open the doors for her."

The velvety pair of black eyes rested on me.

"I am afraid Nancy is right," I said humbly, "but we have an excuse. It is only fair that friends should be interested in what touches their friends. Is it not so?"

Madame Stablewska bowed her head in graceful affirmation.

"It is so," she said in her low, hushed voice, "and if you can hear me sufficiently I am willing to tell you what happened on the day of which we spoke."

She bent to choose a skein of silk in her work-basket and fix a small ebony winder to the table near her.

"I am quite sure," she began simply, "that you have read enough

books and newspapers the last five or six years to be acquainted with the great rising in Russia, in 1905; I am equally certain that history and even novels have given you a fair idea of what Poland has suffered since it has been finally crushed and dismembered." And as we nodded, she pursued: "Then there is no need for me to dwell on this, but it explains how she dreamed of a possibility of freedom at the time of the Russian Revolution, even though it could be no more than a dream.

"Well! the awakening from it was swift. In the terrible repressions exercised everywhere, Warsaw was not spared. Even girl students from the university died under the knout." Nancy made a movement, but though Madame Stablewska saw it she went on. "Of all this, however, I have nothing to say; it belongs now to the past; I only mention Warsaw because the Stablewski's estates were in the vicinity of this town, though happily not on the Praga side of the river. Rivers and bridges are additional difficulties, you see. The more modern side of the house had been built thirty or thirty-five years ago, but it had been placed in such a way as to be part and parcel of the old castle, of which the walls and underground passages had been carefully preserved. We Poles have never felt so secure that we could overlook any possible hiding-place or means of retreat, and many of our friends knew that they would find a refuge near us in times of danger. One of the prominent men who for years had worked in the interests of Poland was Count Klonowicz, and it was not long until suspicion began to be aroused about him. My husband, who had some friends in the fortress in Warsaw, was one of the first to hear of it. He immediately communicated with Prince Lowinski, who also was in the town, but as an acknowledged magistrate. The first care of the latter was to dispatch the Count's youngest son, Walety Klonowicz, then a law student to Breslau, on some errand or other. Basylii was there already studying medicine, and Prince Lowinski wanted them both out of the way before they could learn that their father was threatened with arrest. They could not have helped, and their presence would have complicated matters. Meanwhile we received word that a warrant was out against Count Stanislaw, but we succeeded in communicating with him." Madame Stablewska paused to adjust the screw of the winder.

"Well!" she went on a moment later, "to pass over useless explanations, Count Klonowicz did come to us; but within an hour of his arrival we learned that the Russian police had formed a cordon around the estate. He had been seen and followed. This will tell you that it left us very little time to draw up any plan of action. First the Count thought of giving himself up so as not to implicate my husband; but he did not persist, as he knew, just as we did, that this would

save neither us nor him. For all our sakes he should do his utmost to escape, and as his knowledge and power to help Poland were greater than that of almost any other man, at that period, his life would have to be dearly fought for if it became necessary.

"It was all rapidly summed up and settled. Count Klonowicz was to hide in a cellar, from which he could gain an underground passage opening at a distance from the house in a deserted patch of land. From there he could reach a narrow road where a motor-car would be waiting with one of our most trusted men; then they were to make a dash for the frontier at breakneck speed. The man had ostensibly been sent to Warsaw with a message to the Citadel, and had certainly left before the arrival of the police. He was to ascertain whether the description of Count Stanislaw had already been spread. If not, all might be well; in the opposite case they must try to pass the frontier somehow. It seemed an impossible feat for anyone who has seen that frontier, yet two great cards remained in their hands: the help of Providence and a reckless daring. But the Count could not start until the police had sufficiently narrowed their circle around the house to leave the mouth of the passage free.

"For nearly six hours we were left in a false security, but we knew its value too well to be deceived, and our depositions had been taken. A few important documents, happily printed on fine linen, had been rolled into the binding of Count Klonowicz's fur rug; some others in thin parchment would have been more difficult to hide, but those were already placed in some hollow parts of the broad and thick straps which held the rug. This was considered safer than his coat or clothes, as all his person would be searched at once if he was caught, while he could perhaps get rid of the rug in which was rolled innocently a packet of biscuits and a flask." Madame Stablewska stopped a moment to take another skein of silk, but she did not look at us.

"Now," she continued, "the next difficulty was to decide on a guide to take Count Stanislaw safely to the opening of the passage. Both my husband and I should have to receive the police officers if we did not want to arouse suspicion from the beginning, and none of our servants had been fully entrusted with the knowledge of the hiding-places of the castle. Only Helena's absence could escape notice for any length of time. She had thought of it herself, and volunteered to lead our guest through the complicated maze built in the foundations. She knew every step and corner of it, as the delight of Pawel Lowinski when spending his holidays with us, as a boy, had been to take Helena through the intricacies of it, and they had many a time played the miserable game of hunter and hunted. Well! this time it had to be played in earnest, and it was sadly natural to see the child take the lead. She had changed her white dress or covered it by a

seal-skin coat, and her hair was crushed in a toque of the same dark fur.

"'There must be no white about me,' she had remarked, 'or a ray of light might give us away. Pawel always said so.' She also knew the importance attached to the black rug, for though every word we had exchanged was in English, she had understood most of it, and had thought of some details. 'Before leaving the passage altogether,' she had suggested, 'Count Stanislaw must let me hold the strap until he has made sure that all is well. If it is not, let him give a signal and I will run and hide the rug in the cellar.' As her father objected that in the darkness she could not find the revolving stone opening in the wall of the well, she laughed, and assured him that her feet would tell her as the ground, there, begins to rise sharply. Then, once behind the stone, in the four feet thickness of the well she could take her time and get down quietly; she had done it ten times before. She appeared so sure of it that we trusted them both to God; and they hurried down."

Madame Stablewska stopped speaking for a short while to rest; there is always a certain effort in her making the most of her voice, outside mere conversation. She looked at us with a silent smile of apology, and glanced at Maryña. But the latter's face was still turned away and she made no sign. After a few minutes Madame Stablewska began again.

"As far as I learned afterwards, everything went on satisfactorily until they reached the opening of the underground passage. They waited there for a single stroke of the tower bell which was to let them know that the police had finally surrounded the house, and that Count Klonowicz might venture out. But it was, even then, too soon. Half a dozen sentinels had been left behind, and one stood a few steps from them. There was nothing for it, but the Count would have to deal with the man."

"Do you mean—to kill him?" asked Nancy taken aback.

"Oh, no; though, of course, this would have been the only safe way, and though we Poles have the reputation of shedding blood like water. In spite of this, I must say that deliberate murder is by no means a common thing, even among the roughest of our people; as for the Count the possibility of taking a man's life from a safe cover would not even have entered his mind. What he meant to do was to master and silence the man, and leave him unable to raise the alarm. However the problem solved itself. Instinct made the sentinel turn round, and though Count Stanislaw closed instantly with him, the latter had had time to call the attention of a fellow watcher who rose out of the very ground. So there was nothing for Helena to do but to hide the rug at all cost. There should not be incriminating

papers used against our friend if, by any means, she could prevent it, and she flew back along the obscure passage until the ground began to rise. But it was not an easy run as she held the rug under one arm, and had to keep the other stretched out to remain in contact with one side of the wall and guide herself."

"But," I exclaimed, "her hand must have been hopelessly skinned."

"Oh, yes, it was; but she had no thought of it then. Helena always had marvelous endurance. However, she found the revolving slab as she expected, slipped through the opening, and lowered the iron bar which keeps it immovable. She waited for some time, but as no steps could be heard, and since the ledge on which she stood was very narrow, she decided to gain the cellar at once and leave the rug in safety. This well was old and disused; there was nothing at the bottom of it but two feet of mud, water and stones, and that winter it was frozen hard. She threw the rug first, then by the help of iron half hoops clamped in the masonry she proceeded to let herself down. She had done it several times before; yet, by some inexplicable decree, one of the iron supports gave way under her weight, and she fell almost twelve feet, partly on the rug and partly on the stones. One of her legs was broken."

"Oh! poor child!" we both ejaculated. But Madame Stablewska pursued quietly.

"I believe she fainted but she did not remember; however, after the first shock, and in spite of the intense pains, she realized that she could not stay where she was. The opening to the cellar was a narrow slit on her right, so she struggled to get through it. And now she knew that she could not leave her prison without help, and that the coming of this help was an uncertain thing. After a short rest, therefore, she gathered her strength to unfasten the straps, unroll the fur rug and wrap herself in it as completely as she could; she understood well enough what the cold would do if she lay there without protection. And when she could do no more she remained passive, but with the knowledge that the papers, at least, were as safe as they could be in human hands."

"Oh! but it was, it was awful!" I interrupted again. "And she never called out?"

Madame Stablewska smiled.

"Dear Mrs. Camberwell," she asked with a shade of amusement, "what would have been the sense of hiding at such a price and then giving herself away; and not only herself but what had been entrusted to her. If you think for a moment, you must see that she could not do it any more than you would have done it yourself."

"Oh," said I, shaking my head in abject doubt, "I can't tell.

Between pain and fear I would almost give in to anything, at any time."

In her dark corner Maryña laughed softly. "Don't believe a word of it, Waclawa," she said, "Mrs. Camberwell knows herself a great deal less than she knows others."

But Nancy became impatient. "Oh, don't interrupt Nemo," she begged. "What I want to know is whether the Count was captured."

"No," said Madame Stablewska; "at least not then. He succeeded in overpowering his two aggressors and in reaching the car; only the plan of Providence did not admit of his escape. Twice a puncture had to be repaired, and the third time the car broke down altogether. Count Klonowicz was recognized and that was the end.

"Meanwhile the Manor had been invaded and searched as, I believe, the Russian police alone is trained to search. For a long time they found no proof of the passage of the Count, and we were beginning to breathe when the latter's two antagonists were discovered. They were *hors de combat,* but by no means unable to speak, and they did this to a purpose. Yet for two things we were still thankful; we thought that neither of these men suspected the presence of Helena whom naturally we believed safe, and that Count Klonowicz had still his chance of freedom."

Here I observed that Madame Stablewska's pale face was paler again and strangely set. Even her eyes looked cold. Only it was the cold of transparent crystal before a leaping flame, and she spoke more slowly.

"There can be no necessity," she continued, "to enter into details about what followed. It was a painful scene, but, thank God, it was short. Kajetan Stablewski acted all through it as he should, and the great mercy of Providence delivered him. He scorned to offer an excuse for having received and helped a friend, though he knew that his words were putting the last seal on the loss of his liberty. He had neither fear nor regret. He went further, as, recognizing the spy who had hunted the Count, he accused him daringly before his men. And then, in an instant, it was over. The infuriated man, a Pole, a traitor and an apostate, carried away by shame and passion, lifted his revolver and another martyr went to his reward."

Both Nancy and I started, but we remained dumb.

Madame Stablewska drew a long, full breath; but her face remained motionless and inscrutable. What self-command! what a will of adamant in this slight, fragile, amiable woman! Her eyes met ours and held them with their unconscious magnetism; then she resumed her story:

"Oh! it was a great mercy, as I said. Prison in Russia means a thousand deaths. As for me, I thanked God then as I had perhaps

never thanked Him before. (And as Nancy made a movement.) Yes! it is so; though it seems incomprehensible when one lives in Western Europe and in the twentieth century. Unfortunately these things are bare realities to us."

"But, had the police any right to fire like that?" asked Nancy hesitatingly.

"Legally, no; though this made little difference, since the report of the wolves was not made by the lambs. Besides 1905 was an exceptional year."

"And after this," I inquired, "did they go—the police I mean?"

"No, not until late the next morning: and only because Prince Lowinski's influence was already at work in certain quarters. A small troop of mounted men were sent with some government officials, and with them Pawel Lowinski, scarcely over seventeen, but already the true son of his father. He carried out secret instructions, and faced emergencies as few could have done. Naturally, to help a rebel was to be one, and the consequences of such help in Russia meant, apart from imprisonment, the confiscation of the helper's property. It was this latter point of the law which served as a pretext to Prince Lowinski for sending officials with Pawel; and his quick action, placing the authority in his own hands, saved us and my servants, at least, from immediate arrest.

"Again it was Pawel who found and rescued Helena, though for that task he had to rely on his quick wit and resolution. From the moment of his arrival he had missed the child and his glance had questioned me, but I could say nothing before these men; I dared not even make a sign. At last an inspiration came to me.

"On one of the tables in the room was a small cup belonging to Helena. It had been given to her by her English nurse, and on it was a motto with the word 'welcome.' I asked Pawel to give me some water in it, but before drinking I looked at the boy, hiding under my fingers every letter on the cup except three: w-e-l. In a flash he understood, and realized also that the girl could not be hidden there unless for a grave purpose. His plan was made in a second. Pretending to inspect a heap of valuable objects already gathered as property of the state, he must have slipped some of them into his sleeves or pockets, for he suddenly denounced their absence in a voice of indignant anger, accusing vehemently the first set of police. These were instantly called into the hall; they would have to be searched, and in the meantime Pawel taking three of his own men left the room.

"Needless to say those three were devoted compatriots. However, as you know, Pawel found the revolving stone immovable, and had to resort to the rusty chain of the well. It was still strong enough to support his weight; his men lowered him carefully

and he found Helena. But I cannot tell you how he succeeded in bringing her out and putting rug and straps into safety; he alone could explain. It was through him also that Helena was taken to some sort of hospital in Warsaw."

"I suppose," said Nancy, "that the broken limb was in a pitiable state."

"That was one thing," answered Madame Stablewska; "the worse was the result of exposure. Either the rug had been insufficient or had partly fallen off, but the child was barely conscious when Pawel found her. She must have been able to tell him what to do with the straps and rug, but when she was brought to me she could no longer speak. The night had been intensely cold."

"Good heavens!" I murmured. "How could anyone stand all this?"

"Yes," admitted Madame Stablewska simply, "we all climb our Calvary sooner or later; do we not?"

"Oh! but not in such a frightful way as this," I interposed with a miserable inner dread.

"You mean, not in the same manner. Oh, no! God knows the measure of strength He has given to each of us."

I did not answer; the whole thing contrasted so vividly with the comfort and peace around us; but Nancy began questioning.

"And you, madame, where did you go?"

"To Warsaw also. But I was allowed to take some indispensable clothing with me, and even some money."

"Allowed!" repeated Nancy indignantly.

"Why! It was a privilege in my case to remain free."

"A privilege! A woman and a child who had done nothing."

"Even so."

"And what did you do in Warsaw? Did Prince Lowinski—"

"Prince Lowinski had done enough and risked enough for us; I took care to cut ourselves off from him."

"But your money could not last forever; how did you manage to live?"

"Waclawa Stablewska's voice was well known in the salons of Warsaw and even of Petersburg; I found it relatively easy to get an engagement as a singer."

"Oh!" I exclaimed involuntarily, "you!"

"I was thankful for it, Mrs. Camberwell."

"But how could you sing at such a time; under such conditions? It must have been too cruel."

Madame Stablewska looked up dreamily. "No; I believe not. So far as I can judge now, the pain was yet too deep to hurt much. Later on, it was worse."

"Oh! but it must have been terrible! Had you to do that for a long time?"

"Unfortunately not; the season was soon over, as political troubles do not help to fill the theatres. But as soon as Helena could travel, I was able to get another engagement in Thorn. Then from Thorn I went with a company to Schneidemühl for a fortnight or so, but without Helena. You see for a long period she was unable to walk, and I did not wish to go far afield without her. While in Schneidemühl I remember going one day to the Klotzow forest. To me it was a sort of pilgrimage, as God alone can tell how many Poles are waiting there for the morning of Resurrection. Even a few inches below the soil, pleasure seekers often come across broken swords and whitening bones. See," she went on, opening a volume lying on the table and showing us the engraving of a huge fallen oak tree, "the shell of that giant is still covering the ground reddened with our blood."

But she interrupted herself and closed the book.

"I am afraid," she said, "this is a digression, though my story is at an end. When I went back to Thorn I was able to take Helena to Berlin, from there to Frankfort and at last to Paris. Our first few months here were very successful; it almost meant wealth for us; then (she smiled a pathetic little smile) Waclawa Stablewska lost her voice," she said, "God had given it and God had taken it. Still all was not lost. I found very soon another occupation. I was accepted in a theatre as *ouvreuse.*"

"What!" I exclaimed, stung to the quick. "You! Impossible."

"Why not?"

I remained dumbfounded.

"What is an *ouvreuse?*" asked Nancy. "Surely you do not mean one of those women who take ladies' wraps and bring those odious little footstools."

She was smiling still. "Yes, I do; but they have other duties as well. For instance, to help actresses in changing their gowns, to attend them, to run messages, and to remain generally at everybody's beck and call. And not only in the evening but at rehearsals also. However it left my mornings free, which suited me perfectly."

Nancy's face was painfully astonished. "How long did it last?" she could not help asking.

"Until Prince Lowinski discovered us again. Then we came to the end of our trials."

"But they must have left a heart-breaking memory?"

"Oh, no, Miss O'Dwyer, why should they? None of us can wish to wipe out pain or sorrows from our past life. They are its chief value."

"Still there are sorrows," began Nancy, thinking evidently of Kajetan Stablewska's death. (At least that is what *I* thought of.)

But Madame Stablewska shook her head slowly and meaningly. "If you mean parting from those we love," she said, "surely we are not *as those who have no hope.*"

Of course we understood. Then Maryña, whom we had almost forgotten, stood up.

"It is getting late my friends," she remarked, "what about bed?"

So we stood up too, and exchanged "good-nights."

XI.

PARIS, August, 1913.

I was awakened rather early yesterday morning, my Reginald, and by no other person than Miss Lowinska. She had pushed open my bedroom door and was surveying me in silence.

"Well," said I, after a few seconds.

"So you are awake!" she exclaimed laughing, "I am so glad! I want you to get up and come out with me after breakfast on one of my private errands. It is just heavenly outside. Well, will you come?"

"I suppose I must," I sighed with affected resignation, "or my life would not be worth living. But, first tell me, have you heard anything of the Count?"

"I have. I saw my father this morning, as he happens to be (pointedly and wickedly) an early riser, and he told me that Basylii Klonowicz was satisfied that our experiment had done his father no harm. Basylii is not only a qualified, but a remarkably clever, medical man, you know."

"Yes, Helena told me that. But did we do no more than avoid doing harm? That's rather a negative kind of success. Does he not think so?"

"Who, Basylii? Oh! he is pleased with things as they are. It will still be a slow work to restore the Count's mental faculties, but now it seems a possibility."

Three quarters of an hour later we were breakfasting *en tête-à-tête,* the Prince had already finished, and the others had not appeared. Maryña refused to wait for anyone. Afterwards she rang for one of her pet cabs, and away we went in the direction of Montparnasse.

"Why did you not inquire where I was taking you?" she asked as we turned the first corner.

"Because," I replied with affected severity, "you give such scanty information. It would be guess work in any case."

Her eyes danced with amusement.

"Oh, how splendid!" she exclaimed. "Why, Nemo, you are actually wishing to bite."

"Do you think I could not if I tried?"

"So far as I am concerned, you might try for a month of Sundays."

"You fancy that I don't know you sufficiently to find the weak point in your armor?"

In that funny fashion, quite her own, she turned and gazed meditatively at me.

"I do," she said.

"How do you know?"

She smiled slowly, ever so slowly, but the smile was an enigma.

"Yes," I insisted, "how do you know?"

She was smiling still, but mischief was again creeping into her eyes.

"Because," she said mysteriously, "you have already found 'the weak spot in my armor' without being aware of it, and you have, unknowingly, done as much damage as you will be allowed to do. Voilà."

And with a jerk which shook our little cab, she let go my hand and sat well back on the cushions.

"But I don't understand," I asked, both startled and puzzled, "what can you mean?"

She only shook her head and laughed.

"It is almost over," she said, "so it cannot matter now. Let me tell you instead where we are going. Do you know Fontenay-aux-Roses?"

"I have heard of it."

"Good. However, there are no roses worth mentioning so late in the season; we are merely going to the market."

"A market of what?"

"Oh! of odds and ends: cheap boots, bits of lace—"

"Maryña!" I protested.

"Why it is quite true. Wait until you see," she concluded, all alive with fun.

We had now reached the Bouvelard Montparnasse; she leaned forward.

"Driver," she called out, "please stop opposite Notre-Dame des Champs, will you?" And to me she added: "We shall just be in time for half-past eight Mass."

And so, in the radiant August sunshine, we jumped on to the pavement, went up a few steps, and from the great heat outside we passed into the cool church. I do not know, my dear Rex, how I could picture to you the feelings I was aware of in that short half-hour. In a way, the physical sensations appeared the strongest, yet they so intensely harmonized with the spiritual side of things that they helped rather than impeded the soul in its normal action. The early morning atmosphere seemed the very medium in which one might breathe prayer; vivid shafts of light were hemming with gold the

carpet on the altar steps. The Tabernacle absorbed the sun's rays rather than reflected them. The priest moved steadily and silently. The tiny bell with its silvery tones rang as if miles afar, and when we bowed down in adoration, faith was scarcely needed to know that the Master was there. Were the people in Judea nearer to God made Man when, perchance, at the bend of a road they came unexpectedly on Him? I think not.

Once I glanced at the girl near me. Her eyes were closed, but as she opened them and met my look, I found myself so unexpectedly peering into the mysterious depths of a soul that I felt an intruder and turned away. Yet all this passed so rapidly that it was with reluctance that I followed Maryña when she stood up; and I told her so when the swinging doors closed behind us.

"Yes," she admitted, "I know it, it is always the same. Here somehow I cannot find the time to say any prayer."

We both laughed, but she went on half dreamily: "I have wondered if the feeling is not part and parcel of the place. It must have been once surrounded with fields from which the church takes its name."

"Once of course."

"Well, how can you be sure that their peace and joy have not survived? Does not the fresco show Our Lady, her hands full of wild flowers?"

"Oh, Maryña!" I sighed, "I wish I were a Southerner like you! To my Northern, matter-of-fact brain, waste fields in the vicinity of towns are more likely to produce thistles than roses."

"Please don't!" protested the girl laughing; "you mustn't spoil my picture. And come, quick, our tram is starting."

We reached Fontenay-aux-Roses after a hard journey, and alighted on the market place after this journey of an hour and a half, baked and dazed, but as foolishly light-hearted as any pair of schoolgirls. Maryña was the first to recover. "If I liked," she said, "I could stroll up and down the market and examine everything at leisure. I would find her at the third stall on the left."

Evidently her errand was there; and I could see now why she had taken me with her. Maryña's left hand has to ignore what her right one does, and I, for one, could not furnish the latter with much information in the present circumstances. This fact made me a doubly convenient companion. Still when, after ten minutes, I came back at a snail's pace, I caught the sound of a few foreign words, undoubtedly Polish; and the brilliant, grateful eyes of the woman at the stall told me a pretty clear tale. But I made no sign. Maryña was holding a fat little boy in her arms.

"Come, Nemo," she said brightly, "I want to introduce my godson to you. This is Pawel-Michel Fab—"

(A quick glance of the woman stopped the name on her lips, yet not quick enough to escape me.)

"Paul-Michel," she continued unmoved, and addressing the child, "this is a strange creature called an 'English lady.' What do you think of her?"

Paul-Michel must have highly approved of me as he gurgled with pleasure, and made a violent but useless effort to bring his hands together.

"Well done, my son!" cried Maryña gaily, handing back the child to his mother. "And now, Anicia dear, it must be good-bye."

"*Lascawa Panna,*" answered the woman, almost doggedly, "it is *not* good-bye!"

(The only notice she had taken of my approach was a silent inclination of her head; her attention was centred on the radiant girl before her.)

"It must be so," murmured Maryña gently.

The woman said something in Polish.

"Oh! what would be the sense of it?" replied Maryña gaily; every born Lowinski is bound to be a fighter. It is a man of peace who must come after me. Paul-Michel, we are going to make of you a *bishop,* do you hear?"

And as her caressing glance enveloped the child, she extended her hand to the mother; the latter suddenly stooped and kissed it. Maryña made a swift movement to withdraw her arm, but it was held fast. The two pairs of eyes met with burning eloquence, then the woman dropped the girl's hand, nodded politely to me, and turned away.

It was in silence that we went back to our tram, and Maryña remained thoughtful a part of the return journey. However, before we reached Paris, she was again in high spirits, though her attitude made me understand that the Fontenay-aux-Roses incident was closed, and that any allusion to it would be unwelcome.

From the Boulevard Montparnasse we went on foot to a few shops, where we were greatly delayed; so much so that after having been too early for breakfast we were late for lunch. Happily nobody minded. When afterwards we went upstairs, we found Nancy and Helena waiting to know whether we would accompany them on some expedition and visiting of their own. But I was too tired and Maryña not in the mood. She proposed instead that I should rest an hour or two while she was writing. This reminded Nancy that two letters had come for me, and she went to fetch them.

One was from Max. I opened it, and was greatly pleased to find that he had decided to come to Paris for a fortnight; Willie R—— would travel with him, but after a few days would continue his journey to the Austrian Tyrol. They would arrive to-morrow. We all

enjoyed the prospect, even Helena, who had heard of our friends; but Maryña was falling back into her absent-minded state, which I attributed, in my heart, to our trip of the morning.

Half an hour later Helena and Nancy had left us to our own devices, giving word downstairs that Miss Lowinska was not at home. And as Madame Stablewska was out also, when Maryña joined me in the oak room she brought with her a sense of liberty and "solitude à deux" thoroughly enjoyable. She sailed into the room like a regal figure, in the palest of blue and mauve loose tea-gowns; her dark hair coiled low on her neck. She was an incarnation of cool comfort and vivid strength; it was restful to look at her.

"Maryña," I could not help saying, "God has made you a joy to the eyes; you are perfectly beautiful."

"Am I, dear?"

She smiled at me, crossed to the tall mirror breaking the line of windows, and there stood a moment, slowly studying herself.

"Well," I asked, "what is your verdict?"

She bent nearer with a calm interest.

"Do you know," she said in the most tranquil tone, "I believe that you are right. I am not of the ordinary type, but I might rank with the handsome women of to-day."

"My dear girl," I answered, "you would put them in the shade."

"I might, some; but *mon genre* rather belongs to the Middle Ages."

"It belongs to every age; beauty is beauty."

Rex, dear, why is human nature so contradictory? Here I had been pointing out to this girl the beauty which she had never seemed to take into account, and because she had instantly responded to my lead I was beginning to feel quite provoked with her. Somehow I did not expect *that* from her higher self. She had paid no attention to my silence.

"Nemo," she asked, "what do you like best in me?"

"Indeed it is hard to tell," I said, half in jest, "unless it is your sudden attack of vanity. It is about the tallest thing of its kind that I have come across."

But she frowned good-humoredly.

"Oh, be serious!" she insisted, "I want to know."

"Why?"

"I will explain, by and by."

"But, my dear, don't you see for yourself? Is not the truth before you? Still I will admit, if you like, that I particularly admire the faultless oval of your face and that bewitching mouth of yours, whether you smile or command, or pout like a spoiled child."

I saw her amused smile in the mirror.

"Bravo, Nemo! Not a bad critic at all. I believe you are a bit of an artist. Now, what about my eyes?"

She opened them wide and surveyed them closely.

But again I remained silent. I began now to wonder if that versatile, teasing, and yet queenly creature were not diverting herself at my expense. Again the looking-glass played traitor, and this time it was she who caught sight in it of my change of expression. She turned and looked at me inquiringly. Then she came and sat on the edge of the couch; there was something puzzling about her.

"Tell me," she proceeded to ask, "have you ever wished to offer to—to someone you loved the most precious thing you had in your possession?"

"I suppose so," I began, "but I don't see—"

"Wait. If it had been, let us say, a jewel, would you not have wished even the casket to have been the best you could procure?"

"Ye—es," I conceded hesitatingly.

"Well! that's it. Do you understand?"

"Partly. I was not aware that you were ready to dispose of both 'jewel' and 'casket.'"

(This was a daring question.)

"Ah, well (she shook her head) you know it now."

And standing up she added: "The rest you will hear when the time comes. It may be soon, Nemo; sooner than you expect."

She walked towards the piano.

"Shall I disturb you if I play?" she asked as if to change the subject.

"No, dear," I answered, lying back with my brain in a whirl, "you play only too seldom."

And I ventured to ask in secret fear and trembling: "Do you remember the first time I heard you? It was in Willie R——'s studio."

She glanced at me, then at her music, but said nothing.

I pursued with affected carelessness. "He had asked me to get you to come, so I had done my best."

A swift, amused smile parted the girl's lips, and as she bent to lower her stool, her words were not without a tinge of humor.

"Of course, you always do your best. That is why you generally come so near succeeding."

Rex, dear, my heart started beating a positive tattoo. A big dot of interrogation was shaping itself in my mind. Could it really, truly, possibly be—the fact?

Well! I told you before what a pianist Maryña is, but I confess that for the first ten minutes I heard nothing, not a note of what she had chosen. I only became conscious of it when I fancied recognizing—yes, there it was—the "Longing" of Queckenberg, which sighed and coaxed under her fingers. Why! she had never played it,

to my knowledge, since that day in London. Then bits of Beethoven came and went, and a "Reverie" of Schumann, and, there again, surely this was Meyerbeer's "Dance of the Shadows." I looked at her, but her face betrayed nothing, and the "Shadows" danced and glided away as they had done in the studio. I began to watch, but I could only catch some echoes of Liszt, of Tchaikowsky's "Chanson Triste," until Burow's Polish song mourned and cried out; and after it weird or plaintive or threatening airs which I had never heard. It was nearly tea-time when she closed the piano and drew nearer to me. Her mood had changed; there was a vague sadness about her, but she made no effort to shake it off.

"Enough surmising, my little friend," she said in her rich full voice, "it won't help you in the least. Listen, do you feel rested enough to come out again after tea? I can't stand the house any more, I must have some air. We will go and change my books in the *rue de Richelieu,* and I promise that it won't be complicated."

With what was in my thoughts, I imagined I understood her.

"I will go by all means," said I, "and I will get ready now. Come, I hear the tea things."

As if fate would have it, it was the third meal we had alone; but we were not sorry, as it allowed us to dispatch it quickly. Once out, Maryña's spirits rose again. We did not find one of the books she wanted, yet it did not worry her; she merely changed our programme. She dragged me to the "Louvre," though she had nothing to buy, and we wandered there for two good hours, both making purchases of which we had not even thought. I must, however, say for our justification that none of these purchases were for ourselves. It was seven o'clock when we passed finally through the big glass doors, and came face to face with a hurrying gray-haired woman, very short and stout. She had cut her way through the crowd of vehicles with marvelous agility, and was coming in our direction at such a speed that but for Maryña we should have collided unmercifully.

"Why! Mademoiselle Zulma," exclaimed the girl, "are you determined to ignore me?"

The little woman looked up in astonishment.

"Oh, dear me! dear me!" she cried, "but this is Mademoiselle Lowinska! Oh! my dear, how pleased I am to meet you! And you look so well. Fancy me thinking you were in England!"

"I was in England," answered Maryña, "but I have come back."

"And for good I hope," said the little lady earnestly.

The peculiar enigmatic smile which had puzzled me twice to-day, wandered on the girl's lips.

"Oh! yes," she said, "for good of course."

"Ah, thank goodness! I know many of your humble friends,

counting myself, who will be happy to hear that. But, perhaps I am detaining you, mademoiselle?"

"No," said Maryña, "we are free as air, and time doesn't exist for us. My friend, Mrs. Camberwell (the little lady bowed to me) is entirely at my mercy this evening. And what about yourself? Where were you running so fast if I am not too inquisitive?"

"Nowhere," said the little woman, raising her shoulders, "going home, that's all."

"Well then," said Maryña gaily, "we are going to take possession of you there and then, and we will all three spend our evening together. How delightful! we shall play truant, dine where we can and go somewhere afterwards. Now, Nemo, what do you say to that?"

"I should like it, but shall we not be expected back for dinner?"

"Not at all. I will telephone."

"Then I have not the slightest objection."

"Very good. As for Mademoiselle Zulma, she is my prisoner and won't be consulted. Besides she knows how positive I am. For several years she has tried to teach me all sorts of artistic work, and I never could or would imitate my models."

"Ah! but you do not tell madame (nodding to me) that your own designs were far superior; and madame does not know, perhaps, that I am a worker in embroidery."

I did not, but I tried to receive the information as I should; and Maryña carefully took the lead in everything. She succeeded in telling me, between times, that this gray-haired woman had met with many reverses, and was still in great need of friends.

We dined on the balcony of an unpretentious restaurant, as Mademoiselle Zulma called it. She herself had guided us there, and she beamed to see us pleased with everything. Maryña was so sweet, so gracious to her in her lively, girlish way that it was easy to follow in such footsteps; and before long the little lady was fully at home with both of us. I began to forget how awkward I had felt at first, when every eye in the place had been focused on our table, and naturally on Maryña, though she herself had not so much as noticed it. Later on I became quite hardened. I even tried to look cool and indifferent when we walked to the door still in Maryña's wake, but whether I appeared so is another question.

"Now," said Maryña, as soon as we were in the street again, "we must decide on our next move. What about theatres?"

Mademoiselle Zulma's face reflected a shadow of uneasiness.

"Theatres are not always suitable, I fear," she hinted timidly.

"Perhaps not," said Maryña; "have you anything else to suggest?"

"Well," went on the good soul; "there are—there are rather fine moving-pictures if you have no objection to them, mesdames."

I confess, Reginald, that I felt doubtful, but Maryña is built of other stuff than I am.

"Why! it's the very thing!" she exclaimed.

I shall never forget that evening, it was too ridiculous for words. Maryña, who had merely thought of the good woman's pleasure, became so eager and fascinated that the different items might have been stern realities. A little girl lost in the jungle and escaping by the most inconceivable series of miracles from a roaring lion, held her breathless. Two cowboys racing after and killing a mad bull to save some person or other lost in a wild country, made her hold my wrist as in a grip of iron. I felt thankful when the neck of that bull was twisted round like that of a chicken, to get my hand released. How I enjoyed the whole thing! The sight of Maryña, the charm of her childlike face, her eyes, bright as stars, her quick exchange of remarks with the delighted little French woman, and her big sigh when it was all over.

How many contrasts live in this same personality no one would believe; but when we took Mademoiselle Zulma back to her omnibus, our thoughtful, gracious companion was every inch the daughter of a prince. As we were but a short distance from the *Place de l'Opéra,* where we would be sure to find a vehicle, we decided to walk there. It was late, a quarter to twelve perhaps, but the night was clear and warm, and Paris brilliant with lights. Yet, it was not the place to stroll about at that hour for a young, rather remarkable girl, even in the care of a matron of "my years." Besides I felt but a fraud, as it was Miss Lowinska not I who would have been the sword and buckler of our united forces. In any case I soon noticed more than one pair of eyes following us, and I became sufficiently uncomfortable to beg of Maryña to hurry a little. But all she did was to look amused and unconcerned.

"Oh! never mind those people! Why, they cannot eat us. They can't even be rude with so many of them about."

"I daresay not, but I hate it."

"Oh, Nemo, don't be foolish. What on earth could happen?"

"For one thing we might be followed."

"Well, and what then?"

"Well, I don't wish to be faced by an *apache* at the corner of a street."

"But we shall be in a cab."

"As if I trusted every cab at night in Paris!"

"Very good, then, shall we walk?"

"Alone with you, not for an empire!"

At this moment a tall man passing in the crowd jostled me involuntarily. He touched his hat and went on; but before doing so he

had caught sight of Maryña's face, and imperceptibly he had slackened his pace and remained behind us. I became positively nervous.

"Maryña," I said with a touch of irritation, "you saw that man."

"Yes," she said coolly, "I am afraid I could not help it."

"Very well, if you won't listen to me, we shall soon have an escort of pickpockets after the string of pearls on your neck, and your priceless Hungarian chain."

"Nemo, my dearest friend, my pearls are too big to be thought real, and imitations of my chain can be bought for ten or twelve shillings. People of the present day are satisfied with tin and brass and glass beads, like the old Hottentot tribes."

"That may be, but with your head in the air and that actually crushing expression, you look like a crowned head traveling incognito, and we shall have a band of detectives closing the rear."

"Quite safe, those, at any rate," laughed the girl teasingly. "Of course with your anxious face and your frightened eyes, they will take you for a terrified lady-in-waiting. Oh, how splendid!"

I neither laughed nor answered, I felt too worried and provoked.

She slipped her arm in mine.

"Nemo, dear," she said, smiling coaxingly, "don't be grumpy, we have only to cross now. But you are a wretched little coward."

I suppose I had to smile at this, and we managed to cross without accident, opposite the Grand Opéra. Unhappily there was neither a cab nor a taxi to be seen there.

"We must wait," said Maryña.

There was nothing for it; so we began walking up and down the well-lighted *Place*. But a minute later, when wheeling round, I caught sight of another man with a bird-like face and unwinking eyes staring at Maryña. I made no remark this time, only I promised myself to keep my attention on that person. Maryña had not even turned her head. A few cabs passed by, but they were occupied. Soon again I glanced behind: the man was looking at my companion from another angle. As we retraced our steps, I attempted to pass between him and her, but he had guessed my tactics, and came even closer to us. I began to feel in a perfect fever, and inquired of Maryña whether a bus might not take us home. She laughed at me. Several groups of people, evidently, coming out of the theatres, were gathering at a short distance, also waiting, and I breathed a little more freely; then I once more looked back. The unwinking round eyes were not two yards off. I felt my heart in my mouth, and I am sure that it was with a scared expression that I met Maryña's quizzical smile.

"Oh, do come!" I begged helplessly, "I can't stay here any longer."

"Very well," she said. "Pray step in, my dear Nemo."

And suddenly I realized that the cab so heartily wished for

was waiting for us. While I had been watching behind me, Maryña, more sensibly, had been watching in front. I said nothing but jumped into it with a sigh of intense relief. She sat beside me, gave the address to the driver, and bent towards mine her teasing, merry face.

"Well! Nemo dear," she inquired heartlessly, "were 'we' so frightened of the little 'Owl Man,' were 'we'?"

"Do you mean," I asked with hot indignation, "that I saw the creature? Of course, what prevented me? But *you* never even looked."

"Why should I?"

"And you knew how nervous I was?"

"I should think so!"

"Maryña, you are an imp!"

"And I think you are a perfect dear!" she exclaimed with her bewitching laugh. "Fancy a shadow like you, frightened out of your senses, and undertaking to stand between my substantial person and the 'appalling' danger!"

"You are an ungrateful wretch to ridicule my heroism," I protested gaily. "Suppose, as I said before, that the creature took you for some Royal Highness and that he was an anarchist. What then?"

"This," said Maryña.

Quick as a flash her firm hand was round my throat, though ever so gently.

"Why!" she added letting it drop, "I was head and shoulders above the poor thing."

I looked at the girl in utter stupefaction.

"You must remember," she concluded, "that I have known danger, and that I was brought up by a man." And as I was still speechless. "Well?" she asked smiling, "what is it?"

"Oh, not much!" I replied, recovering myself, "I was only pondering why you kept such an ornament as a chaperon while you were in England."

She leaned back and laughed.

"Decorum, my dear Nemo."

"Humbug! You could have commanded a hundred more convenient sorts of chaperons to play the part. She was of no social advantage to you."

"Well then," she said, "the whole affair belongs to the chapter of 'private reasons.'"

"The whole affair," said I, "belongs to the chapter of 'private charities.' I suppose it was the chaperon who needed you."

"Nemo! how dare you?"

But I refused to be cowed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

THE CALIFORNIA PADRES AND THEIR MISSIONS. By J. Smeaton Chase and Charles Francis Saunders. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

If personality is capable of impressing itself on environment, few places can offer a richer demonstration than the half-ruined *adobe* Missions of California. That the joint authors of the present book have emphasized this fact, and paid generous tribute to those sturdy apostles of Christian faith and civilization—the California Padres—is only an indication of the tardy, but general, recognition that, soon or late, public justice inevitably awards to men of heroic fibre.

The book follows an interesting arrangement. Each chapter is devoted to a Mission, and this subdivided into sections; the first dealing with the history of the Mission, both past and present, and the second presenting a sketch or story, founded usually on some traditional incident of the Mission's past, but generously elaborated to serve the purpose of the narrator. The chief facts of California Mission-history, especially their personal and picturesque aspect, are therefore outlined in entertaining form, and rendered vivid by the reconstruction of the life of the Missions and the dominant personalities of the Padres.

In the early portion of the book, a vivid but accurate description of a Mission-centre is given, with its population of seventeen hundred souls, "as happy as mankind usually is, engaged in varied useful industries of civilized life, and earning a liberal living from the soil.....," which "they held, not for themselves, but in trust for their Indian charges, seeking to fit them to be good citizens both of this world and the next."

Beside it stands another account; that of the descendants of these Indians, when secularization has suppressed the Missions. It is a picture of slavish labor and sordid drunkenness not good to dwell upon.

Space forbids us to quote further; but the reader who doubts that heroic sanctity has outlived the Ages of Faith, has only to peruse for himself these accounts of burning zeal and incredible heroism.

The defects of the book are matters of misapprehension rather

than prejudice, and will not seriously hamper the reader's enjoyment nor arouse his resentment.

ARTIST AND PUBLIC. By Kenyon Cox. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

Seldom is a book written with an appeal both to the artist and to the public. This is a special merit in Mr. Cox's book; it is equally addressed to both with the hope of effecting a closer union between the creative worker and the public to whom his work is directed.

We cannot altogether agree that "the people (of the past) had little to do with the major arts of painting and sculpture," for at least they supplied the encouragement of a lively interest, yet it is indisputable that their art was created at the instigation of wealthy patrons, and in this sense was an art of the aristocracy. The Revolution, says Mr. Cox, was responsible for a revolution in the artist's public. The bourgeoisie came into power, and to them the artist must make appeal. As a consequence he either pandered to his public, or assumed an attitude of *hauteur* which generated a fixed antagonism between the two.

As a result of these relations, we have the Cubist and the Futurist. Mr. Cox gives us a lucid definition of Cubism as an expression in bulk; of Futurism as depicting a state of flux both in time and space. He does not credit the sincerity of the later adherents of this style of painting.

> Do not be deceived. This is not vital art, it is decadent and corrupt. True art has always been the expression by the artist of the ideals of the world in which he lived.....A living and healthy art never has existed and never can exist except through the mutual understanding and coöperation of the artist and his public. Art is made for man and has a social function to perform. We have a right to demand that it shall be both human and humane; that it shall show some sympathy with our thoughts and our feelings.....

In *The Illusion of Progress* he contradicts the thesis that art in its evolution necessarily ascends the upward spiral.

Mr. Cox believes in the existence of an American school in art, and he half-prophesies for it the highest places in the future. Such a book should do much to eliminate the crying evils of present-day art, and to bring back into sympathetic co-partnership the artist and his public.

SOME LOVE SONGS OF PETRARCH. Translated by William Dudley Foulke, LL.D. New York: Oxford University Press. $1.15.

A short introduction and an interesting biography of Petrarch preface this collection of over eighty songs. The translator tells us that, although almost all of the three hundred and sixty-six poems in the *Canzoniere* are upon the subject of Madonna Laura and the poet's love for her, he found it expedient to omit all except those which seemed fairly illustrative of Petrarch's best work, "so far as that work was at all capable of reproduction in another tongue." The result is some pages of beautiful, melodious verse which carries the conviction of a faithful interpretation of the full sense of the original. The limitations of English indicate the Shakespearean sonnet as the most advisable form in translating, and this has been adhered to with but few exceptions, notably the *Hymn to the Virgin,* in which the original metre has been exactly imitated. Interest is augmented by the annotations; each poem is headed by a note, explaining the conditions of place and circumstance in which the lines were written, as well as their metrical construction.

Three appendices comprise a discussion of the identity and birthplace of Laura, Petrarch's *Epistle to Posterity,* and a catalogue of his works. The general content, the first lines, and the footnotes are all indexed.

The work is important, and will be highly appreciated by every discriminating reader, whether student or amateur.

POEMS. By Brian Hooker.

FAIRYLAND. An Opera in Three Acts. By Brian Hooker. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.00 each net.

Hopes for the advent of a new force in the poetic field receive scant support from this first volume of poems by Mr. Hooker. His verse is not of the sort that lodges in the memory and influences the mind. Freshness of thought and expression are lacking, nor does the rhythm beguile. With few exceptions, the versification is rough and unmusical. His abilities appear best in the commemoration of Samuel Johnson, written in the manner and metrical form characteristic of the period. This dextrous bit of imitation shows more originality than all the rest of the volume: here, too, are clean-cut, quotable lines, such as the allusion to books that we "Delight to honor, and decline to read;" and speaking of Johnson:

The man lives on—a legend and a face
Stamped on the coinage of our English race.

Fairyland is of more literary merit; the dramatic effects are good, the dialogue is concise and adequate, the lyrics are pretty and have an attractive swing. The theme of the fantasy, we are told, is "symbolic in the last degree." Certainly the influence of the modern symbolists is evident; it manifests itself objectionably in making picturesque capital out of Catholic symbols and traditions. Conventual life is represented as sorely needing enlightenment from the wisdom outside its walls, and objects of veneration are introduced with presumptuous familiarity. A shrine to Our Lady serves as an ocular demonstration of the underlying intention of the opera, expressed by a critic whom the publishers quote: "The rose of passion is a holier thing than the lily of virginity." It is to be hoped that the author's error springs less from deliberate irreverance than ignorance. In any case, the work is an affront to the many who hold sacred what he has wantonly misused.

THE FLOWER OF PEACE. A Collection of the Devotional Poetry of Katharine Tynan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

One of the richest and most musical voices of the Celtic renaissance of the last few decades is that of Katharine Tynan Hinkson. The generous warmth and delicate passion of her verse have overflowed in an abundance that broadens rather than narrows with the years. The usual strictures of over-fecundity cannot be charged against her, and the exceptionally high and uniform standard of her verse may well be a source of amazement to both critic and public.

The Flower of Peace is a gleaning of the devotional poetry of Mrs. Hinkson. In *The Abbot's Bees,* we have a picture of the mystic serenity and love at the heart of monasticism as translucent and pure as a Fra Angelico, and *The Garden* breathes a tender beauty none the less divine because familiar.

Be sure the little grass blades kept
Vigil with Him and the grey olives
Shivered and sighed like one that grieves:
And the flowers hid their eyes for fear!
His garden was His comforter.

There to the quiet heart He made
He came, and it upheld His head
Before the Angel did. Therefore,
Blessed be gardens evermore!

Only in one or two instances does the human element preponderate and cloud the keen spiritual flame within. As a rule, the blending of human and divine, the recognition of the indissoluble union between God and man, and the immersion of all nature in the supernatural, forms not merely the grace, but the sinew and marrow of Katharine Tynan's art. She sees in nature the reflection of God, and stoops that she may look up, as when she cries:

Let others praise Thee in the height,
With Holy, Holy, Holy!
I praise Thee as the cricket might,
A chirping voice and lowly.

But *The Epitaph* may truly be said to sum up the essence of her poetry and of her philosophy:

.....not alone for body's meat
Which takes the lowest place
I gave Him grace when I did eat
And with a shining face.

But for the spirit filled and fed
That else must waste and die,
With sun and stars replenishèd
And dew and evening sky.

The beauty of the hills and seas
Brimmed that immortal cup;
And when I went by fields and trees
My heart was lifted up.

The picturesque archaism of her style, and its whimsical music, are nurtured by genuinely profound emotion and Celtic delicacy of thought.

THE LITTLE MAN AND OTHER SATIRES. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.30 net.

In the form of short plays, sketches and stories, Mr. Galsworthy has, in the present book, freely exercised his talent for wit and satire. Like the rapier glancing here and there, the author occasionally touches the opponent's rib, but seldom a more vital spot. If Mr.

Galsworthy preaches anything at all, it is the rigid dogmatism of the undogmatic, and the gospel of humanity. But even this he would seem to advance with much vagueness and little enthusiasm.

Among other types he selects for one of his "studies in extravagance," an impenetrably stupid and hypocritical individual, and parades him before our vision as a type of Christianity.

The Christian, according to this genial interpretation, looks to future reward as the sole sanction of good conduct. The very fact that the Christian believes something is sufficient to convict him, in the opinion of the author, as too narrow to have sighted truth, and too convinced to be honest. He does not, decides Mr. Galsworthy, strive for the sake of goodness in itself, but with a wary and calculating eye to the reward.

There are other minor points of criticism, such as the supposedly colloquial speech of the American in the introductory play, and his unreverent remarks. The play itself is, however, amusing, and not without its meaning, and there are several other selections in which the writer shows us the earlier quality of his work, which has now started on the descending scale; for, as a contemporary English writer has pointed out, the unintelligent *wanderlust,* which Mr. Galsworthy has summarized as "the going on.....out of sheer love of going on"—no matter where—will eventually lead, both in art and life, to the mockery and mortification of a blind alley.

ESSAYS ON MILTON. By Elbert N. S. Thompson, Ph.D. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.35 net.

Very modest is Mr. Thompson's estimate of his work on Milton; but the appreciative will be captivated by his sympathetic yet discerning treatment of his theme. These essays will prove good company in the study of the great poet and his poetry; the student who avails himself of them for a serious reading of Milton has enlisted a sane, capable, and understanding guide.

In the first three chapters the author treats of Milton as the "Last of the Elizabethans," "Early Poems, and Prose Works," and then devotes the greater part of the volume's two hundred and sixteen pages to the study of the great epic, *Paradise Lost.* We learn of Milton's youthful hesitation in the choice of a subject. The whole bent of his mind is mirrored in the fact that of one hundred possible themes for the great work, sixty were taken from the Bible.

Of Milton the man very little is said, and no estimate at-

tempted. His stern fortitude and strength of character had the defects of these, but our ease-loving age must perforce admire the man who could say: "It is not so wretched to be blind, as it is not to be capable of enduring blindness." From Milton's "None can love freedom heartily, but good men," one writer deduces a good definition of liberty: "Liberty, therefore, is the willingness and ability to do what should be done."

Mr. Thompson most emphatically disagrees with those who make Satan the hero of *Paradise Lost:* in the sixth chapter he gives very clearly Milton's conception of Satan's part in the epic.

He denies that Milton was Unitarian, and we agree; but he was at least semi-Arian in his conception of the Divinity of Christ. He, however, seemed to accept fully the Biblical account of the Fall of Man, which Mr. Thompson does not. He speaks of this opinion as a "philosophy of life." But the origin of evil is not simply a problem of philosophy or ethics; it cannot be separated from religion and dogma so long as God exists.

Save in these matters, Mr. Thompson's book is both admirable and interesting, and will well repay perusal, even for one already familiar with *Paradise Lost.*

THE BOOK OF THE SERPENT. By Katherine Howard. (New Edition.) Boston: Sherman, French & Co. $1.00 net.

The author of the present book has given us her interpretation of Genesis, in what the introduction styles "a dramatic fantasy." We agree with the foreword that it is unique—fortunately so; but as to its powers of stimulation, we find that quality absent. It is a modern tendency among the elect, as they are here termed, to mistake the freakish and the *bizarre* for the significant. The author has, indeed, strained after suggestiveness and subtlety, but has merely produced a piece of the most shapeless sentimentalism, and, to the believer in a personal God, of the crudest blasphemy. The "god" whom the writer depicts is a third-rate artist, creating without purpose, and, by his own admission, neither omniscient, nor omnipotent, nor superior to his creature, man. The book may find appreciation among pantheists and subscribers to non-theistic evolution, nevertheless it seems strangely indelicate for the writer to caricature in her Bergsonian myth the account of creation sacred to Christian men and women throughout the world. It is merely an instance of the insensibility of those who sacrifice the finer emotions to the obsession of an idea.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE. A Biographical Study. By Ernest Rhys. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00.

This concise but remarkably comprehensive work affords us a rounded and intimate view of the celebrated Hindu. Mr. Rhys states in brief such biographical facts as are necessary for continuity—the award of the Nobel Prize receives only casual mention—but he dwells at more length upon the religious teachings, parentage and surroundings of Tagore's youth, showing what influences of tradition and environment went to the shaping of the poet and philosopher who has done so much to lift from Buddhism the reproach of inherent sadness and inertia. In considering his works, literary and other, Mr. Rhys takes the attitude not of a critic, but an interpreter, of the mind and spirit of his illustrious subject. He sounds, throughout, a note of deep admiration, gaining warmth, no doubt, from personal acquaintance. He is nevertheless penetrating. The beauties to which he calls our attention we recognize as such; and when later he speaks of Tagore as the healer, discerner, and lyric poet of his time, he has already given us a clear picture of the man of poetic genius and meditative cast who, at his country's need, became the man of action, an educational force and a powerful influence in public life.

The book is very satisfying to those familiar with the subject. To readers who are not, it will be extremely interesting; and in the extracts from Tagore's writings they will find spirituality of a kind that tends to inspire Christians with renewed faith in the possibility, and fresh zeal to labor for the coming, of the day when there shall be but one Fold.

MEMORIALS OF ROBERT HUGH BENSON. By Blanche Warre Cornish, Shane Leslie, and other of his friends. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cents.

It is natural that a personality at once so widely felt and so unique as Monsignor Benson's should evoke many biographical sketches and personal reminiscences, but it is, however, unavoidable that such rapid surveys should suffer from ephemeralness, repetition, and an impressionism that, from their informal and personal character, is apt to be one-sided and incomplete.

The present "Memorials" lack neither merits nor demerits of their class. The first sketch, contributed by Blanche Warre Cornish, touches on incidents of Monsignor Benson's career, and deals at some length with his writings, more especially with *None*

Other Gods, which the writer considers to be "the mature expression of Monsignor Benson's beliefs." In a very pregnant sentence, she has given us the key to his brilliant and energetic nature: "He was a mystic: he taught that mysticism.....was in the reach of the humblest."

Shane Leslie treats of Monsignor Benson's *Cambridge Apostolate.* Mr. Howden supplies several anecdotes, and the book closes with a number of fragmentary notes. A number of interesting photographs illustrate the book.

LOVE'S GRADATORY. By Blessed John Ruysbroeck. Translated with Preface by Mother St. Jerome. The Angelus Series. New York: Benziger Brothers. 50 cents.

In conjunction with the pseudo-mysticism of the day, much interest has of late been shown by those without the Church in the writings of the great Catholic mediæval mystics. It is more prudent, however, not to accept at second hand such interpretation, but to familiarize oneself directly with its source.

Mother St. Jerome, in a small volume of the Angelus Series, has given us the translation of a treatise by the Flemish mystic, Blessed John Ruysbroeck, written, as indications would seem to suggest, for Margaret of Meerbeke, Precentor in the Convent of Poor Clares at Brussels. The method adopted is that intimated by the title: union with God effected through the ascent of the ladder of sanctity, in its successive degrees of approach. In treating of the "Seventh Degree of Love," which Ruysbroeck names "the Unknowable and the Repose of Eternity," "the terms employed by him must be weighed with great care in order not to be confounded with Quietism or Pantheism," and to apprehend the true character of his mystical teaching.

The sublimity, the ardor, and the high tenor of many of the passages will interest and enkindle the reader, and lead him to penetrate further into the writings of the Brabant mystic.

THE PROTOMARTYR OF SCOTLAND, FATHER FRANCIS OF ABERDEEN. By Rev. M. Power, S.J. 45 cents net.

THE VENERABLE JOHN OGILVIE, S.J. By Rev. Daniel Conway, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. 30 cents net.

Of late years there has been a steadily growing interest in Scottish Church history, as the numerous publications bearing upon this subject manifest. The two books under consideration are the

fruit of diligent research on the very scenes of the martyrs' labors and sufferings. Of the first, Father Francis (whose family name is not known), very few traces can be found; of the second, Father Ogilvie, S.J., a fuller account can be given.

The story of the Reformation in Scotland makes dismal reading; treachery and bigotry combined to all but sweep away every trace of the Faith. In a fine passage, on page sixty, Father Power describes the destruction wrought by the dogged persistence and inquisitorial persecution of the Kirk, so terrifying, so far-reaching that, to quote a reliable historian, even " in the north, where Catholics were in the majority, it is certain that there were not more than eight " who were not, at least, conforming externally to the laws of Parliament. But these must have been the darkest days, for from 1617, the year succeeding Father Ogilvie's death, matters began to improve; another proof that the blood of the martyrs is ever the seed of a new and flourishing faith.

FAMOUS DAYS AND DEEDS IN HOLLAND AND BELGIUM. By Charles Morris. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.25 net.

Although this publication is timed to meet popular interest, only a small space is occupied by matter concerning the war now in operation. The author's preface states that the purpose is to give, not the history, but the more notable historical tales of the two countries. He makes no claim that his work is the product of original research, but he only vaguely indicates his indebtedness to John Lothrop Motley. In point of fact, the greater part of the book is little else than a condensed version of extracts from the writings of that biassed historian of the religious wars which led to the formation of the Dutch Republic. The material is, therefore, a succession of events the narration of which is colored by strong anti-Catholic sentiment, considerably modified in the retelling.

The history of the two nations is adequately outlined from their earliest days to the immediate present. The book contains sixteen illustrations, and is of very convenient size.

WITH POOR IMMIGRANTS TO AMERICA. By Stephen Graham. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00 net.

Mr. Graham came to America two years ago, traveling in the steerage of a big Cunarder the better to study the Russians. After

a brief stay in New York he tramped to Chicago for the sole purpose, it would appear, of writing a book on his experiences. Mr. Graham may know something about Russia and the Russians, although we think him over-enthusiastic, but he certainly knows nothing of the people and the institutions of the United States. Like many another self-sufficient and conceited traveler, he feels entirely competent to give a perfect picture of America after a few weeks spent in cheap hotels, freight cars, barns and open fields.

He is annoyed at our "national pride and thin-skinnedness, our national bluster and cocksureness." Unlike any other people in the world, "the Americans believe in money; they despise the weak and the afflicted, and delight only at the sight of the strong, the victorious and the healthful." The one thing the American strives for is "a big house, and abundant person, a few gold rings, and an adorned wife, and a high-power touring car." Mr. Graham's native land, England, knows America best by "its police scandals, ugly dances, sentimental novels, and boastful, purse-conscious travelers." We are told "that America is no place for individuals as such; that originality is a sin; that our Christianity is the Christianity of 'making good;' that we are a nation of boosters; that we have killed Christian charity by our commercialism; that we have brutalized the negro; and that we have forgotten all idea of hospitality."

While patriotism does not require us to be blind to our many faults, we resent keenly their exaggeration by a superficial observer, and the ignoring of virtues by this censorious knight of the road.

THE WORKS OF BISHOP GRAFTON. The Cathedral Edition. Eight Volumes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $12.00 net.

Longmans, Green & Co. have published a new edition of the works of the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Fond du Lac. They comprise the author's controversial treatises in defence of the pseudo-catholicity of the Protestant Episcopal Church; his sermons and addresses; and his writings on the religious life. He was in no sense an original thinker, but followed the usual lines of Protestant polemics in his plea for continuity, and the validity of Anglican Orders. Like most Protestants, his creed was a negative one. As he himself puts it in one of his addresses to the clergy, urging them to vote against the title "Protestant Episcopal Church:" We do not

believe in the Papal Supremacy, the Papal Infallibility, the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, the doctrine of indulgences, the enforced celibacy of the clergy, enforced confession, the withholding of the chalice, the worship in an unknown tongue." We smile when he tells us that "we hold the belief in priesthood, altar, and sacrifice and the Real Presence of Our Lord as the Catholic Church has ever held, and *our reformers preserved* in the Prayer Book."

THE GIANT TELLS. By Jehanne de la Villèsbrunne. New York: Benziger Brothers. 90 cents net.

These legends, told under the shadow of Mont St. Michel, breathe an atmosphere all their own, the atmosphere of the rugged coasts and wild seas of Brittany. Even St. Christopher, no longer the servant of the devil, finds a new rôle in tricking his old master, and cajoling St. Peter. Mademoiselle Jehanne and her brother are a trifle wearisome sometimes, in their little disagreements concerning the interruptions of their good-natured giant. The price seems large for so small a volume.

THE IDEAL CATHOLIC READERS. By a Sister of St. Joseph. New York: The Macmillan Co. Primer, 30 cents; First Reader, 30 cents; Second Reader, 35 cents.

A new set of readers has begun to appear, three of which are now ready. They are well and carefully graded, but there is no indication of the period of time allotted to each book, which, of course, greatly influences our estimate of the course. If each book covers a year's work, the approximate age of a child finishing the Second Reader would be nine years; rather too old for the range of work it contains. The class work in other branches would be farther advanced than the reading, and that after all is the most important subject in the earlier school years. If the child cannot read easily and readily, progress becomes difficult in Catechism, Geography and History, subjects in which some steps should then have been taken.

The selections for the Second Reader are suitable and well made, but the other two books are not so satisfactory in this regard. The rhymes and jingles, with but few exceptions, might be omitted with advantage, *e. g.,* the one on page eighty of the Primer. There are too many pages in it; a few could well be spared. On the whole the illustrations are suitable and well produced, but the

fact that an artist labels his picture of a mother and child, "Madonna," does not necessarily recommend it as a pictorial representation of the Blessed Mother for the eyes of impressionable childhood.

For the publishers we have nothing but praise. The books are well and firmly bound, and likely to stand the year's wear and tear of the classroom—which cannot be said for the majority of school books.

THE DREAD OF RESPONSIBILITY. By Emile Faguet, Member of the French Academy. Translated, with Introduction, by Emily J. Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

M. Faguet has written a severe critique of the French people from the viewpoint of what he calls their dread of responsibility. In a foreword he says: "They want to be irresponsible. They form their ideas of law in accordance with this design; they organize and practise their professions to this end; they have a family life governed by this thought; they have a social life controlled by this principle."

The book is full of questionable statements and theories, but will well repay perusal. It is amusing to learn that the American Republic is in no sense a democracy, but an out-and-out constitutional monarchy; that France is a pure democracy; that the French mind is the greatest in the world as a creator of ideas, and a creator of beauty. But M. Faguet is a maker of books, and loves to be considered an original thinker.

FRIENDS AND APOSTLES OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. By the Rev. P. F. Chandlery, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents.

From the hour when St. John reposed on the bosom of Our Lord, devoted lovers of His Sacred Heart have made It their dwelling place. To these chosen few the refuge was known and appreciated long before the revelation to Blessed Margaret Mary. To trace the succession of these servants of the Sacred Heart, Father Chandlery has written this little book.

We are grateful to the author for a very edifying work, and it will rejoice those devoted to the Heart of Jesus to praise Him in the words that have fallen from the lips of Saints. There are a few misprints which we hope to see corrected in a future edition.

JESUS AND POLITICS. By Harold B. Shepheard, M.A. Introduction by Vida D. Scudder. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00 net.

The title of Mr. Shepheard's vague, though delightfully written, essay produces a distinctly unpleasing impression, not altogether dispelled by its perusal. The author expresses, as a basis of his views, the conventional Protestant repugnance for dogma. "Our forefathers," he observes, speaking of Christ and His Gospel, "were more concerned with what they believed about Him than with belief in Him, with orthodoxy than with His message." Are these, then, mutually exclusive, or even incompatible? We see rather a necessary connection.

Mr. Shepheard's plea is for a new and more equitable social order. Charity or private initiative is not, he believes, adequate to cope with the situation. Hence, he urges on all Christians political and legislative activity, the merging of party differences, and the adoption of a common and disinterested policy for a more equal distribution of opportunities among all classes of mankind. As the goal of such action, he looks to a commonwealth where men shall live in conformity with his conception of Christ's ideal of poverty, and yet suffer none of its real intellectual or physical privations; where they shall find "the right life possible without personal possessions; poverty without disability." He sees social salvation in suppression of competition and consolidation of industry, and in an eventual "combining of all combinations.....under one ultimate direction.....the extension of the principle upon which every business is worked to trade as a whole"—a "commercial communism." This ideal, he proceeds, cannot be put into effect by individually and totally dispossessing ourselves of our wealth, but by an elimination of superfluous luxury, the fostering of public opinion in the direction of the ideal, a readiness to conform to it when the time is ripe for its realization, and a practical demonstration of these convictions in the arena of politics.

He condemns the various political parties as over-materialistic in their aims, but casts a wistful and undiscriminating eye towards Socialism, with the hope that it may be "captured by the spiritual impulse.....," that "it might yet be, it may be, a political expression of Christianity." It is needless to comment on the latter view.

With many of Mr. Shepheard's conclusions, and with his ultimate ideal, few Christian economists will be found to quarrel.

It is the old ideal of the early Christians, and of religious communities even to the present day.

The crux of the writer's error lies in the fact that he places an exaggerated stress on environment, that he does not realize Christ's message as addressed to the individual, and that he does not consider life and men as they really are.

Environment is a powerful factor in the formation of a man's character, but the man is, after all, *faber fortunæ suæ*. It does not, as Mr. Shepheard insists, take a perfect Christian society to make a perfect Christian, nor can any conditions, economic or otherwise, prevent the individual from living the Christian life in its fullness. Christ's Gospel was to the individual, and only through the individual to society.

We give full credit to our author for his noble enthusiasm, and admission of spiritual claims; but his proposed programme of reform is more passionate than pondered.

THE MOVEMENT TOWARDS CATHOLIC REFORM IN THE EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By Rev. George V. Jourdan. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

This volume deals chiefly with the lives and writings of some of the chief humanists of the sixteenth century, Colet, Lefèvre, Reuchlin and Erasmus, special stress being laid upon their labors in translating and lecturing upon the Scriptures. The tone of the book is ultra Protestant, for the writer sympathizes with Luther's "deep and unfeigned abhorrence of the modern Papal system," and enjoys Erasmus' strictures upon "the veneration of relics, the excessive number of holydays, the monastic orders," etc.

Like many a dyed-in-the-wool-Protestant, he honestly deplores the present disunion of Christendom, but seems to think that this evil may be condoned in view of the purification of Christianity brought about by "the blessed reformation." He asserts, but does not prove, that Protestantism has been on the whole the home of intellectual freedom, while obscurantist Rome has always proved the enemy of reunion by "imposing conditions which have proved her abhorrence of all liberty of thought."

THE TEMPLES OF THE ETERNAL. By James L. Meagher, D.D. New York: Christian Press Association. $1.00 net.

This exhaustive study of "the mystic meanings of the houses of God," treats of the symbolism of the Old and the New Law

as expressed in the tabernacle and temple of the one and the church buildings of the other. The purpose of the book is to enrich the spiritual life of Catholics through an understanding of the sublime lessons of the Church's symbolism. While the author has evidently aimed at great symplicity of language and illustration, the book is too overcrowded with information to put in the hands of children. It will be useful only to the older reader, and most helpful to the teacher who will cull from it not only the meanings of symbols, but helpful suggestions in making them interesting. A bibliography of authorities, or more copious reference notes would, however, have greatly enhanced the value of the book.

COMPENDIUM SACRÆ LITURGIÆ JUXTA RITUM ROMANUM. By P. Innocentius Wapelhorst, O.F.M. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.50 net.

Twenty-eight years of practical use have won for Father Waplehorst such approval that the ninth edition, revised to suit recent changes especially as regards the recitation of the Breviary, bids fair to win for it an even wider popularity. The former appendix on American Canon Law has now been wisely omitted, and a new appendix on the history of sacred vestments substituted. Reference might well have been made to the excellent articles on this subject, and on the history of the liturgy in the *Catholic Encyclopædia*. The exact references to other authors and to the decrees of the Sacred Congregation are commendable.

STRAY LEAVES, OR TRACES OF TRAVEL. By the Right Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D.D., Bishop of Victoria, B. C. New York: Christian Press Association. $1.00.

This pretty little book gives the impressions of the writer as student, priest and pilgrim, and finally as bishop-elect going to Rome to receive his episcopal consecration. It is full of interest and charm, the impressions and observations, keen and artistic, of one who was on familiar ground in his wide range of journeys, which embraced not only the great Catholic shrines of Paray-le-monial, Lourdes and Loreto, but also the Holy Land, Spain and Scotland.

Having the new-world eyes to see with and the new-world standards to judge by, these recorded impressions are brought home to us with a force and direct application that would be lacking in one not a Catholic, and who did not have our new-world viewpoint.

Blending faith, poetry, and appreciation of what is beautiful in nature and art, this little collection of *Traces of Travel* is instructive, edifying and pleasing.

THE NURSE'S STORY. By Adele Bleneau. Indianapolis: The Bobbs Merrill Co. $1.25.

This is one of the fast increasing war books. This Red Cross nurse bears witness to the impartial care of the French surgeons for friend and foe. But the American heroine of French descent is frankly on the side of the Allies. She tells her story with commendable fairness, but seems to think it necessary to give her heroine a taste of every experience, with the consequence that the canvas is far too crowded, wearying one, like a succession of moving pictures. Where morals are needed she is unmoral, and some of the details might have been suppressed with advantage. There are a few misprints, and "tampis" may be phonic, but it is not French.

ON THE BREEZY MOOR. By Mrs. Macdonald. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.50 net.

There are two stories in this volume, slightly linked together by a common setting on the breezy moor of an island of the outer Hebrides, where the weird superstition of the Celt and the dour spirit of the Kirk ruled. The Catholic heroine is a rather timid young lady, but the book gives interesting studies of many types. The traces of the ancient Scottish monks and their monasteries have a distinct influence on one of the chief characters, leading him to peace in the bosom of the Church.

WAITING. By Gerald O'Donovan. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.40 net.

It is not remarkable that an apostate could not write sanely about Ireland and the Catholic Faith. This "mixed marriage" novel, therefore, gives a very unfair picture of Irish life, and the personal bias of the author mars every chapter. The novelist speaks of "some new rot beginning *Ne Temere*," terms God "an electioneering agent," likens religion to "a brand of tooth powder or a style in summer hats," and declares, "some Roman lawyer made up the law of God here a couple of years ago." We give the book this notice so that our readers may know, if they ever hear of Gerald O'Donovan, what kind of a man he is.

SWEET DOREEN. By Clara Mulholland. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.10.

This healthy, happy story of Irish life makes one think better of our common humanity, and opens our eyes to see the good in those with whom we come in contact. It is quite up-to-date, for the sounding of some of the wedding bells must await a lover's return from the battlefields of South Africa. The whole story is a sure and safe prescription for low spirits.

THE HANDS OF ESAU. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.00 net.

The Hands of Esau is a brief problem story of heredity. The hero, Tom Vail, has been brought up in total ignorance of his father's dishonesty. He is on the verge of marrying the daughter of his employer, when he learns through a conversation with a stranger in a hotel, that his father had been sent to the penitentiary for stealing a quarter of a million. His sweetheart learns this fact about the same time, but is willing to marry him despite the opposition of her relatives. She expects him to make a clean breast of the fact that he is a convict's son, but, when he fails to do so, she feels that she cannot trust her life with him. The story is well told and admirably written, but we cannot say that it is convincing.

A FLORENTINE CYCLE. By Gertrude Huntington McGiffert. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

Artistic quality is usually intensive. Only genius can afford fecundity, and risk its unequal achievements. Our author has disregarded this axiom, and surfeited her readers with an undiscriminating quantity of verse.

Her creed, though she defines it as "a Father in Heaven, a work to do, and a mighty love for a noble heart," ranges from transmigration and a haunting heredity, to an immortality in which

> As each soul craves, so is it given,
> Annihilation, knowledge, heaven.....

Most distasteful is the note of irreverence, so clearly struck in *The Aged Christ,* a poem in dramatic form. The author prefaces the poem with a foreword, to the effect that the Christ depicted therein is " not the real Christ of my faith, and yours, but a dream Christ.....cast upon the curtain of my mind by the human figure men talk about to-day." Such an apologia seems insufficient. If

the writer merely meant to indulge in whimsical dreaming, she might have chosen a less hideous dream. If she desired to draw attention to the obsession of sentimentality and humanitarianism that afflicts the world to-day, she has indeed most convincingly achieved her object; but her zeal might have spared that hallowed Figure, and the blasphemies which she has placed on the lips of Eternal Truth.

The writer's verse is not, however, in the shorter poems, devoid of graceful touches and pleasing passages, as in *Compensation, Hope,* and *A Nation's Poverty,* or when she speaks of the city on the Arno:

> Her last word said, whereto is naught to add,
> An eddy circling in God's memory,
> A splendid jewel on the breast of Time,
> Accomplished prophecy.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ENGLISH MEDIÆVAL LITERATURE. By Charles Sears Baldwin, Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25 net.

Professor Baldwin of Columbia University has written a brief manual of English mediæval literature for students not specially trained. He tells us that his aim is "to persuade his readers that Middle English is not altogether beyond them, and that it is too interesting and too significant to be slurred." It is the best treatise of the kind that we possess. The several chapters discuss Epic, Romance, Romance in French, Latin and English, Lyric and Allegory, Chaucer, and Popular Composition.

AN OUTLINE OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE. By Hon. Maurice Baring. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents net.

Maurice Baring has written a brief but illuminating sketch of the history of Russian literature. Unlike most of the literatures of the world, its beginning dates only with the outset of the nineteenth century. If everything produced from the twelfth to the beginning of the nineteenth century had perished, the loss would hardly be felt.

The first writer of note is Russia's national poet, Pushkin. "He is the poet of everyday life: a realistic poet, and above all a lyrical poet.....He revealed to the Russians the beauty of their landscape and the poetry of their people.....He set free the Russian language from the bondage of the conventional.....He

was a great artist; his style is perspicuous, plastic and pure; there is never a blurred outline, never a smear, never a halting phrase or a hesitating note."

Turgenev is compared to Tennyson. "They are both idyllic, both of them landscape lovers and lords of language. Neither of them had any very striking message to preach; both of them seem to halt, except on rare occasions, on the threshold of passion; both of them have a rare stamp of nobility; and in both of them there is an element of banality."

Tolstoy is rightly called "one of the world's greatest writers, and the world's artist in narrative fiction." The contrast drawn between Tolstoy and Dostoevsky is one of the finest passages in the volume.

Literary criticism in Russia is practically nil, because it has always been partisan. You are either for the revolution or against it, and your literary standing is judged accordingly. There never has been any objective or impartial standard.

THE ENVIRONMENT OF EARLY CHRISTIANITY. By S. Angus, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents net.

This compact little volume treats of the social, moral and religious conditions of the Greco-Roman world in the first days of Christianity. The writer gives us a good insight into the genius and achievements of the Greeks, the Romans and the Jews, and shows clearly the conditions that favored or retarded the spread of the Gospel.

TEACHER AND TEACHING. By Richard H. Tierney, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green and Co. $1.00 net.

Although the writer modestly assures us that this little book is neither an erudite nor an exhaustive discussion of the great problem of education, we are certain that its pages discuss more fully the principles of true pedagogy than many a more pretentious treatise. We find many things to quote in this most readable and suggestive volume. For instance: "The primary aim of all true education is the formation of character.....The aim of a college is not to train specialists, but to give the pupils a love of learning, a desire to be learned, and a knowledge how to become so..... The ungodly man is entirely out of place in a classroom.....The

schoolroom is too frequently the grave of mental power and hope and ambition.....Everything must speak to the pupil of God, for both reason and experience negative an irreligious education."

METHODS OF TEACHING IN HIGH SCHOOLS. By Samuel Chester Parker. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.50.

Professor Parker of the University of Chicago defines the ultimate purpose of education to be social efficiency (economic, domestic and civic), good will and harmless enjoyment; the proximate purposes to be health, information, habits, ideals and interests. Like most of our modern educationalists, he feels called upon to eliminate religion, and to substitute for the theistic or Christian standard of morality " the desire and endeavor to contribute to the common good." When will men learn that you cannot make men love their neighbor if they have no love of God?

THE PARISH HYMNAL. Compiled and arranged by Joseph Otten. St. Louis: B. Herder. 25 cents net.

A TREASURY OF CATHOLIC SONG. Compiled by Rev. Sidney S. Hurlbut. $1.25.

THE CHOIR MANUAL. Compiled by G. Burton. New York: J. Fischer & Brother.

The purpose of *The Parish Manual* is to provide in a handy volume everything that choir boys, school children and congregations might be called upon to sing at Mass and Benediction throughout the ecclesiastical year. The hymns are well chosen, the book neatly gotten up, and the price within the reach of all.

Father Hurlbut tells us that he collected two hundred hymns of his *Treasury of Catholic Song* primarily for use in his own parish. It will certainly be welcomed by many another pastor on the lookout for a suitable hymnal. All the well-known hymnals have been carefully consulted, and the best hymns selected according to the standards set forth by the compiler in a rather flamboyant preface. An index of authors and composers adds much to the interest of the book.

Mr. Burton's *Choir Manual* is compiled with a view to meet the needs of the average church choir with regard to Mass, Vespers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD has already given to its readers an estimate of Emile Verhaeren's poetic gifts. (Volume CI., page 678.) We have no intention of estimating from a purely literary standpoint the three poems from his pen included in his latest volume, *Belgium's Agony*. (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.) Besides the poems, there are a number of chapters dealing with the invasion of Belgium by Germany. Belgium has surely suffered enough; why this brave nation should be burdened with such an intemperate and unbalanced advocate as Verhaeren, adds one more to the many mysteries that surround human events.

The unreasoning hate of the author against the Catholic Church excludes his volume from the consideration of all fair-minded men. Falsehood damns the fairest literary gifts, and a pen given to its service only writes its own condemnation. Hate poisons the source of exact judgment, and makes of the infidel a credulous dupe. Verhaeren does not hesitate to insult insolently and gratuitously the Faith of his king and his countrymen who are now sacrificing all that their nation may live. It is easy to understand from this volume why Verhaeren has been called "the poet of paroxysm." Why add to the agony of Belgium by advertising Verhaeren as the prophet of her people?

MRS. FRANCES M. GOSTLING in *Rambles About the Riviera* (New York: James Pott & Co. $2.50 net), has jotted down in an interesting travelogue a few of her impressions gathered from two autumnal rambles in the Riviera. As she herself admits, the book has no sequence. It consists of detached fragments from a traveler's itinerary.

Her evident Protestantism prevents her from understanding perfectly the history of the Middle Ages and the Catholic people of the present. She spoils her book in great part for Catholic readers by her reference to Protestant martyrs, the so-called idolatry of the Virgin, the impossibility of modern miracles, and the oft-refuted legend of the walled-up nun.

BENZIGER BROTHERS of New York has recently published a volume, entitled *St. Juliana Falconieri, a Saint of the Holy Eucharist,* by Mary Conrayville. Very little is known of the life of St. Juliana, save that she was the foundress of the Servite nuns, and a most devout lover of the Blessed Eucharist. She will always be remembered by her miraculous deathbed communion.

Just before her death she asked a priest to place a Corporal with the Blessed Sacrament upon her breast, and "Lo, as soon as the Eucharistic Victim touched the altar of flesh, It disappeared, and St. Juliana, in a low voice filled with unutterable tenderness and joy, exclaimed, 'Oh! my Sweet Jesus.'"

UNDER the title of *The Miracle Missions* (Los Angeles: Grafton Publishing Corporation. 50 cents), Mr. Vernon J. Selfridge has given us, in booklet form, brief sketches of the California Missions, accompanied by a number of excellent photographs from the Ford etchings. The English leaves something to be desired, and the descriptions are too slight to furnish much solid information.

The booklet will, however, reach many to whom a ponderous work on the subject would not appeal, and we cannot but join in the late Bishop Conaty's commendation of the author's purpose in writing the glorious story of these Missions.

H. S. KILNER & CO., of Philadelphia, have published a new edition—the fourth—of Father Murphy's two books on Latin pronunciation—*Latin Pronounced for Singing, Latin Pronounced for Altar Boys* (25 cents each net). The author believes that the modern Roman pronunciation of Latin is the best for practical use among Catholics, and certainly the best for singing. He says that to-day everyone seems to pronounce Latin as he pleases, and that a uniform method should be made obligatory.

MARION AMES TAGGART has written an entertaining story in *The Elder Miss Ainsborough* (New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.25). The heroine is the quaint and sturdy Aunt Huldah. The elder Miss Ainsborough is handicapped by a heritage of anti-Catholic prejudice: her younger half-sister is not. But the deceit and intrigue of the latter profit her nothing. Through Aunt Huldah's clever management, all ends as it should.

The Holy Viaticum in Life as in Death, by Rev. D. A. Dever, from the same publishing house (20 cents), is a new edition bound in paper of this instructive volume reviewed three years ago in our own pages. We are pleased to recommend it again to our readers.

M. H. Gill, of Dublin, Ireland, sends us a volume of sketches that bear the impress of personal experiences. It is entitled *Fits and Starts* ($1.00), and the author is Rev. T. A. Fitzgerald. The

sketches cover missionary journeys in Ireland and Australia. The author is no novice at writing. He can be grave and gay; tragic and humorous. But as the blue sky breaks through after the storm, so after tragedy and sorrow shines more clearly the loving care of the good God.

B. Herder, of St. Louis, publishes Sophie Maude's *The Knight of the Fleur de Luce* (75 cents), a story of the days of Edward III. and the Black Prince. It is graphically told, particularly the tale of the Black Death, though the archaic English may lessen its attraction for the young folks.

From the same firm comes a little book on the Holy Eucharist, entitled *The Mystery of Faith* (75 cents), by Father Digby Best. It consists of prayers, meditations and hymns used and composed by Father Best during the last days of his life.

W. Briggs, of Toronto, Canada, publishes a volume of pleasant verse by Rev. D. A. Casey (Columba). The verses are for the most part religious or patriotic.

Little Sir Galahad, by Phoebe Gray (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.) would be an inviting story if it were not also a temperance tract. We are judging it from the literary standpoint. The Sir Galahad portion is the story of a boy heavily handicapped, but whose joyful spirit is greater than any of his misfortunes.

We have had stories treating of the Steel King, the Copper King, and the Coal King; here is one that treats of the Zinc King, *Millionaire Tom,* by David Dwight Bigger (Dayton, Ohio: The Otterbein Press). The King is in the beginning an Irish lad, who comes to this country, sees service in the Civil War, and much adventure in the West. The style is often stilted and the brogue impossible.

Mother Francis Raphael Drane needs no introduction to our readers. Frequently have we spoken of her in praise to our readers. Hence to them her latest work, *The Daily Life of a Religious* (New York: Benziger Brothers. 45 cents), needs no recommendation. It is a valuable addition to ascetic literature, particularly for those who must instruct others how to walk safely on the hard path of self-denial.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Allocutions pour les Jeunes Gens, by Paul Lallemand. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 3 *frs.*) The Oratorian, Father Lallemand, has just published the third edition of his addresses to the boys of the École Massilen of Paris. The best

sermons in the book are those dealing with the Immaculate Conception, St. Joseph, the Blessed Eucharist, and the Knowledge of Jesus.

Les Vaillantes du Devoir—Études Feminines, by Leon-Rimbault. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. *3 frs.* 50.) The Abbé Leon-Rimbault has just published a new edition of the conferences which he delivered some years ago in Cahors, France. The various chapters are entitled: Women Who Think, Women Who Love, Women Who Weep, Women Who Pray, Women Who Work, etc. The volume concludes with four panegyrics on St. Genevieve, St. Clotilda, Blanche of Castile and Joan of Arc.

Les Sacrements, by Monsignor Besson. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. Two volumes. *6 frs.*) This is the tenth edition of Monsignor Besson's well-known conferences on the Sacraments delivered some thirty years ago in the cathedral of Besançon, France.

L'Ame de la France à Rheims, by Monsignor Baudrillart. (Paris: Gabriel Beauchesne.) Monsignor Baudrillart, rector of the Catholic Institute of Paris, delivered this discourse at the basilica of St. Clotilda in Paris, soon after the burning of the cathedral at Rheims. He sketches briefly the history of this beautiful cathedral, and, as a patriotic Frenchman, naturally, deplores its destruction.

Le Guide Spirituel (Paris: Pierre Téqui) is de Lamennais' classical translation of Blois' persuasive and ardent "Spiritual Guide." As an appendix it includes some of the spiritual maxims of St. John of the Cross.

La Femme au Foyer, by Bishop Tissier of Châlons (Paris: Pierre Téqui. *3 frs.* 50), treats of the duties and responsibilities of the Christian wife and mother. It may be recommended as profitable reading for the woman of to-day.

NOTE.—On account of the non-arrival of the foreign periodicals, we have been compelled to omit that department this month.—[ED. C. W.]

Recent Events.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD *wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.*

France.

The French and German lines have scarcely changed, although daily and nightly warfare in one shape or another is continuous. The British have extended by seventeen miles the line under their charge, thereby increasing the help which they are giving to their ally. The French, according to Lord Kitchener, have rendered their lines impregnable by the construction of trenches, a mode of defence which has superseded the system of fortresses. French artillery has proved itself superior to that of the Germans. The big guns, like those which proved so effective against the Russian forts, have been trying for a year to get within range of Verdun, but have been kept at bay by the French 75's, and by the skill of their gunners. A distinctive feature of recent warfare is the ever-increasing number of air-raids, by which distant places in Germany have been harassed, while so effective a defence of Paris against like assaults has been organized that even the attempt seems to have been abandoned. While new methods of warfare continue to be adopted, equally remarkable is the resort to the old. The use of hand grenades is again quite common, while arrows (not bows) are from time to time dropped from aëroplanes. For the purpose of defence the French have adopted armor to protect the head and breast. Nothing seems to be known about a general offensive movement either upon the part of the Germans or the Allies. That of the Germans can hardly take place until the Russians are decisively defeated—a thing which is unlikely.

While the army has remained in *statu quo,* the Government has been passing through a somewhat dangerous crisis. Enemies of religion are still active in France, and their representatives in the Assembly have been making an attack upon M. Millerand, the Minister of War. The Director of the Medical Department of the army was accused not only of neglect of duty, but also of favoring something like a religious campaign in the hospitals. This campaign was

carried on, it was alleged, by the many priests and religious who are devoting themselves to the service of France. The latter accusation at the present time would have had no effect, so great has been the change of the general attitude of France towards religion, if there had been no truth in the former. As in this department mistakes had to be admitted, M. Millerand felt bound to sacrifice the Director, and to issue a circular reminding those in control of the hospitals that the Republic insists upon complete religious freedom, and will defend the right of a man to be a Catholic with the same vigor as it defends the right of a man to be, if he wishes, a *libre penseur*.

The opponents of M. Millerand, that is to say the Radical-Socialist groups in the Assembly, were not satisfied with these concessions. The attack was only an outcome of the desire to increase the control of the army by Parliament itself, thereby depriving the Government of the power which it and the General in command have been in possession since the war began. They insisted upon fuller explanations being made to the Assembly of the conduct of military affairs, bringing against M. Millerand various other charges, and in the end demanding a secret session for the purpose of a full exposition of the conduct of the war. Such a session has not been held during the existence of the present Constitution. The Government yielded to the demand, but refused to lay before such a secret session, if held, any more information than it had already given. In a speech, which is described as having been the finest in France, or perhaps in the world, since the war began, and delivered with superb power and eloquence, M. Viviani, after admitting that there had been defects which had since been remedied, declared it to be vitally necessary for the proper conduct of the war and diplomacy that the Government should enjoy the complete and cordial coöperation of all groups in the Parliament. It must have serenity if it was to govern. Its authority was derived from Parliament, and it was the duty of Parliament to give it its strength and support. The speech killed the demand for a secret session, the House immediately after adjourning for a recess.

In the course of this speech, M. Viviani re-affirmed the determination of the French nation, with absolute unanimity, not even to think of a premature peace. "The only Frenchmen I know are agreed upon the aim and are prepared to renew the vow that we will only cease the struggle when we have ensured the triumph of right,

prevented the return of the crimes of the enemy, restored wholly heroic Belgium, and have recaptured our Alsace and our Lorraine." This determination is shared by the whole of the clergy of France from the highest to the lowest, as is shown by M. Julien de Narfon in an article in the *Figaro*. He quotes the words of Cardinal Amette to the soldier-priests of the diocese of Paris: "Having before us a trial, the end of which no man can foresee, what can we do, dear sirs, but practise what we preach? We must hold on, we must endure to the end—that is to say, till victory is won." Monsignor Fuzet, the Archbishop of Rouen, also has issued a strong Pastoral Letter. His Grace reminded his diocese of the warning given by Fénelon soon after the battle of Malplaquet: "Why do you sigh after peace? What would you do with it?" He closes his allocution with the words: "From the earthward side and from the heavenly side everything promises victory." In a work called *Échos de Guerre,* by the Abbé Gorse, the author affirms emphatically that there are no pacifists to be found in the ranks of the clergy. "The only possible peace, the only peace which will be honorable to France and her Allies, is the peace that will inflict on a criminal people the punishment it deserves."

To say that anything like coolness has arisen even for a short time between France and Great Britain, would be a great exaggeration. It must, however, be confessed that something like a doubt has manifested itself in France whether her ally has fully risen to the occasion, and has realized the magnitude of the emergency. Although the line held by the British troops is only a seventh of that held by the French, the population of Great Britain is by six millions larger than that of France. The hesitation to adopt conscription is taken by some to mean an unwillingness to make the sacrifices which are looked upon by the French as necessary for victory. The result, however, of various visits and intercommunications, to say nothing of publications that have been widely distributed, has been to restore the confidence so far as it had been shaken. It is recognized, in the words of M. Pichon, that the efforts so far made by Great Britain have been gigantic, and no doubt is felt of the determination to maintain and even to increase those efforts.

Belgium.

How unconquerable is the spirit of the Belgians, overborne though they are by the vast hordes of the invaders of their soil, is shown by the way in which July 21st, the national Independence

Day, was celebrated. In every church throughout the country Masses were said. At Brussels, in the Church of St. Gudule, the Nuncio was the celebrant. After the Mass was ended even the sacredness of the edifice could not restrain the people from the manifestation of their feelings of patriotism. Long and prolonged shouts went up of "Vive le Roi! Vive Belgique!" The same thing happened in all the churches of the city and the country districts around Brussels. All day long the city was in a state of excitement and feverish animation. Flowers were carried to the Place des Martyrs; all the business establishments, from the cafés down to the smallest shops in the working-class districts, were closed without exception. In the superior residential parts of the city, all the shutters were up as a sign of mourning. In short, the people of Belgium are showing themselves staunch in the defence of their liberties in the midst of the present distress, waiting patiently for its end. They are worthy indeed of the help which is being extended to them by all the liberty loving countries of the world—of which our own is the chief. Their resolution is as firm as that of the King and the army that is still holding the enemy at bay. The letter written by the Cardinal Secretary of State to the Belgian Minister at the Vatican, in which he explains that it was the intention of the Pope in his Allocution of January 22d to condemn the invasion of Belgium as one among many injustices, has removed every feeling of coldness towards the Holy See.

Germany.

Among all Germans, whether in high or in low positions, the determination to conquer and full confidence in the ability to conquer are unshaken. The Minister of Finance, in his speech before the Reichstag, assured his hearers that it would not be the Germans who would have to bear the burden of the loans that were being raised; the Powers who, he said, had been the cause of the war would have that privilege. The fact that it is due to Germany that there has been so much talk about peace may appear to conflict with this perfect confidence, but it must be remembered that any peace acceptable to Germany at the present time would be a peace dictated by her. Fairly liberal terms have, indeed, been offered to Russia, with the view of separating her from France and Great Britain. Doubtless to France in like manner offers of a similar character might be made, were there the least probability of their

acceptance. The real aims of Germany as a result of the war have, however, been clearly manifested in various quarters.

The Imperial Chancellor, in his recent speech before the Reichstag, declared that the issue of the war must be to bring the old bygone situation to an end. "A new one must arise. If Europe shall come to peace it can only be possible by the inviolable and strong position of Germany. The English policy of the balance of power must disappear." This is, of course, taking direct issue with Great Britain, and a justification, irrespective of Belgium, of her continuance of the war, the balance of power in Europe being now, as it has been for centuries, the cardinal point of British foreign policy. The Radical Party in the Reichstag, without committing itself to a definite programme or to unlimited schemes of annexations, declares in a manifesto which it has issued that "the party considers it absolutely necessary to secure the Empire for the future by means of military and economic measures, as well as by the necessary extensions of territory, and to create for the peaceful competitions of the people's conditions which in Germany, as well as on the free seas, guarantee the development of the full strength of the German people." The National Liberals, once the strongest party in Germany, and still possessed of a degree of influence, has passed a resolution demanding the extension of the German frontiers in East and West and over the seas. The attitude of the Socialists is more moderate. Herr Liebnecht and a small section demand a pledge that no annexation at all shall be made. The Executive Committee of the Parliamentary Party is not so insistent: it has passed a resolution affirming that the guarantee of the political independence and integrity of the German Empire demands the refusal of all the enemies' war aims directed against German territory. This refusal applies to the demand for the incorporation of Alsace-Lorraine into France. It further demands equal rights for economic activity in all colonies, and the adoption of the peace treaties with each enemy of the "most favored nation" clause. The freedom of the seas, the resolution adds, must be secured by international agreements, a demand which seems to be specially directed against Great Britain. It is by the King of Bavaria that the clearest expression of the aims of the ruling classes has been made. After the outburst of the war, his heart was filled with joy. Not that he had sought or desired it, but because the result must be to give to Germany the ports on the Channel which were necessary for the development of German commerce.

Russia.

The list of reverses which Russia has undergone is a long one, although it is well to remember in the present days of depression that she penetrated farther into Austrian territory and remained in possession a longer time than has yet fallen to the lot of Germany, and that East Prussia was for a time under her foot; even yet she has not been driven from Galicia. Anyone who looks at the map of the Russian Empire will see that it is only its merest fringe that has been trodden upon by the enemy's foot. A country half the size of Europe and the whole of northern Asia are left untouched. If fortresses have fallen, it is because on account of the size of modern artillery fortresses no longer form a protection. This is now afforded by the armies. So long as these remain intact the capture of fortresses is not decisive. As there has been neither on the East nor on the West any such catastrophe for Germany's enemies as the French met with at Sedan, the "fabulous" victories over the Russians, as the Germans love to call them, have not secured the desired result.

The record of Russia's losses does not, however, form pleasant reading. In the month of August five fortresses of the greatest importance fell like houses of cards before Germany's big guns—on the fifth, Warsaw and Ivangorod; on the seventeenth, Kovno; on the nineteenth, Novo Georgiewsk, and on the twenty-fifth, Brest-Litovsk. Nor have they since rested upon their laurels, but have pushed on farther and farther East, with the object of isolating part or parts of the Russian armies—an object which, however, they have so far failed to accomplish. The advance has, however, of late been much slower, as the country into which they are being drawn has become more and more difficult. There are those who recall 1812 and the fate of Napoleon, anticipating for Germany's legions a similar catastrophe. It must, however, be remembered that in those days there were no railways, and that Napoleon's base was Paris. In the present invasion Germany has it in her power to link her system with that of Russia as she proceeds on her career of conquest, it being impossible so completely to destroy a railway as to render it incapable of being re-built by such capable foes as are the Germans. Giving, however, full weight to changes which have taken place since 1812, it still remains true that the farther Germany proceeds into Russia the greater will the difficulties become. The time is approaching when the Russian roads will break up. The country through which the Germans will have

to pass is described by a writer intimately acquainted with Russia, as "at first a marshy plain, and later on a plateau broken with innumerable cross-gullies, in which the Grand Army of Napoleon, in spite of efforts of men and horses, left practically all of its light field artillery. Motor-transit, one of the glories of the advancing German army, will here be useless. It is not only the heavy guns that will have to be left behind." "There is no spot on the map where Germany could force Russia to a decision," the same authority says, and adds: "the hopelessness of the military task is known to every German soldier."

The success which has attended German efforts is not due to the greater bravery of her soldiers, or even to the skill of her generals, but to overwhelming superiority in guns and munitions, as well as to her ability, by means of railways made for the purpose, to concentrate the whole of her strength on certain points. This has enabled her to bring into any determined place thousands of guns ranged tier upon tier, and thereby to render human life impossible within their range. By this means gaps were made in the line of the Russians, and then a curtain of fire was dropped beyond, under cover of which the infantry filled these gaps. This rendered it necessary for the Russians to readjust their lines by retiring. The want of munitions made it impossible for them to offer any adequate resistance to these tactics. Russia possesses no such system of railways as rendered a concentration of this kind possible; and so similar tactics cannot be adopted by the Germans as they proceed. Hence their advance of late has not been so rapid, nor is this due merely to the character of the country in which operations are being carried on. It is rather due to the more energetic resistance of the Russians, since the Tsar has himself taken command of his forces. In fact, in Galicia against the Austrians they have resumed a successful offensive, while in the north they are battling with von Hindenburg for the possession of Riga, against which a drive is being made with a view, it is thought, of opening up the way to Petrograd.

That the Grand Duke Nicholas was able to extricate his armies from the traps laid for them by the Germans, ought to be looked upon as an indication of supreme ability. Although, of course, in the world nothing succeeds like success, sometimes greater ability is shown by a retreat well conducted than by a victory. Wellington used to say that he had plenty of generals who could get fifty thousand men into Hyde Park, but very few who could get them

out again. That the Grand Duke Nicholas was able in the face of more than a million of attacking Germans to effect the retirement of the many armies under his supreme command, shows that it was not due to any defect on his part that the Tsar has superseded him, but that, as he declared in his manifesto on taking command, he wished to be the leader of his people on the day of distress. In a tribute to the ability of the Grand Duke the Germans ought to join, for it is a maxim laid down by the greatest of their strategists that the main object of war is not to capture positions, but to put hostile armies out of action. The Grand Duke succeeded in preventing the attainment of this main object, thus defeating at least the supreme endeavor of his foe.

One of the surprises of the war has been the unlooked-for success of a Russian sea force. In an attempt on the Gulf of Riga the Germans, who had penetrated into the Gulf, were defeated with the loss of ten vessels, two cruisers and eight torpedo boats, as well as of some sloops. A German battle-cruiser of the *Moltke* class is said to have been torpedoed while holding guard at the mouth of the gulf against the Russian fleet during the same operations, although it is not certain that she was sunk. This victory has been for the Russians the one occasion for rejoicing that they have had for a long time.

The effect of the reverses upon the Russian army and people has been to reanimate them to renewed efforts, and to make them even firmer and more determined than when the war opened. It is recognized as being a nation's war, not that of a dynasty. A well-informed writer admits that there has been a time of hesitation, but that now the crisis has passed. The object of the concentrated effort of Germany was to bring Russia to a separate peace by inflicting defeat upon her; by persuading her that Great Britain and France could do nothing for her; by winning Poland, and then offering liberal terms, offers which were repeatedly made after each victory. To the acceptance of these terms internal treachery of the very gravest kind might have contributed. In the face of these extraordinary difficulties, both internal and external, government and people are standing firm and united to carry on the war to a victorious end. Difficulties which had arisen in Finland have, it is said, been removed. The task of providing munitions is the greatest of all. If the Dardanelles could be opened that question would be settled, but there have been so many disappointments, and the obstacles have proved so stupendous, that Russia's position

would be almost hopeless unless some other way were found. It may be mentioned here that there is good reason to think that the effort to penetrate to Constantinople was undertaken by France and Great Britain at the request of Russia, in order to effect a diversion of the attack which the Turks were making upon Russian forces in the Caucasus.

The Russian attitude towards alleged dissensions between the Allies is clearly expressed in a message of M. Sazonoff, the Foreign Minister. Never at any time, he says, has there been the slightest difference of opinion between the high commands of the allied armies. Absolute confidence exists, and implicit faith is felt, in the ultimate issue of the campaign which is pending in the West. There has never been any intention whatsoever to conclude an independent peace with Germany so long as one hostile soldier remains in Russia. The new Minister has increased the output of munitions by two hundred per cent within a few weeks. In his opinion the fate of the campaign will not be decided before some time next year. Everything is ready for a winter campaign. Out of the eight million men available, a force of two millions is being put in training behind the fighting lines. This will be ready to take the field next spring. No apprehension exists as to the ability to protect the capital in the meantime, its safety being fully assured by several armies under the command of General Ruszky.

The desire to act in closer alliance with the Duma, and with the people in general, is one of the results of the Russian reverses. Shortly before the fall of Warsaw a special session was summoned, in order that solidarity of action might be established. This indicates a change in the spirit of governmental action which had been relapsing into the old ways of bureaucracy. Its advances were responded to with an outburst of enthusiasm unparalleled in the history of Russia, although in the course of the session the failure of munitions called forth severe criticism. Past events, however, were put aside for future investigation, as was also the desired increase of the powers of the Duma. All parties concurred in the practical measures proposed by the Government for carrying the war on with greater efficiency. With the same object in view a change seemed more than probable in the ministry itself. The age of the Premier, as well as his somewhat bureaucratic tendencies, militates against its success. As in the person of the Tsar the army has found a leader who is inspiring new courage, the country at large thinks it may find in M. Krivoshein, the present

Minister of Agriculture, a director of its administrative activities able to unite the whole country as one man in pursuit of its one object—a decisive victory. The sudden adjournment of the Duma has, however, disappointed these hopes.

Although the whole of Poland is now in the military possession of Germany, the Poles as represented in the Duma declared their unabated attachment to Russia as the representative of the Slavs. Those among them who have not been able to overcome their distrust, look rather to Austria than to Germany as the protector of their national ideals. At the meeting of the Duma the Premier, in the name of the Tsar, solemnly ratified the manifesto of the Grand Duke at the commencement of the war. He had been charged by the Tsar to inform the Duma that bills were being prepared granting Poland after the war the right freely to organize her national, social, and economic life on a basis of autonomy under the sceptre of the Emperors of Russia. The home policy in the future was to be permeated with the principles of impartiality and benevolence; without distinction of nationality, creed or tongue.

Italy.

The declarations of war with Turkey was the eleventh formal declaration made within one year by European States. At the time these lines are being written, it seems probable that others may be added to the list. While Italy is at war with Austria-Hungary, she is still technically at peace with Germany, although diplomatic relations have been severed. Italy's precise reason for declaring war with Turkey at the time chosen does not clearly appear. The causes alleged in the declaration—Turkey's violation of the Treaty of Lausanne and the treatment of Italian reservists—seem rather to be pretexts than real causes. So far nothing seems to have resulted in the way of military operations.

The campaign against Austria is proceeding in regions many thousands of feet above sea level. The treaty of 1866 left Italy with an impossible frontier. The Trentino was thrust forward like a wedge into Italian territory. The passes and the mountain tops were left in Austrian hands. In fact Austria possessed all the doors into Italy. By prompt action at the beginning of the war Italy has been able to seize the first of the lines of which Austria might have made use in an offensive movement, and has thereby been able to deprive her enemy of the natural strategical advantage

which the 1866 treaty afforded. In fact, Italy has pushed her back upon the second line. It would not, however, be true to say that all danger of an offensive movement on the part of Austria has been averted: but enormous obstacles have been placed in the way of such an attempt. The advance of the Italian forces to the East and West of the Trentino salient threatens the flanks of any Austrian attempt to reach Italian soil. On the other hand, the Italians are now faced with an exceedingly difficult line of defence, although they are no longer dominated from above. They are engaged in gradually gripping the Austrian position. Everything is being prepared for a winter campaign on a plateau seven thousand feet high, surrounded by vast mountain ranges. The spirit of the Italian troops is beyond praise, and although Austria is to the Italian nation an execrated name, the troops in conflict have come to have a mutual esteem and regard for each other.

Japan.

Japan still remains on the side of the Allies, although the part she is taking is limited to furnishing munitions to Russia to the extent of her ability. Last May some danger existed of war with China, due to the somewhat extreme demands made by Japan. Better influences prevailed, and an arrangement was made apparently satisfactory to both nations. A political scandal led, at the end of July, to the resignation of Count Okuma's Cabinet. The Elder Statesmen were called in, and the crisis ended by a reconstruction of the Cabinet with Count Okuma in his old position. By the death of the Marquis Inouyé the link with the older Japan has been broken. He was one of the original band of Elder Statesmen to whom the Empire owes its emergence into world activity. The Coronation of the Emperor, so long deferred, will take place in November.

China.

It seems probable that the attempt to turn China into a Republic may soon come to an end. It has, in fact since 1913, been a Republic merely in name. In August of that year Yuan-Shih-kai was recognized as the virtual ruler of China by the financial representatives of several European Powers, when in spite of the protest of the President of the Senate they concluded a loan, the validity of which depended upon his sole authority. Three months later

Yuan promulgated a decree expelling three hundred and seventy of the Deputies and one hundred and thirty-two of the Senate; that is, every member of the Republican Party. Every Republican organization in the land was dissolved. In January of last year Yuan suppressed not only the Chinese Parliament, but also the Provincial Assemblies and Municipal Councils, and thus became a dictator, limiting his term, however, to ten years. More recently a propaganda, considered to be inspired, for openly restoring the monarchical system has been started. Yuan Shih-kai, it is true, ostensibly displays repugnance to the idea, remembers the many oaths which he has taken, asserts that none of his sons is fit even for a non-commissioned rank in the army, and even talks of taking refuge in a foreign land. Strange to say, there are many who think that it may not be impossible to overcome his scruples. The way has been prepared by securing the support of the army. If the Republic perishes, it will not be missed. The administration has been as corrupt as it was during the Empire. Reform has been conspicuous by its absence while corruption is on the increase. The financial position is precarious. Any strength which the Government has is due to foreign support.

With Our Readers.

THE account given in this issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD of the present situation in the Anglican Church, resulting immediately from the Kikuyu controversy, might with change of names well describe a condition that is manifesting itself more and more clearly in the Episcopal Church of our own country. Independent of all local problems, the fate and history of the Episcopal Church of the United States depend necessarily and essentially upon the fate and history of the Anglican Church. If the mother is not Catholic, her offspring is not Catholic; if Anglican orders are not valid, Episcopalian orders born of them are equally invalid; if the Anglican Church is no part of the true Catholic Church, with doctrines intact from the beginning, with a definite authority recognizable by all and infallible in its pronouncements—then the Episcopalian Church is no part of the Catholic Church, and assumes a title wholly unwarranted when she calls herself Catholic.

* * * *

THE stern justice of time, which strips every error of its mask and exposes every pretense, is demanding an unequivocal stand on the question—upon which depends for all practical purposes a real belief in a personal God—the question of a divine and definite revelation through Jesus Christ our Lord. A Church either teaches that there is such a revelation and that, as Christ delivered it, He is with it all days even to the consummation, and the end, that the Church through Christ is the guardian of it; or else that the revelation being once given, it is entirely within the right of every individual to appreciate its content and its obligation.

The former is Catholicism; the latter is Protestantism. The former leads necessarily to Rome; the latter is of its very nature disintegrating and disastrous.

* * * *

IT is vain for High Churchmen, for their organs and their sympathizers, to speak of Romans or Roman Catholics and Catholics as if the titles were in opposition or described attributes which the one contained and the other did not. In so far as they approach or accept the Catholic position, High Churchmen accept the only logical and historical obedience of that position, which is Roman. As they step towards Catholicism or think Catholic they inevitably step towards Rome. And just as surely as they go away from Rome they depart from the Catholic Faith of the ages, from the definite revelation of

Christ, and advance towards Protestantism. The name of the city towards which the champions of Protestantism tend cannot be known. It is not Canterbury because Canterbury is one phase; nor Berlin, another phase, nor St. Petersburg, still another phase. Error is revealed by diversity: truth alone possesses unity. A traveler's destination is the one place: he knows not in how many ways and places he may be lost.

* * * *

THE Catholic Faith is not determined by nationalism. St. Paul killed that thoroughly worldly error long ago. *The Living Church,* the Episcopalian organ, not long since in trying to defend a position that would be both Catholic and Protestant, said: "The Anglo-Roman controversy hinges upon the right of a *national* church to withdraw from allegiance to the Papal see and yet remain an integral part of the Catholic Church." The unwarranted assumption of the party of the first part in the Protestant-Catholic controversy is, according to *The Living Church,* "the right of *individuals* to withdraw from the Catholic Church, and then in voluntary association with other like-minded individuals to form other Churches." The Holy Spirit of truth, then, must give His guidance and protection in tablets of national size and quality. Such a statement comes very near making religion and politics synonymous.

* * * *

NATIONALISM, if it can for a short time be the life of a Church, can more surely be its death. The wider a man's knowledge grows of the problems that religion must answer and solve, the weaker becomes his faith in a purely national church. The present Archbishop of Canterbury clearly sees the inadequacy of nationalism. "He has quietly set aside the idea," writes Mr. Nankivell, "so widely received in Anglican circles during the last quarter of a century, that there can be only one Church in one place, and that in England the English Church is the Catholic Church in England." Moreover, the problems facing a nation that goes over seas or over land, will sound the passing of nationalism in religion. Let it send abroad a single missionary and nationalism's death-warrant is signed. "The Anglican Church"—because of the work that English missionaries see before them—"is sick of its splendid isolation; as a National Church it is restive in the presence of world-wide empire and great European alliances."

What is the result? Faith in a true *Ecclesia Anglicana* becomes dead. It must drop its isolation; it must abandon any unique claim to divine truth; it must take its part in doing away with all those differences and dissensions that block successful missionary work; it must acknowledge other Churches and other creeds, or at least it

must not declare that other creeds and other Churches are false; in a word it must become Protestant.

"The Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda seem determined to act on their theory that the Catholic Church is a congeries of episcopal and non-episcopal sects. The divisions are considered 'unhappy,' mainly as they do practically divide those who might otherwise freely worship and labor together. For there is no indication that they regret their separation from Catholic or Orthodox Christians, and no indication that they particularly value communion with the ultra High Church. And on the other hand, if strict unity of government with other Protestant Christians is unattainable, federation seems to them a natural and satisfactory substitute. And they are able to quote, among other official and semi-official utterances of Anglican authorities, the words of the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States: 'We do not seek to absorb other communions, but to coöperate with them on the basis of a common faith and order.' And, as they remind us, the Lambeth Conference has spoken not only in general terms of 'other Christian Churches,' but also more definitely of 'Presbyterian and other non-episcopal Churches.'"

To become Catholic would mean a distinct and definite separation from all other sects; it would mean to take up the "Roman" position. Therefore "union with the Catholic Church is not a practical proposition."

* * * *

BY substituting Panama for Kikuyu we will see the similar condition that exists in the Protestant Episcopal Church of this country. Different Protestant bodies have planned to hold a Congress during the coming year at Panama, to consider how their mission work in South America may be carried on more successfully. The Congress is wholly under Protestant auspices. A combination, federation, a union of all the Protestant bodies working in South America is contemplated. The same was contemplated and actually carried out in Africa by the Bishops of Mombasa and Uganda. It was against this federation that the Bishop of Zanzibar protested, jealous in defence of what he termed the Catholic faith of the Anglican Church.

In like manner *The Living Church,* which is the organ of the "Catholic party" in the Protestant Episcopal Church, protests most vehemently against the participation of that Church in the Panama Congress. "It would be invidious and culpable," it says, "for our Board officially to confer with those whom we cannot officially recognize as corporate branches of the historic Church." The Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church has, however, accepted the invitation to join the Congress, and has decided to elect delegates thereto. *The Churchman,* another organ of the same Church,

favors participation in the Congress. "The Panama Conference is," it claims, "a call for help. It is a call in which Christians of all names can and should coöperate." Pan-Protestantism is the aim of the one; Catholic faith of the other. And just as in the Kikuyu controversy the High Church party made a strong but unavailable protest, so also in this country the minority, the High Church and Catholic party, will protest, but will protest in vain.

* * * *

THE LIVING CHURCH has shown conclusively the thoroughly Protestant complexion and purpose of the coming Panama Congress. The Congress is quite prepared to contemplate South America as an uncivilized and godless continent. For example, Bulletin No. 1, issued to make known the purposes of the Congress and promote its success, quotes the words of the Methodist Bishop Stuntz: "There can be no large gains in civic righteousness, in educational achievement, in social progress until the democracy which is taught wherever the open Bible goes, and which is born at the altars of Protestantism becomes the common possession of all the millions of South America." Bulletin No. 2 quotes Bishop Every, the Anglican Bishop in the Argentine: "The world's empty continent..... It is without true religion and does not realize its danger. Yet a faith they must have. What hope is there for the Argentine without true religion?"

* * * *

WHEN a committee of the Congress visited Mr. John Barrett, Director-General of the Pan-American Union, and extended him an invitation to attend the Congress, Mr. Barrett told them that "it would be the greatest misfortune for the conference to occupy a belligerent attitude, and to go to Panama to criticize the civilization of Latin America," and that in Bulletin No. 2: "You have done just exactly what I was talking about, just the very thing that will fire these people and close their hearts against you." The Committee did not publish Mr. Barrett's words, but continued to distribute Bulletin No. 2. In Bulletin No. 3 it printed an account of the visit of the Committee on Coöperation to Mr. Barrett, and simply said: "They were cordially received by Director Barrett (and others), all of whom gave helpful counsel, and assured the Committee of their hope that the conference would do much towards emphasizing the spiritual relationships of the two Americas, which is fundamental in the development of Pan-Americanism."

"An attractive and suggestive study," comments *The Living Church*, "on the ethics of exegesis and interpretation."

"This present movement (the Panama Congress), well meaning though it is," the same organ states, "is only one more of the per-

fectly absurd mistakes made by Anglo-Saxons in relation to Latin Americans."

* * * *

CORDIAL relations with our Southern neighbors are of vital interest to our country. Every true citizen of the United States should be interested in maintaining them, if for no other reason than the welfare of our own land. But bigotry's spear knows no brother. Many of the representatives to this Congress are only too eager to carry down there the firebrands of bitterness, dislike and contempt. They care nothing what the results to our country may be, in a time of crisis, for example, when we might stand in sore need of the help of those Southern nations. Again, we quote from a non-Catholic authority: "Now Americans have failed in showing their friendship for the people of Latin America. The United States is not popular in the continent that it has sought to protect by the Monroe Doctrine. Our citizens and institutions are frankly unpopular. And every student of this deplorable situation tells us frankly that it is our own fault. The culture of South America is in some respects superior to our own; American bad manners disgust its people. They are keenly sensitive people, and their sensitiveness is continually wounded by the tactlessness, the lack of diplomacy, the atrocious manners, the stupid unwillingness to enter into their point of view, which American diplomatic and commercial and religious representatives in South America have so often shown."

* * * *

THE efforts of the Church party represented by *The Living Church,* aim to uphold the definite character of divine revelation. They presuppose that the Church has an equally definite message; the sure and certain protection and guidance as a Church of the Holy Spirit, and therefore that the Church is exclusive not only in the sense that truth is exclusive of error, which everyone will admit, but in the sense that the Church has particular truths which positively exclude every error opposed to them. To barter with or to deny even implicitly any one of them, is to betray a most sacred and God-given trust. Those of the Protestant Episcopal Church who take this stand believe, for example, in the priesthood; in sacrifice; in Holy Communion and in the Real Presence; in the sacrament of marriage; and some go so far as to profess belief in the sacrament of penance and auricular confession. They approach Catholic doctrine, and their sincere efforts are worthy of praise and encouragement. They introduce Catholic teaching to many non-Catholics. They themselves are often led by further sincere inquiry and the grace of God to a knowledge and acceptance of the one true Mother of all the faithful—the Catholic Church.

IN like manner we may see a hopeful and constructive note in the movement that has been referred to as Pan-Protestantism. That movement seeks to unite all Protestant sects into one combine or federation. Unity, combination, team-work is the slogan. Protestant Christianity, with its innumerable divisions, presents an uninviting picture to a country which it seeks to convert. The noise of the divisions drowns the message. The source of such scandal, therefore, must go. Differences must be set aside. Conferences to consider ways and means are held. In the name of the common brotherhood of man every religious body must be willing to yield something: no one must selfishly stand out for that against which all the others protest. "Let us not fly at one another's throats: rather let us get down to a working basis before we begin to work."

And thus they also approach by devious ways the Catholic doctrine of unity. They begin to preach that it is essential and they create it. It is not an organic unity and cannot be: it is born of opportunism, and is as frail as opportunism itself. But they do believe that unity—one Church of some kind or other is a necessity. That term is not used. They call it a Federation or a Federated Union of Christian Churches, but it foreshadows the Catholic note of unity, just as the restless searchings of the human heart disclose man's need of spiritual truth. The soul was made for God, and it cannot long sincerely seek Him without hearing some echo, or seeing some reflection of Catholic teaching.

* * * *

THE recognition of the need of unity throws the Protestant bodies back upon themselves, and forces them to ask what have we really got that is purely our own and that as such is of substance? Our name gives us no information. It simply tells us we were conceived by difference and born of protest. We have, therefore, nothing to stand for except difference and protest. Both are much depreciated at this late day as religious capital. Combination; joint-action make a better appeal.

But the price of unity is very high. The representative members to a Conference on Christian unity of a particular Church will, for example, see that they must yield on this teaching and on that: doctrines once held divinely revealed will have to be sacrificed to human expediency—the true divinity of Jesus Christ; His sacrifice for our salvation; the inspiration of the Sacred Scriptures. Can a member of any Church that has taught these as eternal truths see them go without asking himself is there any foundation to Christianity, and if so how far down must one go in order to find it? Unity will do away with differences until there is nothing to differ about. At the same time the cultivation of it must help many towards

a better knowledge of the truth, towards that real unity of the Catholic Church, the same yesterday and to-day; the same in Rome as it is in the Argentine and in Uganda.

THE work of The United States Catholic Historical Society does not receive the attention and support which it merits. Every year, for the past eight years, the Society has published a volume of Records and Studies presenting the result of important research work in the Catholic history of the United States. The success and value of the labors are due for the most part to the zealous, untiring devotion of the President, Dr. Charles George Herberman. The latest volume, which has just appeared, includes the second instalment of Dr. Herberman's account of *The Sulpicians in the United States;* a biographical sketch by Rev. Thomas Campbell, S.J., of Dr. John McLoughlin, the Founder of Oregon; *The Evils of Trusteeism,* by Rev. Gerald C. Treacy, S.J., translated letters from the *Neue Welt-Bott,* the "Relations" of German missionaries; the eventful life and work of Father Clorivière, and other histories and records, all of which not only increase our knowledge, but stimulate and urge us to follow in the footsteps of the heroes who have gone before.

THE Catholic Faith gives to the soul that loves it in all simplicity a vision and an inspiration beyond human knowledge and human power. To such a soul it becomes the Power of Heaven, the Song of Songs. It transcends not the things of earth; it lifts them up and immortalizes them with a halo of eternal glory. The rationalist descends the steps of mystery, of suffering, of injustice, of death to defeat and despair. The believer mounts on the very same steps to a fuller life and an everlasting victory; he conquers in joyful triumph.

A Catholic peasant soldier of the present war, who has since been killed in action, wrote home to his wife and children, in answer to a letter from them which told of their tears because of his absence and his danger: "You tell me that you offer your tears to God. Oh, I am sure they are well pleasing to Him; but I think He would be more pleased to see you bear the cross of separation for love of Him than to see you dragging it in tears. You know that we must bear the cross if we are to come to paradise."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
A Primer of Peace and War. By Charles Plater, S.J. 85 cents. *The Red Circle.* By G. A. Reynolds. 75 cents. *Collected Poems.* By Condé B. Pallen. $1.25.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
The Latin Church in the Middle Ages. By André Lagrade. $2.50 net. *The Great Christian Doctrines.* Edited by J. Hastings, D.D. $3.00 net. *The Story of Our Bible.* By H. B. Hunting. $1.50 net. *A Bit o' Love.* By John Galsworthy. 60 cents.

HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:
Political Thought in England: From Herbert Spencer to the Present Day. By E. Barker. 50 cents net. *American Thought: From Puritanism to Pragmatism.* By W. Riley, Ph.D. $1.50 net.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
In the Vanguard. By K. Trask. 50 cents net. *The Mighty and the Lowly.* By K. Trask. $1.00. *The Japanese Problem in the United States.* By H. A. Mills. $1.50. *Nathan Hale.* By J. C. Root. 50 cents.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
Honest Business. By A. K. Fiske, A.M. *America and the New World-State.* By N. Angell. *Out of Work.* By F. A. Keller. *The Path to Rome.* By H. Belloc. $1.50 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
Some New Sources for the Life of Blessed Agnes of Bohemia. By W. W. Seton, M.A. $2.00 net. *Life of George Washington.* By Very Rev. James O'Boyle, B.A. $1.00 net.

B. W. HUEBSCH, New York:
What Nietzsche Taught. By Willard H. Wright. $2.00 net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
The Heart of a Man. By Richard Aumerle Maher. $1.35 net.

FR. PUSTET & Co., New York:
Matrimonial Primer. By Rev. A. Klarmann, A.M. 10 cents.

STURGIS & WALTON, New York:
Debating for Boys. By William H. Foster. $1.00 net.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York:
The Story of Julia Page. By Kathleen Norris. $1.35 net.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
The Papacy, a Pastoral Letter. Pamphlet. 5 cents.

DUFFIELD & Co., New York:
Accidentals. By Helen Mackay. $1.25 net.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
The Irish Nuns at Ypres. By D. M. C., O.S.B. Edited by R. B. O'Brien, LL.D. $1.25 net. *The War Lords.* By A. G. Gardner. 40 cents net.

THE HOME PRESS, New York:
The Mass. From the Roman Missal. By Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J.

JOHN LANE Co., New York:
What Pictures to See in America. By Lorinda M. Bryant. $2.00 net.

THE CENTURY Co., New York:
The World Storm and Beyond. By E. D. Schoonmaker. $2.00 net.

LAURENCE J. GOMME, New York:
The Vale of Shadows, and Other Verses of the Great War. By C. Scollard.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York:
Early English Heroes. By Jeannette Marks. 50 cents net.

CONVENT OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD, Peekskill, New York:
The Wondrous Childhood of the Most Holy Mother of God. By Blessed John Eudes. Translated from the French. $1.50.

MOUNT CARMEL GUILD, Buffalo:
Catholic Calendar, 1916.

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:
Belgium's Agony. By Emile Verhaeren. $1.25 net. *Letters on an Elk Hunt.* By E. P. Stewart. $1.00 net.

WORLD PEACE FOUNDATION, Boston:
Official Documents Concerning Neutral and Belligerent Rights Issued Since August 4, 1914. Pamphlet.

HARVARD UNIVERSITY PRESS, Cambridge:
Chaucer and His Poetry. By George L. Kittridge.

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPHERD Co., Boston:
When I Was a Boy in Belgium. By Robert Jonckheere. 75 cents net.

SMALL, MAYNARD & Co., Boston:
Street-Land: Its Little People and Big Problem. By P. Davis. $1.35 net.

BABSON'S STATISTICAL ORGANIZATION, Boston:
The Future of Us Boys. By A Friend.

RICHARD G. BADGER, Boston:
The Life of King John Sobieski. By Count John Sobieski. $1.50 net.

LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston:
Mary Moreland. By Marie Van Vorst. $1.35.

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven, Conn.:
The Falconer of God. By William Rose Benét. $1.00 net.

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THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A REFORM LAW.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

IT requires much ingenuity to live nowadays and escape all relation to social reform. There are few in the world who are neither reforming others nor being reformed, nor in need of reform, nor talking earnestly about it. The tendency is marked to classify humanity according to attitudes which men take toward social betterment. This occurs because problems of social welfare are supreme in the modern mind, and they engage the greatest genius and the most serious attention of society. We hear, for instance, of a first great social class whose members know practically nothing accurate about the social problems which harass our collective conscience. Its members are regarded as selfish individualists who lack social vision and sympathy and, as well, the impulse to that larger impersonal service of society which is of the finest flower of human culture. The attitude of this class toward social reform is negative. That is to say, it occasions much of the inertia and some of the opposition which seriously hampers reform effort even where it is admittedly necessary.

We hear of a second class, made up of those who know the facts in our social problems accurately enough, but persist in taking a view of them which holds either that they are not problems at all or at least not social problems altogether, and in as far as social problems, incapable of being solved. This view persists in placing the blame for our social problems upon general human conditions, which we cannot control, on the one hand, and upon the deliberate

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conduct of men and women on the other, rather than upon the social institutions by which life is regulated and social order is maintained. The first class is negative and uninformed. It offers obstacles to progress, which are the more serious because among its members much social prestige is coupled with far-reaching ignorance of social processes and social life. The second class is uninformed and powerful. It is guided by particular interpretations of social conditions which lead them to see little justice in reform activities, and much safety for progress in letting things alone.

We hear of a third class, composed of those who are well informed, who place a distinctive interpretation on the facts and processes of modern life, which arouses their sympathy, stirs them to action, and drives them into reform effort. The members of this last class are marked by an acute social sympathy, and a driving impulse to serve the common good, and a peculiar susceptibility to idealism which rouses energy into vehement action. Here we find our typical reformer. The first of the three classes mentioned is, in fact, if not in intention, conservative. The second class is conservative in both fact and in intention. The third class furnishes to us our radicals.

The terms "conservative" and "radical" are relative. Speaking in a broad way, the conservative is the apologist of what is, of institutions and relations as they stand. By temperament, conviction and interest he dislikes change. He accepts it reluctantly and delays it as long as possible. The radical is the advocate of change through temperament and ideals. Frequently by force of self-interest, he seeks to change relations and institutions because either he himself or those to whose welfare he is devoted, suffer grievously in conditions as they are. One may reduce the differences between the two to a simple psychological attitude toward change. Taken in their sociological sense, the two terms are colorless. They indicate broad tendencies which are universal, inevitable and necessary in human society. When religion is fundamental in social organization, conservative and radical tendencies will relate primarily to the religious interests of society. This was the case, for instance, throughout the thirteenth century when, under the dominant Church, economic reform movements actually took on color from heresy. Church authority was all-pervading. Any demand for change involved in some way an attitude of rebellion against doctrinal and social authority. In later centuries we used the terms "whig" and "tory" to represent the conservative and radi-

cal tendencies as they related to political questions. In our day problems of industrial justice are uppermost. The conservatives and the radicals of whom we talk and think are they who favor or resist change in industrial relations and institutions. In practice, however, the terms conservative and radical take on much color and feeling. The radical sees little good in the conservative, and *vice versa*. Conservatism is good form and radicalism is bad form. There are, of course, conservative radicals and radical conservatives, because there are many degrees of intensity in the attitudes which we may take toward social change.

The two tendencies differ in social philosophy, because their ultimate understanding of human relations is not the same. They differ in social policy, because their interpretations of social conditions and processes are fundamentally unlike. They differ in social ethics, because two mutually exclusive codes of ethics inspire their standards and control their judgment. They differ in practical politics, because all of their emotional attitudes are at variance concerning the limitations of human nature and of social institutions, the rôle of idealism and the element of personal blame in the social fortunes of the individual. In no other field of social action do the differences between the two tendencies stand forth so clearly as in the struggle for and against reform legislation. Here concrete issues draw out every feature of latent difference between them. Conservatism is on the defensive, aiming to resist changes in industrial and social relations, laws and institutions. When it cannot hinder them, it delays them, and when delay is impossible it fights to minimize their importance. On the other hand, radicalism is aggressive, positive and eager for change. It is dogged, idealistic and self-sacrificing. A study of the contrasted attitudes of the two is not without interest.

I.

Society is emerging out of an era of individualism which expected men and women to take care of themselves with little assistance by law. Freedom of enterprise and of property, freedom from all kinds of legal restraint, had been accepted as most conducive to social welfare and individual happiness. But our problems of social justice and of the social, industrial and cultural weakness of vast numbers forced us to surrender that belief, and to enter upon an era of extensive intervention by law in the interests of

society at large and of the weaker classes in particular. We measure progress now not by the amount of liberty that we enjoy, but by the number of reform laws which we enact, all of which in one way or another reduce the liberties that the stronger classes enjoyed, and provide against the weakness to which the helpless classes have been subjected.

Now, the individualistic philosophy that trusted liberty is excellent for the shrewd, resourceful, talented and fortunate. These thrive under it. It is discouraging for the awkward, timid, dull and weak. The competitive struggle into which we resolved life gave all of the advantages to the former, and heaped all disadvantages upon the latter. The struggle was unequal. It could not but lead to colossal social injustice. Two kinds of problems developed. There was, on the one hand, too much strength and, on the other, too much weakness. Strength of mind and culture, of property, industrial authority and leadership, of political influence and recognition and of social prestige was gradually concentrated until all forms of social strength, except that of numbers, were assembled among a relatively small social class. On the other hand, the weakness of ignorance, inferior talent, low vitality, adverse environment; the weakness of poverty and need, the weakness of industrial dependence and political neglect, were compounded upon the shoulders of vast numbers. Among these grave problems of social injustice, serious obstacles to the spread of culture and shameful defeat of the elementary claim of human life, appeared. Society is attempting now so to curb social strength and so to reënforce social weakness as to find the pathway to happiness and peace between those two extremes. Here lies the spirit no less than the direction of effort of the entire modern reform movement. The endeavor to curb the trusts, the railroads, the corporations and individual employers and the owners of great property; the thousand types of legislation in the interests of the weaker classes, are merely efforts on the part of an awakened public to restore the equilibrium of power in life which justice imperatively demands.

Conservatism is in substantial possession. It is strong because of the inertia and indifference from which society must be aroused. It has tremendous advantage in the fact of establishment. Conservatism is the gainer from present conditions, traditions, institutions, laws and relations. It has but to defend them as they are. It has the advantage of enlisting in its service highest types of ability and endless treasure. Radicalism in all of its stages, and in every

variety of its spirit, fights to change now one condition, now another in seeking to reëstablish the lost equilibrium. The two tendencies are at odds in temperament, in attitudes, in mental processes and in interpretations. The differences between them may be set forth readily by tracing the natural history of a reform law.

II.

Laws are remedial. They do not anticipate abuses. Rather they remedy them. Political instinct tells us that institutions operate usually by force of elements outside of themselves. In other words, the social order is maintained by many social forces, among which political and legal institutions are numbered. A property system, for instance, serves social justice not by and of itself, but by virtue of the honesty and integrity of men who respect property rights, by virtue of culture, public opinion and character, all of which, taken in conjunction with property institutions, serve the interests of justice. A ballot system insures purity of the ballot, not by and of itself, but through the conscience, the public spirit and the intelligent citizenship of voters. A state as such prospers not by force of its institutions alone, but through the help of agencies which it takes for granted, but which it cannot control. Religion, moral training, public opinion, custom, social sympathy, high standards of honor, and a keen sense of duty are not written into constitutions nor enacted into legal statutes. Yet it is by virtue of these and related social forces that a state serves justice and ministers unto progress. Consistently then, we must hold that the failure of institutions, such as private property, the ballot and even the state itself, will be due not alone to defects in these institutions, but to the failure of the other social forces which are necessary to the success of political institutions. Differences concerning this elementary truth of political science separate the conservative and the radical at the outset.

The conservative places supreme emphasis upon these related social forces, blaming them and not our political and legal institutions for social problems. He minimizes the rôle of the institution, and emphasizes the rôle of these non-institutional forces in the maintenance of the social order. Hence in the face of abuses which he cannot deny, he merely discriminates in locating blame. On the other hand, the radical mind underrates the power of these non-institutional forces, or, surrendering hope in them, lays in-

continent emphasis upon political and legal institutions. When it becomes powerful enough to create issues, it locates the battle line against conservatism at the doorstep of our leaders and institutions. Conservatism is compelled to accept battle here. Let us set aside, then, this fundamental difference in political instinct between the two, and study the fortunes of war as they appear in the struggle for and against reform legislation.

In the nature of the case, no serious demand for reform legislation will be heard until an abuse is fairly widespread and recognized as in conflict with approved social ideals. There will be no campaign for the protection of children in industry until large numbers of them are found to be suffering through the exactions of employers, and it becomes known that their condition is in tragic conflict with the ideals for child life to which our civilization holds. There will be no endeavor to define the rights of women in industry, and to protect them against its peculiar menaces, until the normal human rights of many women and many homes are violated in industry, and this violation is made known to the public in a way that seizes imagination. There will be no impressive movement to improve the conditions of the laboring men until the public is forced to understand that the conditions in which they work, violate in one or in many ways, the standards of humanity, culture and justice to which our civilization is pledged. At times the complaints of these suffering classes will come from their own ranks. Often, however, it will come not from the victims, but from others who have leisure and power, and who are drawn by social sympathy to bestir themselves and awaken the public to evident abuses. The early steps in movements of this kind will relate primarily to a propaganda of facts. Efforts will be made to force upon the public exact knowledge of conditions. Newspapers, magazines, lectures and other kinds of scholarly activity will be utilized in this early attempt to educate the public. Organizations spring up, means are gathered, leaders appear, definite methods of campaign are adopted, and the slow work of gaining the imagination of the public is undertaken. After a sufficiently long and arduous campaign, results appear. Great quantities of literature are distributed. Teachers in colleges and universities commence to take notice of the situation, churchmen gradually turn their minds toward the problems in question, in so far at least, as they have a moral bearing. Organizations of various kinds express sympathy and offer support. Political parties gradually absorb

the awakened sentiment. Declarations appear in their platforms, and candidates for office pledge themselves to the enactment of remedial legislation. In this interesting and highly complex manner the spirit of reform is enabled to knock at the door of our legislatures and demand admission.

Meantime, conservatism does not remain idle. In the person of the particular type of employer, or any other type of leader whose interests are most directly affected, it inaugurates a counter propaganda of information whose purpose it is to hinder the radical from winning the sympathy of the public. Conservatism utilizes the newspaper and the magazine, the lecture bureau, and the plan of campaign with no less ingenuity and earnestness than does the radical. After sifting the confusing discussions at this stage of the process of conflict between conservatism and radicalism, we find that usually the differences between the two run as follows. Assertion and denial of facts appear first. Where facts are admitted the conservative will charge exaggeration as to the extent of them. He will differ with the radical concerning the interpretation of them, the standards by which they are to be judged, the nature of the remedy which is desired, and the moral and social philosophy out of which the standards of justice and equity are derived. Battles occur at everyone of these points, and every trick of warfare will be found in the methods of the two contending forces. The first victory of conservatism comes in the long delay that it can force upon the radical propaganda. The work of winning an indifferent public is tedious and costly. All that the conservative must do is hold what he has, while the radical has a world to overcome and conquer. In the long run, conservative opposition so reduces the reforms that are affected, and radical energy so stimulates the appetite for reform, that its real accomplishments in legislation never bring the contentment that is expected, and never impart any sense of finality to what is accomplished. However, conservatism is always losing and radicalism is always winning. While this, that or another measure proposed by radicalism may be effectively disposed of at an early date, there is no time when radicalism is not a vital issue before our modern legislatures, and when one measure or another is not approaching its final victory. As life is organized with us, some political party will take up sympathetically the reform measure when it reaches the halls of a legislature. Here we may follow it to new vicissitudes and grave doubts.

Naturally the constitution of a legislature will give direction to the fate of reform laws which are proposed. If radicalism is in control, their progress is simple and direct. If, however, as is usually the case, conservatism of one kind or another is in control, the struggle is renewed. When a bill is introduced into a legislature, it is referred usually to its proper committee. This committee studies its provisions, arranges for hearings at which all parties in interest may appear. Witnesses *pro* and *con* may be summoned, or they may appear on their own initiative. After a reasonable time, hearings are concluded. The committee takes up the detailed study of the proposed bill, and finally makes its report to the lawmaking body as a whole. The committees may be so constituted by intention as to preserve a conservative majority, which will report adversely upon proposed reforms. One favorite method is to kill the bill by never making any report on it. If, however, its advocates are insistent and powerful, a committee may make an adverse report, which practically removes it from consideration altogether. Or it may make a favorable report, but the bill may be so modified in committee as to disappoint, if not altogether to defeat, the hopes of those who champion it. Assuming, however, that the bill survives the committee and is reported favorably, there remain the vicissitudes of debate in both houses of the legislature, and the thousand farsighted tricks of procedure by which a clever antagonist can block progress most effectively.

However, if the best of good faith were to mark all of these committee proceedings, and a reform bill were reported favorably with serious intention, difficulty might still remain because of the hopelessness of arriving at a final judgment of the facts. Modern industrial relations are so complicated that the slightest change in the industrial process may have most far-reaching consequences. The making of one change may entail a dozen others. Even when we give credit to our legislators for the best faith in the world, they will be seriously disturbed in conscience no less than in judgment because of the difficulty of reaching a final decision in the face of the complications of industrial life. One of the peculiar elements that will enter at this point, is the fact that very frequently the victims whom it is desired to serve by passing the law will be brought in as witnesses against it. When, for instance, after many years of fighting, the legislature of Illinois proposed to pass a law limiting the work of women, it was nothing short of disconcerting to find that the conservatives brought up as wit-

nesses many working women who declared that the enactment of the law would result in serious harm to them, and they protested against it.

At this point, the interests of our political party system appear. We have government through parties. Our political thinking and policies are formulated by two or at most three parties. They and their policies limit imagination for most of us, and predetermine our loyalties in spite of us. Now, every political party aims to protect its own continuity and power. A dominant party will favor and promote only such reform legislation as promise power and victory to the party. Heretofore, when we spoke of a party we meant a machine, and when we spoke of a machine we had in mind a boss. Political bosses have been able in the past so to impose their wills upon legislatures and parties, so to control the formation of legislative committees and direct the current of debate, that only what they willed became law. Hence the power of the bosses conditioned the prospects of reform legislation. Since the boss was usually highly conservative and reform legislation was highly radical, the antipathy between the two was manifest. If we notice with grateful hearts in these days definite prospects of the elimination of the boss and his machine from our party system, we have to thank neither for it. The recklessness with which the power of the two was abused when seen in the light of the rising social idealism which has marked our recent years, could not fail to bring on what has happened; a determined and settled intention to overthrow that kind of tyranny, and give us a democracy in fact that would include greater and more delicate control of party and of the whole lawmaking process. The demand for initiative, referendum and recall that has survived every form of attack, is a definite tribute to the service that radicalism has performed in our national development. After all, progressivism is simply radicalism well dressed. It is now a spirit rather than a platform, and it is found scattered throughout all parties, being no longer the possession of anyone. The spirit of radicalism has freed the American mind, to an extent, from the tyranny of party, and awakened it to a realization of its powers and duties to the nation rather than to the party.

Democracy has instinctive fear of power, because power is selfish and expansive. Hood once said in a letter to a friend that his ideal of government was "an angel and a despotism." Democracy is unwilling to believe that there are any angels in

public life, although the democracy that we call Socialism may believe that angels are easily produced. Believing in no angels in public life, democracy is unwilling to bear with despotism. It fears concentrated and irresponsible power. This fear led democracy to the wonderful device of divided powers. The division of government into executive, legislative and judicial departments is one of the great achievements of all political history. Power when divided is quite as jealous and expansive as power undivided. When power is divided, however, its very faults become the safeguard of our liberties. Each of the three departments watches the other two with jealousy, and resents every invasion of jurisdiction. Now, when the three departments of government watch one another carefully and resent abuses of power, the welfare of the public is fairly safeguarded.

They who represent the three departments of government are selected by different processes, and very often in our political vicissitudes they represent widely different attitudes toward conservatism and radicalism. This fact has important bearing on the process of reform legislation. A conservative senate can defeat the action of a radical house and a radical executive. A radical executive can nullify much of the work of a conservative legislature. Conservative courts can undo much that is accomplished by progressive or radical legislatures and executives. This complication works usually to the advantage of conservatism, and to the disadvantage of radicalism, in the history of reform legislation. Just as the capacity of a railroad to handle traffic is measured by the slowest mile in the system, likewise the capacity of a government to enact reform legislation is limited by the most conservative of the three branches of government whose action is essential in the enactment of laws. Now, the courts are the most conservative of the three branches of our government. We live in a transitional period, when new problems and new intricacies of social relationship present unforeseen difficulties to our lawmaking bodies. They make necessary new applications of old principles of law. They make inevitable divergent interpretations of existing law. They raise up contending social interests, whose conflicts intensify attitudes for and against laws at every step. Hence it is that every new reform law runs the risk of being challenged as to constitutionality. This throws the ultimate determination of the fate of such laws into the hands of the courts. Thus it has happened that we have been able to write into our statutes, as of permanent

value only that quantity of reform legislation which approved itself to our courts. Radicalism has been forced, therefore, to fight against all but hopeless odds. It has repeatedly spent years in working in the interests of reform legislation. It has engaged the serious sympathy of vast numbers of men and women, and has invited unselfish effort and sacrifice which did not fall short of the heroic, and after its first triumph in securing the enactment of law, it has seen the courts destroy its work of years by the stroke of a pen.

It would be unfair to insinuate that the conservatism of the courts has been an unmixed evil. It might be better to say that it has been a mixed good. Radicalism, on the whole, is lacking in political sagacity and in those subtle forms of self-control which respect the slow and tedious processes of natural laws, and discipline the vehemence of enthusiastic feeling. There has been and there is recklessness with some dishonesty and noble idealism among radicals. They have resorted to the tricks of political campaigning perhaps as often as their conservative enemies. Many of the laws that radicalism would have enacted pay no attention to the processes of social growth, to the inherent limitations of social life, to the intricacies of industrial organization and the delicate equilibrium of a thousand industrial forces, or to the extreme difficulty of controlling the factors upon which institutions and laws depend. To the extent, therefore, to which the courts have thrown out ill-considered reform legislation, they have performed a service to progress which it would be difficult to overrate. But after straining off in this manner the froth on the surface of reform, we find that conservatism has often led the courts to declare unconstitutional laws that satisfied every objective standard of justive and every reasonable demand of political prudence. Sometimes this has occurred because of the mental bias of the courts, of the bias of class prejudice or interest. Sometimes it has occurred because the courts have been compelled, by virtue of their oath, to interpret traditional constitutions in one way when their hearts and their instincts of justice pointed elsewhere. However, a vast quantity of reform legislation has survived all of these vicissitudes as some soldiers survive the dangers of all battles. Let us assume that a reform law has been enacted, and that either its constitutionality is not challenged or, if challenged, it is sustained by the courts. There arises now the problem of interpretation.

Industrial and social facts are highly complex. It is impossible

to foresee in detail the course of them, and hence it is impossible to foresee with reasonable accuracy the consequences of the application of a new law which disturbs the industrial or social balance. The enactment of any important law is nothing less than a leap in the dark. Honest terror of the unknown and unforeseen does much to encourage conservatism in its reserve and caution. Frequently, difficulty of interpretation is due to looseness of language, for many of our lawmakers are not noted as masters of English.[1] But even where the meaning of a law is evident and its application is reasonably easy, its efficiency in accomplishing the reform intended suffers further discounting. Many of those affected by the law will deny that it has any power over conscience. They will violate it without compunction. Violation may be either of the spirit or of the letter of the law. Many of those who are affected by it are governed by the mental habit of defeating the law, preferably by legal methods. Strong corporations and so-called captains of industry and kings of finance will not scruple to pay high salaries to the very highest types of legal talent, whose business it is to find a way of evading the law without incurring risk. The methods resorted to are so ingenious and often so successful that much delay is occasioned for the reform at which a law is aimed. Again, there are certain forms of violation of

[1] The difficulty referred to is described as follows in a brief of the Solicitor-General of the United States submitted to the Supreme Court at its October term in 1912:

"Nothing is better known than that many, very many, statutes are drawn and passed with the most obvious evidences of haste, casual consideration, lack of knowledge of constitutional principles, ignorance of many of the facts to which the statute will apply, or of the consequences which will flow from its operation in quarters its makers never knew existed.

"If, therefore, the language used in a statute were always given its plain, simple, obvious meaning, and so applied to all the facts to which it was applicable, one or more of three results would frequently follow, to wit: Either it would be unconstitutional or it would amount to nothing and accomplish nothing, or it would achieve results so absurd or burdensome as to demonstrate that no such intention could have prompted its passage. And so long as our laws are passed in the hasty and unconsidered way that they are, just so long will one of the most difficult tasks of our courts be to construe them, and thereby to give some effect to them without transgressing constitutional restrictions, and yet accomplish as near as may be that which its authors intended.

"It is no easy task. It is never easy to know what another intended save by the language used; and yet if that language implies the exercise of a power not possessed, or leads to results so absurd or unreasonable as to create the belief that no such effect was intended, it becomes the duty of the court not to adhere to the letter and destroy the spirit, nor, on the other hand, to reject it all as meaningless or violative of constitutional restrictions, but to strive as best it may to give such a meaning as can fairly and reasonably be done without substituting its own will for that of the authors, and yet give effect to the instrument."

the law, of its spirit at least, which can be seen but not proven. For instance, the law may require that a company pay wages every two weeks, if the men wish it. This law deprives the employer of the use of his capital, and causes much extra administration expense. He will pay every two weeks, all of those who ask it. If, then, when times are slack he lays off those who demand their wages every two weeks, and favors those who ask them but once a month, he violates the spirit but not the letter of law. Furthermore, where the law is violated frankly, legal procedure is so cumbersome, delays are so provoking, and extravagant attention to highly technical points is so disconcerting, that the outcome of prosecution of offenders against reform legislation is made extremely doubtful. The federal government has had rich experience in this field in its attempt to convict under its own reform legislation.

Lax enforcement of the law by officials, failure of legislatures to give sufficient appropriations for the equipment of inspection departments, above all, the indifference of the victims whom the law aims to serve, and their very connivance to defeat the purposes of the law, are factors which discount still further the social efficiency of an average piece of reform legislation. These last-named factors are powerful, because public opinion is intermittent and fitful. It forgets the moral enthusiasm of yesterday in the distractions and diversions of to-day. It lulls its conscience into slumber just as soon as radicalism diminishes its enthusiasm, and demanding new objects of attention constantly, it lacks the sense of continuing care for the common welfare without which so much effort is vain. Thus it happens that the maximum amount of reform legislation which will be enacted, will rarely be more than the absolute minimum that an awakened social conscience demands. And the minimum of reform legislation actually enacted and interpreted according to intention is so much discounted in the manner hinted at, that its net social efficiency is but a fraction of what had been hoped for by its idealistic champions.

III.

While the net accomplishments of reform legislation are much less than appearances would indicate, nevertheless agitation for social reform of all kinds is one of the most powerful agencies of general education now at work. The impossible ends, and the

impossible means which are so often urged by reform, and are so intensely believed in, accustom us to the charm and the danger of the impossible, and train us in the safest methods of dealing with it. This is undoubtedly a distinct service. The insistence on idealism so characteristic of vigorous reform movements, assures precisely the medicine that conservatism needs to save it against its particular tendency toward selfishness and narrow vision. The splendid insistence on ethical standards found throughout these movements, counterbalances, as nothing else could, the domination of morality by material interests to which conservatism is prone. The superb insistence on the common welfare as a legitimate interest of each person which is characteristic of reform, is the only possible corrective of the individualism that exalts personal interest into supremacy, and teaches no loyalty to the common weal. We owe much to radicalism and reform. If the modern social conscience has been sharpened, we may not deny to radicalism its share in that achievement.

Ordinarily when conservatism and radicalism deal with each other, each is inclined to underrate the virtues of the other, the natural sources of its action, and to overrate its mistakes and limitations. Each of the two tendencies endures only by reason of the honesty that is in it. Both of them have their place in the mechanism of nature, and we know of no substitute for either. This habit which leads each to see iniquity and danger in the other, gives to both false attitudes toward life, and out of these false attitudes results much of the stupidity and blindness for which both may be fairly charged. It is worth while to note the following words uttered at the recent New York Constitutional Convention by one of the most conservative leaders in public life: "There never was a reform in administration in this world which did not have to make its way against the strong feeling of good honest men concerned in existing methods of administration, and who saw nothing wrong. Never. It is no impeachment to a man's honesty or his integrity that he thinks the methods that he is familiar with and in which he is engaged are all right. But you cannot make any improvement in this world without overriding the satisfaction that men have in things as they are, and of which they are a contented and successful part."

Both conservatism and radicalism are subjected to certain natural processes which hamper them. Conservatism is the victim of divided counsel, as radicalism is. There is no time when

all of the wisdom of conservatism is agreed on any measure of social policy, just as there is no time when all of the danger of radicalism is concentrated at any one point. Leaders clash with leaders. Factions dispute with factions. Judgment contends with judgment at every step. Yet out of the turmoil and worry of the conflict of these two fundamental tendencies in life, humanity is enabled to take certain though slow steps toward the ideals of social justice which it holds in reverent attachment. The world is moving. It is moving in the direction in which radicalism points. Radicalism triumphant becomes conservatism, and the new conservatism resists the new radicalism as it appears. Fear of conservatism led the founders of the Republic to give us divided powers of government, and to make the constitution capable of amendment. Fear of radicalism led them to make amendment difficult. The late Senator Dolliver remarked on one occasion: "The chief utility of the constitution of the United States is to prevent what most of the people want done." This feeling has been so widely shared throughout the United States, that radicalism has succeeded in awakening in the minds of the American public the solemn and serious purpose of securing greater control of the lawmaking process, and of making even our constitutions more responsive to popular feeling. So long as the law of action and reaction holds true in social life, we are safe in blaming conservatism for permitting conditions to arise which lend telling plausibility to the far-reaching charges that radicalism makes against it. Americans are now witnessing in the short ballot movement, steps back toward deliberate concentration of power, which they have heretofore feared. Conservatism seems to favor it more than radicalism. Both will watch it as the harbinger of a new order, whose spirit cannot be foretold.

TO THE THIRD GENERATION.

BY LEIGH GORDON GILTNER.

I.

EAN will be ready in ten minutes, Frank—five with my help. If you'll excuse me?"

"Sure, Avis. Run along." He glanced up at the tall clock on the stairs. "Jove! I'd no idea it was so late. Tell Jean to speed up—'fraid we'll miss the first act."

"Don't worry! I'll have Jean ready in a jiffy. Just make yourself comfortable; we shan't be long."

Not unwillingly Danforth sank into the big, roomy, leather chair before the glowing gas logs in the reception hall. He was tired—more tired than he had realized. He had been out in his car all day, displaying desirable real estate to captious purchasers; had gotten in late, snatched a hasty dinner, and chanced arrest for speeding in an effort to be on time for a theatre engagement with his fiancée. He must have drifted into a doze as he waited, for his next conscious impression was of hearing his own voice say vaguely: "Eh? What? Oh, I beg pardon!" to Avis Clayton whom he found beside him.

"Quick work, Frank!" she smiled as he rose a bit dazedly. "Just seven minutes since I went upstairs. And, behold!"

Jean, a vision of mist and moonlight in her filmy gown, was coming down the stairs. On the instant he was wide awake, his senses exquisitely alive to the girl's delicate blonde beauty. For a moment he stood gazing at the pretty picture she made; then glanced deprecatingly down at his own street costume.

"Jupiter!" he said, "I'd no idea you'd doll up like this, Jean. 'Fraid I shan't 'be in the picture.' Didn't get in till seven-forty—no time to change. It's a twenty-minutes drive across town—with the best of luck."

"Don't give it a thought, Frank. It doesn't matter."

"Which means, being interpreted," Avis interpolated, "that in Jean's sight you're 'beautiful in any guise.' But you musn't linger—you'll be late as it is. Hope you'll like the play and have a wonderful evening. Good-night!"

The curtain was going down on the second act when Danforth, putting up a casual hand to his tie, made a disquieting discovery.

"Why," he gasped, "my stickpin's gone—must have lost it."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Frank! Not—?" He nodded.

"That one, of course. Sure fire! Always the thing one prizes most. It's of no great value—only a half carat—but it was Dad's last gift, you know."

"I know," the girl said sympathetically, "but you're sure to find it."

Immediate search, however, failed to reveal it.

"Don't bother," Danforth said, "I'll speak to the head usher, and if it's in the house I'll have it to-morrow. It's probably in the car, or possibly I may have lost it at the Claytons."

Jean's brow contracted faintly.

"I half hope not, Frank," she said hesitantly, "I don't like to speak of it, because I'm not sure, but I'm afraid Mrs. Clayton's maid is not quite—er—reliable. I've lost a lot of things since I've been in the house—little things mostly, just gloves and handkerchiefs and trinkets. But yesterday some money—ten dollars—was taken from my purse while I was seeing callers."

"Have you mentioned this to Mrs. Clayton or Avis?"

"No. Ellen has been so obliging I hate to accuse her; and it seems ungracious for a guest to complain—almost a reflection on their hospitality. I'm going home in a few days anyhow, and I'll just be more careful."

Danforth looked thoughtful for a moment.

"If your pin—" Jean was beginning.

"Forget it," he said; then, "it musn't spoil our evening," and both, accordingly, strove to dismiss the matter from their thoughts. But—

"About your scarfpin—" Jean again suggested as Danforth later made his adieu in the friendly shadows of the Clayton piazza.

"It's sure to turn up to-morrow," he insisted.

"I'll speak to Mrs. Clayton, and we'll look for it everywhere. You were only in the hall, weren't you? I do hope we'll find it."

Jean made it a rule always to conform to the habits of the household in which she chanced to be visiting, so, at rather a heroically early hour, she joined Avis and her parents in the breakfast room next morning.

Somehow Jean had never been able to bring herself to care

at all for her host. There was something specious about him she vaguely felt; he was too jovial; too florid; even something too cordial at times. And one could not visit in Wilmington without hearing hints as to the sharp practices which had laid the foundation for the fortune which a passion for speculation had gradually dissipated. Jean could not help seeing that the Claytons were in straitened circumstances, and Avis' palpable poverty and patent makeshifts stabbed the generous heart of her guest, who did for her all that the girl's pride would permit. Of Avis herself Jean was genuinely fond, and she frankly deified Avis' mother, a beautiful woman with the face of a Madonna.

"Well, bonnie Jean," Breck Clayton greeted as she entered the room, "how was the show last night? Have a great little time?"

"Really," Jean answered, "I hardly know what the play was about."

"Natural," smiled her host, "in the circumstances."

"Because," she went on unheeding, "at the end of the second act Mr. Danforth discovered the loss of his scarfpin—his father's last gift to him. The officials at the theatre promised to make thorough search of the house; but meantime, Mrs. Clayton, do you mind Ellen's taking a look for it in the hall?"

The girl's glance turned upon her hostess' face as she spoke. It struck her that Mrs. Clayton had paled suddenly; there was a strained expression in her eyes as she answered:

"We'll make a careful search at once. I'll speak to Ellen."

"Hope he finds it," Mr. Clayton was speaking. "It couldn't perhaps have been lifted in the crowd passing in? Lots of 'dips' always round, you know."

Jean shook her head.

"I hardly think so. We were so late that the foyer was quite deserted—not a soul in sight. And besides the pin had a safety attachment. I don't quite see how he could have lost it."

Though Mrs. Clayton and both girls joined the maid in an exhaustive search, the missing pin was not forthcoming. The insistent ringing of the telephone presently interrupted the quest.

"Any luck, Avis?" Danforth's voice inquired. "I've been through my car, and the manager at the Lyric telephones there's nothing doing."

"I'm sorry, Frank. We haven't found it."

"Well, don't worry. It can't be helped. I regret it of course,

but we musn't let it spoil the last days of Jean's stay. See you this evening, Avis. Good-bye."

Throughout the morning Mrs. Clayton kept up the fruitless search. At luncheon she was so pale and distrait that Jean was moved to remonstrance.

" Please don't trouble further, Mrs. Clayton. Frank probably lost the pin somewhere yesterday and failed to miss it. Anyhow you've done everything possible. Let's just forget about it. I'm sure Frank wouldn't want you to worry so."

Mrs. Clayton smiled faintly, and, for the moment, gave over the search. But that afternoon when she had seen the two girls off to a card party, Marcia Clayton went up to her daughter's room and closed and locked the door.

The next morning as the maid swept the piazza steps, she suddenly paused, stooped, picked up a glittering object lying in plain view just beside the asphalt pavement leading from the house to the street, and ran breathlessly indoors.

" Mrs. Clayton, ma'am," she panted, " is this mebbe the pin we've been lookin' for? "

Mrs. Clayton's hand was not quite steady as she took the trinket.

" Why, thank you, Ellen, yes," she said after a moment, " I'm sure this is Mr. Danforth's. I'm so glad! Thank you very much. and Ellen "—as the girl turned to leave the room—" Mr. Danforth is offering a reward for the return of the pin. But I'd rather you didn't take it. I'll make it up to you myself, if you'll refuse."

" Sure, ma'am, its no reward I'm wanting. I'd not be taking pay for a thing like that! It's glad I am, ma'am, to find the pin for the gentleman, but I'll not take his money."

As, that afternoon, Frank Danforth swung his shining sixty through one of the city's parks with Jean at his side, he said thoughtfully:

" Jean, dear, I'm glad that pin turned up—for more reasons than one. I didn't say anything about it at the time—perhaps I shouldn't speak of it now, but—funny thing!—I had an odd impression when I woke there in the hall the other night of someone bending over me as I slept. I think that's what woke me—you know how the sense of a human presence near one sometimes will. I didn't think much of it at the time, but later it occurred to me."

Jean laughed.

" Why, of course. It was only Avis. She went down a little

ahead of me. Ellen wouldn't have dared. And anyhow the pin was lost, not stolen. So you see?"

Danforth did not feel it necessary to mention that he had not considered the maid in connection with his loss.

II.

"I'm relieved to hear that Avis has broken her engagement," Mrs. John Clayton was saying to her sister-in-law. "Indeed I stopped off here to-day to talk to her about it. I assure you, Marcia, I'd no idea of Geoff's real character or I'd never have sanctioned it."

"You mean," Marcia Clayton asked slowly, "that Lieutenant Stuart was not a suitable *parti?*"

The sudden breaking off of her daughter's engagement to the young army officer, whom she had met in Bolton where he was visiting his parents *en route* to the Philippines, had been a grievous disappointment to the mother.

"I mean that he is a thief!" the other said bluntly. "Just that, Marcia. I believe in calling a spade a spade."

"A thief, Emily? It can't be! Avis thought him so thoroughly fine."

"So did we," said Emily Clayton grimly. "I give you my word, Marcia, I was never more surprised in my life. Why, I've known his people for years, and Geoff seemed such a straightforward sort I simply couldn't believe it when the theft was traced to him."

Marcia Clayton shot a swift glance at her daughter. The girl was sitting at the window, her face turned away. She made no sign of having heard.

"Perhaps that was why Avis broke the engagement," the mother said, "she didn't give her reason. Just what was the nature of the—theft—Emily?"

"Didn't Avis tell you? Well, I don't wonder. I suppose one isn't very proud of a lover like that. And it wasn't at all in character. We'd known the boy all his life; John loved him like a son, and the thing was a blow to us. One of Clarice's rings—a valuable solitaire—disappeared. Our servants were thoroughly reliable—had been with us for years—so we were inclined to think, at first, that it was merely mislaid. But when it wasn't found, John put a private detective on the case, with the result that he

learned that Geoff Stuart had pawned the ring in Chicago on his way to join his command."

"It doesn't seem possible!"

"We had proof positive, Marcia. It was a great shock; Geoff had been like a member of our household, and we were devoted to him. We decided to hush the thing up for the sake of his family. But of course Avis couldn't marry him. Think of it, Marcia. A *thief!*"

That night when their guest had gone, Marcia Clayton sought her daughter's room.

"Avis," she said quietly. The girl faced her, half-sullen, half-defiant.

"I—I didn't take it, mother," she said. "Why should you suspect me? I tell you I didn't do it!"

Marcia Clayton eyed her daughter sternly, compellingly.

"Don't lie to me, Avis," she said quietly. "It's no use. I *know.*"

She did indeed know—to her lasting humiliation. Avis' weakness was the sorrow of her life. It may have been a throwback. The peculiar warp in the girl's moral fibre was perhaps atavistic, an unhallowed heritage from some buccaneering ancestor of a century gone, though a more direct relation of cause and effect might have been traced in the predatory methods of her father.

The mother, herself the soul of honor, had not even remotely suspected the child's weakness, until, some eight years earlier, when revelation of the most concrete kind came with the disappearance of a little hoard of gift coins Mrs. Clayton was saving toward the purchase of a coveted silver tea service.

"You'd better be askin' yer daughter," the Irish maid, feeling and resenting an unworded suspicion, had flared, "sure it's no tale-bearer I am, mam, but me charickter's me all, and I'll sthand for no reflictions on ut! Ask Miss Avis, mam, how she kim by the money for threats and throlley rides and pitchur shows and prisints for her schoolmates; ask her where she got the foine gold locket for her tachur and the silk umbrilla for the principal at Christmas; ask—"

The defensive mother instinct, instantly on the alert, saved the situation.

"That will do, Nora. Miss Avis probably borrowed the money and forgot to mention it. It's quite all right."

In a flash, full realization of the truth had pierced like a

sword thrust a percipience dulled by maternal fondness. She marveled at her own blindness. Memories of innumerable petty peculations, of frequent "gifts" and "finds" which she had ascribed to Avis' popularity or luck rose to confirm it. Her only daughter, through some trick of heredity or some unaccountable moral quirk, was a thief!

From that moment life became a horror to scrupulously honorable Marcia Clayton. The subject was never again mentioned between her and Avis after that first dreadful day of discovery. Sheer shame made her keep the secret even from her husband, whose personal integrity she had never questioned. She reproached herself with criminal carelessness in not sooner having discovered Avis' weakness; and it became her life-mission to rid the girl of her fault, while concealing its manifestation from the world.

Articles which mysteriously disappeared were as mysteriously restored; or where this was impossible, restitution in some form was invariably made. Marcia Clayton developed the keenness of the sleuth and the cunning of a Machiavelli in saving the girl from the consequences of her fault. And though no word was spoken between them, Avis knew that her mother watched her unceasingly. Now, under her accusing gaze, the girl suddenly broke down.

"I—I did take it, mother," she sobbed. "Clarice tempted me—she was always leaving her jewels about—she had so many—I thought she'd never miss it—at least for a long time. So—I—took it."

"And Geoffrey Stuart—"

"I gave it to him, mother, the night he left, and asked him to pawn it for me. I told him I'd tired of it, and wanted the money for my bridge debts. He urged a loan, but I wouldn't take it. So he finally consented and later sent me the money."

"Why did you do this, Avis? If you needed money why didn't you write me?"

"I—I don't quite know why I did it, mother," the girl faltered. "Clarice's set spent so much; there was bridge every night, and I always lost. I hated to ask for more money, knowing how—how things were here at home. So—"

"So you stole—and allowed Geoffrey to suffer for your sin?"

"Don't be too hard on me, mother," the girl sobbed, "I've written to Uncle John telling him the truth and exonerating Geoff. But, mother, I can't send it—I *can't!*"

"I'm afraid you must," the mother answered grimly, "it's not

a question of your feelings, but of clearing Geoffrey Stuart's name. Was that why you broke with him, Avis?"

"Yes, I couldn't marry him, mother, after—this. Besides—there's someone else."

"Young Wickliffe?"

"Yes, mother, I didn't realize it, but I care for him—oh, infinitely more than I cared for Geoff. And I couldn't marry Geoff, no matter how I loved him, with—this—between us. It's Robert, mother."

"Avis"—sternly—"do you think you've the right to marry a man like Robert Wickliffe—you, *a thief?*" The girl shrank as from a blow. "Bob is the finest, most upright man I know—scrupulous even in the smallest things. And do you think he'd care to marry you if he knew you are what you are, Avis—a coward and a thief?"

The girl attempted no defence. The mother who had hitherto shielded her, now called her a common criminal!

"You must send this letter to your uncle at once," Mrs. Clayton pronounced sentence, "and you must write to Geoffrey Stuart—the whole truth. And if Robert Wickliffe asks you to marry him he must know of your failing."

"Mother," the girl cried, "mother do you want to wreck my life? Think, mother. Geoff is far away in the Philippines; he'll never know; the matter has been hushed up and will be kept quiet for his family's sake. Oh, mother I can't confess. If Robert even guessed—I'll promise, I'll try harder than ever before—this won't happen again. I'm sure Robert cares for me and I can't give him up! Mother, let me have my chance!"

Even the Spartan mother is weak where her maternal affections are involved. Marcia Clayton had always scorned falsehood and deception to a degree unusual in her sex, the best of whom are prone to justify occasional equivocation. She had believed herself an honorable woman, but she loved her daughter, and she shrank from letting her brand herself a thief. She fought her temptation long and hard, but in the end she yielded.

"Avis," she said at last, "I'll agree to this deception; I'll hide it even from your father—so long as you keep your promise. But at the first lapse I shall send this letter to Robert Wickliffe and explain the circumstances. It is a bargain?"

And Avis, grasping desperately at straws, was only too glad to make terms.

It is a question whether the potence of love or the power of fear (for Avis knew her mother eminently capable of carrying out her threat) wrought regeneration in the girl's character. Throughout the year of her betrothal there was no slightest lapse. And after her marriage the exaltation of supreme happiness seemed to lift her above the sordid temptations of her youth.

When, less than a year after she married Robert Wickliffe, news came to her of young Stuart's death in the distant tropic islands, though she suffered agonies of remorse, she found that, after the first shock of shame and contrition, she breathed more freely. Stuart's death seemed somehow to obviate the necessity for confession; she meant to make her life an expiation. In a sense she did this. She developed, in time, into a woman of wonderful balance and poise, efficient, generous, charitable, the best of wives and tenderest of mothers. Her son and daughter regarded her as the ultimate of perfection, and her husband (now Judge Wickliffe) deified her. She had emerged from the crucible of suffering and remorse refined and purified, the pure metal alone remaining.

III

"I've something to tell you, Mumsey."

Avis Wickliffe glanced at her daughter's fair, flushed face and smiled.

"I think I can guess, dear," she said gently, "and I'm glad for you, Evelyn. It's Stacy of course?"

The girl's flush deepened.

"Yes, I couldn't quite be sure for a while—but I think I know—now. There was Jim, you know, and I couldn't quite decide."

"My dear," said Mrs. Wickliffe, bending to smooth the girl's shining hair, "I can't tell you quite how glad I am that it isn't Jim Danforth."

The girl's eyes widened.

"Why, mother, I thought you favored him, because he was the son of your friend."

"I let you think so, dear," the mother smiled, "because I knew that the surest way to hurry you into marriage with Jim was to let you see we opposed him. But I don't mind telling you now, Evelyn, that your father and I have been very anxious."

"But why, Mumsey? Jim's so wonderfully attractive."

"Dangerously so. He's handsome and dashing and charming, I'll admit. He's also spoiled, self-willed and—we've learned lately—rather wild. He isn't the man that Stacy is. I'm sure he'll make you happy; while Jim—"

"I'm glad—so glad, Mumsey—that you're pleased."

"I *am* pleased, dear. Stacy's a fine fellow, and I'm very happy in your happiness."

Indeed, at the moment, Avis Wickliffe's once shadowed life seemed crowned. Her home, though modest, for Judge Wickliffe boasted no great wealth, was of the happiest; her husband adored her; Paul, her son, a fine up-standing youth, and his mother's pride, was making good in his father's office; and Evelyn, whose future had given her parents much concern since dashing Jim Danforth had come into her life, had found heart haven. But the iridescent bubble of joy bursts, often, at its brightest. One night as Avis sat at the piano accompanying Paul and Evelyn as they sang, there burst in upon them not the habitually poised and serene Judge Wickliffe his associates knew, but a stricken man, with a white, frightened face.

"Robert," the wife instinctively moved toward him, "what's happened? Are you ill?"

"The safe in my library has been rifled," the answer came hoarsely; "it held five hundred dollars belonging to a client. The money's gone."

He stood dazedly looking from one white, startled face to another. He did not need to remind them that only the four of them knew the safe's combination. Avis' heart had given a great throb, and then seemed to cease beating. She realized, even in that tense moment, that she had always subconsciously expected some such blow. "Unto the third and fourth generation" it was written.

She had thought the sin of her youth forever dead and done with; yet here—after more than twenty years—it's ugly spectre had risen to confront her. Her own weakness had manifested itself in one of her cherished children. *Which?* Her eyes swept the two faces before her, Paul's white and set, Evelyn's blanched with fear. On the instant the mother felt that she knew; as instantly she made her resolve.

"Your mother's of course eliminated," she heard her husband say. "It lies between you, Paul and Evelyn. Which is the thief?

I want a straightforward confession, though I warn you that confession won't save you."

There was an instant of tense, terrible silence.

"Paul, if you're guilty," Wickliffe went on harshly, "you leave my house to-night. I won't have a thief in my employ—though he's my own flesh and blood. Evelyn" (his inability to consider the possibility was evident) "if, for any reason, you took this money, be sure I shan't allow you to marry Stacy Adams. You shan't disgrace an honorable man and his family as well as your own."

Paul's handsome head had gone higher as his father spoke; Evelyn, crouching in a corner of the sofa, seemed on the verge of collapse. Avis saw that she must act quickly, and was bracing herself for the ordeal, when Paul spoke:

"Father," he said quietly, "I'm the—thief. I took Payne's money. I'll leave the house to-night—at once. I'll repay it if you'll give me time."

The knowledge that one or the other of her offspring had inherited her fatal weakness had pierced the mother's soul like a sword; but that Paul, her pride, her idol, had, perhaps for the same reason that had inspired her, assumed the burden of a crime of which she believed him guiltless, occasioned her the ultimate of human suffering. Blindly she got to her feet and faced her husband.

"Robert," she said unsteadily, "don't listen; don't believe him. He's innocent—I swear it. He's only trying to shield—*me*."

Wickliffe turned sharply upon her.

"What nonsense is this, Avis?" he queried roughly. "Think what you're saying."

"Robert, Robert," she cried a little wildly, "it's true, quite true. Oh, I'm not lying to shield Paul. I took the money."

"I don't think you quite realize what you're saying, Avis," the man reasoned patiently. "You must know that I can't for a moment consider the possibilty. It's the mother-instinct to shield."

"Can't I make you understand?" she despaired. "Won't you realize that I'm telling you the truth?"

Wickliffe's drawn face went a shade paler. He turned on Paul who stood like a protector beside his shrinking sister.

"Leave the room, both of you!" he ordered.

In silence they obeyed.

"Now," he faced his wife, with a vague terror in his eyes,

" for God's sake, Avis, tell me the truth! Don't try to shield that thieving son of ours."

" Before God," she persisted, " Paul's as innocent of this as you are. He's the soul of honor. He lied to you just now—for the first time in his life—lied to save me."

"I tell you I won't believe you, Avis," the man broke in. "You are sacrificing yourself for your son. I won't listen."

" You must—you shall listen, Robert. There was need of money for Evelyn's trousseau—more than you'd said you could spare—and so I—borrowed—I meant to replace it when my dividends fell due—it was only a matter of a few days—I hadn't meant to steal. Robert, can't you understand—and forgive me, Robert? "

He gazed at her now with despairing conviction. Within the hour he had become an old man, haggard, dull-eyed, hopeless.

" It's not just a question of forgiveness, Avis," he said slowly, " it goes deeper than that. I can forgive—in time perhaps—but I can't forget that my wife—my children's mother—is a thief! Perhaps the taint—forgive me, Avis, but—a *thief!* I might respect a murderess—under some conditions; I've only contempt for the thief."

She stood silently before him like a prisoner receiving sentence.

" You will continue to share my home—for the children's sake," he went on coldly, " but you understand that hereafter you are and can be nothing to me. I shudder at the sight of you. For God's sake let me see you as little as possible! "

Hard and merciless he may have been, but Avis did not question his verdict. In her soul she knew that she was paying an ancient score, and that, pitied by her son, despised by the husband who had worshipped her and loved only by the daughter she had sacrificed herself to save, she must continue to pay.

IV.

The days dragged drearily for Avis Wickliffe. Mechanically she forced herself to gather up the broken threads of her life, and keep its fair fabric, to outward seeming, unmarred. As the months passed a wild hope that her husband might, in time, learn to forget as well as forgive formed in her heart, only to be crushed by his chill formality. They went through the daily forms of life to-

gether with admirable precision and decorum. Wickliffe's courtesy was unfailing, but it was exactly the formal courtesy he would have shown to any chance stranger within his gates.

The winter crept by; but the coming of spring brought no revivifying sense of hope or promise. Avis went mechanically about the business of life, with nothing to anticipate. She felt as the very old must feel—as if life lay behind her. She had ceased to hope or to plan, so it was with no faintest stir of anticipation or prescience that she answered the telephone one April evening.

"Robert," she called breathlessly an instant later, "Jim Danforth has been hurt—fatally they fear—in a motor accident on Cort's hill." Instantly Wickliffe was beside her.

"They've taken him to the road house just beyond the bridge. He's asking for you, Robert. You'll go?"

Already he had thrown off his smoking jacket and was struggling into his coat.

"At once; I'll take Paul's runabout. I ought to make it in twenty minutes."

Within a few seconds she heard the speedy little car spin down the driveway.

Left alone, Avis reproached herself keenly for the fact that she had, perhaps, been rather hard upon Jim Danforth. The son of dear friends of her youth, she had secured him a place in her husband's office a year earlier, and he had been a constant frequenter of their home. But for some reason, she could not quite define, Mrs. Wickliffe had never quite liked the handsome boy, and Evelyn's palpable fancy for him had occasioned her many anxious moments. Now, thinking of him lying bruised, bleeding, dying perhaps, with his mother so far away, her heart went out to him, and she regretted that she had not found courage to ask to be allowed to go to him. But she had hesitated to seem to thrust herself upon her husband; his attitude held her always effectually remote. And so the treadmill of her thoughts reverted to her own utter desolation.

She sat brooding, now lost in bitter memories, now praying desperately that the injured boy might be spared to the mother who loved him, when Wickliffe, an hour later, entered the room. Starting up, with a question on her lips, she saw in her husband's eyes that which she had never hoped to see again.

"Avis," he said. He went straight to her and caught her hands in his. "Avis, can you ever forgive me? I've been a Phari-

see—and worse! It was Jim who robbed my safe last fall—he confessed just before he died."

She had drawn her hands away, and stood pressing them hard against her heart.

"He had somehow stumbled on the combination—strange I never suspected! It seems the boy had been gambling heavily, and his affairs were in desperate shape. He was here the evening I brought Payne's money home; temptation overcame him. Taking advantage of Evelyn's absence at the telephone, he opened the safe and stole the money. And I never once suspected!"

A great wave of gladness had swept over Avis; her sin had not been visited upon her child.

"Avis, why did you do it? But I realize it was to shield Paul—strange how ready I was to believe ill of my own! It makes me feel like a cur to think how I've treated you, how I've made you suffer. Dear, can you ever forgive me?"

The brief radiance that had touched Avis' face had died.

"There's no question of forgiveness between us, Robert," she said dully. "As it happens I was innocent of this particular crime. But there's something in my past—something as unforgivable—you must know. What I've suffered—and you can't know what I've endured these past months—has been only retribution. My father used to say that we pay dearly for our misdeeds; however we try to dodge the score, sooner or later we've got to pay. And I'm paying—paying."

"You've paid!" Wickliffe's voice—the voice that had swayed many a vacillating jury—rang with conviction. "Don't you understand, dear, that you've paid?"

"You don't realize. I've got to tell you."

"Don't. I don't wan't to hear—now or ever. Avis, listen." He came nearer and again took her cold hands in his. "We do indeed pay, Avis, pay dearly, in remorse and shame and suffering, for our sins. But *usury isn't exacted of us.* Not justice but mercy is granted to us.

She was listening as the prisoner hears the promise of pardon.

"Whatever shadows your past—and remember, dear, all our pasts have their dark pages—don't you see that by bearing the burden of another's sin you've expiated your own? It's a clean slate, Avis. Your score's settled. Shall we leave it at that?"

She did not speak, but the dawn of a new hope was in her eyes.

UT QUID PERDITIO HÆC?

BY SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, M.D., SC.D., LL.D., F.R.S.,

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NOTE.—Every Catholic appreciates the timidity with which a fellow-Catholic approaches a public discussion on the subject of prayer, particularly of that highest form of prayer known as contemplation. Dr. Windle sent this paper in answer to repeated requests from the Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD that he treat the subject from the point of view of science. The happy result is a most effective refutation to the oft-repeated charge that the scientific spirit hinders or excludes a thorough appreciation of great religious truths.—[ED. C. W.]

UCH was the question, coming, it is true, from no untainted source, when Mary poured the contents of her alabaster box of ointment on the sacred feet of Our Lord. Why waste this precious commodity? Why not convert it into coin of the realm? It is the cry of the materialist and the money-grubber in all ages and in all countries! What is the good of things which cannot be turned into money? Which is the greatest picture, the best novel, even the greatest deed? And in each case comes the same reply: that which will bring in the most money. But as a matter of fact, can any less reliable criterion be imagined?

The world—it must be very clear to everybody—is not only capable of making false estimates as to the real value of things, but is constantly making such false estimates. Of late it has tended, at least in what are commonly supposed to be the most highly civilized countries, to estimate everything at its cash value or its supposed cash value. Whether, as some suppose and as all must hope, the present terrible war, and all its myriad lessons of self-sacrifice and heroism, qualities unpurchasable by money, will sink into men's minds and produce a general purification of society and a cultus of simpler and more Christian ideals, time alone can show. Meantime the lesson is there for all to read, even if they refuse to pay attention to it.

Now amongst the undertakings apparently—indeed one may fairly say, actually—devoid of any financial, industrial or technical value whatsoever are the proceedings of those Orders in the Church, known as the Contemplative Orders, which, in accordance

with the rules and practices followed, devote their entire time to prayer and mortification. Curiously enough it is not merely amongst those who are outside the Church that one finds doubts as to the usefulness of these Orders. Outside the Church, and of course especially amongst those who are devoid of religion and look upon anything of the sort as an utter superfluity, it is not surprising that there should be a contempt, polite and veiled possibly, but at times expressed even with virulence, for those who deliberately retire from the world to spend their entire time in prayer and the practice of austerities. Why, they ask, are not these able-bodied persons, for many of them are such, engaged in some useful occupation, something which will bring in money, something which can be represented in terms of financial success, the only success which we regard as worth consideration? *Ut quid perditio hæc?* What other attitude could be expected from those whose philosophy excludes every idea of a God, or at least of a God cognizant of and interested in the doings of His creatures on earth? What other estimate could we look for from those who recognize no other existence but this, whose creed is "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die?" But it must regretfully be admitted that Catholics, who, living in the world, can hardly keep themselves wholly unspotted from it, have, at least in some cases, a tendency not of course to belie these Orders, but to ask themselves whether, though once of use and value, they may not nowadays be somewhat of an anachronism. Seeing around them, as they must do, so much suffering, poverty and ignorance they are perhaps a little disposed to ask whether those who have a vocation to the religious state would not do better to turn aside from the Contemplative Orders and devote their services to one of the so-called Active Orders, those which come directly in contact with the poor and the suffering, and endeavor to alleviate their miseries, or again to associate themselves with those bodies of men and women whose object it is to provide a Christian education for the rising generation of Catholics. Why waste your energies as a Carthusian or a Poor Clare, when you might be doing something really useful? *Ut quid perditio hæc?* It need hardly be said that such an attitude as that just sketched is very far from being in accordance with the mind of the Church. Under certain conditions a member of a religious order is permitted to leave it, but only for one of a severer character, never, I believe, for one with a more lenient rule.

He may "optate" as the Church calls it—"better himself" to use the common phrase—but optation implies taking a further step in austerity, a kind of bettering oneself very unlikely to appeal to the materialistic thought of the day. Now in the course of his progress in optation beyond the Contemplative Orders he cannot go; he has now reached the higher rungs of the ladder to heaven, and the highest of them all is the Carthusian, the summit of religious aspirations in this world. Yet, when he has arrived there, he has arrived at the Order whose apparent value—cash-value of course—is, in the eyes of the world at least, less than that of any other Order. So widely do the ideals of the Church and of the world differ from each other. Let us briefly examine this apparent paradox, and let us especially consider it in connection with another method of employing one's time which begets necessarily pecuniary advantage, and which is held in high esteem in the eyes of the world—I mean the prosecution of scientific research. For whilst it is undoubtedly true that some scientific studies do bring in their train a very considerable pecuniary reward, it is none the less true that a vast number of them carry with them, and can carry with them, no possible stimulus of this character. To this point we shall return shortly, but before considering it we may dispose of another matter. It is sometimes urged that members of Contemplative Orders lead easy, slothful lives; that, in the language of some of those who profit most by the fall of the religious houses, they are "lazy drones." Such statements could never be made by any person really acquainted with the kind of lives led in such houses, but such statements are made, even to-day, though only, it must be admitted, by the ignorant or by those who ply the base trade of defaming anything connected with the Catholic Church.

Let us leave aside the mortifications practised by these Orders, for they are unintelligible to those who have never grasped the Catholic theory of vicarious suffering, and turn our attention to the *Opus Dei,* the life of constant prayer. If there is any truth in the allegation as to an easy life, then obviously, since that life is mainly spent in prayer, prayer must be an easy thing. Well, is it? No ordinarily devout Catholic, who says his prayers night and morning, will feel any disposition to urge that argument. "You seem to think that honesty is an easy thing!" says one of the characters in Stevenson's *Wreckers.* In like manner we may say to the "lazy drone" arguers, "You seem to think that pray-

ing is an easy thing." Most people who have tried it will admit that it is by no means an easy thing; they will in fact confess, with deep regret, that so far from being an easy thing, it is perhaps but seldom accomplished by persons in the world with any real satisfaction to themselves. God will not quench the smoking flax and will accept our poor efforts, but no truthful person can fail to admit that his prayers fall lamentably short of what he would wish them to be. In point of fact prayer is not an easy thing, and the life of real prayer must be anything but a life of sloth. Need we glance in passing at the base allegation that the persons we are treating of do not really pray, but pretend to do so whilst spending their lives in sloth? The complete answer to this is that no one who was not a fit inmate for a lunatic asylum, and who could earn his bread by—say—stone-breaking, would enter or remain in a Contemplative Order unless he were impelled and supported by supernatural assistance of a character unexperienced and unimagined by those capable of using arguments such as that which we have just touched upon. No—rational men will admit that those who enter and remain in Contemplative Orders do so for the purpose of prayer, and without ever having tried that life we may feel quite certain that such a life of prayer is no easy one. Hence to such as urge the hard life and the "incessant care" of those who pursue scientific labors and investigations, we can at least present the example of the holy ones who ply "the homely, slighted" life of constant prayer, and in its pursuit undergo labors not less arduous, nor less trying.

So much for that point, but what are we to say as to the next allegation? Science at any rate is a useful thing, so the argument runs, and it tends to the progress of the world and the benefit of mankind, whilst prayer is a useless thing, of no avail to anyone, and therefore a mere waste of time. Here we come in contact with the great question of the usefulness of prayer, a question which cannot now be considered. Nor is there any necessity to consider it here, for, whilst we are putting the arguments from the extreme position of the materialist, it is really the occasional Catholic caviler at the Contemplative Orders who is the object of these remarks. Since, therefore, no person can remain a Catholic whilst denying the usefulness of prayer, we may, for our present purpose, assume that prayer is a useful thing, beneficial to him who prays and to those for whom he prays. Those readers who dispute that position must seek elsewhere the discussion, since these

words are written for those inside and outside the Church who believe in prayer. But just this one word may be said: Suppose that prayer is addressed to deaf ears or to none. Though in such case it may be a useless thing to those for whom it is offered, yet it seems to be coming home to some in quarters where it would least be expected, that prayer may be of transcendent importance for the person who prays. Mr. Wells, that remarkable writer, does not give much evidence of religious belief in his numerous works, yet in *Marriage* he takes his hero and heroine "on retreat" into Labrador, where the former discovers that the best thing he can do is to "pray out into the darkness," not knowing to whom he is praying, or indeed if he is praying to anyone at all. Subjectively, then, it would seem that prayer may be a useful and a beneficial thing, whatever its objective value. But let that pass. The Catholic who lives in the brightness of faith, does not require to "pray out into the darkness." He at least knows to Whom he is addressing his prayers, and knows also that whether they are answered in the way he desires or not, they will not go altogether unheeded.

But again, if we examine the claims of science, we shall find it quite generally admitted that pecuniary or material result is the last thing that the real man of science is expected to look for as the result of his labors. Huxley calls upon scientists to disregard all material profit, and bids them purify their motive to an almost spiritual refinement. "The practical advantages attainable through its (science's) agency never have been and never will be sufficiently attractive to men, inspired by the unborn genius of the interpreter of nature, to give them courage to undergo the toils and make the sacrifices which that calling requires from its votaries. That which stirs their pulse is the love of knowledge, and the joy of the discovery of the cause of things sung by the old poet—the supreme delight of extending the realm of law and order ever further towards the unattainable goals of the infinitely great and the infinitely small, between which our little race of life is run." What he is to look to is the making of an addition of some kind, perhaps even a trivial one, to the sum of human knowledge. There is an old story, probably mythical, that the leading toast at dinners in connection with the British Association for the Promotion of Science is, "Here's to the last scientific discovery, and may it never be of any use to anyone!" The jest enshrines a truth, for it is certain that the unselfish pursuit of science is a pursuit unaccompanied by any aspirations towards those pecuniary advantages which may incidentally attend upon discoveries such as those of Pasteur,

Kelvin or Marconi. Applied science has its triumphs, but the laurel crown is more often than not awarded by the scientific world to some humble worker whose scientific discoveries will never be worth in actual cash the paper on which they were recorded.

What about Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Scarabee;" type of all those who devote their lives to the investigation of some minute scientific point, the Scarabee who was engaged upon "as difficult and important a matter to be investigated as often comes before a student of natural history," which was "to settle the point once for all whether the *Pediculus Melittæ* is or is not the larva of *Meloe?*" This *Pediculus* being "a little unmentionable parasite that infests the bristly surface of a bee. What about Browning's grammarian who

> Settled *Hoti's* business—let it be!
> Properly based *Oun*—
> Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De?*

What about many another investigation of no mortal use to any mortal man, living or yet to live? If, therefore, it is urged that science is useful and prayer is not, we may at least retort that from the materialistic, money-grubbing point of view at any rate, at least seventy-five per cent of scientific discoveries are of no pecuniary value whatever, nor indeed of any value, save in so far as they extend the field of knowledge. Such is certainly the case in connection with morphology, palæontology, and a host of other branches of scientific investigation.

Further, in reply to this form of argument, it may at least be said that prayer does no harm to anybody. Can the same be said of science? Hardly, in face of the present war which has witnessed the prostitution of that noble thing science to the basest of purposes, namely the wholesale destruction of the human race. *Scientia cum caritate ædificat:* no doubt; but science in a world untempered by Christianity seems in a fair way to become a terror worthy of stern repression, in fact a veritable Frankenstein monster.

Well, many will admit that prayer is a good thing, whilst urging that we may still have too much of it. Let us use it in moderation. *Ne quid nimis!* Say your prayers, of course, but don't spend all your time over them. It is what ordinary dwellers in the world must do, but is it an ideal for all? Scarcely can this be urged by the champion of science in this day of specialization.

The day was when great geniuses could make the whole of science their domain, but that day has long since gone by. As the

Scarabee said, when asked whether he was an entomologist: "A *society* may call itself an Entomological Society, but the man who arrogates such a broad title as that to himself, in the present state of science, is a pretender, sir, a dilettante, an impostor! No man can be truly called an entomologist, sir; the subject is too vast for any human intelligence to grasp."

In this age of minute—perhaps over-minute—specialization in science, and in its applied branches such as medicine and surgery, can it really be argued that, admitting prayer to be a useful thing, there should be no specialists in that subject? Yet it may fairly be said that this is exactly what the members of Contemplative Orders set out to be. No; if prayer be of any use, the scientific specialist cannot logically cavil at the Prayer specialist—the Contemplative.

Nor from the same scientific standpoint are the self-abnegation and mortification practised by the Contemplatives open to any sort of criticism. No workers in science gain greater estimation amongst their fellows than those who have unselfishly devoted themselves to the prosecution of studies which could bring them no pecuniary return and, to do so, have resolutely turned their backs on pursuits which, with the intellects which they possessed, must certainly have led to that wealth which is the goal of so many to-day. Nor is this estimation denied to those whose scientific work has lain in fields where none but the humblest and dullest of flowers flourish, fields underlain by no auriferous veins.

Further, it will hardly be necessary to remind those in any way familiar with the lives of men of science that many of them have suffered great hardships, and not a few have faced death in its most terrifying forms, some of them succumbing as "martyrs of science," and all in the pursuit of knowledge.

Once more we may say that if it be granted, as by Catholics it must be, that prayer is a good thing, it is impossible to applaud the man of science and decry the man of prayer, nor even to compare the Contemplative unfavorably with his Active brother.

What you say may be all very well, it may be retorted, but surely the life of the Contemplative must be of a very narrowing kind. Surely it is a selfish life, and one wholly destructive of all intellectuality! Selfish it can hardly be called, since the one great object towards which it is directed, over and above the saving of the individual soul, a task which we are all endeavoring to accomplish, is the calling down of blessings upon mankind, and the salvation of those who show but little interest in their own

spiritual welfare. Intellectually destructive and narrowing? One can hardly think this, if one believes in a God at all; for if there be a God, what greater subject of study can there be, or where shall we look for one more likely to enlarge our intellectual boundaries?

Suppose that such absorption in prayer does actually tend towards, does even necessitate, a lessening of interest in matters which seem of great value and importance to those of us who live in the world. Is this result one which calls for condemnation of the system which leads to it? Certainly the scientific man cannot throw this stone, for everyone admits that great success in profound investigations can usually be hoped for only by those who subordinate everything to the pursuit which they have in hand, and who are content to submit to the atrophy of other intellectual interests. Darwin is the classical example of what must have been the experience of many another less well-known man. He tells us in his autobiography how, in his earlier days, he had taken an intense pleasure in poetry, whilst "now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry: I have tried lately to read Shakespeare, and found it so intolerably dull that it nauseated me." Gone also was his former love for pictures and music; lost the "exquisite delight" which fine scenery once gave him. "My mind," he continues, "seems to have become a kind of machine for grinding general laws out of large collections of facts, but why this should have caused the atrophy of that part of the brain alone, on which the higher tastes depend, I cannot conceive." Was the price paid by Darwin too high when the result attained is taken into consideration? Few would be found to contend that it was. Apart from his more speculative works which, however their value may have declined to-day, at least acted as a great stimulus to research, there are his positive contributions to science, given to the world in his books on earthworms, orchids, climbing plants and a number of other subjects. Few will be found to argue that the value of these to the scientific world does not outweigh the undoubted loss which their author suffered in the surrender of intellectual enjoyments once his.

Suppose then that the Contemplative does cease to take any interest in certain intellectual objects, or to have any further desire for them, is this loss too great a price to be paid for the work which he accomplishes? Here again we are confronted with the question as to the value of prayer. Those who do not believe in it will say—and from their first principles rightly say—that the

Contemplative is paying an absurd price for any subjective benefits which he may receive. But no Catholic can say that, for no Catholic can possibly doubt the supreme value of prayer.

The man of science gives up a great deal in order to attain to a more perfect knowledge of the branch of investigation with which he is concerned; he submits to poverty perhaps; to a self-denial in harmless pleasures which interfere with his work; turns his eyes away from interesting by-paths of study; presses on to his goal, and is to be praised and imitated.

If there be a God, and if He listens to prayer, how can there be any single word of praise which can be uttered of the scientific investigator which ought not to be given to those whom we have been comparing with him? The Contemplative's work is no doubt hidden from man, but the day may come when many of us will find, to our astonishment, how much we have individually benefited by it.

THE RADIANT VISITOR.

BY WILLIAM ROSE BENET.

THROUGH all my ways Thou art
As the elusive passing of a face
Unrecognized till gone,
Then known and yearned upon
With crying hope and palpitating heart
And swift-turned eyes unto the recent place
That showed Thee to the blind
Who, late in love, may find
Scarcely the smallest evanescent trace
Of Thy bright passing, or its counterpart,
Through all my wandering and uncertain ways.

Along the corridors
Of Life, between the tapestries of days,
Sombre or colored bright,
Beneath blue-ceilinged Night,

Quick-echoing footsteps sound on echoing floors;
Thought's lagging steps, and steps that stride apace;
But whether blithe or slow
My errant feet may go,
My heart hath felt its sluggish pulses race
To far reverberance, near past walls and doors,
That throbbed Thy passing feet of golden grace.

I have stood still—held breath—
Gazed long at naught, that I catch sight of Thee;
Bended an anxious ear,
And so I stood, to hear
Thy foot-beats pass beyond the wall of Death.
Scarce caught within the retina, glimmeringly,
Where curtains stirred in air
Or sunlight hazed some stair,
Or, past some alcove's corner, beckoning me
Vanished Thy robe that never tarrieth,
Tremored Thy fugitive alacrity.

So, in Thy house of Time,
I have sought Thee on high turrets April-bright,
When rainbows arched the view
And green Thy pennons blew.
The mirthful halls of Summer seemed to rhyme
Thy joy, so richly pure their skies were dight.
And now the gorgeous blaze
Of brief November days
Waning toward Winter, as the birds take flight,
Shakes my heart's hopes as Mass-bells shake in chime;
While Earth responds Heaven's litanies of light.

Like to both host and guest
Thou glidest swiftly through this home of Thine;
And, with a love so rare
Thou touchest here and there
Cloud, field, and hill; so sweetly dost invest
Darkness with light, gray lives with dreams that shine;
At every turn we meet
Subtly intrusive sweet,
Faint balm on hearts that travail for a sign;
A fragrance from the fair Unmanifest;
And, by Thy mute withdrawals, know Thee for divine!

THE MASTER OF PROSE.

BY ALOYSIUS J. HOGAN, S.J.

IT might almost be erected into a rule that a great poet is, if he pleases, also a master of prose." Writing of Shakespeare, Francis Thompson, in almost prophetic language, thus voiced the truth that was to have its perfect realization in his own case. "Indeed there is manifest reason why a poet should have command over 'that other harmony of prose.' The higher includes the lower, the more the less. He who has subdued to his hand all the resources of language under the exaltedly difficult and specialized conditions of metre, should be easy lord of them in the unhindered forms of prose." At last Thompson has taken his well-deserved place among the gods of poetry, and as "one who has subdued to his hand all the resources of language," a cautious literary world must needs accord him the honors of a "master of prose."

While Francis Thompson's prose, with the exception of his exquisite essay on Shelley, falls short of the artistic elevation of his poetry—though Coventry Patmore was wont to say that the young poet's prose was even finer than his poetry—nevertheless it is just as true that his legacy to the literary world in "that other harmony of prose" contains sparkling gems whose lustre shall not fade. Who dips into the essays of Thompson will feel himself borne along on that pleasurable tide of charm, strong charm, and it is precisely because of this quality that his writings have been styled persuasive —they are persuasive, gently so, leading us on from thought to thought.

Someone has well said that "prose is a universal gift of Nature;" 'tis true, but no such prose as flowed from the magic pen of this favored child of the Muses, for his was an artistic touch. Words in his hands flew from the poetic anvil with a brightness and a scintillating beauty that else they had never known. In the choice of language he was an artist of the rarest kind, patient, untiring, for to him it was a labor of love, his was an "ascetic austerity of carefulness."

Could it have been otherwise? Thompson was a born prose writer, even as is the way with poets. From early youth he lived

a literary life with an ardent devotion, for even when at Ushaw, and later when under paternal direction he was sent to study medicine at Manchester and Glasgow, his heart was not on these studies: "I hated my scientific and medical studies, and learned them badly." But with literature he was ever in love: "I read certain poetry—Shakespeare, Scott, the two chief poems of Coleridge, the ballads of Macaulay when very young." His youthful mind was ever alert; the beautiful had always an incessant, indescribable attraction for him. His sister remembers "that when at five years of age he first beheld the ocean, the phosphorescence on the crest of the waves at dusk particularly attracted Francis;" a sunset once seen by him was never forgotten. And if it is borne in mind that Thompson was ever such a child, we shall not be amazed at the images which his lively imagination pinned on ordinary objects.

Here then is the secret of his spontaneity—he was ever a child. Indeed he said of himself "that in the next world he should be sought for in the nurseries of heaven." "Know you what it is to be a child? It is to have a spirit yet streaming from the waters of baptism." And always he remained a child—a prominent English priest meeting him towards the end of the poet's life, remarked: "There was in him the *sancta simplicitas* of the true poet and the real child." Concerning himself in later years, he wrote in a little notebook: "There is a sense in which I have always been and even now remain a child. Toys I could surrender, with chagrin, so I had my great toy of imagination, whereby the world became to me a box of toys." Thompson never ceased playing with this great toy, and it was such amusement which made him "dabble his finger in the day-fall, made him gold-dusty with tumbling amid the stars." Throughout the entire essay on Shelley, brilliant as it is, this child-like spontaneity manifests itself. It is indeed to this essay that Thompson principally owes his place in the literary world of prose, for, without doubt, it is the most exquisite prose production of his genius. George Wyndham styled it "the most important contribution to pure letters written in English during the last twenty years."

The *Shelley* was written at the suggestion of Cardinal Herbert Vaughan for *The Dublin Review* in 1889. Thompson chose this theme because "I remember more of him than any other poet (though that is saying little). Until I was twenty-two Shelley was more studied by me than anyone else." In a letter written at this time is preserved the author's own opinion of his essay: "It

seemed to me dreadful trash when I read it over before sending it. Shut my eyes and ran to the post or some demon might have set me to work on picking it again." And again: "I have just finished Shelley with quite agonizing pain and elaborateness. It is written at an almost incessant level of poetic prose, and seethes with imagery like my poetry itself." He calls it the "picked fruit of three painful months." Strange to say the article was refused by *The Dublin Review,* probably, as Thompson himself says, "because the editor could not make up his mind whether it was heavenly rhetoric or infernal nonsense."

The *Shelley* essay surpasses all of Thompson's other prose productions. Indeed it could with the greatest merit be attributed to the pen of the immortal Shelley himself, for from every line gleams forth the brilliancy and ardent spirit of that "Enchanted Child." The masterful language, the "seething imagery," the heaping of thought upon thought, figure upon figure, gives a richness that is scarcely imitable. His imagery is grand, rich and beautifully profuse, while its almost "incessant level of poetic prose" shows only too well the marvelous power of the master hand.

His imaginative powers were such that he seemed always to dwell in a world of his own making, peopled by the creations of his own mind. Still it was not for the mere intellectual pleasure that it gave him that he toyed with this great toy. Thus, in his own opinion, "to sport with the tangles of Neæra's hair may be trivial idleness or caressing tenderness.....So you may toy with imagery in mere intellectual ingenuity.....or you may toy with it in raptures." This was the power which brought him into such close contact with the unseen world that he "felt its breath on his cheek." The essay is prefaced, as he himself tells us, "by a fiery attack on Christian Philistinism driven home with all the rhetoric I could muster."

> The Church, which was once the mother of poets no less than of saints, during the last two centuries has relinquished to aliens the chief glories of poetry, if the chief glories of holiness she has preserved for her own. The palm and the laurel, Dominic and Dante, sanctity and song, grew together in her soil: she has retained the palm, but foregone the laurel.

Then follows a superb outburst of language pleading for the recall of the straying child:

> This beautiful, wild, feline poetry, wild because left to range

> the wilds, restore to the hearth of your charity, shelter under the rafter of your Faith; discipline her to the sweet restraints of your household, feed her with the meat from your table, soften her with the amity of your children; tame her, fondle her, cherish her—you will no longer then need to flee her. Suffer her to wanton, suffer her to play, so she play round the foot of the Cross!

Such a literary treasure as this is like a literary pearl of great price which satisfies him who finds—it is an all-embracing plea, an unrefusable, unforgettable plea for the return of poetry. Someone once remarked to Thompson that he was "to be the Poet of the return to Nature," but he replied: "I would be the Poet of the return to God." There is an excellent example of Thompson's own childlike spirit in the following passage, which also brings out in a startling degree his vivid imaginative powers. He is describing Shelley's poetry:

> He is still at play, save only that his play is such as manhood stops to watch, and his playthings are those which the gods give their children. The universe is his box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kennelled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven: its floor is littered with his broken fancies. He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun. He stands in the lap of patient Nature, and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred willful fashions, to see how she will look nicest in his song.

In this inimitable imagery, mirroring his own powers, he has portrayed perfectly the pastimes of the children of the gods, but only such an imagination as Thompson's could conceive these pastimes for this "darling of nature." Throughout the whole essay, which is wonderful in its constructive insight, there is a vividness, a captivating vividness, a heaping of balance upon balance, beauty upon richness and richness upon beauty, until amidst all this profusion of exquisite language it really reaches its climax "round the foot of the Cross."

The Fourth Order of Humanity, another of his productions, displays clearly that Thompson was ever a child; as he aptly quotes,

"Men are but children of a larger growth." In the opening sentences of the essay he notes the gradations in Creation:

"In the beginning of things came man, sequent to him woman; on woman followed the child, and on the child the doll. It is a climax of development; and the crown of these is the doll." The doll then he elevates to the order of humanity. With naïve simplicity, and yet with childish conviction—ever the child "so small that the elves can whisper in his ear"—he, childlike, takes us into his confidence, telling us how when small he "wrung by fine eloquence a beautiful doll from his sisters which he christened the Empress of France because of its beauty," and years afterwards he writes: "At this hour, though she has long since vanished to some realm where all sawdust is wiped forever from dolls' wounds, I cannot hear that name, but the Past touches me with a rigid agglomeration of small china fingers."

Nowhere in the essay are we allowed to lose sight of his childlike spontaneity—the heart of the child is everywhere apparent, the heart that never grew old though his shoulders bent and his steps lagged. Such a child was he when he fell in love with the bust of the Vatican Melpomene, "which," he says, "thralled my youth in a passion such as feminine mortality was skill-less to instigate." And "each evening, as twilight fell, I stole to meditate and worship."

As Eugénie de Guérin once remarked: "To make children well we must borrow their eyes and their hearts, see and feel as they do, and judge them from their own point of view." This then is the source of Francis Thompson's deep appreciation of the joys and sorrows of child-life: he was at heart a child, and so could fathom the depths of childish joy.

Different both in style and matter from either of these compositions is Thompson's *Paganism Old and New,* which falls below the elevated richness and beauty of the *Shelley* essay, not because of any defect in itself, but because of the superb composition of the *Shelley.* Concerning this essay, which is an excellent example of Thompson's critical ability, Everard Meynell writes: "*Paganism Old and New,* in which it was sought to expose the fallacy of searching for love of beauty and sweetness in the pagan mythology, and to reveal the essential modernity, and even Christianity, of Keats' and Shelley's pagan beauties, was a triumph of journalistic obedience and appropriateness."

That Francis Thompson was keenly alive to the literary ten-

dencies and aspirations of the age, is made manifest by the critical analysis to which he subjects this new paganism. The essay begins with a glowing description of the old paganism, to which is contrasted the "condition of to-day," which he styles "the cold formalities of an outgrown worship." And in a powerful climax he concludes: "In our capitols the very heavens have lost their innocence. Aurora may rise over our cities but she has forgotten how to blush." It was Thompson's firm belief that the old paganism possessed only a soulless beauty, a beauty merely of the externals, a beauty which never penetrated beneath "the outward life;" that it was only the advent of Christianity which gave to the world that true beauty which is exemplified in the "Madonna, and a greater than the Madonna."

> In truth there was around the Olympian heaven no such halo and native air of poetry, as, for Christian singers, clothed the Christian heaven. To the heathen mind its divinities were graceful, handsome, noble gods, powerful, and therefore to be propitiated with worship; cold in their sublime selfishness, and therefore unlovable. No pagan ever loved his god. Love he might, perhaps, some humble rustic or domestic deity—but no Olympian. Whereas, in the Christian religion, the Madonna, and a greater than the Madonna, were at once high enough for worship and low enough for love.

This whole criticism was a cry against the endeavors of the moderns to bring back the old paganism:

> Bring back, then, even the best age of Paganism, and you smite Beauty on the cheek. But you *cannot* bring back the best age of Paganism, the age when Paganism was a faith. None will again behold Apollo in the forefront of the morning, or see Aphrodite in the upper air loose the long lustre of her golden locks. But you *may* bring back—*dii avertant omen*—the Paganism of the days of Pliny, and Statius, and Juvenal. .....This is the Paganism that is formidable, and not the antique lamp whose feeding oil is spent.....

Masterful writing is this, and all the more to be marveled at considering that it was written on the darksome streets of London, "where the East sweeps the soot in eddies round his ankles"—with no books at his disposal—no help whatever—only the unequaled powers of the man. Thus in the letter enclosing the manuscript to the editor of *Merry England:* "I must ask your pardon for the soiled state of the manuscript. It is due not to

slovenliness, but to the strange places and circumstances under which it has been written." It is indeed a precious product of London's darkest streets.

Again did the hands of the master clothe even ordinary criticism with the charm of deeply imaginative thought, for in his review of General Booth's *In Darkest England* are passages which take their place with the choicest in our literature. At the very commencement of the essay he vividly portrays the brighter section of London—with this he contrasts

> another region—is it not rather another universe? A region whose hedgerows have set to brick, whose soil is chilled to stone; where flowers are sold and women; where men wither and the stars; whose streets to me on the most glittering day are black.....Misery cries out to me from the kerb-stone, despair passes me by in the ways; I discern limbs laden with fetters impalpable, but not imponderable; I hear the shaking of invisible lashes. I see men dabbled with their own oozing life.

Thompson was indeed a capable critic of such an extraordinary volume as General Booth's. It was only such a pen as Thompson's that could portray in their true light the contrasting scenes of London's streets. The beauty, the pleasure and the joy that reigned supreme in that "land of lanes," contrasting with the misery, the poverty and sin of London's darkened streets, where these have taken firm root in the "chilled soil." He had known by sorrowful experience the awfulness of those scenes, "of that life which is not a life." In after years the thoughts of these appalled him, the "cries from the kerb-stone" were constantly ringing in his ears, and the bettering of these outcasts of Creation was an object dearest to his heart. The essay sounds a bugle blast that must ring through the Catholic ranks, reverberating throughout England, a call for the Catholic army, the Franciscan Tertiaries, to advance.

> Our army is in the midst of us, enrolled under the banner of the Stigmata, quartered throughout the kingdom, an army over thirteen thousand strong, following the barrack routine of religious peace, diligently pipe-claying its spiritual accoutrements, practising what that other Army calls "knee-drill," turning out for periodical inspection and dreaming of no conflict at hand. Sound to it the trumpet. Sound to the militia of Assisi that the enemy is about them, that they must take the field.

It is his clarion call to arms: "The scarf and scarlet jersey is crying

in the street.....such God's truth as is in it to cry; where is the brown frock and the cord?"

Thompson's keen insight into the prevailing conditions in England unfolded to him the only efficacious remedy to stem the onrush of darkest England to destruction:

> But the children! There is the chance; there, alas, also is the fear. Think of it! If Christ stood amidst your London slums, He could not say: "Except ye become as one of *these* little children!" Far better your children were cast from the bridges of London than they should become as one of these little ones. Could they be gathered together and educated in the truest sense of the word; could the children of the nation at large be so educated as to cut off future recruits to the ranks of Darkest England; then it would need no astrology to cast the horoscope of to-morrow.....Who grasps the child, grasps the future.....When man would build to a lasting finish, he must found his building over a child.....In the school-satchel lies the keys of to-morrow.

This superb criticism was published in *Merry England,* in 1891, and was most favorably received both in England and America. The *Review of Reviews* was especially loud in its praise. In fact the then editor[1] of the *Review* was a warm admirer of Thompson, and it is to be lamented that one who, because of his position and merits, could have done so much to bestow on its author his deserved place in literature, should have perished in the *Titanic* disaster.

Besides these longer essays there are a number of shorter ones: *Form and Formalism, Nature's Immortality,* one on *Sanctity and Song,* which treats of the three canticles attributed to St. Francis. Then there is a long series of short essays, seventeen in number, on *Poets as Prose Writers,* published first of all in *The Academy,* a London literary magazine. An essay on "his own De Quincey," whom he so much resembled in his life and sufferings, displays his liking for one towards whom "his feelings soon came to be that of a younger for an older brother who has braved a hazardous road, shown the way, conquered, and left it strewn with consolations and palliations." Indeed there are many striking similarities between these two Goliaths of prose.

In a fanciful piece, *Moestitiæ Encomium,* written after he had read Blake and De Quincey, Thompson remarks: "A world without joy were more tolerable than a world without sorrow. Without

[1] W. T. Stead.

sadness where were brotherliness? For in joy there is no brotherliness, but only a boon companionship."

And how closely he reëchoes Shelley's thought:

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought,

when he says of sadness that "our sweetest songs are from her," and again "the sweetest smiles I know, her rod draws forth from the rock of an abiding melancholy," or "of the most beautiful among the sons of men it is recorded that, though many had seen Him weep, no man had seen Him smile." "Power is the reward of sadness. It was after the Christ had wept over Jerusalem that He uttered some of His most august words."

Finis Coronat Opus is a fantasia, which Everard Meynell thinks "for all its artificiality and hardly hidden irony, has hints of that slaying of domesticities which went to his own making of 'a poet out of a man.'" The piece only serves to show that whatever form of literary venture Thompson put his hand to, he crowned with success.

To neglect the mention of his very long essay on *Health and Holiness,* which he subentitles *A Study of the Relations Between Brother Ass, the Body, and His Rider, The Soul,* would be to do him a grave injustice. It is really a treatise on asceticism, a mode of living intended to subjugate the carnal element, to subject the lower to the higher, body to soul.

These then are some of the pearls from the rich treasury of artistic prose which the master has left to a world which is gradually according him the just laurels. The essays of this "Enchanted Child" are brimming over with surpassing beauties, and he who dips into this shining fountain of sparkling literature, will find his thirst sated with the noble thoughts it contains.

It were conceivable that because of all these brilliant productions, Thompson should be accused of being primarily "an artificer of words," for magician that he is, he so spins them upon his loom that we scarce recognize the web wherewith the fabric is made. On this very point Thompson says: "The habit of excessive care in word-selection frequently results in loss of spontaneity, and, still worse, the habit of always taking the best word too easily becomes the habit of taking the most ornate word, the word most removed from ordinary speech." Thus he himself was aware of this grave danger and avoided it, for in him there is no loss of spontaneity—he is nothing if not spontaneous. His words are the most natural

outpouring of his thoughts, and he made excellent use of the words with which his vivid imagination flooded his mind. He had strayed into the "ancient forge and workshop of Nature," and there he found the "words cast off from her anvil in bewildering succession," words that expressed perfectly the burning images in his imagination.

Again speaking of fine writing merely for its own sake, he says:

> We have spoken somewhat contemptuously of "fine language." Let no one suppose from that that we have any antipathy to literary splendor in itself, apart from the subject on which it is exercised. Quite the contrary. To write plainly on a fine subject is to set a jewel in wood. The true abuse of "fine language" is rich diction applied to a plain subject, or lofty words to weak ideas; like most devices in writing, this one also is excellent when employed as a means, evil when sought as an end.

Most certainly may it be said that between the matter and form of Thompson's prose there is perfect harmony. He does not suffer from the defect of "predominance of art over inspiration, of body over soul." His thought always predominates, his language is not such that his meaning is lost in the "foam and roar of his phraseology."

Thompson, in all truth, was "a lover of words, of words for their soul's sake." He sought out an exact correspondence between the word and the thing, yet never so as to destroy his spontaneity. The words of Coventry Patmore characterize perfectly the nature of Francis Thompson's prose: "Fanciful prose, flowery, picturesque, emulous of poetry, intricate mosaic work in words," and beneath these words always the thought. May not the words written of Lionel Johnson he applied to our master: "He belonged to an English literary group of meteoric brilliancy, over many of whom hung a singularly tragic fate," for no one studying the life of Thompson will gainsay this last.

Francis Thompson had his literary defects. His use of imagery and his florid style may sometimes have been carried to extremes, and his enthusiastic manner of writing often betrayed him into faults, but such discrepancies as these fade into insignificance beneath the brilliant light of his other gifts. And surely no one will ever condemn the enthusiastic soul, guided if it be by prudence, for "a little enthusiasm in this world could work wonders."

SOME CHAPTERS IN THE HISTORY OF FEMININE EDUCATION.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

A LITTLE less than five centuries ago a great German scholar wrote a book, called *De Docta Ignorantia,* "On Learned Ignorance." Nicholas of Cusa, to whom we owe the book, later became Cardinal through that open channel of advancement for even sons of the very poor, which President Wilson declared, in his book on *The New Freedom,* the mediæval Church ever maintained. Cusanus, as he is called from his birthplace, was himself a man of very broad interests, learned in the languages and philosophy and theology, but famous particularly for his knowledge of mathematics and his speculations in astronomy, as well as his ingenious suggestions with regard to the application of scientific principles to the testing of knowledge. His intellectual watchword, strange as it may seem to some of those who are ignorant of the history of the fifteenth century, was exactness and definiteness of knowledge.

In our own generation an American humorist changed the form of the phrase, but said the same thing as Cardinal Nicholas of Cusa some five hundred years before in an expression that is often quoted, "It is not so much the ignorance of mankind," Josh Billings said, "that makes them ridiculous, as the knowing so many things that ain't so." How much of *learned* ignorance—I suppose the Latin words would be better translated—how much of *taught* ignorance there is in the world, and how many things there are that people know "that ain't so," was brought home during the past summer months to many who visited the exhibit relating to feminine education on the main floor of the New York Public Library. For this exhibition brings out the fact very clearly that there has been interest in feminine education at practically all times, so that it has been possible for an American collector to gather without much difficulty a whole series of important materials illustrating the history of feminine education from the year 300 A. D. down to our own time.

The fact that the exhibit was held in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Barnard College, the women's department of Columbia University, New York City, is of itself an index of the larger and broader interest in the history of education that has developed in recent years; and, above all, of the frank recognition that our own day is not the first that has given to women opportunities for higher education and the full development of all their mental faculties. Indeed, it has been coming home with a good deal of force to those now interested in feminine education, that the older notions with regard to the deliberate suppression of feminine intellectuality before our time is a typical example of the utter lack of scholarship that has characterized so much of the loose writing of the last few generations. Such lack of scholarship is, of course, only on a par with a corresponding failure to recognize the widely-extended interest in education in all its phases, in science, especially in medicine and surgery, in the times long before our own, and especially in that much misunderstood period—the Middle Ages.

Generations that were themselves but little versed in certain periods of history, supposed that the periods were of little importance because their knowledge was so slight. Following fast upon this assumption, a readiness to make assertions derogatory to such periods showed itself. Recent historical writing shows a tendency to set things right, and remove that old delusion that progress is the peculiar possession of the last four hundred years.

One of the falsehoods that has often been made to do service in support of such a thesis is that some council or synod of the Church, held in the first centuries of Christianity, declared that woman did not have a soul, or at least seriously discussed the question whether she had a soul or not, or held a debate that at least proved that the fathers of the synod did not believe that woman had a mind worth talking about. This utterly impossible story has been made a favorite subject of discussion by many eager to exhibit their *taught* ignorance. Young men and maidens still air their knowledge of the early history of education by recondite references to it. Advocates of women's rights still turn to it as an example of how poorly women were esteemed in the old days.[1] It probably will be

[1] The discussion is said to have taken place at the Council of Mâcon in the year 585. The foundation for the report consists only in the fact that one of the bishops present, whose Latin had perhaps grown rusty as he grew older, made the mistake of suggesting that the generic term *homo* could not be applied to *mulier*—

quite impossible for generations yet to obliterate references to this mythical Church decree, for the ignorant, like the poor, we have always with us.

Perhaps such exhibitions as that at the New York Public Library may help to obliterate some of the foolish notions, and show the utter absurdity of a great many widely-accepted ideas. Yet even this exhibit represents only distant and widely-separated landmarks in one of the most important phases of human interest. Mr. George Plimpton, who is the Treasurer of Barnard College and member of the original Board of Trustees, has for many years collected works along two lines, old arithmetics and illustrations of the history of feminine education. His collection of old arithmetics, probably the best in the world, has been thoroughly described in *Rara Arithmetica,* by Professor Smith of the Teachers' College, Columbia University. This is of itself an earnest of the fact that Mr. Plimpton's collection with regard to feminine education is also quite representative and eminently helpful, although the very extent of the subject would prevent it from being even reasonably complete.

Those who have been inclined to think that interest in feminine education is in any sense of the word a new thing in the world's history, or that women have had to wait until now to receive opportunities for the higher or even the highest education, will find abundant contradiction of such ideas at the exhibition in question. For many it will constitute a new horizon in the knowledge of the history of feminine education, and the place and influence of women in the world. Above all it will serve to illustrate phases of education—and of life—that have been rather ridiculously misunderstood. The relation of the Church to education, and particularly to feminine education, the place of the religious orders of women in the history of that education, and, above all, the position of women in the older time who without a vocation for domesticity felt the call to use their abilities for the benefit of the community, all these find ample illustration here.

woman, as well as to *vir*—man. The assembly of bishops at once silenced an opinion so unusual and referred to the Scriptures, in which the term *homo*—man—was applied to both man and woman, as well as to the fact that the Lord is called the Son of Man though born of a Virgin Mother. From this trifling incident a story has been concocted that the main discussion of the Council of Mâcon for days was whether a woman had a soul or was really a human being. (See Boards of Education and Historical Truth, Educational Briefs, No. 13, January, 1906, issued by the Superintendent of Parish Schools, Philadelphia, Pa.)

FEMININE EDUCATION IN THE EARLY CHURCH.

The interest of the early Church in the intellectual development of women is very well illustrated as an opening chapter by a quotation from one of St. Jerome's Letters to Laeta, in which he says: "Put letters into Paula's hands and teach her the meaning of them. Take care that she does not conceive a dislike for study that may follow her into a more advanced age." St. Jerome's own experience with Paula and Eustochium had shown him how much intellectual development and feminine education might mean for Christianity, hence his benevolent interest, and his insistence that it be not made unpleasant. His letter is only one of many documents that remind us how much Christianity was doing for women, giving them the opportunity to express themselves, and exert their influence in many ways in philanthropy and the social life of the time.

Somehow the impression lingers with some people that this chapter represents a heritage from the earlier Roman and Greek civilizations: that the Church's hand was forced in the matter, since Roman customs, as Nepos told us all at the beginning of our Latin education, had thoroughly emancipated woman. Even when they judge the Church by what occurred when the Roman influence died, and she had the opportunity to exert her influence untrammeled by the society around her, they still maintain that her interest in feminine education was minimal, and that the Middle Ages were one long, dark night of ignorance, for women at least. Recent developments in history have made it very clear how erroneous such a judgment is. The Church may well afford to be judged by what she did for women in the Middle Ages. They represent one of the most important chapters in the history of feminine education.

FEMININE EDUCATION IN GERMANY AND ENGLAND.

What a magnificent chapter in the history of feminine education is opened up by the next exhibit, the letter of St. Boniface the great apostle of Germany, who after his experience in England with the magnificent work of religious women, realized that if he wished to bring about the conversion of the German people, and create an enduring Christianity among them, he must deeply influence the women of the country. Tacitus had pointed out long before what an important place the German women occupied in the life of their nation. St. Boniface's letter was answered by the sending to him of Thecla, who herself bears the name of Saint because of the work

that she accomplished in Germany. Other letters of St. Boniface show how much he appreciated the value of the labors of these women who came to Germany to share his apostolic labors. How curiously modern the whole incident is for those who know missionary conditions! How often missionaries have felt that their labors would be ultimately unavailing if religious women did offer themselves to care for the children, and bring them up under conditions that would insure the continuance of Christianity for succeeding generations.

Probably more interesting still is the suggestion that lies so near to Boniface's letter with regard to the religious women of England. The Venerable Bede has told the story of St. Hilda, under whose rule the monastery that we now know as Whitby became so famous, though in her time the place was called by its Saxon name, Streanshalch. The fame of St. Hilda's wisdom was so great that nobility, high ecclesiastics and superiors of religious orders came to consult her. Under her rule Whitby became a centre of education and of learning, and also a centre of piety and of moral training, whence radiated influences that reached unto generations then unborn.

When Caedmon had his marvelous vision and was told to go write it out, it was to St. Hilda that he went to tell his story and recite his verses. It was St. Hilda who, when Caedmon himself hesitated about his gift of song and wondered whether a man so unlearned could be a poet, persuaded him to take the monastic habit, and provided him with the opportunity for study and writing. The story makes it clear, for Caedmon had been only a laborer attached to the monastery, that even at the end of the seventh century any man who had the talent might easily secure the opportunity for education, and that such women as St. Hilda[2] were in the best sense of the word patronesses of the education of the poor.

[2] How highly St. Hilda was appreciated by her countrymen and contemporaries, will be best realized from the number of places in England that were named in her honor. By that curious tendency to modification which is so marked in English speech, the names of some of the places have become so transformed as to be quite disguised. One of them is now known as South Shields, though its original name of St. Hilda's was never deliberately changed. The transformation may not seem so surprising if it is recalled that St. Albans became similarly metamorphosed, first into Stubbins and then to Stubbs, as I believe Bishop Stubbs himself demonstrated, or that Rotten Row came originally from Route de Roi, and Charing Cross from *chère reine croix,* because here the body of the dear Queen Eleanor had rested in its funeral procession, and a cross was erected to commemorate that event.

BENEDICTINE NUNNERIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Undoubtedly the most important chapter in the history of feminine education for all time, is the foundation of the Benedictine nunneries in the sixth century. They date from before St. Boniface's time, and it seems to be clear now that the religious in England, both men and women, were either actually Benedictines or belonged to religious orders under the Benedictine rule, for St. Gregory, the Pope who sent St. Augustine, as well as Augustine himself, were religious allied to it. Mr. Plimpton's illustrations of the intellectual life in the Benedictine convents come from later centuries, but they bring out very well the educational development these institutions represent. Roswitha, the nun dramatist, the Abbess Hildegarde, writer on science, the Abbess Herrad, author of *The Garden of Delights,* represent leaders in thought among women during the centuries from the tenth to the thirteenth.

All we know of the beginnings of this great movement in feminine education is that St. Benedict, the founder of the Benedictines, had a sister, St. Scholastica, and that her name is associated with the foundation of institutions for women corresponding to the Benedictine monasteries for men. To appreciate the significance of these institutions, it is important to realize the background of the times when they were founded. The Romans had gradually affected the practical obliteration of themselves by the limitation of families, divorce, luxury and disease. The Teutonic people held first as slaves after defeat in battle, and subsequently, as representatives of the working classes in the Italian cities, because the Roman citizens would have nothing to do with manual labor, gradually came to replace them, and the great movement known as "the migration of nations" was in full swing. The barbarians from the North introduced suddenly to civilization, took its vices easily and acquired its virtues with difficulty, and above all showed little of interest in the cultured life of those who had been their masters.

In this transition period the Church accomplished the Christianization and the civilization of the newcomers, but only with difficulty and considerable delay. Human nature does not change in a generation or two its modes and customs. It was an age of social upheaval. Benedict retired from the strenuous, fitful, overbusy life of the city to a refuge for quiet thought, contemplation and study. Others soon followed him. The promise of quiet and peace and a mental and spiritual rather than a material and sordid

life tempted many. That in a few words is the foundation of the Benedictine monks.

It was not long before similar opportunities were desired for women, and St. Scholastica organized them. It would be very easy to think that such institutions would be only temporary, meant to fit that particular transitional time, and would gradually disappear with the changes of civilization. The Benedictine monasteries and convents, however, have proved enduring institutions, and a thousand years after their foundation Vittoria Colonna in Italy found her greatest consolation in turning to one of them for months each year. Now nearly five hundred years later they are still in existence practically everywhere throughout the world, where women who desire to consecrate themselves to God, for love of Him and of their fellows, may do so.

In practically every century of the Middle Ages there were great Benedictine nuns[3] whose names will never be forgotten. The monks sent to England by Pope Gregory the Great were Benedictines, and the houses of religious women famous in England must be considered as belonging to the Benedictines. St. Hilda at Whitby, in the seventh century, is a typical example, and SS. Lioba and Thecla, who by invitation went to Germany to help Boniface in the eighth century, were followers of the same rule. Then there was Roswitha the nun dramatist of the tenth century, and the Abbess Hildegarde in the twelfth and many others. The Order proved to be the foster-mother of distinguished intellectual women, who found the opportunity to express themselves in forms that still live after all these centuries. Traditions tell us that these women usually planned their own convents, and when not actually the architects were very frequently the designers of the structures. There are even traditions that some of the great minsters or churches in connection with the larger Benedictine convents were planned by women members of the Order. Certainly these convents opened up a magnificent opportunity for a career for women who had aspirations after higher things, and felt that they

[3]The term nun is probably derived from an old word for mother. It meant particularly a dear old mother, and has in some of the modern languages a representation of the same root in words for grandmother. The derivation is from the same root as *nana,* which represents the first syllables used by a child often even before *mama,* and which has, therefore, been taken for the word for nurse or mother in certain languages. There are still religious orders in which a great many of the members are known as mothers, and originally all the members of religious orders of women were called by this reverential title. Nun is now properly reserved for the cloistered orders.

had no vocation for domesticity. The nunneries gave them, besides, ample assurance that as the years went on they would be cared for in the familiar convent surroundings by sister religious who would have all of a relative's sense of duty toward them.

MODERN APPRECIATION OF MEDIÆVAL CONVENTS.

In recent years serious writers on the history of feminine education, and above all women who have been occupied with the story of feminine influence at other periods than ours, have come to realize the true significance of the Benedictine nunneries and their place in the intellectual life of their times.

At last we have come to know something about the intellectual life in the convents of the Middle Ages; how significant it was, how highly developed, how intimately associated with the spiritual life, and how thoroughly these two supreme interests filled up the lives of the women of many generations, and gave them the best possible chance for the fullest development of character.

Mrs. Emily James Putnam in a well-known book, in which she discusses the place of woman in the intellectual life of Europe at various periods from the early Greek days down to our own time, has been especially emphatic in her declaration of the great significance of the intellectual life of women of the mediæval convents. As she was for years the dean of Barnard College, the commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of which was the occasion for this exhibit that we are discussing, it will be readily understood that Mrs. Putnam is in a position to compare our time with the older times. Her contrast of the intellectual life of the mediæval convents with that of the modern college for women shows the former in no disadvantageous light. In her book *The Lady*,[4] Mrs. Putnam said: "No institution of Europe has ever won for the lady the freedom and development that she enjoyed in the convent in early days. The modern college for women only feebly reproduces it, since the college for women has arisen at a time when colleges in general are under a cloud. The lady abbess, on the other hand, was part of the two great social forces of her time, feudalism and the Church. Great spiritual rewards and great worldly prizes were alike within her grasp. She was treated as an equal by the men of her class, as is witnessed by letters we still have from Popes and emperors to abbesses. She had the stimulus of competition with men in executive capacity, in scholarship and in artistic production."

[4] Page 71.

Other testimony to this same effect is not hard to find in writers who have made special study of the subject. Lena Eckstein, in her work on *Woman Under Monasticism*,[5] declared that "the career opened to the inmates of convents in England and on the Continent was greater than any other ever thrown open to women in the course of modern European history." She said further: "The contributions of nuns to literature, as well as incidental remarks, show that the curriculum of study in the nunnery was as liberal as that accepted by the monks, and embraced all available writing whether by Christian or profane authors..... Throughout the literary world, as represented by convents, the use of Latin was general, and made possible the even spread of culture in districts that were widely remote from each other and practically without intercourse."

AN EARLIER CHAPTER IN FEMININE EDUCATION.

An even more important chapter in the history of feminine education was not hinted at in the exhibit, because of the lack of any material that would serve to illustrate it. This is the chapter at the head of which stands the name of St. Brigid of Ireland. It is well recognized now that she must be called the first important organizer of feminine education under Christianity, and that what she accomplished meant ever so much more than has ever been dreamed of until the recent interest in early Irish history brought out the significant details of it. The names of Brigid and Patrick have been intimately associated in the story of the conversion of the Irish to Christianity, and the development of a great Christian consciousness among the people. Brigid has been so highly honored that she is so often spoken of as the Mary of the Gaels. The record of her influence on her times is of supreme importance in the history of feminine education.

When for the first time a whole nation was converted to Christianity, and the Church had the opportunity to influence freely the intellectual life of the people, education at once became the watchword of Christianity. In Rome where the schools were pagan in their influence, and where paganism in intellectual matters was rife, the Church had to take up apparently a position of opposition to education, because the ecclesiastical authorities wished above all to protect young Christians from the sapping influence of pagan philosophy. Christian youth were forbidden to attend pagan

[5] Pages 478, 479.

schools, and the Christians provided schools of their own, which, owing to their inadequate means and the persecutions to which the Church was subjected, quite naturally compared very unfavorably at first with the public schools of various kinds. How history does repeat itself!

When in Ireland, however, the whole people were converted to Christianity, these dangers no longer existed, and the Church at once set about the problem of giving the best possible education to the rising generation of Christians. The result is well known. Ireland became the Island of Saints and of Scholars, the university region of Europe, the preserver of the old culture, and the apostle of Christianity and civilization to the continent of Europe after the migration of nations had almost obliterated the old intellectual life. In the midst of this great movement for education, the women also had their part, and St. Brigid's school at Kildare became a centre of influence for women, providing opportunities for higher education. According to well authenticated traditions, women came not only from all over Ireland, but also from England, and even from Gaul and Spain, and then returned to their own countries to be the founders of institutions similar to Kildare,

We have convincing evidence that much was accomplished at Kildare. The women students at Kildare, and who it seems at one time numbered several thousands, studied there Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and were above all deeply interested in the Scriptures. While the opportunities for book learning were thus provided, Kildare became famous for the feminine arts, for lace-making, for the illumination of books, and for the encouragement and patronage of beautiful things for the service of religion. For centuries the bishops of Kildare were appointed only with the consent of the abbess of the convent, who had the right of veto, though apparently no active voice in the selection of the candidate. A community of monks in a monastery, not far from the nunnery, was also under the rule of the abbess.

The extent to which the devotion at Kildare to artistic bookmaking, for instance, was carried is very well illustrated by a passage from Gerald the Welshman's book, Giraldus Cambrensis, on his travels in Ireland. He saw a very beautiful volume of the Scriptures at Kildare, and is enthusiastic in his praise of it. Gerald, be it said, was never inclined to praise anything very much, unless it were Welsh, but he quite exhausts the lexicon of praise with regard to this volume: "Of all the wonders of Kildare I have found

nothing more wonderful than the marvelous book written in the time of St. Brigid, and, as they say, at the dictation of an angel. The book contains the concordance of the Gospels according to St. Jerome, and every page is filled with divers figures, most accurately marked out with various colors. Here you behold a majestic face, divinely drawn, there the mystical forms of the evangelists, each having sometimes six, sometimes four and sometimes two wings; here an eagle, there a calf, there a human face and lion, and other figures in infinite variety, so cleverly wrought together that if you looked carelessly at them, they would seem like a uniform blot without skill or study, rather than an exquisite interweaving of figures where all is skill and perfection of art. But, if you look closely with all the acuteness of sight that you can command, and examine the inmost secrets of that wondrous art, you will discover such delicate, such subtle, such fine and closely-wrought lines, twisted and interwoven in such intricate knots, and adorned with such fresh and brilliant colors, that you will readily acknowledge the whole to have been the result of angelic rather than human skill. The more frequently I behold it, the more diligently I examine it, the more numerous are the beauties I discover, and the more I am lost in renewed admiration of it."

And Giraldus Cambrensis was a traveled man, a connoisseur in things beautiful. He had visited Rome at least twice; had studied at the University of Paris and had lived there while the great Cathedral of Notre Dame and La-Sainte-Chapelle were being built. Nothing worth while escaped the experienced and critical eye of the Welshman.

Long before Giraldus' visit there had been preserved in Ireland an example of marvelous book-making, which proves how much was accomplished in the arts in the early Middle Ages in Ireland. *The Book of Kells* is exactly such a book as Gerald describes. After careful study in the modern time even the most expert of connoisseurs in illuminative work have declared, as Gerald did more than seven centuries ago, that the more it is examined the more numerous are the beauties discovered. If *The Book of Kells* had not been preserved for us, we might perhaps have doubted Gerald's description. But its preservation is a strong argument to prove that there must have been other such volumes as *The Book of Kells*. Such things never exist as absolutely solitary phenomena in an artistic period.

With *The Book of Kells* and Gerald's words in mind it is

easy to understand the traditions of beautiful needlework, wonderful lace, and charming art and craft work of all kinds having been done at Kildare When taken in connection with the Irish jewelry, the Cross of Cong, the Brooch of Tara, and other remains of this earlier period, we come to recognize the feminine influence that existed in Irish history.

LATE MEDIÆVAL FEMININE EDUCATION.

Of the history of feminine education toward the end of the Middle Ages much more is generally known. Few who pretend to any knowledge of the history of feminine education are unfamiliar with the work of Roswitha, the nun dramatist, whose dramas were published some five hundred years after her death in a printed edition through the Rhenish Celtic Society. This volume is sometimes mentioned as the first for which a special privilege was obtained from government officials. It would in such case represent the first example of copyright. Many more editions have been issued during the past two generations. Not to know some of the other great Benedictine nuns such as the Abbess Hildegarde, the Abbess Herrad, or such works as the *Ancren Riwle,* is to argue oneself quite unknowing in what concerns education and literature. Moreover, toward the end of the Middle Ages come such distinguished women as St. Clare, the little sister of St. Francis of Assisi; St. Elizabeth of Hungary, whose organization of charity well merited the dedication to her of the beautiful Church at Marburg, and St. Catherine of Siena, who did so much for the poor of their time.

The organization of charity work under their guidance is particularly interesting, for it was said in the twelfth and the thirteenth century monasteries that "the poor were received, the feeble were not refused, nor women of evil life, nor sinners, neither lepers nor the helpless." Much of our education at the present time is concerned with the idea of training women to be social workers, so that they may find a place in the coming solutions of social problems which must be solved if our civilization is to endure. How few there are who realize that the great orders of nuns founded at the end of the Middle Ages, took up particularly this social work that offers such magnificent opportunity to the intellectual woman for the most satisfying occupation.

In a word what our generation needs to realize is, that there

was a magnificent development of education and of opportunity for the proper exercise of her influence accorded to women in the Middle Ages. What changed and hindered all this educational and social work and obliterated much of what had been accomplished by the Middle Ages was the movement which used to be called the Reformation, but is now coming to be known as The Religious Revolt of the Early Sixteenth Century, the true significance of which is only beginning to be understood.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS.

(The Thirteenth Station.)

BY CAROLINE GILTINAN.

ONCE you journeyed with Him, Mary—
With your Son Who died for me—
Sharing all He had to suffer
On the way to Calvary.

With the expiation over,
When they laid Him on your breast,
Did a little gladness tremble
That, at last, your Son could rest?

Mother Mary, had you comfort
Though He lay there dead and torn,
Taking from the Head of Jesus
That embedded crown of thorn?

A MASQUERADE.

BY DORA GREENWELL MCCHESNEY.

THE coach jolted heavily along the road from Colchester. Salt airs from the sea came breathing up across the harvest and pasture lands which had so lately been laid waste by the harsh scythe of war. Inside the coach sat a woman's figure, very still, bent forward a little as if tense with listening. And behind, on the long level road which the Romans had built, came the sound of hoof-beats, hurrying and uneven. It was but a single rider that approached, urging a lame and jaded horse to panic speed, and drawing rein at last beside the lumbering vehicle with a sharp cry of "Halt!" At that summons the leathern curtain at the window was pushed aside, and the inmate looked forth with steady eyes along a leveled pistol barrel. If the rider were a gentleman of the road, he played his part, but strangely, for at the sight he flung up an open right hand.

"Madam!" he cried in an urgent whisper, "I am no enemy, no robber—a suppliant rather, craving aid of you. My horse can go no further; I pray of you help me on my journey: I am in sore need to haste. Madam, in the name of—"

"In *whose* name?" asked the lady of the coach, very softly.

Brown eyes held gray for a moment, as some mute understanding flashed between them.

"In the King's name!" answered the horseman and doffed his wide, plumeless hat.

For all reply, the lady leaned from the window, calling her man to stop, and then swung back the coach door.

"If we be challenged, I cannot help you," she said, and for the first time something like fear showed in her dark eyes. "I am myself a fugitive. Yet we may come safely through."

With a broken murmur of thanks, the horseman climbed stiffly from his saddle and made a step towards the proffered shelter. The lady checked him with a quick gesture of her gauntleted hand.

"You are pursued?"

"I may be," he confessed.

"Then your horse will betray you, sir. Look you, hide saddle

and bridle in the ditch and turn the poor beast loose in yonder meadow."

The young cavalier colored deeply at being thus schooled by a woman.

"I am new at these straits and adventurings," he owned with a rueful shrug and smile and turned to his work. He made but poor speed, for all his eagerness, moving like one spent with weariness, but at length it was done, and he had bidden farewell to his steed with a friendly little stroke of the mane, at which the brown eyes watching him brightened with a gleam of approval.

Safe in the coach, the two strangely-encountered fellow travelers eyed each other intently. Then with a smile which flashed very winningly across the face which had been so strained and white, the newcomer doffed his hat with a sweeping movement, as he had doffed it at the name of the King.

"Suffer me to present myself," he said, "John Mildmay, ever, madam, your most humble debtor and servant."

An answering smile touched the lady's graver countenance. She appeared the elder of the two, perhaps by reason of her stately bearing and the imperious lines of her face. Though she wore plain camlet of tawny brown, she wore it as though rich-hued silk and velvet had better befitted her.

"Sir," she replied with due ceremony, "as at this present I cannot curtsey my greetings, but I pray you to know me as Joan Campion. And now that we be duly acquainted, suffer me to ask of your plans. For myself, I think to cross the causeway—pray heaven the tide has not flooded it!—to Mersea Island, where friends await me."

"Thither will I also, so you permit," cried Mildmay quickly, leaning his fair head back with a little sigh of relief and restful weariness.

He looked very boyish and innocent, with his bright hair disheveled about the blue veined temples and the color stealing back into his cheeks. Yet there was a shadow in the eyes that scanned him, and Mistress Joan Campion sat erect in her corner, one hand at her breast.

After a time the silence seemed to irk Master Mildmay; he roused himself to meet the other's gaze.

"Fair lady," he said in his gentle, almost hesitant voice, "I bethink me that I have not once thanked you, in mere words, at the least, for your great trust and succor. Yet saving for you, I had

most like fallen back into the hands of my kinsfolk, which are not my friends. For truly I was well-nigh spent and wholly unarmed."

"Ah!" she nodded quick comprehension. "To be weaponless doth—must needs—take heart from a man."

Yet she did not offer her pistol to his keeping.

"You do love weapons," laughed Mildmay. "I marked it in your look. Odds my life, madam, you are a very Dian, and one which would not obey Ben Jonson his bidding," and he began to sing the lines in his clear boyish voice:

> Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
> And thy crystal-shining quiver;
> Give unto the flying hart
> Space to breathe, how short so-ever:
> Thou that mak'st a day of night—
> Goddess excellently bright!

"Go not the words like music's very self?" he asked, breaking off.

Mistress Campion answered seemingly wide of the mark.

"I have to crave pardon of you, Master Mildmay," she said, "'tis a gallant spirit that sings in peril, and yet when first we met I did think you mightily afraid."

"I doubt I was afraid," returned the other thoughtfully, "but sure, being afraid is no reason for to play the coward."

"That passes my philosophy," laughed the lady, "yet, methinks, I do see your meaning, though 'twould suit ill with most soldiers, meseems."

"We have not all been honored to fight for His Majesty," answered he, dreamily and little sadly, "yet some which fought not for him may die for him, and those which die not may still suffer."

Mistress Campion looked wonderingly at the delicate, wistful face, and her own proud eyes softened a little, then lighted with a whimsical gleam.

"Have you never a sister that is like to you, young sir?" she asked. "She should be a passing fair lady and I would love her well to be my friend."

Sudden heat of anger sprang to Mildmay's cheek, sudden tears of anger to his eyes.

"Ah, madam!" he stammered, "you have saved, it may be,

my poor life. Is it gentle of you to use your power thus to make a mock of me?"

The quizzical light deepened in Mistress Campion's eyes, and a little line of amusement showed about her lips.

"I cry pardon if I have offended your manhood, Master Mildmay. My jest was never aimed as a jibe. But—your life, say you? Are your kinsfolk then so evil disposed towards you that they seek to slay you—for your inheritance, mayhap, like to the wicked uncle of the ballad?"

For a moment the youth seemed inclined to hold to his injured dignity; then the spirit of mirth conquered and he laughed gaily.

"You would make of me but a child astray, Mistress Campion, since you talk of Babes i' the Wood. Nay, mine uncle—for in good sooth it is mine uncle—is not of so murderous make. Yet that which he desires of me I do hold dearer than my life, and he will not scruple to enforce his will. Wherefore I have fled from him, and I will beg, yea, I will starve on the roads before I will return and yield."

There was no laughter now in Joan Campion's gaze; it dwelt on Mildmay with a deep, considerate pity.

"Poor lad," she said, "beggary is easy to speak of but hard to endure. What know you of the hardships of the road you would tread? But I have seen, for I have been overseas in the train of Her Majesty the Queen, and have known much of those which have followed Prince Charles into exile. Shall I tell you of their straits?"

Without waiting for an answer, she began to talk of the banished Cavaliers who were fighting, hoping, hungering and laughing at foreign courts and in foreign camps. The picture she drew was sombre enough, and she did not try to brighten it. Mildmay broke suddenly in on a story of the shifts which a certain penniless Royalist had been put to for a meal of bread and cheese.

"But they are serving the King," he cried, "and they have won honor, though they have lost all else."

Mistress Campion gave an exclamation beneath her breath.

"They are starving for the King, whether or no they serve him," she observed dryly, "a man may grow hungry enough and he have naught but honor to feed on."

Before the lad could answer save by a reproachful look, the coach lurched heavily to one side and there came an ominous gurgle of water; then, after a pause and a sound of shouting and

stamping, the cumbrous vehicle lumbered on its way. Mistress Campion lifted the heavy curtain and signed to her companion to look out.

They had come to the causeway which divided Mersea Island from the mainland. The tide was high, and waves were rolling sluggishly across the banked-up wall, threatening every moment to cut off their further progress. On either hand the waters of sea and river, meeting, spread out in a sheet of gray, touched here and there with sinister green light, under a sky dark with thunder.

"See you," said Joan Campion, in her deep, vibrant voice, "'tis as though you had come to the boundary 'twixt two lives, and before you lie peril and privation unknown. You are too young to face the world unfriended. Get you back, lad, get you back!"

John Mildmay's face was very pale, but his gray eyes shone steadfastly.

"I will not go back," he said.

Mistress Campion dropped the curtain and spoke no further word.

Perhaps half an hour passed before either spoke again; they sat lost in their own thoughts. Then the lady turned to put a question to her companion.

"Can you tell me aught of your danger and the purpose for which you set forth? I might give you counsel, being your elder and something acquainted with life. More counsel I can scarce give you, being bound on an errand which brooks no delay."

"Is it for the King's service?"

Mistress Campion hesitated an instant, then answered simply: "I can trust you: it is for the King."

"Ah!" Mildmay drew a deep breath of excitement, "if even a woman serve him, surely—" he checked himself, flushing scarlet. "I am discourteous; pray you pardon me." Then, as if eager to make amends for a careless word, he hurried on. "Madam, you have done me the great honor to trust me. I will tell you all that I may of myself. You did jest concerning mine inheritance, yet 'tis true that in a year's time I shall come to lands and moneys, and that mine uncle, who is of a most fanatical temper, is wholly determined that they shall be devoted unto the Parliament. But my sweet mother—who is now a saint in heaven—did train me to hold loyalty to the King above all things. I will perish ere my life and estate shall serve his enemies."

"It is right gallantly spoken," but Mistress Campion, sitting

chin on hand, was scanning her companion with a questioning expression. "But how then did your uncle propose to use your life and lands?"

"He would have made me wed—" began Mildmay, and went red and white in a breath.

Comprehension, merriment, and sympathy chased one another across Mistress Campion's face like cloud shadows over a lake. She put a hand on the other's shoulder.

"Poor child," she said, and then more softly still, "poor little maid!" at which "Master Mildmay" lowered her head and broke into a passion of tears.

"Ah, madam," she sobbed when she had quieted herself a little, "beseech you, counsel me, you are wiser and braver far than I. Alack, how ill I have played the man."

"Much as sweet Imogen in the play-book," smiled Mistress Joan. "Now tell me, child, what is thy true name?"

"My name is Millicent—Millicent Lucas," returned the girl shamefaced, and did not see the sudden lift of her listener's eyebrows.

"And is thy resolve pure loyalty?" Mistress Campion pressed her questions relentlessly, "or art flying, like Imogen herself, to thy true love?"

Millicent's eyes flashed through her tears.

"I have no true love, and if I had I would not seek him thus. But I will not be wed against my will and to an enemy of the King."

"How now," the elder woman mocked her very gently, "hast never exchanged vows of love with any sweetheart?"

Millicent shook her head with a wistful smile.

"Never since I was a little wench of nine summers, and I trow my playfellow that called himself my knight and servant hath clean forgot my face and name. He is a man grown now, is Robin, and is fighting for the King. Your eyes mind me of his," she ended abruptly.

"Tell me of him," suggested Mistress Campion, "'twill beguile our journey."

Nothing loth, Millicent began to tell of her childish days and of the comely and gallant boy who had been her playmate, and who had vowed to woo and win her when he should have come to manhood. It was a pretty fantastic little romance she wove of little lad and maid together in the paneled rooms of an old manor house, together among the clipped yews and box hedges of its stately

garden, playing at rescuing knight and rescued princess, and dreaming brave dreams of the days to be.

"And now," she ended with a sigh, "all is other: the King is captive, Robin is fighting afar—mayhap at sea with Prince Rupert—and I—" she glanced down at her own slender figure and broke with girlish suddenness into laughter, "Oh, me, what shall I do with my doublet and hose?"

"Child," Mistress Campion made inconsequent answer, "what shall I do with thee? Best it were I brought thee back to thine uncle's care, thou foolish mummer; his harshness is like to be kind beside the harshness of life unsheltered. But I may not turn from my work—not even for thee, little Millicent."

Perhaps the touch of tenderness in the last words gave the girl courage; she caught at Mistress Campion's gloved hand.

"May I not follow you?" she pleaded. "I will be no hindrance: I have a store of gold. Only bid me not go forth alone!"

"Sweetheart, I go overseas," returned Joan. "A boat waits me hard by, to bring me to Holland, mayhap, or to a ship of his Highness Prince Rupert, as chance shall serve. I may not take thee to such hazards."

"But you go," protested Millicent.

The coach slipped with a jar, and a low whistle sounded close at hand.

"Tis a signal," said Mistress Campion. "No time now to parley. Out with thee, child."

Millicent obeyed and her new-found friend followed, pausing only to snatch something from beneath the seat and hide it in her cloak. The girl felt her wrist grasped, and was drawn from the road into a thicket which skirted it, and so on to a narrow path which wound through seemingly impassable tangled woodland. The coach meanwhile went bolting on its way. The two wayfarers pressed on in silence, making towards the sea. At length the woodland fell away somewhat, and they emerged on a bit of pasture land, dotted with bushes, and stretching out to the salt marshes which fringed the shore. Beyond, across a steel-bright stretch of water, a boat might be discerned, making slowly landward. The fugitives stood a moment to gather breath; then across the hush broke the sound of clanking arms and a voice raised in sharp command. Mistress Campion lifted her head, intently listening; nothing could be seen across the barrier of oak and thorn.

"Millicent," she whispered, "these are soldiers, and they follow me, not thee. I know thee brave; now is thy time to serve the King. Take this packet," she pressed some folded papers into the girl's hand, "hide thee yonder, by that bush, and when I am gone hence hasten thou to the shore and wave this scarf thrice." She drew from her breast a scarf of scarlet silk, slashed and stained. "They will challenge thee 'In whose name?' answer: 'King and Palsgrave.' Quick child. God speed thee!"

Millicent felt a burning kiss on her cheek and, the next instant, found herself crouching behind a knotted furzebush. Mistress Campion had vanished and the meadow lay in seeming solitude. Never through all her life did Millicent forget the scene she looked on then. The sun had shot a flood of light from beneath the brooding thunder clouds, and every outline and color showed with unnatural vividness. Close at the water's edge grew a wild rose tree, every faintly tinted blossom distinct against the bronze and purple marsh and steel-gray water. Into the light and the shadow and the loneliness came two figures, soldiers of the Parliament by their orange scarfs, and halted for a reconnaissance.

"Is naught here?" said one of them heavily.

"Nay," returned the other, a younger, shrewder looking man, "but mark the boat yonder, 'tis suspicious. Best report to the Captain."

As though summoned by the words, Mistress Campion stepped out from covert; Mistress Campion, but how changed! Her cloak was gone and her broad hat, and her hair hung in rings on her shoulders. The skirt of her camlet gown, too, was slashed from girdle to hem, so that it hung loose, not fettering her movements.

"Here is what ye seek," she said coolly, "will ye take me prisoner?"

"Yes, verily," one of the Puritans stepped forward. A pistol cracked, he dropped on his face and lay still. His fellow sprang to avenge him, sword in hand.

Through the brief, fierce fight that followed, Millicent knelt sobbing and shuddering, unable to look away. On the one hand, an armed man, wearing buff coat, breastplate and morion; on the other a woman's form, in stained and rent camlet. The odds seemed foolishly, fatally heavy, yet when a choked cry rang out it was the soldier of the Parliament who uttered it. The Royalist's sword had struck home above his enemy's corselet and the mimic *mêlée* was over.

"Millicent," called the victor softly, and the girl, in her boy's trappings, stole out from her hiding place. "Give the signal, as I bade thee," and she waved the scarlet scarf, the colors of the King.

Then "Mistress Campion" wiped and sheathed his sword, and took his companion's hand in his, raising it to his lips.

"Millicent," he said softly, "I went a-masquerading for the King's sake, as didst thou. Shall we exchange disguise, and henceforth be thou my love and lady and I thy servant? Come, yonder lieth a perilous safety: wilt share it with me?"

The oar-strokes sounded nearer. Millicent looked from the boat on the wide water to the dead men close at hand, to their slayer in his tattered woman garments.

"Why am I not afraid?" she whispered.

"Because thou didst plight me troth long years ago," he answered, smiling. "My little lady, dost not know Robin in his mummery?"

She raised her eyes to his and read the old comradeship and the new love there.

"Come, my heart," he whispered, "shall we go a-masking together?"

THE HOLY SOULS.

BY T. J. S.

From that dark night of purifying pain,
They beg of us the benison of prayers.
Since prayer for them may God's full advent gain,
Haste ye the day when heaven shall be theirs.

MOSTLY MOUJIK—A GLIMPSE OF THE RUSSIAN ARTEL AND KUSTARNUI.

BY RICHARDSON WRIGHT.

IN the heights above Fersoova we fell among *artelchiks*. The hare track that skirts the Shilka Ridge was too narrow at that point, and too slippery for our ponies and them to pass abreast. Besides, passers-by on the Shilka Trakt are few—that is, desirable passers-by. Trans-Baikalia bears an unenviable reputation for *brodjagi,* the murderous vagrants and escaped convicts of Siberia. But these strangers appeared harmless enough, despite their fearsome beards.

They were fully a dozen—stalwart, middle-aged men led by an ancient of days bearing a kit of carpenter's tools. Some had bulging sacks slung over their shoulders; some tea kettles dangling at their belts. All were poorly clothed—rude sheepskin *tulups* or great coats, gaudy red and blue work shirts, with tails flaunting above trouser tops, knee-high boots, and black sugarloaf sheepskin hats. They were journeying up the river to Blagowestchensk to build a house, they said. Yes, we were right, they formed an *artel,* one of those communistic bands of workmen that comprise the nucleus of the Russian peasant industrial system. True to Russian hospitality, they begged us to ride back to a clearing in the wood where a fire could be built and tea made. And there it was that we talked of *artels* and *kustarnui,* and all those unaccountable socialistic things that exist in the heart of oligarchic Muscovy.

"So you are Americanski," began the ancient after the manner of the peasant. "Americanski.....A great country yours. I have a brother in Erie, Pennsylvania. I have a picture of him at home. He is getting very rich. Everyone gets rich in America."

"No, only a few are rich," I hastened to assure him. "The working people are mostly poor—and most everyone works."

"And do they have *artels?*"

"They have unions....."

"No, *artels,* like we are. I have read of your unions. We can't have them here. They're not allowed." He seemed to catch the look of confusion on my face and went on to explain. "We work

together, we men. We are a carpenters' *artel.* When you want to build a house, you hire us. When you pay, you pay us. I take the money and pay the expenses and then we share up. I am the *starosta."*

He went on further to explain how the *artel* works, how it may be devoted to one trade or a part of one trade or to several trades, but the rule holds throughout that the members earn share and share alike. A leader known as the *starosta* is chosen, and upon him devolves the management of the band's affairs. He arranges for passports, finds work, provides tools, materials and supplies, collects wages and distributes the profits equally.

When he had finished and was sipping noisily the hot tea, we sat wondering where else on the globe was there such confidence in the honesty of a leader. Had we discovered Utopia here in the heart of Siberia? We let the question rest for a time, and satisfied ourselves with asking if all the *artels* wandered about from place to place.

" Not all," he said thoughtfully, " but you meet us everywhere." And he swept the horizon with an inclusive gesture. " On every road, on every farm, in every town and city from Vilna to Vladivostok you will find us. Even in the baron's houses the servants form an *artel;* even the convicts and the exiles do the same. Some stay in one place, others just wander about from place to place, taking the work where they find it. Some get very rich. We are very poor."

The last he had said not in any spirit of discontent, but just as a statement of the fact. Riches and poverty alike come from God, the faithful Russian believes.

" Your men must trust you," we interposed. " Workmen in America do not often trust their foremen as your men do."

He began to laugh and stroke his beard, for the compliment pleased him.

" They aren't like us, that's why. We have learned to trust each other. Whom else can we trust? "

He seemed as though he would have liked to pursue the subject further, but well he knew the proverb that in Russia even the trees have ears, and being a wise man did not express to strangers his recalcitrant ideas. This much we were able to extract from him and his men—a fact the student of Russia and her history well knows—that the saving power of the Russian peasant, who comprises eighty per cent of the population, lies in his ability to coöperate with his fellows, and his singular economic position.

"We have always been peasants," the *starosta* went on naïvely. "And for four hundred years we were serfs, bound to the soil. We learned in those long years to help one another and to work together. We could not trust our masters, because they did us wrong, so we clung together. A peasant is always a peasant."

"Even to-day?"

"Yes, even to-day. Have you seen the names of the Duma members printed? There you will see them listed, each man according to his rank. Some are captains, some are merchants, and some peasants. We didn't cease being peasants because we were freed. We ceased being slaves. We have been free now fifty years, but we still work together, because we still have enemies. That is why we have *artels*. You have unions—yes, I have read of them. Instead we have *artels*. Unions are national—all over the country, and those the government forbids here. But the *artel* is just a few—like we are."

He fell to his tea again, and we chatted with the other men, who with equal naïveté described the simple workings of their societies. To them it seemed that forming an *artel* was as natural as their breathing, and this seemed true of the entire orthodox peasant body. Over the vodka glasses, for example, a project is discussed, and forthwith an *artel* formed and a *starosta* elected. Next to no funds are required, some *artels* starting with as little capital as fifteen dollars. The work may be sweeping the streets, building houses, or, as in many sections, the development of the *kustarnui,* the cottage industries for which Russia has become famous of late years.

As we went on our way down the *trakt,* the words of the *starosta* began to arrange themselves in their proper category. What he had said was the peasant view of the matter. Their power of coöperation was due to the fact that they had been obliged for four centuries to coöperate that they might defend their all too-few rights. And not yet had they ceased being peasants, although they had been free men for half a century.

Later in the journey we called upon the president of the local bank at Blagowestchensk, the New York of Siberia, a thriving town on the Amur that is truly American in many aspects. Having been in America, Gaspadrine Gordhon knew our institutions and spoke our tongue. To him we applied for the other side of the peasant's story. Yes, our friends of the Shilka Trakt had been right, coöperation had been born of class suffering.

"But you must make this distinction," he said with emphasis. "Whereas the peasant did suffer many things and is suffering them to-day, their masters were not altogether cruel. In no country is so much being done for the furtherance of the peasant's interests. Have you seen the handicrafts of the peasants?"

We mentioned places where we have seen them for sale, and the villages where they were being made.

"Well then you know. They are born artists. And so long as they remain craftsmen, their work will be artistic. These cottage industries are only being heard of in the big world outside. London flocks to an exhibition of the wares. Paris goes wild over them. They bring large sums in New York. And yet the cottage industries of Russia have been going on for generations. You used to have them in America."

"A few exist to-day," we assured him. "In Deerfield, an old town of the Connecticut Valley, and at Hingham, in Massachusetts, and in other places."

He smiled, though he tried to hide the scorn.

"What would you say if I told you that there are eight to ten million people in Russia employed in cottage industries alone?"

He let the figure settle in our minds, lit another cigarette, and went on in that thoughtful manner bankers the world over seem to have when they discuss economic matters.

"During the past twenty-five years Russia has seen an unprecedented growth of her urban industries. The factory hand had become an element to conjure with. Foreign capital and our national desire to foster home industries, furthered by a high tariff, have turned many cities into thriving manufacturing centres. Compare Moscow of twenty-five years ago with Moscow to-day. I remember it. The growth has been wonderful! Peasants who used to live on their crops are flocking to the cities in winter. In summer many are back on the farm again. The number of factory hands totals one and a half million, this not including Finland and Poland."

"You mean then that the cottage industries are falling off?"

"Quite the reverse, quite. Compare the figures—eight to ten million workers in the *kustarnui* to one and a half workers in the factories! No, the development of the *kustarnui* during the past three decades has been spontaneous and widespread through the Empire. Whole villages that used to depend on farming for their livelihood have now formed themselves into *artels,* and are work-

ing the full twelve months at these industries. Some farm half the year and work indoors the rest of the time. It is most astonishing."

"But how do you account for such a contradictory state of affairs?" we asked. "There is no denying that the peasant makes only a meagre living out of his crops, and when his crops fail he starves. If he goes to the city, there is work in the factory. He no longer has to bother his head about agrarian troubles. It is human nature to expect the factory element to overcome the native industrial element."

"It may be human nature, but it is not the Slav nature," Mr. Gordhon replied slowly. "When you sound the depths of the Slav you will find that he exercises to a remarkable degree what might be called spiritual frugality. He is self-contained, just as Russia is self-contained. We were speaking of the cottage industries. They are worked by *artels.* It is true that this power for coöperation as shown in the *artel,* is due to the peasant's having coöperated for their own benefit through four centuries, but it is also true that the peasant has within himself many talents. He is primarily a farmer, a tiller of the soil, a man with the hoe. But he has learned many other arts. Though he is slow to learn them, years of training and years of necessity have taught him to develop his own natural talents."

"Then the knack for making things is not native with the peasant?"

"Partly yes, partly no. You must remember that while much has been written on the sufferings of the Russian peasant during his days of serfdom, little mention is made of the great good rendered him by his master. There are two sides to every story, and there are two sides to this. An honest and persistent effort was made by the nobility all over the empire to furnish employment for their serfs during those long winter nights and days when inclement and frigid weather prevented their tilling the soil. Where else than Russia could you find such generosity?"

"It was done by slave owners in the Southern States of America," I proffered the information.

"I beg pardon, I did not know that. Well then you have an analogy. What some of your slave owners did, the serf owners here in Russia were doing. The negro and the peasant alike owe their knowledge of handicraft to their masters. Of course, there was their own innate gift for making things with the hands that

all people of the soil possess, and there was their mutual endeavor which has found expression in the *artel.* And there you have both sides of the story of the *artel.*"

"The government is encouraging these cottage industries, of course."

"Yes, I was going to mention that." He reached for a book behind his desk and ran his finger down a column of figures. "The report of the Department of Rural Economy shows that there are twelve technical schools teaching handicraft, that large sums were loaned the *artels* on long credit, and that the *kustarnui* stores and workshops were subsidized, the budget for this work amounting to over half a million roubles annually." He glanced up from the book. "There is, in addition, the assistance rendered by the Zemstovs or local governments. They often act as middle men, supplying the raw materials and handling the finished product. Here you can see on the map just where the *kustarnui* are located." He unfolded the colored map and read us rapidly figures and facts.

"The Governments of Moscow, Vladimir, Tver, Kostroma, Nijni Novgorod and Jaroslav is where they thrive especially. Though the products and the labor are widely diversified, the output falls into five groups: wood, metal and other minerals, leather and woven goods. Of these the largest and most important is the wood industry. One district supplies two thousand sleighs annually in addition to carts and other vehicles. Seven thousand tarantasses come from Vladimir alone each year. Kaluga with its two thousand and two hundred workmen and nine hundred shops turn out barrels. Eighty-seven villages of the Moscow Government make rude peasant painted furniture. One hundred and twenty shops in the same district are devoted to toys, employing two thousand peasants, and turning out each year a supply worth a quarter million dollars. In the Tver Government six thousand peasants make nothing but pump handles, whilst another two thousand are employed in extracting tar from the trees. It is reckoned that fully one hundred thousand men are engaged in making cart wheels in the various Great Russia villages. In the point of output, the wooden spoon is the largest. These painted and lacquered spoons are used all over the empire, and find a ready market in the Far East, China being the chief customer, with Persia as a close second. Fully a hundred million are made each year, most of them coming from the Vladimir and Kursk

Governments. To make a spoon often requires the labors of fifteen different *artels*—think of it fifteen *artels,* although for the poorer quality one man is sufficient. A good handicrafter can turn out one hundred and fifty of these a day. The bulk, however, goes through at least three separate processes, employing three *artels.* The profits for a worker rarely amount to more than twenty dollars a year.

"Bast and lime wood sandals worn by the peasantry generally come from the village of Simeonofka and the city of Nijni Novgorod, where, during a season of five months a rapid worker can finish four hundred pairs. Baskets are made principally in the district of Zwenigorod, and mats in Kostroma. Linen is woven at Jaroslav, and in most villages spinning wheels and distaffs are made. Tver is the main book country; in one town fifty-five per cent of the population being employed. At Tver three hundred and fifty workmen prepare annually forty thousand dollars worth of finished leather.

"There, you see what staple articles are made. Those are only a few." He swept the room with a gesture. "Look at the finer arts. Peasant jewelry is made in fifty villages on the Volga in the Kostroma Government. Some of it is valuable indeed, much is cheap and tawdry. A secret process of gilding is employed, a process learned from the Tartars, it is said. The natives guard it jealously. In the same manner do the makers of *icons* guard their secret in the Government of Vladimir, which furnishes practically all the *icons* in Russia. A special process of mixing and grinding the paints to produce a glossy finish has been discovered. The natives draw and paint the religious figures after patterns handed down through generations. Few of them know the first elements of drawing, though their work lacks nothing in artistic effect. As in the making of spoons, the manufacturing of *icons* employs several *artels.*

"Everywhere in the bazaars you see native pottery. To be sure, it is crude, but it has many redeeming elements, mainly its beauty of line and durability. Poltava and Viatka are the centres for the industry, some thirty thousand being employed, making an output valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The workers' wages range from twenty-five roubles ($12.50) to one hundred a year. The making of locks is practically a monoply of the *kustarnui.* Pavlovo is the centre. The wages rarely go above two dollars a week."

"But do these *kustarnui artels* employ only men?"

"Oh, by no means. The women play a great part. Russian women of all classes are good housewives. They are constantly employed in sewing, embroidering and in some instances, weaving. This is no less true of the peasant housewife. In their hands the weaving industry has become a business of first importance. When they do not work in the home, they meet in the community workshop or *svietelka.* The best linen comes from Jaroslav, Kostroma, Moscow and Vladimir, where fully sixty thousand families find employment. The wages are fifty copecks—twenty-five cents—a day. The peasant women of Vladimir make a specialty of embroidering aprons, towels and table linen. At one time lace making was a thriving industry, but of late it has fallen into decay. The making of shawls and scarfs, limited to the Government of Orenburg, has shown a decided increase. The output is valued at seventy-five thousand dollars annually.

"But you can see by these figures what I meant in saying that the *kustarnui* thrive. Many of these peasants live miles from the railroad and centres of civilization, most of them are underpaid and exploited by wily middlemen, and still the work is increasing yearly. And it will increase so long as the peasant in Russia maintains his singular position in the social scale. Once he has learned the ways of what we term urban civilization, much of his artistic and handicraft ability will be lost."

We rose to go. We had long overstayed our time, even for a Russian banker, and hurried to the offices of an American Harvester Company, whose representative had invited us to luncheon. We found him in the yard talking busily to a group of men. They were all respectably dressed. Some had fur coats and hats, though all wore high boots. One or two wore white collars and cravats. They were examining a harvester of the latest type with the name of an Illinois firm painted on its side, while the agent was showing them how it worked and answering their questions.

When they had gone he came in. "Not a bad morning's work," he said, throwing off his coat. "They bought two, and I'll get 'em to take another if they don't look out. They've plenty of money."

"Looked prosperous enough," we rejoined.

"Why I guess that *artel* even has money in the bank," he said.

"Was that an *artel?*"

"Surely, that's the way they get it." He smiled at me and said: "Cöoperation, my boy, cöoperation....."

BOOKDOM.

BY P. W. BROWNE.

OD be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and they make us heirs of the spiritual life of the past." So wrote an eminent divine many years ago. We are so accustomed to books that we do not appreciate their worth, and we have possibly never reflected upon their value. The subject of books has two aspects—the material and the spiritual—and in this article we shall discuss both, first the material phase, and then we shall make a brief excursion into the higher realms and consider the spiritual aspect.

I.

A book may be defined as a printed literary composition in many sheets. This is the book as we know it to-day; but in ancient times a book meant written compositions of every kind. The word book is from an old Teutonic term *boks,* meaning "the beeches," or tablets of beech-bark on which runes (old Norse characters) were cut or painted. The Latin word, *Liber,* whence comes the French *livre,* and our word "library" meant the inner bark of a tree; this name was later given to papyrus tissue (whence comes our word "paper") on account of its bark-like appearance. The word *codex* (our "code"), still used in its Latin form for old texts, meant the trunk of a tree, then, wooden tablets, and subsequently, square volumes, used in lieu of scrolls. The Greek word *bybles* (from which "Bible" is derived) was synonymous with papyrus; and modern usage clings to the same connection of ideas, for we speak of a "paper" being read before an audience. On the other hand, the words "write," "inscribe" and "scripture" are reminiscent of a time when all writing was done by scoring lines upon some hard substance. Thus, ancient writings can hardly be considered as books in the true sense of the term, though Macaulay somewhere facetiously writes of a young Assyrian architect who "published a bridge and four walls in honor of the reigning emperor." Assyrian and Babylonian "books" were inscribed on clay tablets with an iron stylus, producing a wedge-shaped or cuneiform

(arrow-shape) character. Some of these characters were so small that they could be read only with a magnifying glass—possibly a ball of crystal. The clay on which the inscription was made was baked to give it tenacity. Some of these tablets are to be seen in the British Museum; they contain the history of the old civilization. Excavations by archæological societies are constantly bringing to light new discoveries; and it is believed that ultimately we shall have a perfect history of the cradle-land of civilization. Quite recently a discovery was made under the auspices of the American Archæological Society of a "library" which, so it is claimed, contains confirmatory evidence of the Mosaic record. It is somewhat of a paradox, however, that though our civilization is a direct heir of Babylonian culture, our books are the progeny of Egyptian civilization; and an unbroken sequence can be maintained from the books we use to-day to the "papyrus-prisse" (more than two thousand years old). This contains the still older composition, *Maxims of Ptah-Hotep,* regarded as the oldest book in the world, dating probably from 2500 B. C.

Papyrus, owing to its fineness, decayed very quickly; hence, for the transcription of laws and other public uses, it was set aside for a more durable material-parchment. Parchment is prepared goat, sheep or calf skin, and is one of the most valuable writing materials in existence. It gets its name probably from Eumenes of Pergamus, the founder of the celebrated library of a city in Mysia, Asia Minor. To prepare parchment for use, the skin of the young animal—goat, calf or sheep—is first shorn of its wool; it is then steeped in lime and stretched on a wooden frame, and its face scraped with a half-round knife. It is then powdered with chalk, scraped again, and then smoothed with pumice stone. Parchment was costly, but durable; it could be used for many writings. When a writing had outlived its usefulness, it was rubbed off, or in, and new writing was made upon it. As the old writing left the outline of its characters, the new was written crosswise to the old, so that any imperfectly erased words should not show through it. A parchment on which a second or third writing was made is known as a "palimsest" (derived from the Greek word *palimsestos,* meaning "scraped again").

In addition to papyrus, skins and clay, some of the ancients used metals of various kinds, wood, wax, ivory and leaves; it is hard to mention any common smooth-faced material which they did not use. Wooden books were common amongst the Romans and

Greeks; part of one containing the laws of Solon was preserved at Athens till the first century. For the more important purposes, such as the inscription of laws and edicts, the Greeks employed (before the use of parchment became general) ivory, bronze and similiar substances. For ordinary purposes the Romans used *tabulæ* or pugillaria (sheets covered with wax), to be written on with a stylus. Those who have read Cardinal Wiseman's *Fabiola* will remember these accessories of the Roman household. Two of these pugillaria, of date 169 A. D., were discovered in Transylvania in the mid-nineteenth century, and one of them is preserved in the Museum of Florence. In the library of the University of Göttingen is preserved a Bible of palm-leaves to the number of five thousand three hundred and seventy-six. Some years ago there was found among the Kalmuck Tartars a collection of books made of long, narrow leaves of varnished bark, written in black ink on a white ground.

The shape of wooden and metal books, waxen and ivory, was square; but the thin, flexible papyrus was too liable to " dog's-ear " and tear from handling, so that a method was adopted for their preservation, which has left traces on our modern book terminology —rolling sheets on wooden cylinders, similarly to a mounted map. They were written on one side only, fastened together at the edges, and glued or otherwise attached to the roller, which was called *kulindros* (cylinder) in Greek, and *volumen* (in Latin). Hence our word " volume." We still speak of a piece of writing as a "scroll." Some of the scrolls of early days were of huge size; and there are specimens of Egyptian scrolls still in existence which measure forty yards. The inconvenience of consulting such enormous sheets, and the consequent injury to them, caused the breaking up of lengthy scrolls into sections or " tomes " (from the Greek *tomein,* to cut), one of these making a roll or volume. The volume was read by unrolling the scroll to expose successively the sheets *" paginæ "* (things fastened together). From this is derived our word page. The title of the volume was generally written in red on fine parchment and pasted on the outside. Great attention was given to ornamentation of the title page; and sometimes the entire volume was perfumed. The poet Martial alludes to this when he says: " When the page smells of cedar and royal purple."

The custom of perfuming books existed even in quite modern times; it was common in the sixteenth century. On a certain occasion the University of Cambridge presented some volumes to Queen Elizabeth, but previous to the event Lord Burleigh in-

structed the vice-chancellor of the university "to regard that the books had no savor of spike" (spikenard—to which her majesty had an aversion). Great care was taken by the ancients to preserve their volumes from decay or deterioration. The Egyptians kept their rolls in jars holding nine or ten each, while the Romans preserved theirs in canisters which were often of costly workmanship. The transition from scrolls to codices, or square books, seems to have taken place when the ancients adopted vellum instead of tablets of ivory or bronze; but the name codex is still retained for the more important ancient manuscripts, such, for example, as the Biblical codices, the Codex Alexandrinus, the Codex Vaticanus, etc. Books are of various sizes and shapes; the size depending on the paper from which it is made. In early times copyists—there were no printers in those days—made up their books by folding four, five or six sheets, placing one within the other, making quires or "gatherings" of eight, ten or twelve leaves, known respectively as quaternions, quinterns and sexterns. Only one side of the sheet was written on. These terms were later abbreviated to 4to, 8vo and 12mo; and when machinery made it possible to print a larger number of pages at one time, there were added the terms 16mo, 24mo and 32mo. These terms still survive. When a sheet of paper for printing is folded once, we get a folio; folded twice, a quarto; folded four times, an octavo; folded six times, a duodecimo, and so on. Among books there are giants and dwarfs just as among ourselves. The British Museum has both the largest and the smallest book in the world. The former is an atlas, of the fifteenth century, measuring seven feet high, capable of concealing a tall man within its covers. It has a binding and clasp which make it look as solid as the walls of the room in which it is preserved. The other is a "bijou" almanac less than an inch square, bound in red morocco, easily carried in the finger of a lady's glove. There are some books in the Escurial (called by Spaniards "the eighth wonder of the world") which measure six by four feet. The Escurial is a veritable treasure-house of books, amongst its treasures being a copy of the Gospels of St. John, on vellum, which dates from the fifth century. In the Louvre, Paris, the "Antiquity" volumes of the Napoleonic *Description de l'Egypte* are thirty-seven and one-half inches high. Hoepli's *Divina Commedia* of Dante is less than two and one-half by two and one-half inches; and Pickering's edition of Tasso measures three and one-half inches high by one and three-fourths wide.

Were books numerous before the invention of printing? If so, says an American author, the labors of the writers must have been very painstaking, and they are deserving of the eternal gratitude of book-lovers. We are possibly not in possession of one-tenth part of the standard works which were once classical in Greece and Rome. Out of the one hundred and forty books which Livy, the Roman historian, wrote, only thirty-five are now extant. Varro, the most learned of the Romans, is known to have written several hundred volumes, of which only two have come down to us; while of the number composed by Diodorus Siculus, only fifteen are extant. The Goths, Vandals, Iconoclasts and Saracens all conspired for the destruction of ancient libraries. The Caliph Omar, in 632, ordered the destruction of the famous library of Alexandria, said to have contained seven hundred thousand volumes. Later, in France, the Huguenots burned the famous library of St. Benedict-sur-Loire, with its five thousand manuscript volumes. In Germany during the "Peasants' War" tens of thousands of manuscript volumes were destroyed; and the great library of Munster, one of the most famous in all Germany, was destroyed by the Anabaptists. Hence, the works now extant are but imperfect witnesses to the gigantic labors spent in making and preserving knowledge, art, science and culture from oblivion by the protecting hand of books.

For centuries following the dismemberment of the Roman Empire, the making of books was confined to the monastic institutions, where learned scribes laboriously transcribed the works of the old authors. Each monastery had its *scriptorium,* or writing place, for those who were thus employed; and transcription was the chief occupation of the monks during the hours allotted to manual labor. Some of the larger monasteries employed as many as twelve copyists. The monks were not only copyists, they were illuminators and binders as well. Some of the old monastic productions are marvels of artistic skill; and the illumination and binding of these columns are the cynosure of artistic eyes. We have nothing in modern times so artistically wrought as the volumes which have come down to us from the period which certain historians mis-call "The Dark Ages." The Irish monks excelled in the art of illumination; and several specimens of their marvelous productions are still extant. The most remarkable work is *The Book of Kells,* preserved in Trinity College, Dublin. This is a copy of the Four Gospels in Latin; and for beauty of execution no other book in existence can compare with it. It is written on vellum, and dates, probably,

from the seventh century. *The Book of Armagh,* containing, among other things, a life of St. Patrick, and a complete copy of the New Testament, is almost as beautifully written as *The Book of Kells.* It was finished in 807 by the scribe Ferdonach of Armagh; it is also to be found in Trinity College. *The Book of MacDurnan, The Book of Durrow,* and the *Stowe Missal* of the same period are also of remarkable workmanship. When one reflects that all these were written by hand in the most perfect style (every letter is perfectly shaped), it is easy to realize how much time and effort these works must have cost. But the works of the monks was not of a mercenary nature; it was a labor of love. Even bishops did not disdain to make books; and we are told that Osmund, Bishop of Salisbury (eleventh century), copied and bound books with his own hand. Still later, one of the most remarkable of mediæval writers—Thomas à Kempis (author of *The Imitation of Christ*)—did similar work; he was an indefatigable copyist of books. In one of his discourses (*Concio* 20) he says: "Verily, it is a good work to transcribe the books which Our Lord loves, by which knowledge of Him is diffused, His precepts taught, and their practice inculcated."

Books were highly valued in early times; and it was difficult to obtain them. A story told of St. Columba (Columbkille) proves how highly they were prized. Columba when on a visit to his former teacher, Finnian—abbot of Moville—had surreptitiously made a copy of Finnian's Psaltery (*Catach*). When Finnian had learned of Columba's action, he claimed the copy as his property, and in order to gain possession of it appealed the case to Diarmid, the High-King of Ireland. Diarmid decided against Columba; and the decision led to a very disastrous sequel. A bloody battle was fought, and Diarmid was forced to flee. In consequence of this the Synod of Teilte excommunicated Columba. The excommunication was subsequently removed, but a penance was laid upon Columba, that he should convert as many heathens as there were Christians slain in the encounter with Diarmid. He therefore left his native shore and became the Apostle of the Scots, founding the monastery of Iona, famous in Scottish song and story. The *Catach* has ever been held in the highest veneration by the Irish people. It was wont to be carried by the O'Donnells in battle. What remains of the copy, together with the casket that contains it, is now in the National Museum, Dublin.

Books were so valuable in former times that every possible

precaution was taken to preserve them from injury and loss; they were protected by special statutes; were subject of grave negotiations, and not infrequently solemnly bequeathed by testament. They were sometimes chained to reading desks and shelves, lest they should be stolen. This custom was almost universal, and even as late as 1750 a "chained" library might be seen at All Saints' Church, Hereford, England. And to-day the chained volume is to be seen even in the cities of America. But these chained volumes have no literary value; they are the directories found in drug stores. Books were lent only to the high orders, and ample pledges were demanded for their return. Even as late as 1471, Louis XI., King of France, was obliged by the Faculty of Paris to deposit valuable security in order to obtain the loan of the works of Rhasis, an Arabian physician. Books were very costly; and it is recorded that Alfred the Great (founder of the University of Oxford) gave eight hides of land (about five thousand acres) for a single book. The Countess of Anjou gave two hundred sheep for a book of homilies. Even to-day, some books are "worth their weight in gold." A recent writer (Lang, author of *The Library*) tells of one hundred books which are valued at two hundred thousand dollars, or two thousand dollars a volume. He mentions a sale where thirty thousand dollars was paid for two books. Many such books of course are manuscripts. Shea, in his *History of the Catholic Church in the United States,* has an interesting paragraph on this subject. He writes: "A remarkable monument of patience and industry exists in the compilation of two missals in manuscript by a Father Schneider, an early missionary in eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey, so as to have a missal at different stations, and thus lighten the load which he was obliged to carry on his missionary tours. Poverty made it impossible for him to obtain the requisite supply; but his patience supplied the want. One of these is in a perfect state of preservation—a volume six inches wide, seven and one-half inches long, and an inch thick, the handwriting clear and beautiful."[1]

II.

Above and beyond the material value of books, there is a higher aspect which we term the spiritual, to which the former is subordinate, just as in the human microcosm the body is the agency of the mind; and books, after the grace of God which flows to

[1] Vol. ii., pp. 65, 67.

us through the channels of prayer and the sacraments, are the vehicles by which truth, the pabulum of the mind, is acquired ordinarily. To emphasize this assertion we need but recall the names of St. Augustine and St. Ignatius Loyola. The conversion of the former came through the random reading of passages in the New Testament, whilst St. Ignatius was diverted from a military career by the reading of the Lives of the Saints. Error too, alas! finds its way to the mind through the medium of books; and reading, which made saints of Augustine and Ignatius, made fiends of Tropham and Rachvol, and outcasts of Renan and Loisy. Hence it is nearly an axiom that "people will not be any better than the books they read." A well-known author (Proal) says: "Books are the greatest blessing, and also the greatest curse of mankind." Paul Bourget in the preface to his Essays on Psychology says: "There is not one of us who, looking into his conscience, will not recognize that his entire action was the result of reading this or that book." In one of Georges Sands' books the heroine speaking of a volume says: "You have changed my life; you must now change my taste." The old adage: "Tell me your company and I shall tell you what you are," is nowhere so applicable as in the domain of books.

Books are the embodiment of the literature of the ages; and the greatest fact in history is the influence of literature on civilization; it has ever been the moulder and modeler of national and social life. The people which had the most prominent part in this work was the nation of the Greeks, to whom, we are told, the education of the intellect of man was intrusted by Divine Providence, so that, when the time should come for the spiritual training of his soul, the less noble work of intellectual advancement would not interfere with Divine teaching.[2] "The world," says Newman, "was to have certain intellectual teachers, and no others; Homer, and Aristotle, with the poets and philosophers who circle round them, were to be the schoolmasters of all generations, and Homer was invested with the office of forming the young minds of Greece to noble thoughts and bold deeds. But his work did not cease with those young minds; his words lived when the Grecian heroes lay stretched silent on the battle plain, or when their ashes were mingled with those of the funeral pyre on which they were burned."[3] "The Greek language," says Mrs. Browning,[4] "was a stronger intellectual life than any similar one which has lived in breath of articulate speaking man and survived it..... Wonderful it is to look

[2] Gladstone, *Primer of Homer*, p. 140. [3] *Idea of a University.*
[4] *Essays on the Greek Poets*, p. 11.

back fathoms down the great past—thousands of years away—where whole generations lie unmade to dust—where the sounding of their trumpets and the rushing of their scythed chariots..... are more silent than the dog breathing at our feet, or the fly's paces on our window pane; and yet from the silence we feel words that rise up like smoke-words uttered 'in excellent low voices' but audible and distinct even to our own times.....It is wonderful to look back and listen!"

"To-day the voice of Homer in his great epic, the *Iliad,* is still heard. His tones, with that enduring vitality of his nation, rise, clear and strong, above the hush of the past. As we go down the hill of ages, the *Æneid* of Vergil seems but the woodland that sends back the echo of the *Iliad* reversed.....Thus Greek thought moulded the Latin mind; but the onward march of Homer's intellect is not yet brought to a halt. The inspiration of the great Catholic Dante was drawn from Vergil, whom, in person, Dante took as his guide through the wild glooms of the Inferno. From all three Milton gathered the materials for his *Paradise Lost,* and thus we see how one of the great stones in the pyramid of English literature comes indirectly from a Greek source. The influence of Greek literature on modern thought is everywhere felt, and is growing more visible. But as in Greek thought there were the higher and the lower elements, so we have in our day some writers who cull from it what is noble, and others who gather what is base. These latter, taking what their depraved tendencies urged them to seek and coloring it with a degraded pencil, pass it upon the world as the ideal Greek thought and Greek art. The ideals of the Greeks, even in their ignorance of things supernal, were lofty; we have but to think of Homer, Sophocles and Plato to be convinced of this. But in our days we find that the pure stream has been polluted by the stream of sensualism, directed by Swinburne, Rossetti, and their nameless school."[5]

Thus we realize the influence of literature on the ages. Then if we wish to know the special characteristics of any particular epoch, we find it embodied in its literature. As with national life, so it is with the individual. We are a reflection of what we read:

> Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know
> Are a substantial world both pure and good;
> Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
> Our pastimes and our happiness will grow.

[5] O'Connor, *Reading and the Mind,* pp. 17, 18.

"Books," says Channing, "give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and the greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am; no matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling; if the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof; if Milton will cross my threshold to sing to me of Paradise, and Shakespeare to open to me worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship." As social animals we are in need of companionship; and we may always have the companionship of books. But these must be of the best. As the body is nourished by the food we eat, so is the mind nourished by the books we read. As we would not eat decayed fruit or spoiled beef, neither should we read anything except the best. "In books," says Ruskin, "it is possible for us to choose our friends, and from the very best of the earth, and afford society continually open to us, of people who will talk to us as long as we like, whatever our rank or occupation, talk to us in the best words they can choose, and with thanks if we listen to them. And this society, because it is so numerous and gentle and can be kept waiting around us all day long, not to grant audience, but to gain it—kings and statesmen lingering patiently in those plainly-furnished ante-rooms (our bookshelves), we make no account of that company—perhaps never listen to a word they would say all day long." Just think of it! That company is just as willing to talk to us as to the most distinguished man or woman on earth. We can be with them to-day, to-morrow and all days. They are never impatient with us, they never refuse to repeat over and over again the things we want them to say, they will say it to us to-day and to-morrow just as patiently.

There is another phase of the influence of books, especially on youthful minds, which is paramount. Books shape our lives and character. If the book teach us what is evil, corruption ensues; if it teach us what is spiritually wholesome, our lives are ennobled. The youthful mind is a veritable picture gallery—a gallery which is indestructible. Every impression received is fixed upon the mind by a psychological process analogically similar to the fixing of an image on a photographic plate, with this difference, that the photographic plate is destructible, whereas mental impressions are fixed indelibly; they last unto eternity. This mental picture is ever influencing our thoughts, which find concrete form in actions. This

fact is attested by Holy Writ, for we read in the Book of Proverbs: "As a man thinketh, so is he." It is unhappily too true that evil impressions are the most assertive, for "man is prone to evil." We can furnish proofs innumerable of men and women who, in after life, bitterly bewailed their youthful indiscretions in reading. No age has witnessed such a flood of unwholesome reading as the present. The press, which at its inception was hailed by Pontiffs as "the greatest blessing of Providence in the natural order," has become the Moloch of modern life. It is pouring forth a stream of literature from polluted sources. It may not be so gross as that of other days, but it is more deadly, and more subtle.

What then shall we read? This is a question to which a definite answer cannot be given. The choice rests with the individual. "What is one man's meat, may be another's poison." "Before selecting," says Brother Azarias, a man whose name is dear to everyone who browses in literary fields, "draw the line between the literature of the hour, that is so much foam upon the current of time, flecking its surface for a moment and passing away into oblivion, and the literature which is a possession for all time, whose foundations are deeply laid in human nature, and whose structure withstands the storms of adversity and the eddies of events.....The reading of strong and terse writing fires the soul and strengthens the intellect; the reading of emasculated books will make emasculated intellects.....The best reading is that which tends to growth of character as well as intellectual development. Every good book dealing with human life in its broader phases has that effect.....We Catholics should read books that are prepared for the culture of our spiritual sense. They remind us of our last end; they probe our consciences and lay open before us our failings, frailties and shortcomings; they reveal to us the goodness and mercy of God, the life, passion and merits of our Redeemer, the beauty and holiness of the Church; they teach us how to prepare for the profitable reception of the sacraments; they place before us for our model and imitation the ideal Christian life. They rebuke our sins, they soothe our anxieties; they strengthen our resolves. With such friends we should become very intimate."

WHITE EAGLE.

BY L. P. DECONDUN.

XII.

PARIS, August, 1913.

WHAT could I say and what could I think, Reginald dear, after reading over and over the long epistle I received from you on Thursday morning? The confused scribble I sent off then cannot be called a letter, and now I am gathering what sense I can to write intelligently. You see, I had begun so gradually to believe in your early return that to hear of its having been put back over the proposed year, was a great shock to me. But I understand your motives, and I acknowledge that your decision is the only possible one; only this does not remove the pain; and the first minutes after a sharp blow leave most of us very sore and very small. So you must make allowances.

Besides it fell on me as a "bolt from the blue." At breakfast everyone was merry, and had teased us about our expedition of the previous evening—Maryña having treacherously revealed my fits of terror. Her choice of the *soirée's* programme for Mademoiselle Zulma's benefit had even brought a humorous twinkle to the Prince's eyes, though no amount of chaff could disconcert her. She received it all with the utmost composure, and only when she stood up from the table did she condescend to express her feelings by one famous line: *"Je le ferais encore si j'avais à le faire."* Upon which she was clapped "from the stage" by everyone of us.

Then the Prince was summoned to the telephone, and came back to say that Max and Willie R—— had arrived by an early train; adding pleasantly that he had persuaded them to give us most of their spare time. They were both coming to dinner, and Max would call in the afternoon to see me. Why *me* particularly, I had wondered. But the wonder soon vanished as the letters were brought up and yours was among them. Well! you know what followed, since I went straight to my room and wrote to you there and then; but afterwards I had not the courage to join the others. I took a book for appearance's sake and sat on my balcony. There, so high up as to be nearly level with the roofs across the comparatively silent avenue, I listened vaguely, but with a heavy heart to the distant traffic. My disappointment was so keen that I was not trying to master or measure it; I remained passive while my mind kept registering unimportant

facts. I noticed that the cupola of the *Invalides* was retaining fewer patches of gold than I had thought; that most of the fashionable houses opposite were empty and silent, their iron shutters tightly closed. Two *concierges* were chatting at one of the *portes-cochères* over some news in the papers, one leaning on a broom, the other reading and gesticulating. A cat was crossing the street cautiously twenty yards from them, and keeping a wary eye on the pair.

I could not say how long I sat in my retreat; I did not even hear a knock at my door, and I started guiltily when a hand was laid on my shoulder.

"Oh, Helena!" I said, "you startled me, child."

"Yes, I know; one never hears anything on a balcony. But (her gentle clear eyes shone with a glad light) I bring you good tidings."

What could have been good tidings to me then? Yet I managed to smile.

"What is it?" I asked. "Has Maryña—?"

"It is nothing about Maryña. Count Klonowicz is much better to-day. Basylii says that, with God's help, all will be well with him. Come, Prince Lowinski is in the library; he has just brought us the news."

I pushed back my chair and followed the girl; grateful for the event, but more grateful still for the fact that in spite of my selfishness and sorrow, I felt able to "rejoice with those who rejoiced."

We found everybody in the library. The Prince was sitting by the side of his desk; Maryña who had only come in with Madame Stablewska, was, with her hat still on, leaning against the mantelpiece. Nancy and Madame Stablewska had drawn their chairs nearer, the latter was taking off her gloves absently.

"Now," the Prince was saying, "there is no doubt left; Stanislaw Klonowicz's memory is improving in an irregular but sure manner. He is beginning to connect what he hears with facts and people. Not definitely, perhaps, but the connection exists. This morning after going through several articles of the newspapers—which so far he has read daily without comprehension—he stopped to ask whether we did not mention to him that East and West Galicia had decided to join forces. As a matter of fact, since February last, we have spoken in his presence of the settlement between the Poles and the Ruthenians; but we had given up hope of seeing him grasp the point."

"Father, dear," interrupted Maryña, "do you forget that these political events must be Greek to Mrs. Camberwell and Miss O'Dwyer?"

The Prince quickly raised his eyes. "Why! Yes, I suppose so," he remarked hesitatingly. "I—"

"One moment," said Helena, "I have some newspaper cuttings here, and they will tell more than long explanations. I keep most of them."

And as the Prince waited, smiling, she took several slips from a thick leather-bound album and handed them to Nancy and to me. I am not sure that we understood the importance of several of them; but the following one is in English and the circumstances alluded to are quite clear.[1]

THE POLES AND THE RUTHENIANS.

"Prince Paul S. R., Polish agent, Liverpool: The question of Polo-Ruthenian relations having attracted public attention through articles in the *Times,* the *Catholic Times* and other papers, and the matter having been brought into prominence by Count B——'s journey to Hungary, it is my duty as an officially recognized Polish agent, and as the President of the National and International League of the Friends of Poland, to bring to the knowledge of the English public the following information: Peace was declared between the Polish nation and the Ruthenians on the fourteenth of last month to the great regret of Prussia and Russia! These two countries have encouraged and artificially kept up enmity between the Poles and Ruthenians, since union must prove unfavorable to Prussia's and Russia's ambitions. On the fourteenth of February the long period of artificially-nourished enmity, fortunately, came to an end, and the Poles and Ruthenians have joined hands. They have carried unanimously the new electoral law for the provincial Galician Diet. Although this law does not establish universal suffrage, yet power has been transferred to the small landholders, and the act is the most democratic of all such measures in the Austrian dominions. After the division the Poles and the Ruthenians fraternized, a fact which is of the greatest importance for the future of Poland as well as of the whole of Europe, for a new and very strong power will be the outcome of the understanding that has been reached."

The last lines at all events struck Nancy and me forcibly: *"A fact which is of the greatest importance for the future of Poland;"* and again: *"for a very strong power will be the outcome of this understanding."*

"Why!" observed Nancy when she had read it twice (she is too thoroughly Irish not to throw herself heart and soul into other people's interests), "this is capital. It looks like the thin end of the wedge, does it not?"

"It may be so," answered Prince Lowinski, "particularly as we intend to make use of every opportunity."

[1]The date on which this paragraph was published by the *Catholic Times* was March 13, 1914. (P. R.)

"But you see, Miss O'Dwyer," he went on, "there is more to handicap us than Russia, Prussia or Hungary, there is a new spirit of atheistic Socialism which is trying to raise its head even in Poland. Now, no one among the Poles is more willing than the old scattered aristocracy to adopt and push forward all beneficial social laws in our fight for freedom; but we want them based on the Christian policy of Leo XIII. This means that, besides our other difficulties, we have to measure ourselves against the destroying, hissing dragon which is invading Europe. Happily," concluded the Prince, with a humorous glance, "there seems to be a fair number of ardent young 'Michels' among our new generation."

"Which implies," I ventured, "that you are confident of success in the long run?"

But at this Prince Lowinski shook his head thoughtfully.

"My dear Mrs. Camberwell," he said, "this depends altogether on what you call 'success.' If you mean raising once more a free kingdom of Poland, God alone could answer on that point; though every born Pole, worthy of the name, treasures this almost senseless hope in the depths of his heart—even *I* do so. But our chief aim, at present, is to win for every man of our race the right to exist; not as a crushed, starving serf, but as a human being, free to think, and choose, and follow his conscience and his religion in liberty. We know that it may seem a difficult task in the Tsar's dominions, but I must say this: In our case, whether or no we openly regain our prerogatives, our struggle for them is in itself a victory. It keeps our hearts beating, and the first necessity to secure a future is to preserve life.

"As to this life of our land which every effort of ours tends to perpetuate," he added slowly, "it is not for us to say what place it is to hold in the eternal plans. It belongs to the Giver to do what He will with His Own. Perhaps (the Prince looked dreamily at a long streak of sunshine on the wall oposite), perhaps it is still meant for 'the leaven which a woman takes and mixes in three measures of flour.'"

He paused unconsciously, but none of us broke the silence. After a moment he went on.

"It is striking, is it not, how history shows us the mysterious way these things happen. Here we have a handful of Christians, poor, helpless and hunted; they are plunged into the corruption of the huge Roman Empire, and three hundred years later rise up strong and sustaining. Or take Ireland, *'Insula sanctorum et doctorum,'* crushed under masses of errors, of injustice and blood, obliged to spread afar in poverty and sorrow, yet the dough is rising: England is reawakening to the old Faith, and America is on the way to lift up the standard

of Catholicism to wonderful heights. No, I don't think it is pride which makes me look on faithful Catholic Poland also as on a particle of that 'leaven' of the Kingdom of God. We have been pressed and hidden into the depth of schism and heresy, therefore it is but our duty to throb and heat, and, by every wish, every deed, every drop of our blood, if need be, to force the tremendous mass to rise.

"Oh! it may take many more generations to suffer, and bleed, and weep, before Eastern Europe kneels again at the feet of Peter; and Poland may never quite emerge in an earthly triumph. That is God's secret; but—(and here the Prince stood up in all his virile strength)—but it may happen, because the nations are earthly things whose fidelity must be rewarded in this world, since in the other—are we not told so?—there will be neither Jews nor Gentiles, Romans nor Persians!"

He stopped, smiled a little and walked to the window; then he turned round.

"I must really apologize," he said with his simple yet dignified manner, "for keeping you here, ladies, listening to the dreams of an old idealist." And as both Nancy and I protested: "Yes, yes, it is so; sometimes, dreams carry one away beyond the limits of consideration. Besides, some of us Poles are shocking mediævalists; we would scarcely object to seeing two-thirds of our men enter the battlefield with sword or pen, and the rest storming heaven in convents and monasteries."

"What! a whole third of the men?" exclaimed Helena laughing.

The Prince smiled silently. He looked at Maryña, who was gazing with sightless eyes through the window. As she felt his glance she turned to him.

"We are willing to give the same choice to women," he was saying.

She too, smiled; an amused gleam shooting from under her lowering lids. "Let us hope they may be grateful," she answered playfully. Then she picked up her gloves to go and to get ready for luncheon.

It was about three o'clock when Max arrived, and I need not tell you how glad we were to see him. But, oh! Rex, after these few weeks, his voice brought such an echo of yours that it gave me quite a sharp pang. However, after the first few minutes, I perceived that this great strong fellow did not look well. I missed the boyish look on his face, and suspected preoccupation and moodiness under his apparently cheerful interest. His news was given to us in a rambling manner most unlike his hearty habit, and when we questioned him on Joan and your mother he had only commonplaces to answer.

Nancy was not long in noticing this and, with her usual tact, she had no difficulty in finding some pretext for disappearing.

When she was gone there was a short silence; Max seemed uncomfortable; but he finally shook off his hesitation. He stood up and planted himself before me.

"Nemo," he asked straight out, "have you heard from Joan lately?"

"Yes," I said, "a week ago."

"May I inquire what she wrote about?"

"About herself and your mother."

"She said nothing about me?"

"Nothing."

"She did not tell you that I have hardly seen her since they went to C——."

"I understood as much. Prince Lowinski remarked that you had not been free to leave London until now."

"But you did not hear that from Joan?"

"No."

"And she did not tell you that I wanted to take her to the Schwarzwald for a trip and that she refused."

"She never mentioned it."

Max took a few steps up and down the room, then he stopped again. "Nemo," he said gloomily, "I think things are about as bad as I care to have them. I can't make out what is wrong with Joan."

My heart gave a little jump. "What can it be?" I asked.

"That is more than I am able to guess. She has shut herself up in a castle of her own, and it is almost an effort for her to be ordinarily civil to me before people. Whenever I went to C—— she made a point of leaving me with my mother, and of disappearing as completely as she could without making it remarkable. When we were alone she was mostly dumb or treating me to some of those short, pointed sentences, sheathed in velvet, which I expect you know by experience."

I nodded.

"Well! that's not the kind of behavior which makes life pleasant between husband and wife; is it? So, I cleared out. I am going south with Willie; that ought to give her a comfortable holiday."

"But, Max dear, this is—this is awful."

"Oh! it's not exactly jolly, I know." And he walked as far as the window, fidgeting with a bunch of keys in his pocket.

"Max," I inquired after a minute or two, "how did it begin?"

"Begin? Oh! I could not tell you. I almost wonder sometimes whether she has not taken it into her head that if I had been free when I met Miss Lowinska, I might have married her."

"Married Miss Lowinska? It would be crazy of Joan to imagine such a thing."

"I know, considering, well! never mind. Then she was provoked that I left her so much with mother, and, later on, that I met the Lowinskis so often. She wanted me to give her every free hour I had; but that was impossible. Besides you had advised me yourself to throw her and the mater together as much as I could, and let them learn to understand each other thoroughly. I was to avoid being a bone of contention between them, you remember."

"I do," I acknowledged, but my heart sank.

"Oh! I believed you were right, and I acted accordingly; still I must have blundered somewhere, because it didn't work. Mind you, I don't say with the mater who behaved quite nicely, but with Joan."

"My poor Max," I confessed, "it is all my fault; I should not have interfered."

"I am not so sure of that," he protested generously. "Your advice was sound enough in a sense, and there would have been no need to carry it to extremes if Joan did not push me to it. Of course, this is between us, but I am no archangel, Nemo, and sometimes her dainty little speeches have a queer trick of rubbing me the wrong way."

I sighed, and I could not help remembering the evening Joan had called for the books. She had refused to stay with me and wait for Max, or even to attach any importance to the message he had telephoned. He was in no way exaggerating. This was an unfortunate business which her obstinacy and his wounded feelings would make worse; and it was my conceited meddling that had brought it about. But I took a sudden resolution.

"Max," I said, "it is all a misunderstanding, and it must come to an end. You must explain to Joan that it was I who counseled you to act as you did, and tell her for what reason."

Max shook his head. "It is no use, Nemo. Though I did not mention your name, I did explain already."

"And?"

"Oh! she smiled of course. You know the smile?"

I knew indeed and said nothing.

"You see," he went on, "Joan is always so cool and clear-headed. She only says what she wants to, but I don't. I let out things sometimes—oh! things I am sorry for afterwards—and, then, there is no excusing or palliating them. She has a memory like a gramophone; if I so much as try to put a gloss over anything, she trots out my very own words. So there I am, more inclined to kick myself for a fool than to apologize."

Poor fellow! he said that so simply, so honestly that my heart went out to him.

"Listen, my dear boy," I observed, "it is fully time for Nancy and for me to return home. I will see Joan immediately and give

her a piece of my mind. I am not afraid of her 'gramophone,' and I will bring her to reason."

"Indeed I don't believe this would be practical at all," he began, rather startled. "Joan is so frightfully sensitive and so easily hurt! You see, Nemo, I won't have her worried or miserable whatever comes or goes."

"You silly fellow," I could not help saying, "I am the last person to want her miserable. It is 'happy' I want both of you to be. Don't be anxious, Max; having made a mistake already I am bound to be more careful. Besides I should do what I can to repair the mischief I have caused; shouldn't I?"

I cannot blame him if he left me with some forebodings.

The day had not been propitious so far, and I was getting so low-spirited that, as soon as possible before dinner, I took refuge in my bedroom. Then I was a long time dressing. So much so that Helena's maid began to look askance at me. Did madame feel uncomfortable in that dress? or did madame wish to change her jewels? She was not sure that this large opal on madame's finger suited the "scheme." Fancy "my opal" which I wear night and day. There was nothing for me but to go.

When I entered the oak room everybody was there except the Prince. Nancy and Helena were chatting at the far end with Basylii Klonowicz; Madame Stablewska and Max formed another little group, while Maryña and Willie R—— were standing in the opposite angle, near the last of the windows.

I think Willie was honestly glad to see me; we only spoke for a moment, but I had time to remark how well and how bright he looked. And as it would have been cruelty to keep him from Maryña, I went to take the chair Max had placed for me near Madame Stablewska. The latter seemed interested in what Max had been relating to her, but with all my good will I found it impossible to enter properly into the subject. Even the few words I contributed to the conversation were of the vaguest, because my attention was irresistibly drawn to the pair near the window.

I could not see much of Willie whose back was turned, but I had a fair view of Maryña. She stood there so tall, straight, toying absently with the long chain circling once round her neck. She had been smiling, evidently amused by some remarks of Willie, but now her face was getting strangely grave. Her eyes, luminous and deep in the duller light, were unwavering; yet in contrast with their expression of full grown womanhood, her lips had remained parted and as daintily curved as those of a child. I saw her answering something in a brief sentence; then Willie spoke again, and this time her mouth closed firm and steady, and she shook her head. But he continued speaking until she evidently put to him a question to which he nodded affirmatively. After

that she added a few words very slowly, but they must have given Willie a shock as he actually stepped back; I believe he caught his breath. Several seconds passed before either of them uttered a syllable. At last I saw him beginning to fumble with his *pince-nez* and make another remark, but with visible hesitation, and I fancy that she, too, hesitated before answering. She glanced outside on the pale mauve and pink of the true Parisian sky, and I could barely see her profile, until she turned her head again and spoke. Only, this time, there was something in her expression which made my heart begin to hammer, and, abruptly, unexpectedly she stopped, caught her full red underlip with her teeth and again faced the window. When she looked back at last, Prince Lowinski's steps could be heard on the stairs; she smiled very, very sweetly and held her hand to Willie. I saw him take it in both his own, and then let it drop to turn towards the Prince who was coming in. And my heart was still hammering, because I knew without a doubt that, in an unknown direction, one of the tiny wheels of life had revolved.

Of what directly followed, how we went down to dinner and talked, laughed and discussed, I could tell you nothing; it left no impression on me. Only when we gathered in the bronze drawing-room did I begin to shake off my abstraction, and hear Nancy telling Basylii Klonowicz, in her witty Irish way, that she and his brother had once met in this room. And it struck me anew what a delightful little "salon" this was, with its odd tinges of dull pink and brownish gold. The indigo tones of the night came in through the French window, as if to challenge the glow of the shaded electric balls; while the latter, cunningly laid above some of the old masters on the walls, left the rest of the room in a cosy half-light.

It was all perfectly soothing, and I was yielding to its influence when Willie's voice, close to me, woke me up from it. "Look," he was saying, "did you ever see her more beautiful?"

It was easy to know to whom he referred. And he was right, a more fascinating woman I have never seen. She was sitting in a broad chair and leaning on the arm of it. She wore a long and narrow white tunic, over which was slipped a shorter one of heavy silver lace. Instead of coiling her hair that evening, she had left it in two huge plaits now lying across her knees; and the only ornament on her head was a Greek band of silver.

"Willie," I said impulsively, "have you never thought of painting her?"

"Thought! Why, I have longed to do it. But she refused to pose."

"And you could not do her from memory?"

"And do her justice? No. It would be the portrait of a beautiful woman, not *hers*. Don't you see, it is her personality which is so

wonderful. It is not her features. To me she is a mixture of a Western saint, ready for a halo and of an unfathomable Eastern queen.

I had to smile. "Oh! Willie!" I said, "You *are* bitten!"

But he did not laugh; a cloud passed over his face. "What's the good of that?" he muttered bitterly.

His voice had such a ring in it that I looked at him. His eyes had a vivid brilliancy (in no way due to his *pince-nez*), and he was rather pale.

"What is the matter?" I asked very low.

He did not answer at once; instead he put a question. "You saw me speaking with Miss Lowinska before dinner?"

"I did; yes."

"I know that you will believe me if I say that I had not the remotest intention of approaching a certain subject with her to-night; but something drove me on the rocks and I had to speak. You understand what I am alluding to?"

"To be frank, Willie, I think I do."

"Well! then, I have only one word to add; it is all over, I have presumed too much."

"Oh! impossible. You can't have understood her, or—or you brought things to a climax too soon."

"No; time has nothing to do with it."

"Are you sure?"

"Absolutely."

"It is inconceivable to me. Do you know that I was sure that she cared for you?"

He smiled sadly; his face had become patient and gentle. "Yes," he admitted, "a little perhaps. She—she almost confessed as much; only in her case it makes no difference."

"Surely her father would not interfere with her wishes; it can't be that."

"No, her father's wishes and hers are quite in agreement."

"Why do you speak in such a mysterious way?"

"Because I am not at liberty to say more, though it all seems utterly incredible to me. Now, for instance, when I look at her so undisturbed, so natural, I am tempted to believe that I am mad or dreaming. Indeed, I should not have opened my lips to you about this, but I knew how pleased you would have been if—"

"My poor Willie, of course I would!"

And I looked away for an instant; I could not stand his sad set face.

"You see," he continued, "though you told me once—or pretended to tell me—that I did not stand much chance, I remained under the impression that you only wished I was a better man, a—a more

religious man, to win her. Well! I tried, I honestly did try; so much so that her refusal will make no difference; I intend to go on trying. Of course, there is not a shadow of hope or chance left; but I had hoped when I felt you on my side. I was too easily convinced that women can read one another so well that I was safe in following your lead."

"My lead! Oh! Willie!"

"Well! you tried to help me on, didn't you?"

"Yes, yes, I did!" I almost cried out. "I came to be slowly persuaded that your two natures, unlike as they are, would complete each other. That is one more of my wretched mistakes; I seem to be in this world to become a special cross for my friends."

"Oh! nonsense, nonsense," he said kindly.

"What will you do now?"

"Leave Paris as soon as possible, of course. I shall arrange that with Max—" (He cleared his throat with an effort.) "Ah, Miss O'Dwyer is going to sing. What a fine fellow that young Pole is. Look at him opening the piano."

But this sudden pretense of interest was useless with me, and as I looked at him he dropped it.

"By the way, Mrs. Camberwell, will you do me a favor?"

"I wonder you can trust me to do anything right."

"Oh, yes!" he said smiling a little. "Could you not—any time this evening—induce Miss Lowinska to play what she played in my studio the first day she was there. Do you remember?"

"You mean that 'Sehnsucht' of Queckenberg?"

"I do; and Burow's Polish song; somehow it is like her; and the 'Dance of the Shadows.' A good many hopes have turned into shadows for me since then."

"I will try," I answered, smothering a sigh.

The thought went through my mind that she had played these of her own accord the day before; but I did not say it. It was a good deal later when I persuaded Maryña to yield to my request. At first she had looked questioningly at me and had seemed to hesitate; still my insistence carried the point.

Once she sat at the piano, however, she made us forget most things, except the flooding melody and the soul which gave it intensity. I do not know how long she kept us under the spell; I only woke up to the present, so to speak, when, ending with a few soft chords, she signed to Helena to come to her. After a word or two the latter drew a song out of a pile of music, and opened it before them both. It was a simple duet which Helena had been teaching to the girls of a "Patronage." I recognized it at once, and yet I could not tell you what a strange feeling paralyzed me when Maryña began. What on earth had made her choose it?

One of the Cherubim thus spake to me:
"If thou the glory of my heaven could see!
If but that warmth of Love Divine
Which fires my heart might also quicken thine!"
My soul to such high wisdom could but say:
"More glorious far than e'en most glorious day
Thou seest God. Does heaven also give
The hidden Love of God by which we live?"[2]

I could not say whether anyone else was conscious of something unusual, but I was certainly aware of it. I barely noticed Helena's sweet voice now and again, Maryña's alone seemed to reach me.

The Cherubim his challenge then renewed:
"But hast thou tasted of my Heavenly Food?
My feast is to adore the Mighty One,
To live a ray in His Most Glorious Sun."
And I could venture but the answer meek:
"Thou of thy life in God-like terms may speak.
In me, one Gift doth all my longing slake,
The Humble Bread I worship and partake."[2]

Well, my dearest, all I can tell you is that when Miss Lowinska stood up after this, the atmosphere had changed. A veil had fallen between the few past hours and the present. She herself was different in an undefinable way. Until then she had, I thought, slightly avoided Willie, now she went deliberately to talk with him, and I could see that it was for the poor fellow both an intense happiness and a real torture. Still, the evening over, they parted in the simplest and friendliest manner. And though I was fairly well convinced that both their hearts were full, neither of them betrayed it if such was the case.

But, Rex dear, it left me almost as sad as themselves. And I must have shown it too, for, when after saying good-night I turned towards my room, an arm was slipped under mine, and a soft, rich voice said close to my ear. "What's up, little lady? Not this way, please."

I was whirled round in the opposite direction, and before I could protest I found myself in Maryña's own apartment. She brought me

[2] In the original French the verses run thus:

"Un Chérubin dit un jour à mon âme,
Si tu savais les gloires de mon ciel,
Si tu voyais les purs rayons de flamme
Que de son front projette l'Eternal!
Je répondis à l'Archange céleste;
Toi qui vois Dieu plus brillant que le jour
D'un Dieu caché sur un autel modeste
Sais-tu l'amour?"
"Le Chérubin voulut parler encore;
Sais-tu dit-il mon aliment divin?
Aimer, servir le grand Dieu que j'adore
M'unir à lui, voilà mon seul festin
Je répondis au lumineux Archange;
Tu te nourris de la Divinité
Mais l'humble Pain que j'adore et je mange
L'as-tu goûté?"

straight to her balcony, threw a cushion or two on the basket chair, and willy-nilly forced me into it.

"Now," she exclaimed with a touch of the old mischief I have come to know so well, "you are at my mercy, and to-morrow Miss O'Dwyer may storm if she likes about your beauty sleep; I am going to keep you ever so late. Don't trouble to argue, it is quite settled."

"Oh, I don't mind in the least," I said miserably, "the whole day has been wretched."

"I thought so. Never mind, get it out quick and you will feel better."

She leaned against the iron balustrade, her great plaits hanging like two tamed snakes on her silvery gown; her figure clearly cut on the dark blue of the sky.

I told her everything; the contents of your letter, my foolish advice to Max and even my unfortunate encouragements to Willie R——. (This was touching her closely; but, with Maryña, entire frankness is always safe.) I ended with the dispirited remark that I had put my foot in it all round.

"Show the foot," was her only answer.

And as I looked at her without moving, "Show *that foot,*" she commanded, "show it at once."

With a very poor attempt at a smile, I displayed my innocent satin slipper.

"Goodness me!" she observed as if to herself and with mock gravity, "the size of 'the thing.'"

"Oh! Maryña don't be silly, it is all very true."

Her white teeth gleamed in a teasing smile. "True!" she repeated, "I should think it is true. And more than that; hasn't that wretched little foot pressed with all its might on my own neck?"

"Please don't be absurd."

She surveyed me critically, then her expression softened, and she said in a very quiet voice:

"It is a fact though. Shall I tell you about it?"

"I wish you would," I begged.

She brought a chair opposite to mine and sat meditatively, her elbows on her knees, her chin slightly raised on her hands, her long plaits sweeping the ground. Her teasing mood had vanished. "Did I not tell you before that, without wishing it, you had managed to make some things much harder for me?"

"Yes, you told me twice."

"I expect you understood *why* this evening; I saw you in deep conversation with Mr. R——."

"No, I understand nothing, nor do I now. All I know is that I am deeply grieved that you could not care for him."

There was a scarcely perceptible pause. "Nemo," she asked

gently, "are you verily so blind? Who told you that I could not care for him?"

I positively gasped. "Why! you can't be suggesting that—"

She nodded firmly. "Oh! yes! I can."

"Then, in what possible way did I complicate matters for you?"

"Quite simply. I have used every opportunity to show Mr. R—— that there could be no more than friendship between us; while you seldom lost a chance to encourage him, raise his hopes and further his ends. Now, didn't you?"

"But, good heavens! I—" There I stopped; my eyes were filling with tears. What a maze it all was!

She bent swiftly and took my hand. "Don't, my little friend," she said tenderly, "there is no real harm done, I assure you."

"But why should you refuse him?"

"Ah!" she replied, nodding thoughtfully, "because I am not free to act otherwise."

"Yet you are not—you cannot be engaged?"

"I am more than 'engaged' dear. I wanted to tell you before, only—well! in a week or two, on the eighth of September, I am leaving you all. My new home will not be far from here, *rue d'Ulm*. Do you know it?"

I was dumbfounded.

"Don't look so horrified, Nemo, there is nothing very terrible in that. For years I have been called to that life, and you see, even *your* helping to draw a wire across my path did not make me stumble. Just as well, isn't it?"

And I felt unable to articulate a syllable.

"Oh! come," she said cheerfully, "I am only chaffing. Besides I am truly grateful that things are as they are. I cannot forget *his* soul now, and there will be somebody to pray for it as long as I live. Don't you know, as I do, that nothing God allows to happen is useless? And I am not ashamed to tell you that he is dear enough to me to have cost me deeper regrets than you would credit; only God is infinitely dearer; that is all."

I was still unable to answer; the tears which had filled my eyes suddenly overflowed.

"Oh! you baby!" she murmured.

"I don't care, I can't help it," I exclaimed in despair, "it is perfectly awful to think of you in a convent."

"What a sad little pagan you are!"

"And oh! Maryña, you are far too beautiful! Look at yourself!"

"That is precisely what I did yesterday, don't you recollect! And, between us, my lady fair, you did not altogether approve of it. Now, be frank."

"But how could I guess?"

"That does not alter the fact."

"Maryña, do you remember this evening when you were talking with Max? You made such a picture then that I am beginning to understand how much bewildered, as well as heartbroken, poor Willie must have been. How could he realize that the 'vision' before him was to be suddenly hidden in a—a Carmelite's habit?"

"Oh! Nemo, don't be silly."

"Silly! Why! I can't realize it myself."

"Well! the sooner you do the better. You must get used to the idea."

"Never! You are made to wear this sort of dress and look like a queen. See the glorious hair God has given you."

"Rather a load in summer. Still, if you are so partial to it, you may have it and welcome. It would not make a bad rope for a bell, would it?"

I had felt sad and sore the whole day, now I felt disgusted as well. Besides my tears would not be kept back. I abruptly stood up. But she was too quick and too strong for me. She jumped up and pinned me on my cushions with one hand, while with the other she snatched her small lace handkerchief to dry my eyes.

"Don't you attempt to escape me!" she threatened; and she lifted my face to hers until her cool lips met mine, and I became aware of the faint fragrance of lilac which is so peculiarly her own.

What shall I add, my Rex, except that instead of my going, we never began to talk until then; and that the hand of the clock pointed to "two" when she noiselessly opened her door to let me out. Even then I stopped with a question.

"How had Millicent Marchmont discovered that she, Maryña, did not intend to marry?"

Maryña looked surprised. "She could not have discovered it," she affirmed.

"But she told me 'that you were proof against far better men than Max.'"

"Did she?" Then a light broke on the girl's face; she laughed softly.

"Perhaps I can guess," she said. "She asked me once whether I had any settled plans for my future, and whether my father approved of them. I answered that my plans would realize his dearest hopes. She must have concluded that I was destined to an alliance with some king or potentate at least."

Her white teeth flashed once more in a naughty little smile; I nodded and her door closed without a sound.

I wonder who fell asleep first; she or I?

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

New Books.

PIONEER LAYMEN OF NORTH AMERICA. By Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J. Volume I. New York: The America Press. $1.75.

In these entertaining pages, Father Campbell has given us a series of clear portraits of those adventurous laymen, the makers history in the days of the pioneer priests who brought the faith to our shores in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The volume deals with Cartier, Menendez, Champlain, de la Tour, Maisonneuve, Le Moyne and Radisson. Father Campbell defends Cartier's treatment of the Indians, as comparing favorably with the conduct of Hawkins, Morgan and Drake, who ruthlessly murdered the natives, or carried them off into slavery. Menendez's crimes, he says, "Existed mainly in the minds of his enemies. As they could not conquer him they cursed him. Had his race and religion been different, he would have been regarded as a hero." Champlain, who made the Dominion possible by the founding of Quebec, suggested to France as early as 1599 the feasibility of building a canal from the Chagres River to the ocean. De la Tour's life affords us a brief sketch of the expatriation of the Acadians, Maisonneuve's discusses the beginnings of Montreal, and Radisson's the founding of the Hudson Bay Company. Of Radisson our author writes: "French historians never miss a chance to assail him, and they add to the charge of treason to his country, apostasy from his religion. There is at least a probability that he was neither an apostate nor a traitor.....Until positive proof is adduced to the contrary, Radisson has a right to be considered a Frenchman and a Catholic. He was the innocent and unconscious tool of underhand and unscrupulous statecraft."

A BOOK OF ENGLISH MARTYRS. By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, F.R.H.S. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.10 net.

The content of this book is composed of the stories of thirty-two martyrs of the sixteenth century. In the charming preface written by Dom Bede Camm it is intimated that the appearance of a second volume, dealing with martyrs of the seventeenth century, is contingent upon the reception accorded to the present work. If its reception is in proportion to its merit, its successor will follow

speedily, and will be welcomed eagerly by readers who wish to experience again a consecrated joy.

The tales are told, as far as possible, in the words of the original records, but naturally the larger portion is of the author's own writing, in which she employs the dignity, simplicity, conciseness and reserved strength of fine literary art. Although written especially for the young, the book appeals to readers of every class and age, and should be in every Catholic household for its value from every standpoint, historical, literary and apologetic. Non-Catholics, induced by its attractive form to look into it, will find cause to change their views founded upon the vilification and coarse ridicule with which Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* assails the blessed memory of Father Campion and Cuthbert Mayne.

The illustrations are in the main so satisfying, in spirit and execution, that we deplore the discrepancies with the text found in the picture of Father Campion being brought into London, and in that which represents Sir Thomas More as beardless a week before his death, notwithstanding that the page next to the illustration contains the historic jest of the martyr as he laid his head upon the block. These are minor points, but it is regrettable there should be any blemish of carelessness in a publication otherwise so excellent.

The author, in her brief and graceful note, has done her readers yet another service in giving a list of readily accessible sources of " fuller information and further illustration of this most interesting period of Catholic history."

STUDIES IN CHURCH HISTORY. By Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P. St. Louis: B. Herder. 75 cents net.

Father Conway's new volume possesses a particular significance as an object lesson in the science of apologetics. That the winning of souls to the Catholic faith is an art, few of us are unaware, for we see how largely success in it depends on tact, dexterity, experience, and that inborn skill which sometimes approaches genius. But many of us do not appreciate the fact that the making of converts is a science, too, involving the patient deep study of numerous intricate questions. Of ready answers and superficial explanations there is no dearth—we can make them, or find them, easily, upon demand. But to provide, or to discover, a thoroughly scientific discussion of the common vexed issues of religious controversy is relatively so difficult, that the absence of scholarship in a professed

apologist has come to be regarded with easy tolerance. It is instructive, as well as helpful, then, to find that the priest whose name is identified with the most popular existing manual of ready answers to common Protestant questions is as thoroughly learned and as active in research as the new book shows its author to be. That Father Conway can study so indefatigably, in the intervals of his exceptionally strenuous missionary life, is really amazing; but the pages before us provide the proof that he keeps up the scientific side of his work by making himself familiar with current books and magazines in several languages and in half a dozen countries. It is a valuable example for our young priests, who will be strongly impressed with this evidence that the most successful missionary activity in our time and country must be built upon the enduring basis of solid study.

The new book is a reprint of papers already published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. They deal with such points as church government, ascetical practice, and sacramental forms in the early Christian centuries, the Pope Joan legend, the Galileo case, the inner history of Trent, and the status of the doctrine of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady. In the main the text is a summary of the work recently done by specialists in the field of church history; but the organization and presentation of material by Father Conway's hand is an important aid to the reader.

As intimated above, the volume before us is a serious one, inviting study. It does credit to its writer. Further, it will provide the reader with an immense amount of information valuable for purposes of proof and explanation. We congratulate Father Conway on his book; and we shall welcome its successor.

LUTHER. By Hartmann Grisar, S.J. Authorized Translation from the German by E. M. Lamond. Edited by Luigi Cappadelta. Volume IV. St. Louis: B. Herder. $3.25 net.

The fourth volume of Father Grisar's *Life* of Luther brings out most clearly his true character and his new teaching. Its eight chapters deal with the moral degradation that everywhere followed the Reformation; Luther's controversies with Erasmus and Duke George; his proposal of bigamy to Henry VIII. and Philip of Hesse; his continual mendacity; his coarse and abusive language in controversy; his character and gifts as professor, preacher and pastor, and his new dogmas in the light of history and psychology.

Father Grisar is superior to Father Denifle, inasmuch as he

writes objectively and not polemically. How any honest man can read this scholarly and thoroughly fair estimate of Martin Luther and still remain unconvinced, is quite beyond us.

THE LIFE AND VISIONS OF ST. HILDEGARDE. By Francesca Maria Steele (Darley Dale). With a Preface by the Very Rev. Vincent McNabb, O.P. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.35 net.

In what Father McNabb, in his interesting preface, justly calls the " teeming pages " of this remarkable book, lies matter of deepest interest both religious and secular. Lovers of history will delight in the admirably drawn pictures of the twelfth century, and the disclosures of life on and around the Rhine will give peculiar satisfaction to those whose attention is given to studying the progress of civilization; while the biography of the Saint is fascination for all. In view of the present outcry as to waste of womanhood immured in cloisters and the age-long seclusion and subjugation of all women, with the consequent deprivation of opportunity, one would especially recommend a wide reading of the life of this traveled Abbess who ranged the country prophesying, preaching and rebuking; a stern monitor of Pope and emperor, a guide and authority in matters temporal and spiritual, a strong, kindly ruler, and a proficient in the arts and sciences of her times.

Regarding the greatest of all her activities, the mysticism which enveloped all the rest, it is not alone Catholics who will seize upon her revelations. This paradoxical age exhibits no more singular anomaly than the wistful groping for assurances of spiritual life, marching side by side with frank materialism. Where so much that is obviously false receives credence by virtue of the intensity of desire for truth, it is beneficence to thus place within easy reach portions of the wonderful mystic writings of St. Hildegarde. The book is one to be owned, that it may be read and pondered again and again.

THE APPETITE OF TYRANNY. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.00 net.

Mr. Chesterton writes in his usual manner in this book, short though it is, and that alone will serve to recommend it to a wide circle. But, as ever, the paradox and the epigram are used to convey important truths, and their power in the present instance is not lessened by the fact that those for whom he writes are not

likely, as some of them might be in reading most of his other books, to oppose very strongly the ideas he seeks to convey. For he has a hearty—almost bitter—dislike for Prussia and all its works and pomps, and a firm trust that they shall not prevail. The "Letters to an Old Garibaldian" that are appended, are perhaps not quite so felicitious as the rest of the book, but still every page is "worth while."

MODERN GERMANY. By J. Ellis Barker. Fifth and very greatly enlarged edition. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3.00 net.

The first edition of this work came out ten years ago, and was so favorably received that a new and enlarged edition was published in the autumn of 1907. It was finally accepted as a standard work wherever there were students of contemporary European history, and has had many translations, even a Japanese version being in use in the East. Perhaps the best recommendation is the fact that it was respectfully read, and praised, in Germany. The present edition contains so much new matter that it is almost a new book. Besides the task of revision the writer has provided fourteen new chapters, mostly on matters relating to Anglo-German affairs, and the chapter on Germany and France in Morocco includes in the present edition an account of the Morocco crisis of 1911. But the present reviewer regrets that Mr. Barker has seen fit to enter the domain of prophecy: to leave the field of scholarship for the field of conjecture. *Modern Germany,* however, is not a mere "war book," but the work of a keen observer and sound thinker, long and favorably known among students.

THE CANCER PROBLEM. By William Seaman Bainbridge. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.00 net.

That a famous specialist should prepare a book on cancer for the general public as well as for his professional colleagues, is good evidence of the widespread intelligent interest now attaching to this darkest mystery of modern medicine, the disease which is reckoned to number its yearly victims by the half million. Excluding all discussion of surgical technique, but thoroughly discussing every other important phase of his subject, the author has produced a volume remarkable no less for lucidity than for scientific weight. He presents with scholarly calm conflicting theories, and states his own tentative conclusions modestly, and in connection with the

facts upon which they are based. He seems to have quite perfectly attained his purpose of providing both the professional and the lay reader with a convenient résumé of all the really valuable existing knowledge of his subject, and to have aided in the wise diffusion of the sort of knowledge that helps to prevent or alleviate human suffering.

CRITICISMS OF LIFE. By Horace J. Bridges. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

This book from beginning to end reveals the shallow pretentiousness of the modern ethical culturists, who talk glibly about ethics while denying the true basis of morality, and denounce orthodox Christianity for its stupidity and narrowness without giving the slightest evidence of their superior culture.

With a dexterity worthy of a Hermann, Mr. Bridges compares the conversion of St. Augustine with what he calls the conversion of Shelley and John Stuart Mill, and by a little word-jugglery proves to his own satisfaction "the humanness of the source of salvation." Mr. Bridges is especially indignant at Mr. Chesterton's indictment of modern agnosticism. He tries to the utmost to prove that Mr. Chesterton is a weak logician, a poor reasoner, a dishonest controversionalist and an unsound theologian. This is rather amusing coming from a man who thinks orthodoxy "unverifiable either by history or by present-day experience, and who considers Christianity a materialistic fairy tale, with its pretended heaven and hell, its absurd and fantastic resurrection of the body, and its Sultan-like God enjoying throughout eternity the flatteries of his prostrate worshippers."

The chief reason why Mr. Bridges fails to understand the reasoning of Mr. Chesterton lies in the former's bitter hatred of all supernaturalism and his lack of any sense of humor.

The essay on Churchill's book, *The Inside of the Cup,* contains a glowing panegyric of Modernism, and dogmatically assures us that these modern unbelievers are worthy successors to St. Francis of Assisi and St. Francis de Sales. We also meet with the unethical statement "that it is possible and consistent for a man to remain in a Church whose creed he desires to change, just as it is possible for a man to remain a loyal citizen of the state whose laws and constitutions he sees to need revision."

We were very much surprised to find Mr. Bridges upholding the old-fashioned doctrine of marriage and denouncing divorce,

but he takes special pains to remind us that he holds this view not upon the authority of any church or creed, but upon grounds of widespread human experience. Of course his prejudice makes him assert that Roman Catholic countries practice divorce as much as Protestant ones, although they hypocritically call it by some other name. This is on a par with his other statement "that Blessed Sir Thomas More believed in the possibility of religious union without creedal uniformity."

THE EARLY CHURCH. From Ignatius to Augustine. By George Hodges. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.

We would recommend to Mr. Hodges Father Moran's *Government of the Church in the First Century* to correct his false view "that the beginning of a definite and settled organization of the Church dates from the third century." He seems to share the belief of many moderns that "the idea of a permanent ordering of the administration and of the worship of the Christians was excluded from the minds of the early disciples by their expectation of the speedy return of Christ." St. Ignatius' insistence on obedience to the bishop, according to his false interpretation, is merely "a loyalty to the local minister in the face of divisive individualism," and Irenæus' concept of the episcopate is chiefly as "a body of men to whom inquirers may be referred for information as to the faith."

In discussing monasticism, he fails to grasp the ascetic teaching of the New Testament, and erroneously declares that the idea of asceticism was first formulated from the heresy that matter was essentially evil. He does not seem to know that the early Church Fathers always carefully distinguished between the pseudo-asceticism of the Gnostics and the true asceticism of the Christian Gospel.

THE SPELL OF SOUTHERN SHORES. By Caroline Atwater Mason. Boston: The Page Co. $2.50 net.

These entertaining travelogues carry the reader through the most interesting cities of Italy and Sicily, and form an excellent companion volume to the author's former book, *The Spell of Italy*. They deal with Genoa, Viterbo, Taormina, Trinacria, Syracuse, Palermo, Capri, Venice, etc. The historical knowledge of the writer is not always accurate, and occasionally her narrow Protestant viewpoint prevents her from understanding the Italian Catholic. The fifty odd illustrations in the volume are excellent.

THE RED CIRCLE. By Gerard A. Reynolds. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cents.

This story of the adventures of a small European colony in an up-river Chinese town in the dramatic year of 1900, derives its name from the insignia of the Boxers—the Circle of the Brotherhood.

The reader is introduced to this attractive group of English, Scotch, French and Belgians on the eve of the uprising, and follows their varied fortunes breathlessly through the significant mutterings and the wild outburst of the bloody storm of insensate hate, and finally into the peaceful haven of reconstruction.

Although the author carefully states that both incidents and characters are fictitious, the story impresses one as essentially true, and by its fairness and directness invites confidence in the pictures presented of Chinese character and custom.

The story is well told and the characters nicely balanced. There are some interesting psychological studies, as when Père Gratien determines to face the mob, and De Visser, the Belgian crack-shot, picks off his first human "game" from the lookout of a Chinese junk.

The power and influence of the book lie in the fact that it preaches no propaganda, and forces no issue; that it lets deeds speak for themselves, and tell with simple eloquence the old heroic story of how the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.

MARY MORELAND. By Marie Van Vorst. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.35.

No advance over the author's earlier works is perceptible in this her latest novel, which has for its protagonist a favorite among novelists and dramatists, the woman stenographer. As usual with this writer, occasional flashes of observation and realistic insight rouse expectations, which are soon submerged in the obvious and the sensational. The book has possibilities; but, lacking the judgment and discipline requisite for distinction, the result fails to rise above the mediocrity which supplies to unexacting readers matter that is forgotten with the closing of the covers.

THE GLAD HAND, AND OTHER GRIPS ON LIFE. By Humphrey J. Desmond. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 50 cents.

Mr. Desmond's gift of writing in timely and stimulating paragraphs is so widely and favorably known, that each new booklet

calls for little more than announcement. The present little volume, quite small enough to be carried in one's pocket and read comfortably in a railroad train, is big in wisdom and brilliant with inspiration. Timely criticism and the sage advice that is born of the reflective man's experience, adorn these pages. They make amusing and profitable reading, and they are well adapted both to awaken energy and to forestall blundering. Not the least of Mr. Desmond's many excellences is his limitless optimism.

THE MODERNIST. By Francis Deming Hoyt. Lakewood, N. J.: The Lakewood Press. $1.25 net.

Intention exceeds performance in this novel. The author has sought to draw an instructive contrast between the ideals and rules of life governing a Catholic and a non-Catholic household, both of the upper classes. Certain crudities of style and method make the social atmosphere somewhat unconvincing; but the book's vital defects are those of construction. It is not well knit together. The central catastrophe has its actual origin not in the influence of Modernism, nor the want of Catholic principles, but in an incredible lack of mere worldly wisdom on the part of parents who are represented as moving in circles where this quality superabounds.

Undoubtedly, there is place and opportunity for the Catholic novelist who will announce to society here the same challenge that has been issued in England, notably by Mrs. Wilfrid Ward. The fact remains that an argument presented to a public so sophisticated, can achieve effectiveness only through the medium of a subtler and more authoritative art than is displayed in *The Modernist.*

ROBIN THE BOBBIN. By Vale Downie. New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents net.

Robbin the Bobbin is a simple little story that will charm the children. Its attractiveness is heightened by a happily solved mystery, in which a gorgeous Christmas tree and a very hungry boy play their part. The boy for the first time in his life gets enough to eat and, so far as the reader can see, lives happily ever after.

LITTLE COMRADE. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.20 net.

Little Comrade is a stirring tale of the Great War. An American surgeon, on his way home from Vienna towards the end

of July, 1914, falls in love with the heroine, a beautiful and courageous French spy. To save her from death he represents her as his wife, and allows her to forge her name to his passport. The novel describes their experiences during the first days of mobilization in Germany, and the invasion of Belgium. The interest of the story does not lag for a moment, although many incidents are outside the region of the probable, and some border on the sensual. There are many good descriptions of the horrors of modern warfare—enough we think to convert the most ardent militarist to the ways of peace.

JEAN BAPTISTE. By J. E. Le Rossignol. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Although he tells a stirring story of modern Canada, the author is utterly at a loss when he tries to picture the typical French-Canadian, or to give his readers an idea of conventual life. Possessed of the old Protestant notion that convents are the refuge of broken-hearted maidens who have been jilted by their sweethearts, he portrays a Mother Superior who never lived save in a writer's brain.

LIKE UNTO A MERCHANT. By Mary Agatha Gray. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.35 net.

This novel gives a good picture of the trials and struggles of a number of earnest souls seeking for the truth in modern England. Anglican Vicars—High Church and Low—a good-hearted Catholic priest, two ex-convicts, prejudiced Mrs. Wall of Zion Chapel and her practical husband, Mrs. Parker with her mysterious past, the two girls, Louise and Helena—these characters are all well drawn and clear cut. The hero requires a long time to fall in love with the right girl, but all ends happily with the marriage bells in prospect.

THE QUIET HOUR. Selected and arranged by FitzRoy Carrington. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 75 cents net.

Mr. FitzRoy Carrington, in this latest selection of English poetry, again gives evidence of his extensive reading and his excellent taste. *The Quiet Hour* is one of those books that is quite beyond criticism. All who love poetry will delight in it. Every lover of poetry is, of course, a jealous lover of his own favorites,

and he may protest they are not included. But in all justice he can take no exception to this selection, which happily claims nothing like finality nor comprehensiveness as its aim. It will make pleasant and profitable any quiet hour that we take from our supposedly busy life.

Readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will be pleased to learn that it includes two selections from Katharine Tynan. The volume has excellent illustrations of the best known poets. It will be most appreciated by those who have not lost the blessing of childhood.

THE ENGLISH ESSAY AND ESSAYISTS. By Hugh Walker, LL.D. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Professor Walker in his introduction quotes with approval Alexander Smith's definition of the essay: "The essay as a literary form resembles the lyric, in so far as it is moulded by some central mood—whimsical, serious or satirical. Give the mood, and the essay, from the first sentence to the last, grows around it as the cocoon grows around the silk worm."

After a brief sketch of the first anticipations of the essay in early Elizabethean prose, Mr. Walker takes up Bacon, the first and greatest of the English essayists. He says: "He did more than introduce a new literary form; he took one of the longest steps ever taken in the evolution of English prose style.....His essays must be read slowly and thoughtfully, not because the style is obscure, but because they are extremely condensed and the thought is profound."

Two chapters on "The Character-Writers and the Miscellaneous Essays of the Seventeenth Century" treat of Decker, Hall, Overbury, Earle, Herbert, Sir Thomas Browne, Cowley, Dryden, etc.

Special attention is paid to the Queen Anne essayists, Steele, Addison and Swift, their imitators, and the transitional writers, Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Cobbett and others who usher in the nineteenth century. Five chapters are devoted to the nineteenth century, discussing in detail the early reviewers and their victims, the early magazines, the historian-essayists, the latter half of the nineteenth century, and the essayists of yesterday (Andrew Lang, Gissing, Francis Thompson, etc.).

We have no better book on the essay in English. It is carefully written, apt and generous in quotation, sanely critical, and uniformly fair in its appreciation and criticism. We meet occa-

sionally a bit of Protestant bigotry as, for example, that Halifax's "deep dislike and distrust of Romanism had its root in statesmanship, not in sectarianism." His prejudice, however, does not prevent him from recognizing in Francis Thompson "an artist in prose as well as in verse."

LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON FOR BOYS AND GIRLS. By Jacqueline Overton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.

The life of Robert Louis Stevenson, even apart from his literary work, has enough of adventure and heroism in it to win the attention and admiration of every boy and girl. Mr. Overton, in the present volume, has given in faithful outline the principal events of Stevenson's life and literary work. It will be a pleasant introduction for the young to one whose personality, with its abiding cheerfulness and sustained courage under life-long suffering, has won the world's admiration.

The greatest influence in the formation of Stevenson's character was religion. At the age of twenty-eight, Stevenson wrote to his father, after their serious differences on religious belief: "Strange as it may seem to you everything has been in one way or the other, bringing me a little nearer to what I think you would like me to be. 'Tis a strange world, indeed, but there is a manifest God for those who care to look for Him." Nor could any man who was not, at least in some measure, seriously religious have written the following:

> Our lepers were sent on the first boat, about a dozen, one poor child very horrid, one white man leaving a large grown family behind him in Honolulu, and then into the second stepped the Sisters and myself. I do not know how it would have been with me had the Sisters not been there. My horror of the horrible is about my weakest point: but the moral loveliness at my elbow blotted all else out: and when I found that one of them was crying, poor soul, quietly under her veil, I cried a little myself: then I felt as right as a trivet, only a little crushed to be there so uselessly. I thought it was a sin and a shame she should feel unhappy. I turned round to her, and said something like this: "Ladies, God Himself is here to give you welcome. I'm sure it is good for me to be beside you: I hope it will be blessed to me: I thank you for myself and the good you do me!"

We are not discussing how much Stevenson retained or recovered of true Christian faith, but it is manifest that no estimate of Stevenson's life and character can be made without an accounting of how greatly his belief in God influenced both. And in charity it must be remembered that Stevenson was often ashamed to speak of his own religious beliefs; of his own true motives. His tendency was to make them less worthy, less high than reality justified. "Usually," he wrote to his father, "I hate to speak of what I really feel to that extent that, when I find myself *cornered,* I have a tendency to say the reverse."

The life of any man is not adequately presented unless it tell of the forces that made the man held up for imitation. To Stevenson and the children who read this volume is done a real injustice. Stevenson was not a mere humanitarian; and it is lamentable, indeed, to place before the young no greater ideal than sterile humanitarianism. Less worship of ourselves and a deeper realization of our need of God would benefit the world immensely.

GERMAN CULTURE. Edited by Professor W. P. Paterson of Edinburgh University. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 75 cents net.

Within a compass of less than four hundred pages the contributors to this volume, professors in various universities of Great Britain, discuss Germany's contribution to the world's civilization in the fields of philosophy, science, music, etc. As each paper is from a different pen, there is naturally a diversity in the method of treatment, but throughout there is to be noticed a lofty detachment from national prejudice that cannot be too highly commended. The writers are evidently admirers of German "Culture" in the best sense, and this begets a confidence which secures them a more ready hearing when they point out what they regard as defects. The last chapter, on religion, written by the editor, and the one on philosophy, will of course not commend themselves throughout to the Catholic reader, since the point of view causes their authors to present as achievements many things which we should regard as telling rather against Germany. But the book as a whole is excellently done, with a dignified sincerity that is none too common in contemporary war literature. A special word of commendation is due Professor Lodge's introductory paper on Prussia and Germany, which contrives to give in small space an excellent idea of the growth of the German Empire.

PARIS WAITS: 1914. By M. E. Clarke. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

In these personal experiences in Paris during the first few months of the war, an Englishwoman describes most graphically the first days of mobilization, the false prophecies everywhere current, the status of the hospitals, the friendliness manifested towards the English troops, etc. The author, a Protestant, testifies to a great religious awakening as the result of the war. She writes: "France is irrevocably and innately Catholic, and the war has proved her to be so. She will probably be narrowly so for a time, because the reaction after the struggle between Church and State is sure to be strong, and the priests have, generally speaking, behaved so splendidly throughout the whole war that their influence over the people is likely to be great. Whether as soldiers or clerics, they have done their duty magnificently..... Never have the churches been fuller than they are in these days, and never have the men and women who fill them gone with such single purpose to pray."

THE MESSAGE OF MOSES AND MODERN HIGHER CRITICISM. By Rev. Francis E. Gigot, D.D. New York: Benziger Brothers. 15 cents net.

Last March, Father Gigot lectured at the University of Pennsylvania on "The Message of Moses and the Theories of Modern Higher Criticism." We are glad that he has consented to publish this lecture for the benefit of the general public. In brief and simple language, avoiding as far as possible all technical details and linguistic discussions, he vindicates in excellent fashion the correctness of the Christian tradition concerning Moses' literary work and his monotheistic message. He promises later to deal more fully with the points summarily dismissed in this brief volume.

THE WONDROUS CHILDHOOD OF THE MOTHER OF GOD. By Blessed John Eudes. Peekskill: Convent of the Good Shepherd. $1.50.

The ardent, devotional character of the works of Blessed John Eudes is well known to our readers. In this translation of one of his works, entitled *The Wondrous Childhood of the Mother of God,* the author has given free rein to his warm and tender devotion to

Our Blessed Lady. He has called upon the Fathers and the Saints of the Church to join with him in repeating her merits, and he pours forth a canticle of affective praise to her glory. The book is presented in attractive form, and contains a preface by Father John O'Reilly, C.J.M.

THE MASS. A Study of the Roman Liturgy. By Adrian Fortescue. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.80.

All students of the Mass will welcome this second edition of Father Fortescue's scholarly treatise. He has corrected a number of mistakes, and modified some statements which recent controversies proved ambiguous or obscure. He is perfectly justified in ruling out of court those well-meaning but stupid critics who seemed to think that true piety utterly precludes all scholarly discussion of the "dislocation" of the Canon. He writes: "Undoubtedly our Canon, as we have it, is a most beautiful and venerable form. As it stands it may be said, it is said by thousands of priests in the plain meaning of the words, with entire devotion. The supposed signs of what I call 'dislocation' affect no one but the student, who may find in them interesting evidences of an early reconstruction. The question is merely one of archæology. It would be absurd for anyone to be troubled in saying Mass by such a matter as this."

POLITICAL THOUGHT IN ENGLAND. By Ernest Barker. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 50 cents net.

Professor Barker, of New College, Oxford, has written an excellent but partisan treatise on political thought in England from Herbert Spencer to the present day. He groups the leading English thinkers as follows: The Idealist School (Green, Bradley and Bosanquet); the Scientific School (Spencer, Darwin, Huxley and Wallace); the lawyers (Maine, Stephens and Dicey); literary men (Carlyle, Ruskin, Arnold, etc.); modern writers (Morris, Webb, McDonald, Belloc, etc.).

In English political thought there has been a great change effected within the past fifty years. "While in 1864 orthodoxy meant distrust of the State, and heresy took the form of a belief in paternal government, in 1914 orthodoxy means belief in the State, and heresy takes the form of mild excursions into anarchism." Among the new sources of political thought, Mr. Barker mentions social psychology, the new economics, and the new aspect of legal

theory emphasized by Maitland. Social psychology tends to issue in criticism of the machinery and methods of representative government. The new economics is intuitional and anti-intellectual. Syndicalism is prone to expect that non-intellectual forces will suffice to make the state what it should be.

THE LIVES OF THE POPES IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By Rev. Horace K. Mann, D.D. Volumes XI., XII. St. Louis: B. Herder. $6.00 net.

These two volumes cover the pontificate of one of the greatest of Popes, Innocent III. In the first volume Dr. Mann describes, in his usual felicitous fashion, Innocent's family, his life at the University of Paris, his government of Rome, his care of the Two Sicilies, his relations with the Empire, his protest against the Fourth Crusade; and in the second, his dealings with the East, West and North of Europe, and his crusade against the Albigenses. Many of the false statements of Milman, Luchaire, Matthew Paris and others are refuted in these scholarly pages. It is beyond question the best life we possess of Innocent III., superseding Hurter's well-known volumes, and correcting the work of the prejudiced Luchaire.

RUYSBROECK. By Evelyn Underhill. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00.

Miss Underhill has written an excellent account of the life and writings of that prince of mystics in the fourteenth century, Jan van Ruysbroeck. Unlike many non-Catholic writers who attempt to de-Catholicize our Catholic saints, Miss Underhill declares that Ruysbroeck was "bound by close links to the religious life of his day. He was no spiritual individualist; but the humble, obedient child of an institution, the loyal member of a society. He tells us again and again that his spiritual powers were nourished by the sacramental life of the Catholic Church. From the theologians of that Church came the intellectual framework in which his sublime intuitions were expressed. All that he does is to carry out into action—completely actualize in his own experience the high vision of the soul's relation to Divine Reality by which that Church is possessed."

The chapters deal with Ruysbroeck the Man, His Works, His Doctrine of God, of Man, of the Active, Interior and Superessential Life.

DEBATING FOR BOYS. By William Horton Foster. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. $1.00 net.

This little volume, written "to help boys to debate efficiently," amply justifies its existence. Mr. Foster defines debate; illustrates subjects fit and unfit; gives clearly, expounds the nature of evidence, and the manner of presenting and refuting arguments. He urges that the ambition be not to win by mere fluency or trickery, but only by superior force of sound reasoning from solid grounds of fact; and he discloses all this with such animation that his instruction entertains.

The appendices are equally profitable. They comprise a short working "Table of Parliamentary Rules," an example of a club's constitution, and a list of some two hundred questions suggested for debate, of which qualification for the discussion would connote the acquisition of a respectable education. In this connection, the concluding appendix, "Sources of Material," gives detailed information as to how the necessary facts may be obtained for all occasions.

The author is of the opinion that rightful debate leads to better citizenship and more efficient democracy. It may at all events be confidently asserted that extensive practice, under such competent guidance as this book affords, would go far to offset that unfortunate corollary of present-day educational methods, the general collapse of consecutive thought.

ROBERT FULTON. By Alice Crary Sutcliffe. New York: The Macmillan Co. 50 cents.

As the great-granddaughter of the illustrious subject of this biography, the author has naturally had at her command material of a kind not generally accessible. A personal, intimate tone is thereby imparted which, while always in good taste, deepens and increases the interest. Moreover, she has been very skillful in selecting and compressing into small compass a great deal of matter, giving a vivacious account of her famous ancestor's crowded, adventurous life, his varied talents, his experiences and achievements, and the predominant traits of his fine character. It is a graphic portrayal of an extremely interesting personality.

The young readers for whom are designed the "True Stories of Great Americans," will derive pleasure and benefit from this addition to the series.

THE MEANING OF CHRISTIAN UNITY. By W. H. Cobb. New York: Thomas W. Crowell Co. $1.25 net.

In a chapter entitled "The True Point of View," Mr. Cobb tells us "that the thing to emphasize in talking Christian Unity is an invisible thing, not union but unity.....Christian neighbors are to form a more perfect union, not by their Church constitutions, but by the love of Christ constraining them to love one another as each loves himself." The method to secure this union is very vague indeed. Mr. Cobb has no notion whatever of a unity based on a divine government, law and worship instituted by Jesus Christ. He would gladly set aside all dogmas, and unite in an impossible society Unitarian, Quaker, Methodist and Catholic. We understand the writer's viewpoint the moment we find him praising Churchill's book, *The Inside of the Cup*. He tells us: "That it rings true, and sounds a note in harmony with the Gospel, while yet it stands apart from organized Christianity, if indeed it does not openly oppose it." Mr. Cobb's Church will consist of men and women who accept the Lord's Prayer, believe in the parables, and practise the eight Beatitudes. We are certain that this book will not further the cause of Christian Unity.

IS DEATH THE END? By Rev. John Haynes Holmes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Mr. Holmes has written a lengthy volume on the arguments for the immortality of the soul. He is especially good in his indictment of the materialistic interpretation of life, but his logic is totally at fault when he states that "the old interpretation of the cosmic process leads inevitably to universalism as the only possible condition of its fulfillment." He stupidly classes the new Jerusalem of the Apocalypse with the Elysian Fields of the Greeks and the Paradise of the Mohammedans, and then proceeds to tell us "what immortality will be like" in the vaguest terms. We marvel to see the martyrs of early Christianity ranged side by side with Cromwell's "Ironsides" and the "Red Shirts" of Garibaldi, and we wonder what Savonarola would have said had he found himself bracketed with Luther, John Wesley and Theodore Parker.

FOOTINGS FOR FAITH. By W. P. Merrill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.00 net.

These essays on Faith, God, Prayer, the Divinity of Christ, the Atonement and the Bible are addressed, the author tells us,

" to those in our colleges and elsewhere who are finding it hard to reconcile their knowledge and their faith, who have been drawn away by modern science and philosophy from the thoroughgoing sturdy belief of their fathers."

Mr. Merrill proceeds to help these doubters back to the sturdy faith of their fathers by setting at naught the " unintelligible " statements that Jesus Christ was of one substance with the Father or that in Christ there are two natures in one person, by denying the inerrancy of the Bible and accepting the viewpoint of the modern destructive critics, by asserting that " religion is to prove itself to you not by dogma but by deeds, not by logic but by life." We fear that thinking men will not be at all attracted by this emasculated Christianity served up to them under the guise of a modern up-to-date Gospel.

SONGS OF THE COUNTRY-SIDE. By Daniel J. Donahoe. Middletown, Conn.: The Donahoe Publishing Co. $1.00 net.

In this volume Mr. Donahoe has published a number of graceful lyrics and pleasing sonnets. Although of uneven merit, many of them are remarkable for their simplicity and beauty of expression.

NATHAN HALE. By Jean Christie Root. New York: The Macmillan Co. 50 cents.

Every American boy ought to read this story of Nathan Hale. The author describes in brief but entertaining fashion Hale's early years, his life at Yale, his teaching in the schools of East Haddam and New London, his bravery as a Lieutenant and Captain in the Continental Army, and above all his voluntary service as a spy, which resulted in his capture and execution. Special chapters are devoted to tributes to his memory, a list of his friends, and of family ancestors.

IN the stirring tales, entitled *Early English Hero Tales* (New York: Harper & Brothers. 50 cents net), Jeannette Marks wishes to initiate the children of to-day into the mysteries and marvels of the palace of English Literature. She has succeeded admirably. She tells them about Beowulf and the monster Grendel, the fortunes of Taliesin, the combat between Feridad and Cuchulain, the cowherd, Caedmon, St. Cuthbert, the young Prince Alfred, of England, and Prince Havelok of Denmark.

WE have received from the St. Bonaventure's Monastery, Paterson, New Jersey, *St. Anthony's Almanac* for 1916. The Almanac is tastefully presented. It gives the ecclesiastical calendar for the new year, reprints the Epistle and Gospel for all the Sundays, and has many interesting literary articles from noted authors, most valuable of which is perhaps that entitled *Some Old Documents,* by Father Paschal Robinson, O.F.M. The price is 25 cents.

THE Catholic Truth Society of Ireland publishes *An Apostle of Our Days,* an interesting account by R. F. O'Connor of the life and work of the famous missionary, Father Lacombe, O.M.I.

THE AMERICA PRESS has issued *The Contemporary Drama,* a pamphlet that includes a paper from which the title is taken, also *The Sprightly Mr. Shaw,* and *Ibsen in the Class Room,* all by James J. Daly, S.J., and papers on Rabindranath Tagore and Lafcadio Hearn by Joyce Kilmer. Also *The Church and the Immigrant* and *Temperance Against Prohibition.*

THE LITTLE MANUAL OF ST. RITA (New York: Benziger Brothers. 50 cents) includes an extended life of the Saint by the Rev. James S. McGrath; prayers and devotions proper to St. Rita, and an extended collection of general prayers useful at private and public exercises of devotion.

WHY CATHOLICS HONOR MARY (New York: Benziger Brothers. 15 cents) is a small cloth-bound book giving in condensed form the reason why Catholics honor so highly our Blessed Lady. The author is well known because of his larger work, *The Greater Eve,* which we have recommended to our readers.

THE Home Press of New York has published a prayer book, entitled *The Mass,* which we heartily recommend. The book is compiled by Father Wynne, S.J., and is of special value, because it gives not only the Ordinary of the Mass, but also the Proper for all the Sundays and principal Feasts of the year. It will lead to a much-to-be-desired acquaintance with the liturgy of the Church, than which nothing could be more beneficial to the spiritual life of our people. It is published in handy form, in readable print, and may be purchased for twenty-five cents a copy.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The World Peace Foundation is publishing all the official documents that relate directly to recent controversy concerning neutral and belligerent rights between the United States, Germany and Great Britain. We received one on *Neutrality Proclaimed and Explained* and another on *War Zones.*

The Australian Catholic Truth Society publishes *Points in Catholic Polity,* which treat of the coöperation of Catholic societies, the spread of Catholic literature, and the Church and Education. Father W. J. Lockington, S.J., has written a tract against national prohibition, and sets forth the reasons for total abstinence.

The Ave Maria Press sends us *How I Became a Catholic,* by Olga Maria Davin. It is a simple story of conversion of a woman born in St. Petersburg, of German-Lutheran parents.

The Catholic Truth Society of Pittsburgh has just issued *Catholic Echoes of America,* by Agnes Schmidt. It is a brief sketch of some of the achievements of American Catholics "in peace and war, in discovery and exploration, in education and charity, in freedom and religious toleration, and in civilization and progress."

The Fellowship of Reconciliation publishes *The Church's Opportunity in the Present Crisis,* by Henry T. Hodgkin. This Anglican writer says rightly that the Church is set in a nation to witness to the supernatural as against the material forces, to emphasize the supernational as against the exclusively national spirit, and to proclaim the coming of a new day of peace. We were sorry to see the author quote Henry Richards' unchristian statement "that war was essentially and eternally unchristian."

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

La Guerre, qui l'a Voulue? by Paul Dudon (Paris: P. Lethielleux. 50 centimes), first appeared in *Études,* based on the data of the French *Yellow Book.* In reprinting it now in pamphlet form, the author has added to and confirmed his conclusions by reference to the more recent diplomatic documents.

Les Leçons du Livre Jaune, by Henri Welschinger (Paris: Bloud et Gay), is a detailed study of the French *Yellow Book.*

Chiffons de Papier. Ce qu'il faut Savoir des Origines de la Guerre de 1914, by Daniel Bellet (Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie. 50 centimes), seeks to fix the responsibility for the War by an examination of the remote and proximate causes.

L'Allemagne et la Guerre Européenne, by Albert Sauveur, Professor at Harvard University (Paris: Bloud et Gay), is a translation of Professor Sauveur's article refuting the German propaganda in the United States as to the causes of the War.

Who Wanted War? by E. Durkheim and E. Denis (Paris: Librairie Armand Colin. 50 centimes), is a translation by A. M. Wilson-Garinei of an article based upon diplomatic documents, which appeared simultaneously with that of Paul Dudon.

Solution du Grand Problème, by A. Delloue (Paris: A. Tralin. *2 frs.*), is a brief summary of the arguments for the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and the fact of a future life.

NOTE.—On account of the non-arrival of the foreign periodicals, we have been compelled to omit that department this month.—[ED. C. W.]

Recent Events.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD *wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.*

France.

So far from having to meet the long-expected attack of the Germans in a new attempt to reach Calais, it has fallen to the lot of the French and British to assume the offensive. The increased supply of munitions gave them hopes of success—hopes which have been if not entirely yet largely justified. Artillery activity of an intense character upon the whole length of the enemy's front preceded for nearly a month the attacks on a large scale of the infantry, while the British fleet heavily bombarded the Belgian coast. The success achieved far surpassed anything that has happened since the battle of the Marne. The assault was made in four places, two by the British, and two by the French. Of these only two were pressed home. The main attack of the British was on the line between La Bassée and Lens. It was completely successful. German trenches were taken on a front of five miles, and to a depth of two and a half miles, giving to the British positions very near to La Bassée and Lens, which dominate the great railway junction at Lens, on which the enemy depends for the transport of troops and stores. On the right, the French completed the capture of the network of intrenchments known as the Labyrinth and occupied Souchez. The main attack of the French was on the line midway between Rheims and Verdun in Champagne. Trenches along a front of sixteen miles were carried, the Germans being pushed back for two or three miles. A position was captured commanding the great lateral railway which forms the main line of communication. Here the offensive movement stopped, but the positions taken have on the whole been held, although the Germans have made the most violent efforts to regain the ground lost.

These victories give satisfaction to the Allies as a proof that the boasted impregnability of the enemy's line is not absolutely war-

ranted. According to one of the best military authorities, the positions which fell into the hands of the Allies had been prepared for defence by every art and artifice of the engineer for months. The Germans called them a barrier of steel. They represented the extreme degree of resistance that can be obtained by semi-permanent field defences of the modern type. But the Allies recognize that their capture has not carried them very far on their way. The Germans still have successive lines of trenches for many miles of the same character, and these must be taken in the same way. The attack at the end of September was but the prologue to future attacks which are to be made, for each of which there must be equally careful preparation. Hence nothing like a rapid advance is anticipated. Germany's new adventure in the Balkans may, of course, contribute to its success, for it will make Germany less able either to take the offensive in France or to resist a new offensive of the Allies.

Failure of health is alleged as the reason for the resignation of M. Delcassé. This may, in fact, have contributed, but it seems probable that it was really due to a divergence of opinion as to the wisdom of sending French troops to help Serbia. Owing to the German attack a most difficult situation had arisen. If Serbia is defeated and a road to Constantinople made for the Germans, the results to the Allies will be not, indeed, a decisive defeat, but a great disaster. But this would affect Great Britain more than France. It may, therefore, have been the view of M. Delcassé that on that account the duty of relieving Serbia fell upon her ally, especially as France wants for her own defence every available man. M. Delcassé's resignation has not affected the unity of the French Cabinet, nor its determination to carry on the war to a successful conclusion.

A great contrast exists between the workingmen of France and some at least of those in Great Britain. While in the latter there have been several strikes on a large scale and the apprehension of many more, in France there is not a workman who does not realize that his country is engaged in a life-and-death struggle, and that he, as well as the soldier, must bear every hardship and make every sacrifice for the sake of France and victory. The hours of work are long, ten and twelve hours a day, including Saturdays, and half a day on Sunday. From August, 1914, to April, 1915, in many instances not a man got a day's holiday. Wages have been raised slightly, but the cost of living has increased even more. In not an

instance has there been a strike or the threat of a strike throughout the industries of France since the outbreak of the war. All restrictions on hours and conditions of labor have been suspended to enable work to be done in the shortest time. It has not been necessary in any one case for the Government to take over a factory on account of difficulties raised by the men. The French workingmen and women know by intimate experience what a German advance means; some of them almost wish that the British workingman might have an opportunity of learning in an equally intimate way; after that experience the idea of striking would never again enter into his mind.

The change in the attitude of the French workingman and of the people generally towards religion is equally noteworthy. A writer who has spent the better part of six months among the wounded who came from every quarter and every class, testified to the fact that the acceptance and practice of religion was universal. "Most men had their rosaries, and nearly all wore religious medals round their necks. When well enough they crowded to Mass, and they welcome the visits of the *curé*. When dying they asked for the last sacraments, and when dead they were buried with full Catholic ceremonial. Nor was this practice of religion confined to the soldiers: the services of the church were well attended, and men and women, rich and poor, were constantly in the churches." The indifferent attitude of the British soldiers towards religious practices is a matter of unfavorable comment. The discussion of the apparition of angels at Mons, which is being carried on even among Protestants, is an evidence that the possibility, at least, of supernatural intervention is being recognized in circles in which before the war it would have been scouted.

Germany.

The armies of General von Hindenburg, after their successful drive through thousands of miles of Russian territory, are, as we have said, advancing more slowly, if they have not actually been checked. In Galicia the Austro-German forces have been turned back, and the recapture of Czernowitz, the capital of the province of Bukowina, by the Russians has been reported. This may materially affect the attitude of Rumania, upon whose action may depend, as we have said, the final result in the Balkans. In the West the German forces have made violent attempts to recover the ground recently lost, but their efforts have met with little success. Driven

from the sea, held on the Western front and halted on the Eastern, the Central Powers, with the aid of Bulgaria, have begun a drive through the Balkans, attacked Serbia, and captured Belgrade. The great object of this new campaign is to open through the Balkans a corridor for Germany to Egypt and the Persian Gulf, and enable her to come to the assistance of her much-distressed ally, Turkey. This vigorous campaign adds immeasurably to the difficulties of the Allies; but it is viewed by many, even in Germany, as a desperate venture.

The German press sees the ultimate victory of Germany in this Balkan coup, but if the testimony of impartial neutrals may be depended upon, there are many of the well-informed in Germany who view the situation with great alarm. This, they say, is the real reason for the making of peace proposals, and all such proposals, whatever shape they have taken, have up to the present come from German sources. The third German loan was very successful, but it must be remembered that it was in a measure a forced loan, twenty-five per cent of all banking deposits having been exacted by the Government. Expedients were resorted to in raising this, as in the two former loans, that must result in national bankruptcy in the event of Germany losing in the war.

The German fleet continues inactive. Since the submarine "blockade" has proved so great a failure, it may perhaps risk an engagement. Whether the failure of the submarine blockade was due to the insistence of this country that it should be carried on in a civilized manner, or whether the acceptance by Germany of the demands of this country led to its abandonment, or whether the success of British attacks against submarines rendered such activity profitless, any and all of these questions must be left to future historians to settle.

Russia.

The trials of Russia are not confined exclusively to its military failures. A grave constitutional crisis has arisen, the outcome of which is not yet clear. It is, however, within the range of the possible that the completion of the change initiated by the grant of a Constitution may be the result of the present crisis. The defeats which the armies have sustained are due exclusively to the failure of arms and munition: this failure, in its turn, is said to be due, not to the fact that Russia was cut off from supplies by the failure of the attempt to open the Dardanelles, and the winter season which

closed the port of Archangel, but more to the incompetence and, to some extent, the treachery of the bureaucrats who administer the government. Some of the traitors have been executed, others have been imprisoned, while the more incompetent officials have been dismissed the service. The Duma as a body, however, has set its heart upon a more thoroughgoing reform, amounting in its results to the establishing in Russia of a responsible government. A *bloc* of all the parties, except the two extreme wings, drew up demands for reform both civil and military. These demands include the constitution of a government enjoying the entire confidence of the country, an amnesty to secure internal peace, and blot out old political quarrels, the dismissal of unworthy and incompetent administrators, and the adoption of a wise and tolerant policy in internal affairs, so as to remove racial, class and religious differences.

The Government was willing to carry out all the reforms which were necessary for rendering the army efficient, but wished to put off to a more convenient time the more drastic changes which were demanded. This reply did not satisfy the *bloc,* which looks upon the latter reforms as equally necessary with the former. The Council of Ministers thereupon laid the demands of the Duma before the Tsar. The result was disappointing, and had it not been for the moderating influence of the leading members of the Duma, internal disturbances might have taken place. As it was, some of the workingmen at Petrograd went on a short strike as a demonstration of their dissatisfaction. So far from granting the request of the Duma, the Tsar prorogued its session until the middle of November. This decision of the Tsar is attributed to the influence of the Premier, M. Goremykin, who is looked upon as the chief obstacle in the way of reforms; in fact the only obstacle, for all the other members of the Council were opposed to the prorogation. However, things might have been worse, as the dissolution of the Duma was desired by the thoroughgoing reactionaries. Had this been granted it might have led to revolutionary attempts, for the Duma is acting in perfect harmony with the sentiments of the vast majority of the nation. Even the milder course adopted caused great perturbation, the Socialists and Progressists going so far as to leave the house as a demonstration of their disappointment before the President was able to read the rescript. The members then met as private individuals, and deputed its President as a delegate to the Tsar in order to lay before him the facts of the case.

This direct appeal was made because they believed that the Premier had misinformed his Majesty, and had misled him as to the gravity of the situation. M. Goremykin in fact is looked upon as something of a usurper, being accused of having acted without even consulting his colleagues. Meanwhile the members of the Duma have maintained a quiet attitude, and those of them who are members of the committees for supervising the supply of munitions have still continued in the exercise of their functions.

How great has been the effect of the recent disasters upon the political situation may be seen from an account given by a distinguished Frenchman who has recently paid a visit to Russia. "When the peasant, the workingman, the industrial, intelligent Liberal, and the aristocrat learned that the army lacked rifles and shells, the whole nation rose as one man against the bureaucratic régime, which, by its mistakes, permitted Germany to advance on Russian soil. From that moment the régime was condemned, and there is not a single Russian who does not imperiously desire a thorough reform and organization of the country. This unanimous wish has brought about ministerial changes, which have removed certain men from power and handed authority to pure hands and to honest folk. The Tsar's further pact, unwritten it is true, but just as solemn as the October manifesto, which gave a Liberal orientation to policy, established a new relationship of confidence, and daily coöperation between the public authority and the Duma representing the country." Although the prorogation of the Duma seems to contradict the Tsar's promise, and hence to have frustrated the hopes raised, confidence is by no means lost that the wiser and saner elements in Russian political life will get possession of power, and that the incompetent and dishonest—to say nothing of the treacherous—will be supplanted. All the Zemstvos assembled in Congress have sent to the Tsar a resolution expressing their conviction that, among the conditions necessary for victory, the reassembling of the Duma and the reconstruction of the Cabinet with a Premier possessing the confidence of the country are the most vital.

The list of the internal weaknesses of Russia would not be complete if the influence of the Germans who live in the Empire were passed over. In various parts they have been settled for a long time in large colonies, while in such places as Mitau and Riga, and even in Petrograd, their numbers are considerable. The German policy of the peaceful penetration of other countries, with a

view to ultimate domination, while world-wide in its sphere, has been hardly anywhere more successful than in Russia. The business interests of the country have been largely controlled by Germans, who have played into the hands of the Fatherland. In fact, Russia has for some time past been exploited both by the Germans who have remained at home, and by those who have taken up their abode in Russia. Deliverance from this servitude is one of the reasons for the stern determination to carry on the war. But even among Russians there are to be found a few who sympathize with German ways, especially German methods of government. These are mostly reactionaries, opponents of all liberal tendencies, and of a popular régime. Two of them were until recently members of the Council of Ministers, and advocates of the conclusion of a separate peace with Germany, in violation of the pledged word of Russia to France and Great Britain.

To these internal difficulties must be added, partly as an effect, partly as a cause, the long series of defeats which the armies have sustained. Town after town, fortress after fortress, railway junction after railway junction, have passed into German hands. Prisoners have been taken not in thousands, but in tens of thousands. Great masses of her people are refugees. Wide areas have been laid waste in city and countryside alike. The sacrifices endured have been unprecedented. The greater, however, the danger, the greater has become the determination to carry on the war to what is looked upon as its only possible conclusion—a decisive victory over the foe. Firm faith is still maintained in the inexhaustible strength of the Empire. Germany's victories are regarded as transitory, due to the want of munitions, a want which is now being supplied from three quarters, through the port of Archangel, from Japan by means of the railway through Siberia, and internally by new factories in Russia itself. The results are being seen in the fact that von Hindenburg's hosts are now advancing very slowly, if at all; while in Galicia the tide has now turned in favor of Russia. Behind the army and the navy a united nation stands from the Tsar on his throne to the most simple of the peasants. Russia looks forward to sacrifices indeed, but to sacrifices fruitful of results. Every day the Tsar is receiving addresses from the peasants, "Go forward and be firm." They invariably say: "We are always behind thee." At the beginning of the war women used to lie down in front of trains to stop the departure of their loved ones; now they bid their wounded return, and send with

them their young ones not yet called to serve their country. The wounded themselves forget their wounds in their anxious desire to return to the front. The character and object of the foe has been learned—it is a question of freedom or slavery. Even the Poles, at least a large majority of them, deprived though they have been of their dwellings, ruined and reduced to beggary, remain true to Russia, which although it had badly treated them in the past, is yet of their own kith and kin. With redoubled energy they are helping the troops of their Slav brethren in every way in their power.

Reference may be made, even in the midst of the more exciting events which mark the progress of the war, to the advance which has been made in the temperance reforms initiated by the Tsar. On January, 1914, there were twenty-five thousand three hundred State wineshops. As a result of the rescript of February 12, 1914, all these wine shops have been closed. In consequence the people have become sober; the country has become unrecognizable; shirking has diminished in the mills, and the working capacity of the employees has increased; from families where not infrequently the reek of intoxication used to manifest itself in the most horrible forms, the curse is lifted; crime has diminished; an entire revolution has taken place in the popular habits. These general statements made by the Minister of Finance find their confirmation in the report of an elaborate investigation made by a committee at Moscow. From this it appears the decrease in slacking amounts to thirty-six and eight-tenths per cent, due largely, although not exclusively, to the prohibition of the sale of vodka. The productivity of each laborer increased by seven and one-tenth per cent, and for male employees by eight and two-tenths per cent. This increase in the wealth of the Empire goes far to offset the loss of revenue which was involved in the suppression of the sale of vodka. This loss amounted to about three hundred millions of dollars: a ten per cent increase in productivity would amount to two hundred and sixty-three millions.

The Balkans. When Bulgaria, Serbia, Montenegro and Greece formed the union from which resulted the first of the Balkan wars, well-wishers of the Balkan States hoped that this temporary union would lead to a permanent confederation. This hope was frustrated by the second of those wars. This war was due to the treachery of

Bulgaria to the best interests of the States as a whole. It is true, of course, that Bulgaria had considerable provocation when she listened to the counsels of Austria-Hungary, the great enemy of all the Balkan States, and took up arms against her former allies, Greece and Serbia. While Bulgaria was waging her successful war with Turkey, the oppressor of them all, Greece and Serbia were engaged in taking possession of the district called Macedonia, of which Bulgarians formed the principal part of the inhabitants, and the possession of which was the chief aim of Bulgaria in entering upon the war. In fact, a treaty had been made before the war broke out between the three States, Greece, Serbia and Bulgaria, assigning to Bulgaria the district in question. This treaty Greece and Serbia tore up and took possession of the territory, dividing it among themselves; they ignored also the reference to arbitration to the Tsar which they had agreed to make in case of a dispute. Bulgaria was so enraged at this injustice that she attacked Serbia without warning, and in the war which ensued was decisively beaten. The Treaty of Bukarest was the result—a treaty which definitely assigned to Serbia and Greece districts which were distinctly Bulgarian. Force of circumstances alone made Bulgaria submit to this treaty. At the moment of signing it she gave an almost open notice to the world that as soon as her strength was equal to the task the treaty would be repudiated.

Since the present war broke out the object of the Entente Powers has been to harmonize these differences, especially to prevail upon Serbia and Greece to yield to Bulgaria a part at least of their acquisitions. It was generally believed that success had attended their efforts. King Ferdinand, however, seems to have formed the opinion that Germany is going to win, and has, therefore, thrown himself into the arms of the Central Powers. He has declared war on Serbia, making the twelfth of these declarations. The Hungarian Premier is credited with being the main agent in the negotiation of this new alliance. It is indeed a strange alliance—the Head of the Evangelical Church of Prussia as the prime-mover, the Calvinist Premier of Hungary as his most influential co-adjutor, both allied with the Sultan of Turkey, the wholesale slaughterer of the Armenians, and King Ferdinand the betrayer of his Catholic offspring. Bulgaria, by the step she has taken, has seriously endangered the independent existence of the Balkan States. Doubts may, however, be felt as to whether or not the King carries with him the whole of his subjects. It is to Rus-

sia that Bulgaria owes her existence, and even in these days when morality seems to have perished, there are not wanting many in Bulgaria who will bear in remembrance the hitherto cherished memories of the gratitude due to Russia.

The action of Bulgaria adds undoubtedly to the difficulties of the Allies. Germany's object, as we have stated, is to open a way through the Balkan States to Constantinople, and ultimately to Egypt and the Persian Gulf. For this purpose she will put forth all her available strength. Serbia will make all possible resistance, but with Bulgaria as an enemy, hope of success is small. She must depend upon France and Great Britain, and these seem to be too far away to send a force large enough. If, however, Russia should be able to bring forces into the Balkans the prospect for the Allies is much better. Here the question arises of Rumania's action and of this little has been heard. But upon it may depend the result, for it does not seem possible for effectual help to come in any other way. The fate of the world may, therefore, be in the hands of this small state. Greece is hesitating for the time being, and has failed to keep the treaty made with Serbia by which she was bound, in case the latter was attacked by Bulgaria, to go to her assistance. The Government, however, does not represent the majority of the people, and is dominated by foreign influences. It remains to be seen whether the feelings of the nation can be stifled. After some hesitation Italy has promised to coöperate with Russia, France and Great Britain. The gallant Serbians, after having passed triumphantly through severe conflicts, are again being submitted to a terrible ordeal. The fact that Serbia has repeatedly rejected offers of peace made by the Central Powers adds to the estimation in which she should be held. In fact, with the exception of Montenegro, Serbia is the only one of the Balkan States who has proved true to herself, and worthy of the long-desired independence.

With Our Readers.

THE recognition by President Wilson of Venustiano Carranza as President of Mexico presents an excellent opportunity for a study of idealism in action. President Wilson in his public utterances has repeatedly pointed out the lofty and unique mission of America not only as the exemplar, but as the protector of all political virtue to the modern world. There is no ideal of national conduct which she should not cultivate, and from her just and generous hands the seeds of liberty, justice and brotherhood are to be scattered throughout all the world. We are set among the nations as the brilliant north star, which all may safely follow through the night of their own distress and their own suffering towards the peaceful harbor of civilization and progress.

* * * *

IN his address on April 20, 1915, in the city of New York, President Wilson said: "We are the mediating nation of the world. I do not mean that we undertake not to mind our own business and to mediate where other people are quarrelsome. I mean the word in a broader sense. We are compounded of the nations of the world.....We are, therefore, able to understand all nations."

"Did you ever reflect upon how almost all other nations, almost every other nation, has through long centuries been headed in one direction? That is not true of the United States."

"We are trustees for what I venture to say is the greatest heritage that any nation ever had, the love of justice and righteousness and human liberty. For fundamentally those are the things to which America is addicted and to which she is devoted."

* * * *

ON May 10th, at Philadelphia, President Wilson, in speaking of the renewal of our national life by the absorption of the newly-made citizens, declared: "It is as if humanity had determined to see to it that this great nation, founded for the benefit of humanity, should not lack for the allegiance of the people of the world."

"America was created to unite mankind by those passions which lift and not by the passions which separate and debase."

"Americans must have a consciousness different from the consciousness of every other nation in the world. I am not saying this with even the slightest thought of criticism of other nations."

"The example of America must be a special example."

".....Its great ideals which made America the hope of the world."

IN the President's address of May 17, 1915, delivered at New York, was this paragraph:

"Standing for these things, it is not pretension on our part to say that we are privileged to stand for what every nation would wish to stand for, and speak for those things which all humanity must desire."

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IN his Indianapolis address, on January 8, 1915, President Wilson stated our attitude towards Mexico:

"Now there is one thing I have got a great enthusiasm about, I might almost say a reckless enthusiasm, and that is human liberty. I want to say a word about Mexico, not so much about Mexico as about our attitude toward Mexico. I hold it as a fundamental principle, and so do you, that every people has the right to determine its own form of government, and until this recent revolution in Mexico, until the end of the Diaz régime, eighty per cent of the people of Mexico never had a 'look in' in determining who should be their governors or what their government should be. Now I am for the eighty per cent. It is none of my business and it is none of your business how long they take in determining it. It is none of my business and it is none of your business how they go about the business. The country is theirs. The government is theirs. The liberty, if they can get it, is theirs, and so far as my influence goes while I am President, nobody shall interfere with them."

"This country (Mexico) shall have just as much freedom in her own affairs as we have."

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THESE appeals move and inspire the heart of every American. Nothing is too great nor too elevated for the country which is dearer to us than life itself. The forces of selfishness, individual and national, are so strong, so powerful, so ceaselessly active, such an ever-present menace to our true national life, that they must be combated by a patriotic enthusiasm and pride in our duty and destiny as a people; an idealism strong enough to be proof against widespread sordidness and self-interest. Every patriot knows that exaggeration must accompany the expression of these, and that shortcoming must be a partner in their practical fulfillment.

* * * *

BUT whatever practical necessity may compel an idealist to do, we have the right to express our disappointment if in action he abandons what he has declared to be his fundamental principles. President Wilson has declared that "to justice and righteousness and human liberty America is addicted and devoted," and that "this country (Mexico) shall have as much freedom in her own affairs as we have."

In 1913, President Wilson refused to recognize Huerta as President of Mexico, because Huerta had been placed in the chair by revolution and had never been elected by the people. Huerta, as a result, was forced to leave Mexico.

Carranza is at least as much of a revolutionist as Huerta. He does not at the present time hold as much of the territory of Mexico under his authority as Huerta did. Carranza has never been elected by vote of the people. He has given no proof that he is able to rule Mexico. His record during his years as a revolutionary leader is one of murder; of robbery; of rapine. He has persecuted all who professed the Catholic Faith, and the crimes of his followers have been unspeakable. These crimes are admitted by a defender of Carranza—Luis Cabrera, Minister of Finance in Carranza's cabinet—in *The Forum* of August, 1915. He says they would not have happened "if the Catholic clergy had maintained themselves within their religious attributes." But for a detailed account of Carranza's record we will refer our readers to the articles by Edward I. Bell, now running in *The Outlook,* of New York, under the title *The Mexican Problem.*

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THIS is the man whom President Wilson has recognized as President of Mexico. Our country gives him honor and will support him. But our country stands for justice and righteousness and human liberty. We should see to it that "this country (Mexico) shall have as much freedom as we have." In the recognition of Carranza, it seems to us, therefore, that idealism when translated into action has lamentably failed. The promise of religious liberty made to President Wilson by Carranza's representative, as far as we can see, means nothing. Carranza's record belies it. "Public order," which is the limitation put by Carranza on the religious liberty he will grant, may readily be made, in the future as in the past, the cloak of religious persecution. And we may further ask ourselves, will the United States, now that it has placed Carranza in power, see to it that he respect life and property and the rights of conscience in Mexico and her people? The Mexican question is not settled by the recognition of Carranza. It is likely to be a matter of gravest concern to our Government for many years to come.

The protest of American Catholics against the recognition of Carranza was founded on their love of true American principles, that we should see to it, since we took action at all, that other people enjoy the same liberty as we ourselves possess.

IN the October CATHOLIC WORLD, in speaking of the proposed Protestant Congress to be held at Panama early next year, we said that it would inevitably endanger our cordial relations with

the Latin-American countries. Proof of this is found in the Pastoral Letter of Rt. Rev. William Rojas, Bishop of Panama, in which he protests against holding such a Congress in Panama, forbids Catholics to attend it and voices the dissatisfaction of all Latin-America.

Some days ago [the Bishop writes] our attention was called to a project which is planned in our episcopal see and capital of our Catholic Republic, the beginning of next year, by a certain Protestant element in the United States. We refer to a Congress for the evangelization of Latin-America to be held in Panama. This mere announcement is an insult to us Latin-Americans that no one can approve, for it is known that the delight of Protestant oratory consists in attacking the Catholic religion and the Roman Pontiff, depreciating and calumniating the clergy, ridiculing our religious practices, and criticising our Christian customs.

Of what will the Congress treat? Why, of "Christian work," that is to say, of our evangelization, for, according to them, we are ignorant; of our morals, for, in their conception, we are outcasts; and to place us in the road of civilization, for, to them, we wander in the darkness of heathenism. Such is the conception, as it would appear, that these deluded ones have formed of us; and not only of us Panamanians, but of all Latin-America; for their programme embraces all the peoples of Latin-America, as the *Christian Observer,* a Presbyterian publication of Louisville, Kentucky, clearly says, and the title which they have given to the proposed congresses is: Congress on Christian Work in Latin-America, Congress to Christianize Latin-America. Can there be for us a greater insult or greater humiliation?

The language which the speakers will employ on such an occasion is left to imagine. It will be their habitual defamatory speech towards the Catholic Church, towards all the people, that which they always use when they set about "Christian work." There will be repeated that which they have spread on all sides in the United States, namely, that all Latin-American countries, from Mexico down, are to be civilized, for they are woefully backward and ignorant, for they are Catholics, and the Catholic Church is responsible for their condition, for they keep them under and in subjection, and they wish to suggest that railroads, enormous bridges, the telegraph, the colossal buildings, the world of machinery, and the thousand and one other things of progress in the United States are due to Protestantism. Think of such logic! As if the civilization and morality of a people consist of these elements of material welfare! In the matter of morality and civilization, the defamers of the Catholic Church would do well to lower their tone and to moderate their speech, for it is not certain that the United States is the place to learn these lessons.

* * * *

OUR review last month dealt with the protest against participation in the congress by those members of the Episcopal Church who claim to be Catholic. Of course if they are Catholic they will obey the Catholic Bishop of Panama. The Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church will, late in October, definitely settle the attitude of that Church. Meanwhile the discussion of the question of participation or non-participation brings forth some pronouncements that must be quite disconcerting to the "Catholic" party. For example, Dr. Randolph H. McKim, who was President for nine years of the

House of Clerical and Lay Deputies of the Episcopal Church writes as follows:

> If we look beneath the surface it is easy to see that the opposition to this conference arises from antagonism to the Protestant principles upon which this Church took its stand at the Reformation. The great divines of the Elizabethan period avowed themselves Protestants. So did the Caroline bishops, that great body of scholars known as the Anglo-Catholic divines, with scarce an exception. Such was the position also of the fathers of our American branch of the Church. Not until the period of the Oxford tracts was it even whispered that this Church is not Protestant. The spirit and genius of our Prayer Book, and of our representative bishops and theologians, has been a spirit of fraternal affection and sympathy with the great Protestant Churches. Only in these latter days has a different spirit developed among us. It is this spirit which strikes at the Panama Conference. It will be an evil day for the Protestant Episcopal Church if the Board of Missions should weakly yield to this anti-Protestant clamor.

IT is unnecessary to emphasize—what we have so often emphasized—the necessity of the Catholic layman of to-day to be well versed in Catholic teaching, and by careful reading to be able to express that teaching in conversation with his fellow non-Catholics. Incalculable harm is often done either by silence or by unintelligent explanation, or by inability to explain on the part of a Catholic who is questioned, or that finds himself a listener to some religious or historical discussion. On the other hand, the intelligent defence or comment or interpretation—it may be only a word—may lead another to inquire about Catholic teaching and eventually to accept it.

* * * *

A BOOK that will fully repay the thoughful reading of the Catholic layman is a recent publication of The Catholic Library, entitled *Thoughts on Apologetics,* by E. I. Watkin. In this volume Mr. Watkin, who evidently has been a close student of Newman, shows the pressing need of interpreting the Catholic Faith to the modern world.

"All educated Catholics to-day must be in their degree apologists, and this not alone by the example of good and religious lives, but by ability and readiness, when occasion calls, to give an account of the faith that is in them, at least as adequate to their general state of intelligence and learning as would be their treatment of another matter that concerned or interested them."

The author takes the argument from analogy and illustrates its efficacy with regard to many of the difficulties experienced by non-Catholics. He takes up the distinctive tendencies of modern thought and of Catholic teaching in chapters, that not only put us on our guard against many of the attractions of the former, but also show us what we have never, perhaps, brought home to ourselves

in a sufficiently thoughtful way, the beauty and comprehensiveness of the latter.

To the author the most dangerous competitor of Catholic Faith in the near future is Pantheism, for Pantheism requires no special organization or worship, but is compatible with membership in any non-exclusive religious body, and while admitting the use of any sort of ritual, can also dispense altogether with ritual and external worship. "If a distinct supernatural order be rejected and religion be regarded as simply a natural experience of humanity, it is but a short step to the deification of man, and Pantheism is at the door."

* * * *

AS for the growth and increase of the Catholic Church, Mr. Watkin, at the beginning when he considers the educated classes, expresses quite an optimistic view:

"Part willfully, part blindly, the fathers of modern Europe left the Catholic Church. Their sons, as all these signs abundantly manifest, already feel the want of all she has to give. Scarcely able to understand or express their real need, countless numbers to-day are wandering here and there seeking satisfaction for their souls. There is a widespread feeling (I found it the other day strongly expressed in a magazine article by some non-Christian, to take one instance as a straw pointing to the direction of the wind) that the much-abused monks and saints of old possessed a secret which we, for all our worldly wisdom, have lost, had found peace, had attained reality, while we are left unsatisfied with an empty shadow. Have we not cause then to hope that countless numbers of such will hasten to return to the Faith through which alone they can find 'rest for their souls,' if only they can but once see it, as it truly is. This return is already beginning, especially here in England and in America, and the tide of conversions swells daily. We may surely expect a vast influx of converts if the true nature of the Church and of her Faith is apprehended by the modern world."

At the end of his volume, looking upon the poorer and uneducated classes, he is far less optimistic. He had his eyes fixed upon the poor of England, than whom it would be harder to find in all the world a class that has been spiritually more neglected, and who are woefully neglected to this day. America, we are sure, would present a more hopeful outlook.

THE readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD who have so often enjoyed the authoritative articles by Dr. John A. Ryan on economic questions, will be pleased to know that Dr. Ryan has taken charge of the work in Political Science and Industrial Ethics at the Catholic University of America.

ANDREW JACKSON SHIPMAN, who died October 17, 1915, was a man of manifold talents and activities. As a lawyer he was an authority on the laws of religious corporations and labor organizations; as a linguist he was familiar with nearly all the modern European languages; an unquestionable authority on the language, customs and religious beliefs of the Slavic nations. His papers on these and kindred subjects are well known to our readers. The full extent of his religious labors will never be known, but his loss will be felt very keenly by the Slav and Greek Catholics of New York. To the whole body Catholic in this country his passing means a distinct loss.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Felix O'Day. By E. H. Smith. $1.35 net. *The Real Man.* By F. Lynde. $1.35 net. *A Critical and Exegetical Commentary on the Second Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians.* By Rev. A. Plummer, D.D. $3.00 net. *The High Priestess.* By R. Grant. $1.35 net. *The Freelands.* By J. Galsworthy. $1.35 net. *The One I Knew the Best of All.* By F. H. Burnett. $1.25 net. *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson for Boys and Girls.* By J. Overton. $1.00 net. *History of Christian Missions.* By Rev. C. H. Robinson, D.D.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
Popular Sermons on the Catechism. By Rev. A. H. Bamberg. $1.50 net. *Meditations on the Passion of Our Lord.* By Rt. Rev. J. O. Smith, O.S.B. 70 cents net. *The "Summa Theologica" of St. Thomas Aquinas.* Part II. (1st Part). Third No. (QQ.XC.—CXIV.). Translated by Fathers of the English Dominican Province. $2.00. *Catholic Home Manual, 1916.* 25 cents. *Roma—Ancient, Subterranean and Modern Rome.* By Rev. A. Kuhn, O.S.B. Part XI. 35 cents.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
The Devil in a Nunnery, and Other Mediæval Tales. By F. O. Mann. $1.50 net. *The Belgian Cook Book.* By Mrs. B. Luck. $1.00 net. *Eve Dorre.* By Emily V. Strother. $1.35 net.

FR. PUSTET & Co., New York:
Compendium Theologiæ Moralis. By A. Sabetti, S.J. Edited by A. T. Barrett, S.J. $3.50 net. *Novena to St. Rita, and Visits to the Blessed Sacrament.* By Rev. A. Klarmann, A.M. 10 cents.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, New York:
A Rogue by Compulsion. By Victor Bridges. $1.35 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
Through a Dartmoor Window. By Beatrice Chase. $1.50 net. *What May I Hope?* By G. T. Ladd, LL.D. $1.50 net.

DODD, MEAD & Co., New York:
Recollections of an Irish Judge. By M. McDonnell Bodkin, K.C.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
The Contemporary Drama. Religious Instruction and the Public School. Pamphlets. 5 cents.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
The Burden of Honor. By C. Faber. 75 cents. *The Goddess of Ghosts.* By C. C. Martindale, S.J. $1.00.

THE MACMILLAN Co., New York:
Collected Poems. By A. E. $2.00. *A Student's History of Education.* By F. P. Graves. $1.25. *The Practical Conduct of Play.* By H. S. Curtis. $2.00. *The Pentecost of Calamity.* By O. Wister. 50 cents.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York:
Marriage and Divorce. By Felix Adler. 75 cents net. *The People's Government.* By D. Jayne Hill, LL.D. $1.25 net. *The Passionate Crime.* By E. T. Thurston. $1.30 net.

JOHN LANE Co., New York:
Poems. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. $1.25 net.

LAURENCE J. GOMME, New York:
Notes on Religion. By J. J. Chapman. 75 cents net. *The Social Principle.* By H. Halley. 75 cents net.
HENRY HOLT & Co., New York:
The Campaign of 1914 in France and Belgium. By G. H. Perris.
GEORGE H. DORAN Co., New York:
I Accuse! (J'Accuse!) Translated from the German by A. Gray. $1.50 net. *Minnie's Bishop and Other Stories.* By G. A. Birmingham. $1.20 net.
THE UNITED STATES CATHOLIC HISTORICAL SOCIETY, New York:
Historical Records and Studies. Edited by C. G. Herbermann, LL.D.
ST. ANTHONY'S ALMANAC, St. Bonaventure's Monastery, Paterson, New Jersey:
St. Anthony's Almanac, 1916. 25 cents.
THE LAKEWOOD PRESS, Lakewood, N. J.:
The Modernist. By Francis D. Hoyt. $1.25.
THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL COUNCIL, Jersey City, N. J.:
The Russian Plot to Seize Galicia. By V. Stepankovsky. *The Ukraine and the Ukrainians.* By S. Rudnitsky, Ph.D. 25 cents net. *Russia, Poland and the Ukraine.* By G. F. Steffen, Ph.D.
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN Co., Boston:
The Song of the Lark. By W. S. Cather. $1.40 net. *The Quiet Hour.* Selected and arranged by FitzRoy Carrington. 75 cents net. *The Riverside History of the United States: Beginnings of the American People.* By C. L. Becker. *Union and Democracy.* By A. Johnson. *Expansion and Conflict.* By Wm. E. Dodd. *The New Nation.* By F. L. Paxson. $6.00 set.
YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New Haven, Conn.:
Economic Aspects of the Great War. By Edwin J. Clapp. $1.50 net. *Science and Religion.* By C. J. Keyser, LL.D. 75 cents net.
GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:
Report of the Commissioner of Corporations on State Laws Concerning Corporations. A Statistical Study of the Public Schools of the Southern Appalachian Mountains. By N. Frost. *The School System of Ontario, with Special Reference to the Rural Schools.* By H. W. Foght. *The Extension of Public Education.* By C. A. Perry.
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Pittsburgh, Pa.:
The Catholic Church and Protestant Sects. By T. F. Coakley, D.D. Pamphlet. 5 cents.
B. HERDER, St. Louis, Mo.:
The Life and Visions of St. Hildegarde. By F. M. Steele (Darley Dale). $1.35 net. *Father Tim's Talks.* By C. D. McEnniry, C.SS.R. 75 cents net. *A Book of English Martyrs.* By E. M. Wilmot-Buxton, F.R.H.S. $1.00 net. *The Lord My Light.* By J. Rickaby, S.J. $2.00 net. *Sir Christopher Leighton.* By M. L. Storer. $1.00 net. *Mary, a Romance.* By L. M. Stacpoole Kenny. 75 cents net. *Studies in Church History.* Edited by Rev. B. L. Conway, C.S.P. 75 cents net. *Spiritual Journal of Lucie Christine.* By Rev. A. Poulain, S.J. $1.50 net. *For Greater Things.* By W. T. Kane, S.J. 50 cents net. *Meditations for Layfolk.* By B. Jarrett, O.P. $1.10 net.
SIGMA PUBLISHING Co., St. Louis, Mo.:
Goethe's Life-Poem. By Denton J. Snider.
A. C. McCLURG & Co., Chicago:
Aircraft in the Great War. By Claude Graham-White and Harry Harper. $2.00 net. *The Glad Hand, and Other Grips on Life.* By H. J. Desmond. 50 cents net.
THE JAMES H. BARRY Co., San Francisco:
The Missions and Missionaries of California. Volume IV. Upper California. By Father Z. Engelhardt, O.F.M. $3.00 net.
ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, Winnipeg, Canada:
The Queen of Sheba, and Other Dramas. By S. M. A. $1.60.
ALSTON RIVERS, LTD., London:
Mary's Meadow Papers. By Mrs. Armel O'Connor. 5 *s.* net.
SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., London:
Far Hence Unto the Gentiles. By Lumen. 10 *s.* 6*d.*
F. M. SAYAL, M.A., 39 Upper Bedford Place, London, W. C.:
From Faith to Certainty. By C. F. M. Sayal, M.A. Pamphlet.
THE LINCOLN RECORD SOCIETY, Timberland Vicarage, Lincoln, England:
Visitations of Religious Houses in the Diocese of Lincoln. Edited by A. H. Thompson, M.A. Vol. I.
CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY OF IRELAND, Dublin:
An Apostle of Our Days. By R. F. O'Connor. Pamphlet. 5 cents.
THE AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:
The Children's Army. By Miriam Agatha. *Ludwig Windthorst.* By P. S. Cleary, L.C. *Points in Catholic Polity. Personal Prohibition Needed—Not National.* By Very Rev. W. J. Lockington, S.J. Pamphlets. 5 cents.
GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:
La Psychologie de la Conversion. Par T. Mainage. 4 *frs. Lettre d'un Catholique Française aux Catholiques Étrangers.* Par J. Massabuan. *L'Intérêt de la France et l'Intégrité de l'Autriche-Hongrie.* Par G. Vielmont.

THE

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THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH AND CATHOLIC CLAIMS.

BY SAMUEL F. DARWIN FOX.

IN the present conflict of opinion and policy which recently came to a head in the meeting of the Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church, the lines were clearly drawn between the "Catholic" and Protestant parties of that Church. It is, therefore, of timely importance to ask on what solid ground can those members of the Episcopal Church stand who claim to be "Catholic," that is who claim to be members of the one, holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church of Jesus Christ? It is entirely beside the question to discuss the origin of the American Episcopal Church, or, as it officially calls itself, the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, because this Church owes its existence to the Anglican or Episcopal Church of England. It is true that it has an independent organization and episcopate, but whatever orders it claims, it may claim only by virtue of its descent from the Anglican Church, and it has formally adopted as its creed the Thirty-Nine Articles of the mother Church of England. Its birth and history are, therefore, one with the birth and history of the Anglican Church.

Now the recent judgment of the House of Lords in the case of Bannister *vs.* Thompson is a very timely and unanswerable reminder of a sure and certain historical fact, namely, that the Anglican Church is not the one, universal Church of Christ, nor any true part of it, but an adjunct of the State and dependent on the State for its existence. Any exercise of authority—whether relating to faith or to morals on the part of the Anglican Church—may be

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rendered absolutely nugatory by the action of the State. At the final establishment of the Anglican system under the Tudors, as he who runs may read, the Church of England was forced to play the part of an ecclesiastical Esau and sell her Birthright for a mess of pottage. As a necessary consequence from that time onwards the inevitable failure of any attempt, however spirited, to re-assert her pristine spiritual independence or discipline has been foreseen by all thoughtful persons. Betrayed (in the first instance) by Cranmer, the Church of England was duped into repudiating, in the most practical manner possible, her relations with the Universal Christian Kingdom—the world-wide Corporation set up at Pentecost, guided by Canon Law, administered by a lawful ecclesiastical judicature, and independent of all secular rulers—and thus was transmuted into an institution inherently and essentially national and local. And so the civil power recognizes to the full that, from its own point of view, the New Official Anglican Establishment, being a compromise between the conflicting principles of authority and private judgment, is nothing more than a mere eclectic Religious Club run on government lines, and officered by persons who are as much the nominees of the State as are His Majesty's judges, or, in Bishop Creighton's words, "an arrangement for expressing the religious consciousness of the English people."

It is manifest, then, that the ultimate religious criterion of the Anglican Church will tend to be the right of private judgment—in other words, *vox populi* pure and simple. Accordingly the civil power to-day claims, quite logically, the right to decide, in the last resort, not merely "the temporal accidents of spiritual things," but the all-important question as to who shall, or who shall not, be admitted to partake of the Supper of the Lord.

That Sir Thomas More fully recognized the fact that the figment of the Royal Supremacy is part and parcel of this theory of "National Churches" which is in direct and irrevocable antagonism to the revealed word of God, is clear from the following account of the speech of which he delivered himself before the sentence of death was passed upon him:

> This indictment is grounded upon an Act of Parliament directly repugnant to the laws of God and His Holy Church. And in order to the proof of his assertion, he declared, among other things, that this Kingdom alone being but one member, and a small part of the Church, was not to make a particular law disagreeing with the general law of Christ's Universal Catholic

> Church, no more than the city of London, being but one member in respect to the whole Kingdom, might enact a law against an Act of Parliament to be binding upon the whole realm. "And, therefore, my Lord, I do not think myself bound to conform my conscience to the counsel of one Kingdom, against the general consent of all Christendom."[1]

And it is idle to quote in answer the conciliatory and innocuous Article XXXVII., for the simple reason that all the Church formularies of this period need to be read in the light of the fact that anything like an open promulgation of heretical doctrine was realized to be a truly perilous proceeding. It was easier and safer to dupe the Church of England into apostasy, when its Archbishop was only too ready to betray the flock intrusted to him, and even stalwart Catholics like Bonner and Gardiner were so readily entrapped into signing documents which put them in a false position. For, to the outward eye, nothing was changed; Mass was still offered day by day according to the ancient national rite, while at Vesper-tide the air was charged with the tender and loving poetry of the *Salve Regina.* Consequently, the evil work which was being done was never realized by the people until it was too late.

Furthermore, the first Supreme Pontiffs of the Establishment, Henry Tudor and Elizabeth (Edward VI. was, of course, a mere tool in the hands of others), were quite astute enough to contrive that the odium should fall on other heads than their own, if by mischance the new system should prove a failure. All formularies, then, were constructed to serve a two-fold object: first to throw dust into Catholic eyes, and, second, to provide a means of (fairly) dignified escape in case of necessity. Dr. James Gairdner has described how Henry VIII. contrived to act as "Spiritual Ruler behind a screen."

> The King was now Supreme Head of the Church of England. He had excluded all reference to Rome on matters of faith and doctrine, as well as the Church's discipline. He had taken the Pope's place, and with it he had taken upon himself responsibilities which no King of England had ever undertaken before.....If ever bishops disagreed, and there was to be no reference to Rome, who was to decide disputes in the last instance except the "Supreme Head" himself? It is true that,

[1] *State Trials,* vol. i., p. 62. Ed: 1776. (Quoted by R. I. Wilberforce: *An Inquiry into the Principles of Church Authority,* p. 234. Second edition, 1854.)

> just as in acts of state he guarded himself against personal responsibility by that high constitutional doctrine that the King can do no wrong, and only ministers can be made accountable, so also he intended to exercise his new Supremacy in Church matters. He would throw the responsibility of everything, as much as possible, on the official guardians of religion, the bishops. If they disagreed, his vicegerent in spiritual things was Thomas Cromwell, and he could lay the responsibility on his shoulders.[2]

This was also the policy adopted by Elizabeth. So much for the evidential value of Article XXXVII.

Article XXI., which states that "General Councils may not be gathered together without the commandment and will of Princes," is worthy of notice. The words quoted certainly cannot be explained away as being a mere statement of past historical fact that Princes gave permission for attendance at General Councils or for the holding of the same in their provinces, seeing that the "Declaration" prefixed to the Articles by Charles I. forbids any man "to put his own sense or comment to the meaning of the Article," but enjoins that he "shall take it in the literal and grammatical sense." There is no reason for doubting that this Article is one of a group of enactments designed to exclude all reference in spiritual matters to any but native sources, and thus effectively to sever "the Anglican Branch" from the rest of the Heavenly Vine. By 25 Henry VIII., 21 S. 20, it was forbidden "that any person, religious or other, resiant in any of the King's dominions, shall from henceforth depart out of the King's dominions to or for any visitation, congregation or assembly for religion."[3] And the Oath of Supremacy (imposed upon the clergy by Canon XXXVI.) denies all authority, spiritual or temporal, to any bishop not subject to the Crown. The local Church of England, when effectually isolated from the rest of Christendom, was, with consummate cunning, reconstituted as a daring travesty of the Church Universal. Professor

[2] *Lollardy and the Reformation in England*, vol. ii., p. 306.

[3] In the year 1551 great attempts were made by Charles V. to induce the German Protestants to attend the Council of Trent, for which end a safe conduct was granted them by the Council. Bullinger wrote to Cranmer to dissuade the English from attending it. Cranmer replied: as to the point "that I would advise the King's Majesty not to send any delegate to the Council of Trent, there was no need of any advice of mine to dissuade him from a measure which never came into his mind." And he proceeds to express his desire for a rival assembly, to be composed of the principal Protestant ministers. R. I. Wilberforce, *Principles of Church Authority*, p. 236.

Brewer summed up the whole transaction in a single sentence: "King Henry VIII. was transubstantiated into the Pope."[4]

Two learned and authoritative Anglican divines may here be quoted as showing the feeling prevalent among "sober, peaceable and truly conscientious sons of the Church of England" with regard to the reality of the Royal Supremacy in things spiritual. The "judicious" Hooker writes thus: "There is required an universal power, which reacheth over all, importing supreme authority of all courts, all judges, all causes.....This power being sometime in the Bishop of Rome, who by sinister practices had drawn it into his hands,[5] was for just considerations by public consent annexed unto the King's royal seat and crown."[6]

And Archbishop Bramhall still more strongly: "Whatever power our laws did divest the Pope of, they invested the King with it."[7]

Unfortunately for those many Anglican special-pleaders who would have us believe that the Church of England, at the Reformation, merely "washed her face," the true nature of the Tudor changes has been finally laid bare by historians such as Professor Brewer, Mr. J. A. Froude, and Dr. James Gairdner, who have had no particular axe to grind, and have accordingly studied their subject first-hand. Professor Brewer's words are particularly clear: "Whose genius was it that upset the traditions of fifteen centuries

[4] "If the Pope was the Bishop of Bishops, so was he; if the Pope could of himself determine controversies of faith, so did he. Whether the doctrine of purgatory, of the sacrament of penance or the worship of saints were or were not to constitute part of the creed and teachings of the Church of England, depended on the King alone. It is true that he did not administer the sacraments and ordain priests and bishops, but if any man had questioned his power to do so, he would have incurred the penalty of high treason." Professor J. S. Brewer, *English Studies,* p. 329.

[5] A common Anglican accusation against the Pope. Dr. John Lingard makes short work of it in the following passage: "What made the yoke of Roman dominion more intolerable during the reign of Henry than it had been in former reigns? We know of no cause but the refusal of Clement to divorce the King from his wife. Where are we to find evidence of the important but hitherto unknown fact, that the exercise of the Papal supremacy in England was in virtue of powers *delegated* by the English to the Roman Church? We cannot say; unless perhaps the original documents are preserved in the archives of the submarine church of Perranzabuloe, to which we have not access." Essay on *Did the Anglican Church Reform Herself?* in the *Dublin Review,* May, 1840.

[6] *Ecclesiastical Polity,* VIII., 8.4.

[7] *Treatise on the Church,* i., 355. Letter of Withers and Barthelot to Bullinger and Guatter (August, 1567): "When the supremacy was transferred to King Henry of pious memory, and all things which by the Canon Law belonged to the Roman Pontiff as head of the Church were made over to him, he then being both King and Pope." Zurich Letters, ii., p. 149.

and devised an organization without parallel[8] in ancient or modern times? Who first conceived the bold idea—not of a parity of power between the spiritual and temporal jurisdictions, not Warburton's figment of an *imperium in imperio,* not modern Anglicanism watching to steal a feather out of the tail of the Imperial Eagle, but a transfer of the whole authority of the Church from a spiritual to a temporal ruler?"[9]

And again: "Precisely as the power of the Pope was supposed to over-ride that of the ordinary, so were the clergy taught to believe that obedience to their diocesan was superseded by the act of Supremacy. Thus Adam Becanshaw, one of Cromwell's visitors, writes to him that it was considered that 'no man is obedient to any ordinary immediately, but only unto the King's Highness as unto the Supreme Head, *which is one of our chief articles of visitation.*'"[10]

Mr. Herbert Paul, the biographer of Froude, writes as follows concerning the latter's notable achievement in the cause of truth: "He had proved that the Church of England, though in a sense it dates from St. Austin of Canterbury, became under Henry VIII. a self-contained institution independent of Rome and subject to the supremacy of the Crown."[11]

And the same writer accurately observes the consequent servitude of the New Establishment—a servitude which has continued unto the present day: "There has never been in the Church of England, since the divorce of Katherine, any power to make a bishop without the authority of the Crown or to change a doctrine without the authority of Parliament,[12] nor has any layman been legally subject to temporal punishment by the ecclesiastical courts. Convocation cannot touch an article or a formulary. King, Lords, and Commons can make new formularies or abolish the old. The laity owe no allegiance to the Canons, and in every theological suit the final appeal is to the King in Council, now the Judicial Committee."[13]

[8] "The revolution effected by Henry VIII. was *a thing without parallel in history,* and it is hard to realize it at the present day." Gairdner, *History of the English Church from Henry VIII. to Mary,* p. 240.

[9] *English Studies,* p. 301. *Cf.* Beza to Bullinger (Geneva, September 3, 1566): "The Papacy was never abolished in that country (England) but rather transferred to the Sovereign."

[10] *Ibid.,* p. 330.

[11] *Life of Froude,* p. 136.

[12] *Cf.* Brewer, *op. cit.,* p. 299: "The whole nation has been torn with controversies of faith amost without intermission from the Reformation to the present hour; but the Church has never ventured to interpose an authoritative voice in these matters."

[13] *Ibid.,* p. 137.

The elegant and favorite description of the English Reformation as a "face-washing" is the more unfortunate, seeing that the spiritual revolution was forced upon the *Ecclesia Anglicana* in defiance of Magna Charta, by dint of cruelty and fraud. Rejection of the Act of Supremacy of 1534 involved not only the loss of property and liberty, but even of life itself. The process whereby the Supremacy was affected was very gradual. First Wolsey was declared to have incurred the penalties of *præmunire* by his acceptance of a legatine commission from Rome, and the whole body of the clergy were involved as his accessories (A. D. 1530). They thus found themselves at Henry's mercy, and, in order to save their lives and property, they were forced to submit to a fine of one hundred thousand pounds, and were further required to acknowledge the King as Head of the Church. This last they consented to do after expressing the greatest reluctance. The Convocation of Canterbury submitted in January, 1530, and the Convocation of York in May, 1531. But they insisted on inserting the saving clause *quantum per Christi legem licet* (in so far as the law of Christ permits), which, in effect, rendered their acknowledgment nugatory.

To render them powerless to retract, the King, in 1552, required them to surrender their power of independent legislation, and to engage to make no laws without his consent. The next year, 1553, an Act of Parliament was passed wherein it was expressly stated that the King is "the Supreme Head of the Church of England, and so is recognized by the Clergy of this Realm in their Convocations." They were thus affirmed to have made the admission unconditionally, whereas they had rendered it virtually nil by the addition of a definite stipulation. The same cowardly duplicity appears in the matter of the denial of the Pope's supremacy. In the Convocation of Canterbury on March 31, 1534, the question was proposed for discussion (by order of the King): "Has the Roman Pontiff any greater jurisdiction than any other foreign bishop conferred upon him by God *in Holy Scripture?*" This question is most artfully constructed; for Holy Scripture makes no mention in express terms of the Bishop of Rome, or, in fact, of any other bishop. It might, therefore, be possible to deny this without denying the Pope to be the successor of St. Peter, and therefore the Head of Christendom. Even so, it may be noted, the reply of Convocation was most reluctant. It was only in this exceedingly equivocal manner that the authority of the Pope was "denied" either by Convocation or by the Uni-

versities. Nevertheless all persons were subsequently required to deny the Papal authority in terms which were absolute and unequivocal, the decision of these learned bodies being referred to as though it had been explicit and absolute. The claim of supremacy was abandoned by 1 and 2 Philip and Mary, and renewed again in the first year of the reign of Elizabeth. On this later occasion, when the question came up in Parliament, the bishops with one consent opposed it, and were all, with but a single exception, subsequently deprived by the civil power for refusing the revived Oath of Supremacy. The Lower House of Convocation and the Universities likewise opposed it by a solemn protest couched in the most unmistakable terms.

So much for the figment that the Church of England was party to the formation of this blasphemous mimicry of the Church Universal.

The passing of the Six Articles and the punishment of all who transgressed them, the persecution of Tyndal, the execution of Frith and Barnes, and the martyrdom of Fisher, More and the monks of the Charterhouse need only be quoted in evidence of the fact that the Supremacy invested His Most Sacred Majesty with the right of punishing such offences, " not as contrary to the laws of the state, but as contrary to what he was pleased to determine was the law of God—offences as much against his spiritual as against his temporal power " (Brewer).

On the death of Henry, the Catholic system of worship (which had hitherto been continued in order to blind simple folk to the issues at stake) was discarded. The system represented by the Royal Supremacy appeared in its true nature. The boy who now became Supreme Head was merely the tool of an ultra-Protestant clique, headed by his disreputable uncle and by Cranmer, who made full use of their unlovely gospel as a means of filling their pockets with the treasures of the Church. Cranmer's first action as Metropolitan was significant indeed. On the ground that his own commission had expired with the monarch who gave it, he humbly solicited a new one within a week of the proclamation of the youthful sovereign. This was of course granted him.

The terms of the Edwardine commission are worthy of notice. It begins with the significant statement that " all jurisdiction of any kind, whether ecclesiastical or secular, flows from the Royal Power as from its Supreme Head." It then authorizes the recipient " to confer orders, to institute to livings, to exercise all

manners of ecclesiastical jurisdiction, and to do all that appertains to the episcopal or pastoral office.....in place of Us, in Our Name and by Our Royal Authority." And it concludes, "We license you by this present instrument, which is to be of force only during Our pleasure." This is tantamount to a promise to resign when called upon by the Crown, and shows clearly that the bishops were appointed like civil officers by patent. And we may remark that Mary was fully justified, by the terms of this commission, in later depriving the Protestant bishops, and, by so doing, properly exercised a power given her by law.

In the same year that the commissions were issued (A. D. 1547) an Act of Parliament was passed stating that elections to bishoprics "be in very deed no elections, but only by a writ of *conge d'elire,* have colors, shadows, or pretenses of elections, serving, nevertheless, to no purpose, and seeming also derogatory and prejudicial to the King's Prerogative Royal." The foregoing facts certainly give point to some trenchant remarks of J. A. Froude:

> The position of bishops in the Church of England has been from the first anomalous. The episcopate was violently separated from the Papacy, to which it would have preferred to remain attached, and, to secure its obedience, it was made dependent on the Crown. The method of episcopal appointments, instituted by Henry VIII. as a temporary expedient and abolished by Edward VI. as an unreality, was reëstablished by Elizabeth, not certainly because she believed that the invocation of the Holy Ghost was required for the completeness of an election which her own choice had already determined, not because the bishops obtained any gifts or grace in their consecration which she herself respected, but because the shadowy form of an election, with a religious ceremony following it, gave them the semblance of spiritual independence, the semblance without the substance, which qualified them to be the instruments of the system which she desired to enforce.[14] They

[14] Compare the following acute observation of Lacordaire (quoted by T. W. Allies in his treatise on *The See of St. Peter*): "Sovereigns who covet spiritual authority have never dared to seize it upon the altar with their own hands: they know well that in this there is an absurdity even greater than the sacrilege. Incapable as they are of being *directly* recognized as the source and regulators of religion, they seek to make themselves its masters by the intermediacy of some sacerdotal body enslaved to their wishes: and there, pontiffs without mission, usurpers of the truth itself, they dole out to their people the measure of which they think sufficient to check revolt; they make of the Blood of Jesus Christ an instrument of moral servitude and of political schemes, until the day when they are taught by terrible catastrophies that the greatest crime which sovereignty can commit against itself and against society is the meddling touch which profanes religion."

were tempted to presume on their phantom dignity till the sword of a second Cromwell taught them the true value of their apostolic descent; and we have a right to regret that the original theory of Cranmer was departed from—that being officers of the Crown, as much appointed by the sovereign as the Lord Chancellor, the bishops should not have worn openly their real character and received their appointments immediately by letters patent without further ceremony.[15]

When Queen Mary, the lawful daughter of Henry VIII., set herself to effect the Corporate Reunion of the Church of England with the rest of Western Christendom, she found herself invested by English law with "full power and authority from time to time to visit, repress, redress, reform, order, correct, restrain and amend all such errors, heresies, abuses, offences, contempts and enormities, whatsoever they be, which by any manner, spiritual authority, or jurisdiction, ought or may lawfully be reformed, repressed, ordered, redressed, corrected, restrained, or amended."[16] And we have observed that the terms of the commissions or licenses granted to the episcopate by Edward fully empowered her to deprive, at her pleasure, the individual prelates who had accepted them. But, in point of fact, she fully appreciated the justice of the demand made by Convocation in 1547, "that all such statutes and ordinances, as shall be made concerning all matters of religion, and causes ecclesiastical, may not pass without the sight and assent of the said clergy." Accordingly on August 4, 1553, Convocation was summoned by a writ addressed to Cranmer, and immediately proceeded to business with a discussion upon the question of the Real Presence. Cranmer, it may be remarked, was not sent to the Tower till September 14th, so that he had plenty of time to prevent any unfairness in the elections. It is, therefore, obvious that the parties elected did truly represent the whole body of the clergy. The Upper House forthwith expressed its desire to restore "this noble Church of England to her pristine state and unity of Christ's Church," and the Lower petitioned "that the ancient liberty, authority and jurisdiction be restored to the Church of England according to the article of the great Charte, called Magna Charta, at the least in such sort as it was in the first year of Henry VIII.....Item: that the statute of the submission of the clergy made anno 25 Henry VIII., and all other statutes made during the

[15] *History of England*, vol. vi., pp. 552, 553. [16] 26 Henry VIII., 1.

time of schism, in derogation of the liberties and jurisdictions of the Church, from the first year of King Henry VIII., may be repealed and the Church restored *in integrum.*"

Since the separation from Rome had been brought about by Acts of Parliament, it devolved upon the State to carry out the desire so forcibly expressed by the clergy. Accordingly the Acts in question were rescinded by 1 and 2 Philip and Mary in 1554. In 1556 the clergy of both provinces accepted the Legatine Constitutions, the second of which provided that "the decrees of all Councils, general or provincial, which were received by the See of Rome, the constitutions of the Roman Pontiffs and the laws of the Church which were formerly promulgated in this Kingdom should be restored to their former state." Previously, on November 30, 1554, at the High Altar of Westminster Abbey, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Canterbury had solemnly absolved the nation from its sin of schism.

Under the Pontificate of Elizabeth the irreligious division between England and the rest of Christendom was finally sealed, the repeal under Mary of the "reforming" statutes of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. was directly abrogated, and modern comprehensive Anglicanism with its intentionally vague formularies came into being. Within ten days of her coronation, the Houses of Parliament set to work to declare Her Majesty, by statute, the legitimate daughter of Henry Tudor, and to re-invest the Crown with all spiritual and ecclesiastical jurisdiction. The substitution of the term "Supreme Governor" for "Supreme Head" of the Church of England was a mere distinction without a difference,[17] made simply out of respect for the susceptibilities of certain of the innovators. Calvin, for instance, had written as follows in his commentary on the Book of Amos: "*Erant enim Blasphemi qui vocarent eum (Henricum VIII.) Summum Caput Ecclesiæ sub Christo.*" And John Konx, the Scotchman, had (during Edward's reign or possibly later) written a forcible treatise, indirectly aimed at Mary Tudor, directly at Mary Stuart, entitled *A First Blaste of the Trumpet*

[17] This was fully recognized by Parkhurst, who wrote thus (in a letter to Bullinger, dated London, May 21, 1559): "The Queen is not willing to be called the head of the Church of England, although this title has been offered to her; but she willingly accepts the title of governor *which amounts to the same thing.*" Zurich Letters, i., p. 29.

"The Act of Supremacy was the same essentially—though with its edge slightly blunted—which had originally severed England from the jurisdiction of Rome. The Crown became once more 'in all causes ecclesiastical as well as civil supreme.'" J. A. Froude, *History of England in the Reign of Elizabeth*, ch. i.

Against the Monstrous Regiment of Women, which maintained that the temporal rule of a woman was "a contumely to God." Obviously (by implication) the spiritual rule of a female was still more intolerable. It is true that Knox, when brought into communication with Elizabeth, maintained, in writing, that his indictment of "the Monstrous Regiment of Women" in nowise referred to her, seeing that she was a remarkable and obvious exception to the general rule which he had propounded. But this disingenuous shuffling was so obvious to everyone, that, for very shame's sake, the terminology of the Act of Supremacy was softened down. Cardinal William Allen (the founder of the college for English Catholics at Douay) alludes to Calvin's and Knox's opinion on the Royal Supremacy in the course of his plain-spoken "admonition to the nobility and people of England and Ireland:" "As to her (Elizabeth's) opinion, she has professed herself a heretic. She usurpeth by Luciferian pride the title of Supreme Ecclesiastical Government, a thing in a woman unheard of; *not tolerable to the masters of her own sect;* and to all Catholics in the world most ridiculous, absurd, monstrous, detestable, and a very fable to the posterity."

And so it was found expedient (and necessary) to drop the obnoxious title "Supreme Head," and to pretend that the aim of the Queen was simply to restore the ancient constitutional right of the Crown. So I. Elizabeth C. I. is entitled "An Act for restoring to the Crown the ancient jurisdiction over the State, ecclesiastical and spiritual, and abolishing the foreign power repugnant to the same."[18]

At once all ministers and officers whatsoever, whether temporal or spiritual, were bound to take an oath acknowledging the Queen to be "the only supreme governor of the realm, as well in spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal," and renouncing "all foreign jurisdictions, powers, superiorities, or authorities," under pain of forfeiture of present office and disability to hold any other. Moreover, it was enacted that the authority needful for the visitation of all spiritual persons, and the correction of errors, heresies, and abuses, should be annexed to the Crown; the power of exercising this authority by delegates appointed by Letters Patent

[18] "A radical change in doctrine, worship and discipline had been made by Queen and Parliament against the will of prelates and ecclesiastical Councils. The legislative power of Convocation is once more subjected to royal control, obstinate heresy is still a capital crime, but practically the bishops have little power of forcing heretics to stand a trial." *Cambridge Modern History,* p. 570.

being declared to remain with the Queen and her successors forever. It may be observed, in passing, that although the judges determined, in Cawdry's case, that the supremacy in things spiritual is inherent in the Crown, yet the tenor of the Act would seem to show that it was regarded rather as a special grant made by the power and authority of Parliament. But that does not affect the question of the *reality* of the Supremacy which is attested by the declaration of the Twelve Judges (shortly after Elizabeth's death) that "the King, without Parliament, might make orders and constitutions for the government of the clergy, and might deprive them if they obeyed not.....So that independently of the powers acknowledged in the statute, there was yet in reserve within the capacious bosom of the common law an undefined authority, which, being similar in its character, might also be equal in its amount, to the omnipotence of Rome."

This Act was passed in the teeth of the opposition of the Church. The entire episcopate had voted against the third reading, and powerful and efficient protests were made by Heath, Archbishop of York; Scott, Bishop of Chester, and Feckenham, Abbot of Westminster. The Archbishop's speech was particularly apposite. In the course of his argument he pointed out that, as the Queen's sovereignty descended by hereditary right, the grant of special supremacy *in spiritualibus* was beyond the power of Parliament to bestow. Furthermore, all women were entirely unqualified for spiritual functions. They could neither preach, nor administer the sacraments, nor exercise spiritual censures, for these acts belonged solely and exclusively to the clergy and the hierarchy. The bishops of the Church of England, with the single exception of Anthony Kitchin, Bishop of Llandaff (who had been consecrated, it may be noted, by Cranmer on May 3, 1545, without the approval of Rome), utterly and finally repudiated this new legislation and were, accordingly, deposed from their sees.

An important minority[19] of the parochial clergy likewise followed the lead of their Fathers-in-God. "The whole of the clergy deprived at this time stands thus: fourteen bishops, already mentioned; three bishops-elect, one abbot, four priors, and one abbess;

[19] Some twenty-five thousand of the clergy fell victims to the Black Death in England in the middle of the fourteenth century. This compelled the bishops to ordain young and inexperienced clerics, many of whom were also illiterate, and thus unable to instruct the people in their religion. This led to a weakening of the Faith, and was one of the causes of the defection of the sixteenth century." Cardinal Gasquet (quoted by Rev. G. E. Howe, *Sermon Outlines*).

twelve deans, fourteen archdeacons, sixty canons or prebendaries, one hundred priests, well preferred; fifteen heads of colleges, in Oxford and Cambridge, to which may be added about twenty doctors in several faculties."[20]

The prelates forthwith uncanonically intruded into the sees of the Catholic bishops were, naturally, obedient believers in the doctrine of the Royal Supremacy. On February 23, 1560, Dr. Matthew Parker, the first Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, took the following oath of homage on his knees before the Queen:

> I, Matthew Parker, Doctor of Divinity, now elect Archbishop of Canterbury, do utterly testify and declare in my conscience, that Your Majesty is the only Supreme Governor of this realm.....as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal.....And further, I acknowledge and confess to have and to hold the said Archbishopric of Canterbury, and the possessions of the same entirely, as well the spiritualities as temporalities thereof, only of Your Majesty and the Crown Royal of this Your Realms. And as for the said possessions, I do my homage presently to Your Highness, and to the same, and Your heirs and lawful successors, shall be faithful and true. So help me God, and the contents of this book.

The oath was subscribed to by the other new bishops: "We also, whose names be underwritten, being bishops of the several bishopries within Your Majesty's Realm, do testify, declare, and acknowledge all and every part of the premises in like manner as the right reverend father in God, the Archbishop of Canterbury has done."

These were no idle words. The next year, 1561, Parker and Grindal humbly approached the Queen for letters "to authorize the now Bishop of Hereford to visit the same church from time to time as occasion shall serve." Again, during the acrimonious disputes (subsequently engendered by the Puritan faction) concerning the value of episcopacy, we find Parker, as Metropolitan of the Anglican Establishment, writing to Lord Burghley as follows: "Sir: Because you be a principal Councillor, I refer the whole matter to Her Majesty and to your order. For myself, I can as well be content to be a parish clerk as a parish priest. I refer the standing or falling altogether to your own considerations, whether Her

[20] Jeremy Collier, *Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain*, vol. vi., p. 242.

Majesty and you will have any archbishops or bishops or how you will have them ordered."[21]

Grindal, in 1583, makes use of the following terms in formally resigning his archbishopric: "*Purè, spontè, simplicite, et absolutè, in manus excellentissimæ ac illustrissimæ in Christo principis et Dominæ, Elizabethæ, Dei gratiâ Angliæ Franciæ et Hiberniæ Reginæ,* etc., *cujus singulari favore et benignitate dictum archiepiscopatum consecutus sum, resigno.*"

The following gracious letter from the Queen to Bishop Cocks of Ely with reference to his refusal to transfer, by legal deed, to the Vice-Chamberlain, a portion of his episcopal property in Holborn, is eminently characteristic: "Proud Prelate: You know well what you were afore I made you what you now are. If you do not immediately comply with My request, I will unfrock you, by God. ELIZABETH R."

There is on record a glowing description from the pen of Parker himself, of how Her Majesty, when she visited Canterbury, was received pontifically as Head of the Church of England. On this occasion, the Archbishop, supported by the Bishops of Rochester and Lincoln, met her at the west door. After a lengthy panegyric by a "grammarian," she entered the cathedral in solemn procession, the choir singing anthems the while, in which recurred the words *Ave Eliza!* And so, under a canopy borne by four of her temporal knights, she proceeded to a throne placed by the "Communion board" where she heard Evensong. After this, one is not surprised to learn that, in March, 1564, the Queen actually issued a dispensation—on the humble petition of the Warden—abolishing Wednesday as a fast day in Winchester College.

The Royal Supremacy was detested and ridiculed not only by the Catholic-minded, but by the Puritan leaders, many of whom were laborious scholars and men of real ability, who knew themselves to be supported by apostolic teaching and by universal precedent throughout Christendom, when they maintained that the Church ought to be independent of the State, and that women

[21] Quoted from the Lansdowne MSS. by Rev. F. G. Lee, *The Church Under Queen Elizabeth,* p. 149. The following from the pen of James Pilkington, the Protestant Bishop of Durham and Prince Palatine, is an indication of the current Episcopal belief in the Queen's spiritual preëminence: "As I noted before, so it is not to be lightly considered, that, when so often the prophet rehearseth the names of Zerubbabel and Joshua, the two chiefest rulers; yet he evermore setteth in order the Civil Magistrate and Power before the Chief Priest, to signify the preëminence and preferment that he hath in the commonwealth and other matters, more than the Chief Priest (by what means soever he be called), whether it be Pope, archbishop, or metropolitan." *Aggeus and Abdias,* 1562.

should have no part in church government except to listen, learn and obey. Professor Brewer has noted that: "It (the Supremacy) has fallen like a thing of evil on Romanists and Puritans alike. If it brought More and Fisher to the scaffold in the reign of Henry, it wrung the hearts and wasted the life blood of Cartwright and the Puritans in the reign of Elizabeth."[22]

Thus the new bishops were compelled not only to face the controversial fire of Cardinal Allen and other defenders of the ancient Catholic Faith, but also to answer the racy and reasonable arguments of Cartwright and his allies. So confusion became worse confounded, till Nemesis finally arrived in the shape of regicide and revolution.

The absolute control of the sovereign over the Church which predominated under the Tudors, was somewhat modified under the Stuarts. James I. (and, to a still greater degree, his son) certainly recognized the Church as a Divine Body, although holding that it was incomplete without the sovereign, whose concurrence consolidated it into a substantive whole. At this period, therefore, the Anglican theory of Church authority was developed so as to be defensible against gainsayers, whether Catholic or Puritan. We have seen that the system of Anglicanism or territorial religion, which ultimately claims for the bishops of a single province the right to legislate independently in matters of faith, hangs upon the notion that the clergy of each nation are enabled to speak with authority since they have retained the gift of inerrancy promised by God to the Universal Church.

Accordingly, under the Stuarts, the doctrine of the Divine Right of Kings was developed to exaggerated proportions, and even preached from the pulpit as *de fide*. Canon Macleane, in his brochure on Bishop Andrews, has shown how the adoption of this doctrine was necessary for the very existence of the Church at that time. So we find that Archbishop Laud, with his love of ancient piety, believed that the Episcopal Order was "of Divine Apostolical Right." But, as Bishop Creighton has noted: "He took no other view of his right to exercise his office either of power or jurisdiction than as derived from the Crown, and exercisable according to law."[23]

The bitter opposition to the High Commission Court, and its destruction by the Long Parliament, were the necessary results of that division from the residue of Christendom which made any attempts on the part of Anglicans to enforce religious conformity

[22] *English Studies*, p. 303. [23] *Historical Lectures and Addresses*, p. 182.

illogical and ridiculous as well as oppressive. However, the Anglican system did not finally fall until the league between the clergy and the King was dissolved by James II. The two last Stuart princes were fully conscious that a claim was made in their names which they had no right to advance. Their exile on the Continent must needs have shown them the untenableness of a local and territorial religion, and James refused to live in a system wherein his brother had feared to die. The dynasty which succeeded was possessed of a Parliamentary, not of an hereditary title, and henceforth the supremacy of the Crown meant the supremacy of a Parliamentary sovereign. And Parliament consisted, in great measure, of Protestant Dissenters, to whom Dutch William and his successors looked as their most trusted supporters. Furthermore the statement, in the Elizabethan Oath of Supremacy, that the Pope neither did, nor ought to possess, any spiritual authority in England, and that the final authority in spiritual causes belonged exclusively to the Crown, was expunged from the oath by 1 William and Mary 8, because it interfered with the freedom of judgment claimed by Dissenters for themselves. The Crown, then, gave up the right of judging in spiritual matters which Henry VIII. had extorted from the Church, and made it over to its subjects. In other words, the "Royal Supremacy" became the "Supremacy of Public Opinion"—a supremacy which prevails unto the present day. The great Rebellion, the invasion of William the Dutchman and the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832, are steps which mark out the downward path, whereby the will of the public represented by the Commons was substituted for the Royal Supremacy.

The Anglican Establishment to-day is a local and peculiar national communion within national limits, which naturally and logically implies a national supremacy (exercised either by sovereign, sovereign's court, or sovereign's delegate), guided and illuminated by public opinion and kept subservient to popular sentiment by the public press.[24]

[24] Italian intervention had been for centuries a source of perpetual irritation to the national sentiment, while the Church that was founded at the Reformation was of all institutions the most intensely and most distinctively English.....Its love of compromise, its dislike to pushing principles to extreme consequences, its decorum, its social aspects, its instinctive aversion to abstract speculation, to fanatical action, to vehement, spontaneous, mystical, or ascetic forms of devotion, its admirable skill in strengthening the orderly and philanthropic elements of society, in moderating and regulating character, and blending with the various phases of national life, all reflected with singular fidelity, English modes of thought and feeling, the strength and the weakness of the English character." W. E. H. Lecky, *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. i., pp. 74, 75.

The "comprehensiveness" of the Establishment may be gauged accurately enough by considering that the manifold historical forms and phases of Anglicanism—Lutheranism, Calvinism, Arminianism, the eclectic ceremonialism of Laud and Cosin, Latitudinarianism, Evangelical Pietism, and Guelphic Hanoverianism—co-exist together, in constant controversy, within its borders.

The Royal Supremacy which presided at the birth of the Established Church of England is so changed that its identity is lost; although its bishops, on their knees before the King, kiss his royal hand and profess to maintain "that the spiritualities are held only by His Majesty." That the parent Church of England—or its offspring, the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States—is no part of the one, holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church of Christ is a sure and evident verdict of history if we believe in history at all.

MARGE.

BY MARY FELIX DE MOVILLE.

A TWILIGHT purple in the sunset sky—
Marge 'tween the finite and Infinitude;
The year's omega with its wistful why:
And lo, the Dawn is come and Christ is here!

THE FACULTY OF MORAL INDIGNATION.

BY WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D.

SHORTLY after the death of Charles Francis Adams last March, a metropolitan newspaper published an editorial which gave him high praise. This compliment was among those paid to him: "He could feel an honest indignation and express it in language that made appeal to the general public interest." The tribute reminds one that Mr. Adams had lived in a time when the faculty of moral indignation is undergoing processes that shift its basis, modify its forms of expression, and change its far-reaching rôle in the maintenance of the social order. Few of us realize that our moral indignations are among the chief supports of the moralities of life and of the social ideals that give them force and meaning. Few of us understand of what consequence it is to the highest interests of associated life to feel moral indignation on occasion, and to express it in a way that will help it to fulfill its mission. The indignations of one or another of us appear to be unimportant except as questions of personal morality and good taste. Yet the collective indignations of society when honestly felt and seriously expressed, contribute more directly to the maintenance of the social and moral order than laws and institutions and penitentiaries.

Deep insight into the heart of an age may be had by studying the things that are praised and those that are condemned. When we speak of the power of public opinion, we mean practically the power that approval or disapproval by the public exercises over individual conduct and institutional ideals. Society could purify the theatre and put an end to the curse of divorce; give us clean politics and noble politicians and put an end to vice, without much aid from law or courts or prisons, if it but exercised properly its faculty of moral indignation. The instinct to seek praise and to avoid censure is fundamental in the normal man or woman. Nothing that is generally and honestly denounced, nothing that is indignantly condemned in any community, can survive. Evils do survive because our denunciations are half-hearted and our methods are those of the amateur. Sin that is readily condoned and evil that is laughed at or connived at, will endure in spite of laws and institutions, but the stern indignations of society measure its negative morality at least more accurately than any other known agency.

We are responsible for our moral indignation and for our lack of it. We have a duty, therefore, to cultivate that faculty and the habit of its expression. We must feel indignant when occasion calls for it. We must feel neither too much nor too little. We must discriminate as to the time and place and manner of our indignations. This is a social duty, and its discriminating fulfillment is a contribution to the higher moralities of life. Few of us perhaps understand that duty or perform it with intelligent discretion.

Our indignations are allied to our attachments. We are conscious of neither indignation nor joy where we feel no interest. Where we are concerned, however, our feelings move as our interests are affected. The keenest realizations of life come through feeling, for feeling is the sunlight of imagination. We can control to an extent the processes by which we develop interest in things or persons, just as we can hinder ourselves from all concern with things and persons which in the order of nature have a particular claim upon us. One may be fond of one's distant cousin or of one's chance friend, and at the same time be entirely indifferent to one's own brother. Feelings take different pathways in each case because of attachment on the one hand and the lack of it on the other. The wrongs of a friend will arouse the sense of moral indignation, while the wrongs of a brother indifferently loved will fail to receive even passing attention. If we would understand the law of our indignations, we must study the course of our attachments.

If our attachments are selfish and our views of life narrow, our indignations will be narrow and self-centred. If our attachments are noble and directed toward the exalted interests of life, our indignations will take on a noble spirit from these, and they will proclaim the idealism that becomes to us law and inspiration. Where there is no interest in social ideals, no impersonal respect and thoughtful zeal for the larger interests of associated life, no concern for the moralities and decencies that refine and consecrate life, there will be no noble indignations. When the moralities and decencies of life are matters of immediate personal concern to each of us, noble indignations will declare our loyalty to them and lead us to serve them with valiant love. The real spring of our nobler indignations is in our attachments rather than our convictions, if the distinction is permitted. We may have abstract convictions concerning higher social welfare which are remote, theoretical and even inert. We must have the genuine feeling that these higher interests are of immediate personal concern before any impulse to

wholesome indignation will be released. The abstract conviction that we should love justice and hate iniquity may leave us unmoved in the presence of either. But if injustice and iniquity strike our friend and lay him low, we are aroused into eloquent indignation, and we give it forceful expression.

All high-minded men feel that they owe loyalty to the moralities of life. We are called by primary intention to love justice and hate iniquity, to protect innocence and hamper cunning, to encourage honesty and scourge disloyalty, to punish deceit, and to compensate all sacrifice made in the interests of our common ideals. The unity and stability of life are thereby conditioned for the happiness and welfare of each of us, and human progress as a whole depends upon the approvals and the censures by which the moralities of life are safeguarded. Everyone of us is to an extent a trustee of the moral capital of society. Everyone of us is called to be numbered among the uplifting forces of life which suppress all that degrades and would defile us. Each of us carries a commission, with the seal of God upon it, to be the insistent enemy of injustice, oppression, inhumanity, indecency, dishonesty, not alone as these affect us, but as they affect the law of God, the supremacy of His kingdom, the happiness, refinement and spiritual growth of His children. To be false to this mission is treason to the common welfare, not to speak of the law of personal sin that may be involved. David, little knowing the prophet's hidden meaning, rose to a splendid height of moral indignation, when, in response to Nathan's question about the punishment of the rich man who stole the lamb from his poor neighbor, he answered, "As God liveth, the man who did this is a son of death."

The penitentiary is the symbol of the fixed moral indignations of society, but it is not an acceptable symbol of the social order. The penitentiary may care for those who defy our fundamental indignations, and resist successfully the influence of these as they operate upon normally constituted men and women. Our moral indignations ought to take a wide range and act with greatest freedom. If we put judgment and sincerity into them, they will accomplish infinite good in suppressing all forms of evil. Not only that, the habit of a discriminating moral indignation against all forms of wrong strengthens us in our own consecration to what is pure, high-minded and helpful. It gives us instantaneous protection against our own temptations. This is one of the happy spiritual rewards given to those who love justice and hate iniquity with wholesome intensity.

One can feel too much as well as too little. One can have too many attachments as well as too few. If we take everything seriously, we shall soon die. The tragedy that strikes the heart of a noble reformer is due to the fact that he opens a sensitive soul to the overwhelming vision of misery, oppression, shame and crime, and attempts to feel and to express a moral indignation and a hope equal in intensity and power to the evil that overwhelms him. Only God could undertake to carry the burden of all sin and evil on His patient shoulders. Christ has given us the single, supreme example of indignation measured to iniquity, expressed with appealing wisdom and healing force. The moral indignations expressed in the life and words of Christ have remained pattern and law for all time. We are compelled to shield our feelings against over-stimulation. There is so much injustice, oppression, indecency and inhumanity in the world, that we would die of exhaustion were we to yield to moral indignation every time we felt the impulse. Nature mercifully develops a habit of inadvertence toward remote evil, and of mental callousness toward much that is near to us. In this way we survive. We must feel moral indignation, but we may not feel it too often or too deeply or without discrimination. We must be solicitous for the common moralities and decencies of life, and yet at a certain point we must shield ourselves against our own moral enthusiasms. The dilemma is not without its interest, and the problem is the more fascinating because we cannot lay down any fixed and definite rule for its solution. The solution lies in a spirit and not in a maxim. Nothing further is now attempted than the indication of certain focal points around which our indignations should assemble in the interests of common welfare.

Truth is a supreme human interest. Error endangers society. Safe guidance for life is found only in true principles of human relations and in true idealism. Error misleads us, throws us out of harmony in the universe, and disturbs the whole perspective of life. It is the supreme business of the human mind to seek and to discover the truth and to adapt all human relations to it. We must, therefore, seek the truth concerning the nature of man and his destiny; concerning social authority, its origin, limits and sanctions; concerning aim and motive in individual and associated life; concerning the standards of value by which we guide human desire. He who teaches any error concerning these fundamental truths of existence, endangers the harmony of the universe, misdirects society, and sets up false standards of action and judgment

in everyday life. Hence, theoretically, we should feel moral indignation against all forms of error howsoever tenderly we deal with those who mistake it for truth. Practically the world releases us from all duty of moral indignation against error, because it has abandoned all pretense to any approved standards of fundamental philosophy or truth. The modern spirit insists upon freedom in truth-seeking, but not on success in finding truth. It pretends to have no answer whatever to the question "What is truth?" Every truthseeker is permitted to proclaim as truth what he finds. The world demands sincerity rather than results, an attitude, not an outcome, since anything short of treason may be advocated as truth if advocated sincerely. Freedom of thought, freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of religion, freedom of philosophy, freedom of science of all kinds, has become an end in modern imagination, and it thereby enjoys the immunity of ends, escaping the discipline to which it would be subjected as means. We appear to have lost the sense of finality in thought. With the surrender of all belief in truth that is relatively final and demonstrably so, we are released from the duty of indignation against error.

The Catholic Church has never abandoned her belief in definite religious truth, nor has she at any time surrendered the standards by which she determines it. She believes in a divine revelation which conveys fundamental truth. She accepts that definite religious truth as final, compelling, certain. Believing in definite religious truth, she believes in definite religious error. She has felt and fostered the sense of moral indignation against specific religious error, whenever it has touched the field of revelation. This impulse determined her historical attitude toward heresy, and it explains the psychology of that attitude to-day. Changed conditions of life have modified the emotional side of the Church's attitude and the transitory forms of its expression, but she has never abated the intensity of her devotion to her doctrinal positions. These are final and unalterable. If one who knows Protestantism only as an observer may speak with point, one is warranted in feeling that it has on the whole abandoned belief in definite revealed truth. Having lost its sense for such definite truth, it has lost its sense of religious error. It has, therefore, lost its faculty of moral indignation against religious error, and this has brought upon it the instability and weakness that rob it of so much of its power over thought and life and morals.

Just as we are united by our sincerities but separated by our convictions concerning theoretical truths, we are united in respect

for morality as such, but confused by the various standards of morals that are accepted. The world has surrendered its belief in one definite moral code, hence it has lost its capacity for indignation against teaching that undermines morals. We meet so many definitions of goodness and badness, so many conflicting ethical codes, that we have all but lost belief in a definite standard of morality that will unite us in our thinking, discipline us in our impulses, and define with some exactness the content of the moralities upon which social life depends. As a result of this confusion, we have weakened the impulse to moral indignation in even the field of morality itself.

A homogeneous people with fixed standards of goodness and baseness, will compel respect in conduct for these and insist on sincerity in defending them. A community with one moral code which everyone respects, will foster a sense of moral indignation at all violations of it, and that feeling will come to emphatic expression. With what power did not Hawthorne tell us this in *The Scarlet Letter*. A heterogenous people which includes many types of morals, many forms of culture, and many codes of ethics, will be conscious of a kind of moral disintegration, since it will be unable to base any moral unity upon a commonly accepted code. If men and women will not agree as to what wrongdoing is, they will not agree in their moral indignations against it. The outcome will be loss of all impulse to feel and express moral indignation in the presence of evil.

American life is marked by confusion of this kind. There is, it is true, a certain moral unity among us which is happily described by a Justice of the Supreme Court as "the prevailing morality." That is to say, there is a traditional moral sense or judgment concerning conduct which is accepted as a matter of fact in the nation's life, independently of logic, doctrine or administration. It is perhaps the result of humanity's instinct for moral unity in spite of differences that take their origin in various forms of social conflict. This prevailing morality is incorporated into our political institutions, and in definitions accepted by codes and enforced by law. In spite of this general moral sense, we have conflicting codes concerning the relations of the sexes in and outside of marriage, concerning justice, religion, political ethics, social obligations and human rights. The employer has one ethical code, while the laboring class has another. The Catholic has one code for marriage and the family, while his separated brother has a different one. The prohibitionist has one ethical code which his

adversaries scorn. The radical has an ethical philosophy that the conservative abhors. This moral confusion paralyzes the impulse to moral indignation concerning the common moralities of life as distinct from the particular moralities of any group. Our moral indignations become group indignations rather than personal indignations. The Catholic tends to feel only group indignations. The employer, the laborer, the prohibitionist, the socialist do likewise. Group indignations are a source of group unity and group loyalty, and they foster the moralities that the group represents. Thus it happens that the spirit and form of moral indignation are seriously modified, and our moral sympathies shrink as they become intense.

The faculty of moral indignation ceases to operate against error because we have no standard of truth. It operates in only a restricted way against erroneous teaching in morals, because of the presence of so many conflicting moral codes among us. This confusion in both doctrine and morals is reflected in our literature and in our schools no less than in our public opinion itself. Comment was occasioned some years ago by the action of the president of an American university at its commencement. He exposed to his hearers four mutually exclusive philosophies of life without indicating his own conviction or that of the school that he represented, and without imputing to any one of the four the stamp of finality. He had information about the supreme questions of human existence, but not conviction to give to his hearers as the message of his school.

The exercise of the faculty of moral indignation, that is the development of the habit of feeling indignant in the presence of wrongdoing, is interfered with by our institutions of privacy, and by our slavish respect for the maxim that a man should mind his own business. The increasing complexities of social organization draw us into closer ethical and industrial relations with one another daily. The more intimately our lives touch one another through social organization, the more we strive to create a conventional form of privacy which will protect us in our business, our personal affairs, our movements and our methods against the curiosity of others. Privacy becomes conventional. We are taught to respect privacy, not to be curious, to endeavor not to learn, not to know, not to see, and not to comment on those features of our neighbors' lives which are reserved against us. To accomplish this is one of the duties of culture, a duty which the cultured heart gladly performs. Thus we are taught to mind our own business, and not to interfere without warrant in the lives or business of others. When

this mental habit is well established, it shrinks the circle of our interests, clouds our social vision, and weakens to some extent our social sympathies. It thereby reduces our impersonal interest in the common moralities of life. One of the most opprobrious epithets hurled vindictively at reformers who are lovers of justice and haters of iniquity, is that they are meddlers. They do not mind their own business.

This process of respecting privacy develops in us the habit of looking upon evil committed by others without feeling the impulse of moral indignation against it. If we see an employer violating the principles of justice in dealing with laboring men, we say that it is his business and not ours. If we see an ignorant mother mistreating her little child, we take no steps to protect the child because conventional privacy forbids it, and advises us to mind our own business. We see children starting on the road to ruin without uttering a word to hold them back, because we do not wish to interfere with the business of others. An enterprising priest in New England who had noticed the evil of this process, proposed the creation of a social committee in each parish which would become, in a measure, the organ of parish indignation, and enable the members of the parish to take an interest in the common moralities of life without seeming to become meddlers.

All of this raises an extremely delicate question. We are drawn hither and thither by conflicting standards, and we are confused by the appeal of clashing duties. Undoubtedly one of the curses of modern life is the indifference of very large numbers of otherwise high-minded men and women to the common moralities. This neglect is commended in the name of privacy and of the self-respect that leads one to mind one's business. Now under certain reservations, the protection of innocence and justice, honesty and decency, loyalty and honor, is the business of everybody. It is nothing short of tragedy to notice how boldly evil will rear its head, and how arrogantly and shamelessly it will defy the elementary decencies, while we look on and remain silent for the sake of a maxim. There is, of course, danger of overdoing as well as underdoing in this. Our theologians have taught us that we have the duty of fraternal correction, but they tell us that we are excused from performing it when we have no prospect of success in attempting it, or when we would cause greater evil by the attempt. Those teachers were shrewd in understanding the extremes to which a mistaken notion of privacy leads us.

The tendency to govern our emotions in the light of our busi-

ness and professional interests hurts the faculty of moral indignation by giving it an entirely wrong direction. The business view of life is narrow, particular and selfish. As business interests become supreme in our lives, we grow increasingly indifferent to the collective moralities of life. The faculty of moral indignation, then, degenerates into a mere business asset instead of being the support of honesty, decency, honor, loyalty and ideals for their own sake. Those who govern their indignations from the cash drawer, feel and utter indignation when it pays. They neither feel it nor utter it when it does not pay.

We sell goods to saints and sinners. We buy goods from saints and sinners. We form partnerships with saints and sinners indifferently, if they are good business men and if their respectability is not publicly questioned. We consider a man's business qualities as quite distinct from his character, much to the harm of social morality. Unfortunately, we forgive bad morals in an actor if his acting is good, in an artist if his work is perfect, in a baseball player if he shows great skill. One does not meet many in these days who will boycott the theatre or the artist or the baseball club which employs men of rare talent but bad morals. This is probably one of the most discouraging aspects of modern life. When they who are high-minded and noble feel that they are not the custodians of the moralities and proprieties of life, these fare badly. Thus it is that the business man is not alone in his habit of separating character from talent. The business man who loves and hates, who speaks and is silent, who protests and approves not as the moralities require and as social ideals suggest, but merely as his business interests dictate, surrenders his idealism and makes of business his religion. A man who silences his moral indignations when he should speak, lest he lose a customer, has none of the fine moral fibre by which humanity is made strong. Here, again, we have a problem that is extremely delicate, one which will yield to no superficial answer. We help to solve it by recognizing it.

The necessities of social life create an analogous situation. The drift of things throws us constantly into more or less frequent association with others whom we dislike and whose character we scorn. We are compelled to meet saints and sinners, to sit with them at table, to serve on committees with them, and to exchange visits of courtesy if not of intimacy. Forced in this manner into indiscriminate association with many kinds of character, we cultivate in self-defence a mental habit of indifference to moral qualities, and we accept situations with a diminishing sense of moral rebellion.

If we did otherwise, we would make ourselves socially impossible. Of course, one may not act the Pharisee and make arrogant assumptions of moral superiority. Again, one may not believe all rumors concerning the character of others. But after allowance is made for all this, the experience of indiscriminate association helps to still the impulse to moral indignation against doers of evil with whom we are compelled to associate.

The reticences of culture act in much the same way. Certain standards of good taste and of good form are set up, and we are compelled to obey them, regardless of personal choice. The function of these standards is to make social intercourse possible, and to enable us to deal with one another without too much friction, without misunderstanding or disagreeable experience. The forms of culture are the sentinels of morality. It is true that culture takes charge of the secondary rather than of the fundamental moralities, of the externals rather than of its spirit. Yet the forms of culture have a definite place in social intercourse and in the moralities. Good taste dictates many lines of conduct that are wholesome and helpful. We aim to avoid everything that is in bad taste, and we are thereby helped to do good and to avoid evil. To a certain extent, culture puts a muffler on the human heart to control all explosions of outraged feeling, just as the muffler reduces to silence the exhaust of an engine. Hence, the reticences of culture tend to repress the faculty of moral indignation, and to tone down its expression into a kind of mildness that is without force.

The reticences of charity are very much like those of culture. They differ in this, that charity controls the spirit of indignation, while culture controls its expression. Charity forbids us to think evil of others without good cause, or to express it without compelling reason. Our theologians have laid down very exact rules to guide us in making known evil that we see in others. Now the work of sifting out false accusations from true, the task of determining the conditions in which evil may be made known, the balancing of the many factors which enter into a correct judgment of the conduct of others, operate in two contrary directions. On the one hand, they lead us to suppress altogether our moral indignations as the easier and apparently more noble line of conduct. On the other hand, many are led to pay no attention whatever to the restraints of charity, remaining in touch with the streams of gossip which flow by, and thinking of no restraint except such as is created by the law of criminal libel and the fear of law-suit. Thus one loses the attitude of indignation against evil, and treats it as

material for dramatic narrative or interesting scandal. The problem that is here referred to is fundamental. Charity must have its stern indignations no less than reticences. Only thoughtful attention to the problem can promise us even elementary wisdom in meeting it.

The baneful extremes to which the sense of humor has gone in American life, helps to paralyze the sense of moral indignation against evil. All forms of it which take on the appearance of humor and offer occasions for a smile, seem to escape condemnation for the sake of laughter. Our sense of humor respects neither the elementary decencies of life nor the finer loyalty to high ideals that reconciles us to life. A cursory examination of much conversation and of the literature of humor will show us how far we have gone on the way of laughing at evil instead of weeping for it. Nothing enjoys the right of sanctuary against the spirit of our humor. It inundates our souls, breeds indifference to ideals, disintegrates convictions, destroys moral sensibilities and makes us flippant to a degree. Even in the presence of moral tragedies when our eyes should be dim with tears, we are glad to laugh at the bidding of a clever cartoonist who finds material to display his skill. We have not been wise enough to understand the wholesome rôle of humor in a nation's life. Our eagerness to laugh and our desire to satisfy the craving for laughter make us indiscriminate in selecting the materials on which our spirit of humor plays. Had we been relentless in castigating every form of indecency and immorality, we should have saved our sense of humor against its degradation. There is a reverent as well as an irreverent sense of humor. Those who wish to do so, can find ample play for their sense of humor within the confines of what is decent and pure, high-minded and right. Furthermore, they can answer every legitimate demand for humor. Were we to recognize the power of this spirit in cheering life and even fostering health, we would see readily that everyone of its nobler functions may be well performed without the cheapening or defiling to which the modern spirit has subjected this saving gift of man.

Of course the faculty of moral indignation is in no danger of perishing. It will survive its adversities. The prevailing selfishness with which all of us are more or less tainted, makes us watchful of our own interests, and it stimulates our moral indignations as far as these relate to them. Our indignations follow our attachments. We shall never be without attachments. It is the part of wisdom, education and culture to give us the right attachments, and

then to associate our indignations discreetly with them. Once we understand that the custody of the moralities and decencies of life is intrusted to us, we become attached to these. They become objects of immediate personal concern, and then our indignations operate to protect them almost without our own advertence.

In these days we count less and less as individuals, more and more as members of social classes or groups. Life is so nearly identical for all of the members of a class or group that class feeling, class wrongs, class rights, class condemnations, possess us. Hence the moral indignations that we are prone to feel are class rather than individual indignations. We think and feel "in battalions." The wrongs of one become the wrongs of all, the rights of one are the rights of all. Thus, class indignations become a part of national consciousness. The woman suffrage movement is an expression of the moral indignations of a class no less than of its aspirations. The labor movement is an expression of the moral indignation of another class. Socialism is an organized expression of indignation as well as hope. The indignations of conservatism and of radicalism are collective not individual indignations.

Another form of collective moral indignation is fostered in our political parties which include within themselves members of all other social groups. Each party finds a Pharisaical moral indignation against the iniquity of other parties, its best campaign material. The solemn and reverent enumeration of the iniquities of one party which is usually incorporated into the platform of another party, would all but deceive the elect. So long as parties remain as they are, we may depend upon them to foster the vocabulary and the psychology of indignation even at the sacrifice of truth, common sense and political wisdom.

The drift of political life directs our collective indignations against measures as much as against persons. The tariff, the referendum, the initiative, the recall of judges, prohibition, the party machine, woman suffrage become one after another symbols of current iniquity and of menace to institutions, if we are to believe their critics. Radicalism is, of course, the customary organ of social indignation. The Bull Moose Party gave us the most dramatic organized expression of it in our recent history.

Perhaps a word should be said concerning the spirit of toleration and compromise which is of such far-reaching consequence in modern life. The presence of many conflicting forms of doctrine compels us to tolerate all kinds of doctrine if we would live together. Conflicts of interest in our national life, make necessary

the practice of compromise in our institutions, by which insistence on principle is set aside and practical solutions of problems are arrived at without reference to principle. The mental habit of toleration and of compromise acts adversely on the faculty of moral indignation, and tends to weaken the rôle that it plays in the maintenance of the social order.

There is another aspect of the faculty of moral indignation which we should not overlook. We often direct it against the dearest interests of individual and social life by being indignant with virtue itself. Selfish and impulsive men and women, when misled by anger and thoughtless ignorance, often turn furious indignation against innocent behavior which is misconstrued, and treat with scorn, those whose merit and dignity invite only reverent appreciation. At best, the way of the righteous is hard. It is made doubly so when righteousness is met by indignation and brave devotion to duty is reviled. Many have gone the way of sin simply because they feared the condemnation that might await them in virtue's paths. Only the finest self-control can prevent us from misunderstanding others at times. Only a supreme sense of loyalty to virtue and honor in themselves, will enable us to confine our indignations to the scourging of evil. At any rate, it will honor us but little to be counted among those who make virtue more difficult and duty less attractive by turning their indignations against them. Shelley says as much:

> Alas for virtue; when
> Torments or contumely, or the sneers
> Of erring judging men
> Can break the heart where it abides.

They who lack the faculty of moral indignation, and there are many such, fall short of one form of noble service to the common welfare. The normally developed man, citizen, Christian, has the faculty of moral indignation and cultivates it. They who have vision of the collective moralities of life, and who understand how these are periled on our habits of praise and blame, will feel a deep responsibility to God and to society for the exercise of this faculty. The power to discriminate in our indignations and to hold them always at the service of the higher interests of life, is a work that calls for reflection, sacrifice and courage. He is a strong man who can hold his indignations subject to their law in spite of the confusion through which the fates direct his path.

THE CHILDREN.

(A CHRISTMAS STORY.)

BY GRACE KEON.

ORE snow, I'm afraid, mother!" Mr. Matthison stamped his feet lustily on the porch, and smiled into the gentle old face that greeted him from the partly-opened door.

"Oh, my! More snow!" She looked out past him with anxiety in her glance. "Come in, father, come in! You've been to the post-office?"

"Um—m—m! No letters."

"Oh, my!" said the little white-haired woman again—this time in dismay. "No *letters?*"

"None. Just a package. Don't recognize the handwriting. I met," he was hanging his hat on the antlered hall-rack, "I met Father Robertson. He'll say last Mass to-morrow, so I reminded him he's due here for dinner."

"I should think so. We'll have confessions in the morning, as usual, I suppose?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Matthison preceded her husband into the low-ceilinged, comfortable sitting-room. It was not richly furnished, as furnishings go nowadays, but it had a reposeful, contented look. The chairs were big and soft and wide of seat and arm. It was a room to dream in. Many were the dreams it had held, many were the dreams it had seen come true!

Mr. Matthison took the package from his pocket, and cut the string that bound it. Inside were a dozen handsome linen handkerchiefs. A dainty silver purse held a card: "A Merry Christmas to mother!" On the handkerchiefs another card was pinned: "A Merry Christmas to father!"

Mother looked at the gifts rather oddly.

"Who sent them?" she asked in a cold tone. Father gave her a suspicious glance.

"Why," he stammered, "I—I—don't know."

"It isn't in the handwriting of any of the children."

"No," said father.

Mother put the gifts on the table, and taking his arm led him over to the piano. All the ornaments had been removed from its

low top. Packages wrapped in the white tissue paper and holly ribbon sacred to Christmas covered it.

"Those are for the children, and they're all marked," she said pointedly.

Father looked uneasy.

"Come here," went on mother's cold voice. She brought him out to the pantry. It was filled with the good things she and her neighbors had been preparing for over a week, because "the children would surely come home this Christmas!" Even the turkey, the goose and the ham lay on the cold marble table, the huge fowl stuffed and trussed and ready for the morning's fire.

"Those are for the children," said mother. She turned toward the sitting-room. She did not feel grieved. She was too hurt. She waved her hand about her.

"Where are they?" she asked. "We've lived for them, planned for them, loved them. We've educated them, sacrificed for them. We have done our duty. Where are they?"

Father did not answer.

"Christmas Eve! And not one of our four children has thought of us, has sent us a single postcard."

"These," began father, faintly, pointing to the table.

"Those!" exclaimed mother, scornfully. "Why, whoever sent them was too busy to put a name on them!"

Father drew a long breath.

"Well," he said doggedly, "I'm not going to give them up yet—it's only Christmas Eve."

"Yes," said mother, and now there was a faint note of weariness in her voice. "Yes, it's Christmas Eve."

The word brought home other Christmas Eves. She sat down in her chair, father crossed to his, and picked up his pipe from the window-sill. For a space the two were silent. The coal crackled in the stove, the lamp shed a soft pink glow over the room, the big white cat stretched herself lazily, turned round and lay down again upon the rug. It was a pleasant, homelike, happy scene.

"I—I thought Edward would come, surely," said the mother, at last. "He promised—and there was his marriage this year."

"A son is a son till he gets him a wife," said father.

"You weren't," flashed mother. "If every son—"

"I know," said father. "But we only did our duty, and you helped me."

Again silence.

"Edward has been good. He was always a good boy."

"It cost him nothing."

"I suppose she has her people," continued mother. "It's natural. A bride, too! She would want to spend Christmas with her mother."

"After Jessie married, *her* particular point was that she had to spend it with *his* mother."

"But they are such *queer* folk!" excused mother, growing calmer as father's wrath seemed to be stirring. "Jessie could not help herself."

"Maybe not," he agreed, absently. "How many Christmases since then, mother?"

"Three," she answered, this time without excusing comment.

"There's John, too!"

"Poor foolish John," whispered mother.

"And Esther."

"With her four babies! There's an excuse for Esther," said mother.

"Of course," said father, dryly; "there's an excuse for them all. They're busy—too busy to think of us. I sold the Spring Valley property to put Edward through college. You gave all the money Aunt Mary left you to send Jess and Esther to the conservatory. While John—"

Mother suddenly covered her eyes with her hand.

"Those were only money sacrifices. Who cares for money? We gave them a religious training. We brought them up—they were good Catholics. The girls loving, affectionate; Edward honest and upright. It may be our own fault about John. We should have kept *him* home. He was a born farmer. The city has ruined him."

"Not—not that, Edward."

"Why not that? It's the truth," bitterly.

"We couldn't keep him. The others went."

"Yes. They went. Our clever, clean, ambitious children. It took them from us and now it blots us from their very memory. Our lawyer son, whose name is constantly before the public, does not even acknowledge our existence. Our flyaway young daughter (mother winced at the word), 'her voice ever at the service of charity, in spite of her husband's great wealth,' to quote that last bit of balderdash we read, has not sent us one tender wish. Yet my sacrifice made his greatness possible, and yours, hers! John—"

His voice broke. Mother was afraid of the feeling that lay behind that broken sentence.

"We are sure of Esther, at least," she said, hurriedly.

"Oh, I don't think anything could change little Esther. But her children absorb her as completely as ours once absorbed us. We cannot blame her. We cannot blame ourselves. They were brought up *right!*" He struck the arm of his chair, emphatically. "They were brought up to work and respect workers. To put God before all and their country after God. We have nothing to regret."

"Nothing," she breathed.

"And yet—they belong to the world. They are the world's—not ours. And we—are we theirs?" He rose and began to pace the room. "Mother, I wonder—"

"Yes, Edward."

"We have none of them to wish us the joys of the Christmas season. It is lonesome without the children. Let us go to them."

"Go—to—them?" Mrs. Matthison stared. "How? Where?"

"To the city."

Mrs. Matthison sat bolt upright, regarding him with sudden anxiety.

"Are you crazy, Edward Matthison?"

"No."

"The city? What would we do in the city?"

"We would wish our children—one after the other—a Merry Christmas."

"Edward!"

"It was our habit in the days of old to gather about the little home altar, and say our prayers in honor of the Christ Child. It was our custom, every Christmas morning, to kneel in our mission chapel, go to confession before Mass and receive Our Lord. The world has taken our children away from us. I want to see if it has taken them from God."

"Edward! It's so far! I'm afraid!"

"Of what? I'll be with you, mother."

She smiled tremulously.

"It's such a long journey! And there's Father Robertson! And, oh, we can't miss Communion."

"Four hours—is that long? We'll reach the city at nine o'clock, if we hurry a bit, and catch the 5:10. We'll hire one of

those taxicabs we read so much about. We'll visit the four of them, and get back to the station in time for the twelve o'clock express. Sleep in the train, home at four."

"Edward, please, there's Mass! And Holy Communion! And dinner! And Father Robertson!"

"We'll have Mrs. Story over to help with the dinner while we get rested up after our journey."

"Good gracious, father! Good gracious! It's terrible! I don't know what to say."

"Don't say anything, mother. We're going."

The little lady's hands fluttered.

"I'm sure, Edward—but we can't."

"We can, mother. And we will!"

"It doesn't seem exactly right—how can we go to Communion?"

"I guess He will understand," said Mr. Matthison grimly. "He knows what I'm after."

"Oh, Edward! If we could! Perhaps—there's that new fur coat you got me last month. I know we can't. If anything happened! If there was a train wreck, or anything! My black silk is all ready. I'm sure this is only a crazy notion."

"Hold hard, mother, hold hard! Don't get excited! I've something else to say!"

"Yes, Edward!" But her voice trembled.

"No matter how they beg, no matter how they plead, no matter what the circumstances in which you find them, you are not to stay."

"Why, of course, Edward! Why, we couldn't stay! There's Father Robertson."

"Go on then and get ready. Wear the black silk and all the fixings. We're not quite backwoods folk yet, I'm thinking. And be ready to tie that bow for me—I never could manage a bow tie myself."

Mother, flushed of cheek and with a new brightness in her eyes, rose and went out of the room. She had been old when she sat down, but now she felt as if twenty years had been lifted from her shoulders. The spice of novelty, the daring of the thing, appealed to her—as much as the joy of seeing those who were so dear in spite of their neglect. Father waited until he heard her moving about in the room upstairs; then he put his hand in his pocket and drew a letter from it—a letter which he had not dared show mother. He looked down at the written sheet and the words seemed to glare at him.

"Of course they'll all be home.....no place for me..... I'm a failure.....it's my own fault.....but I'll see what strange lands and new faces can do.....the little chapel.....the early morning Mass.....I can't forget.....if I could go back....."

He caught the note of unhappiness through the words. It stung him.

"John is not the sort of chap to write a letter like this to his folks," he thought, folding up the sheet, and putting it away. "Unless—it has a ring I don't like. I'm an old fool, perhaps—but then, *he's my boy!*"

Edward Matthison—lawyer Edward Matthison (who would one day, his friends asserted, be Governor Matthison)—stood up to answer Dr. Wilson's toast.

He had been annoyed when informed that this dinner had been planned by a score of his colleagues of the Ten Eyck. In the first place it was Christmas Eve, and if the majority of these men had not been bachelors and club folk, they would have known better than to drag a man out of his home on this one particular evening of the year. So his young wife told him, rather vexedly, but when he agreed with her, and even suggested declining the honor, she became alarmed. It would not do to interfere with anything that meant the furtherance of her husband's ambitions.

Mr. Matthison's was to be the speech of the evening. It was expected of him. He had a certain dry wit that could send a serious subject home in a way that no other man had succeeded even in imitating. They called him, affectionately, the Mark Twain of the Ten Eyck. But just as he cleared his throat a servant approached, looked at him, hesitated, and turned away. Matthison caught the look. There was something puzzled in it. Something peculiar.

"What is it, Jerry?"

"Why, sir," stammered Jerry in a low tone, "there's a lady and gentleman who insist on seeing you."

"Seeing—"

"They're not the sort one would like to refuse, sir; you know, sir."

"But, Jerry, their names."

"They will not give their names."

Matthison looked about him, smiling.

"Might I have a minute?" he asked. "Callers."

A murmur arose. They were friends and privileged.

"Oh, I say, Ned," began one.

"Tell them he's gone fishing," put in another.

But just then a figure stood framed in the doorway of the private dining-room—the figure of a handsome, gray-haired man, his irreproachably neat costume a little old-fashioned in cut, perhaps, but worn with an air of distinction. Back of him was a slighter form, robed in fur, and the young man caught a glimpse of a woman's face, old and sweet and tender, whose eyes sought his almost pleadingly.

"My father! My mother!" he exclaimed. Edward Matthison sprang from his place at the table, his hands outstretched, his face alight with joy. "What a surprise! Gentlemen, this is my father!" He turned to them with pride in his gesture and tones. "And my mother."

He did not finish. The old man cut him short, nodding.

"We're going on," he said. "We were told we'd find you here, and now that we've seen you we'll be going on."

"Going on? Where?"

"We are paying visits this evening," said father, grimly, and the curt, cold voice struck oddly on Edward Matthison's ears. "We've already been to your home. Your wife," he looked at him meaningly, "has gone to church."

"Yes, father, but—"

"We leave on the twelve o'clock train."

"Leave! For home! Why, father, it's Christmas Eve!"

"So it is!" drawled father. "Somehow, mother and I couldn't forget it. What memories the old folk have! I hope," with a glance at the richly spread table, "you've remembered it's a fast day?"

"Yes, I did!" burst out his son. "I thought of that much, anyhow!"

"Um—m—m!' said father. "Good!" he laughed. "Think of the rest—there's more of it. Good-by, Edward. Merry Christmas!"

"But, mother—you—"

"Good-by, my dear boy! I'm going with father." She kissed him tenderly. "A Merry Christmas."

So father gave his arm to the little old lady and they vanished as they had come.

In the warm darkness of the taxicab, mother was putting her

handkerchief to her eyes, when father surprised her by bursting out into a hearty laugh—so long a laugh and so genuine a one that she was forced to smile at him, albeit a little tremulously.

"Oh, father dear, that was hard!"

"My! My!" said father, "didn't he look like the little shaver of twenty years ago caught in the very act! Hard! Don't you believe it, mother! We're teaching a lesson—and it must be taught to-night. Leave the world to enjoy its banquets and its feasts if you like, but the place for every Catholic man or woman who has a home is to be in it, making ready for another and holier feast!" He spoke emphatically. "Edward won't forget his reminder in a hurry!" He chuckled again and again. "But you," he went on, anxiously, "you are not cold or excited or nervous or—"

"I like it," confessed mother, with a laugh. "I'm perfectly satisfied to discover we're not old folks at home, but young folks abroad. How do you feel, father?"

"Somewhere in the twenty-fives, I believe."

"And I'm not a day past twenty-one!"

"Twenty-one, mother! Sixteen! It would be treason to think you an hour past your sixteenth birthday!"

"At any rate, I'm enjoying myself," said mother. "And—but the man is slacking up, Edward."

"Yes, we must be at Jessie's."

They were. A very gorgeous personage opened the door, and shook his head when they asked for Mrs. Bradford.

"Mrs. Bradford is not at home this evening," he said, pompously.

"Where is she?" demanded father.

"Not at home, sir, I said, not at home."

Father drew himself up, haughtily.

"Young man, you tell Mrs. Bradford—"

"But sir, I can't, sir. She gave orders—"

"Confound you!" roared father. "You tell her that Mr. Matthison wants to see her. And hurry up about it."

The man obeyed. Very few disobeyed father when he prompted them in such a manner. Half-way up the stairs he halted. A lady was coming down—a veritable vision, clad in shimmering draperies.

"Henry! What is the matter? Oh—"

She stopped, stared, hesitated. Then with a cry she ran down

the rest of the stairs, and caught the little old lady, fur cloak and all, in a pair of strong, young arms.

"Mother, father! Oh, dearest, dearest, dearest!" she cried, ecstatically. "Oh, what a surprise, what happiness! How—"

"Wait a minute, Jess, wait a minute, girl," interrupted her father, while Henry discreetly withdrew. "Where are you going?"

"Nowhere, now," laughed the beautiful girl, rapturously. "Do you think—"

"Hold on," warned father. "Where *were* you going?"

"There is a musical. I was to sing."

"Ah! Been to church yet?"

"Why, no, I—I—meant to go—but—but—I was surely going Saturday!"

"Um—m—m!" remarked father. "You go get your gewgaws off and go to-night. You've been brought up different to this, Jessie."

"But it was only *one* song, father, and I promised, and—"

"God gave you your voice, girl, and your mother the means of educating it. Go to church and thank Him for it."

"Oh, father, you make me feel so *ashamed!*"

"Good! I'm glad! Supposing God had come knocking at the door this night, instead of your old father. Just look at it like that." There were tears in the spoiled blue eyes, but he would not see them. "Come, mother."

"Going?" the girl faltered, the tears brimming over now. "Going? Would you leave me? On Christmas Eve? Would *you,* mother?"

"Christmas Eve?" drawled father. "Why, so it is! So it is! What memories the old folk have nowadays!"

Jessie Bradford watched them go, her hands outstretched appealingly, her head bent, her eyes fastened on them until the door of the cab slammed behind them, and the vehicle rolled silently away. She forgot her social triumphs, her ambitions, her acquired worldliness. She was little loving Jessie Matthison again—and they—

"Oh, he's right, he's right!" she breathed. "And I'm a wicked, ungrateful, miserable girl!"

She drew a deep breath, and turned slowly toward the stairs. Henry appeared from the rear of the hall.

"The car is waiting, Mrs. Bradford."

"I'm going out, but I won't use the car to-night, Henry. Tell him to take it back."

"Oh, Edward!" said the little old lady, squeezing her husband's hand. "Wasn't she lovely? Wasn't she? I never thought our pretty Jessie could look so astonishingly beautiful! Why, she seemed a real princess! Did you notice the diamond necklace?"

"No, I didn't," said the old man, a little bitterly. "I didn't notice the necklace, maybe for thinking there's another necklace would be more becoming! A baby's chubby arm, mother, a baby's chubby arm!"

Mother was silent. Jessie had been her father's favorite, the pride of his heart. Their encounter had been a sore disappointment to him, she knew.

The taxicab plunged into the darkness of a side street, lonely and deserted, and stopped before a low, two-storied house—a pretty little house, with steps leading upward, and an iron rail enclosing a patch of snowy lawn. A dim light shone in the upper rooms. The blinds of the lower were carefully drawn. In answer to their ring a young man came. He was in his shirt sleeves, and smoking a pipe.

"Hello, Rob! Where's Esther?" greeted Mr. Matthison.

"Good heavens, it's father! And at this hour! And mother!" cried Robert Newell, the pipe almost dropping from his mouth in astonishment.

"Where's Esther?" repeated father again, shaking hands heartily.

"Here," said Esther's husband. He opened the door of a cosy little sitting-room. Esther Newell sat before a fire which burned in the open grate, a baby of about six months old lying across her lap. Above the fireplace were four small stockings, and in the corner of the room stood a half-dressed Christmas tree, on which the young man had been working, evidently. His wife looked up as he spoke, and when she saw the two her tired face was transfigured.

"Oh, father! Father!" she cried. "And mother!"

Love, longing, wonder, were in her voice. Above the baby she stretched out her arms, and this time father did not restrain the little old lady, who ran to her, pressing her back in the chair when she would have risen, and kissing the gentle, pale face with loving mother kisses.

"Oh, what beautiful thought brings you here to me—now?" she breathed. "How I have been longing for you—all day long my heart has ached so for home and father and mother, for home, and my own people! Dear as our new ties may be, there is so much sweetness about the old. I couldn't resign myself, but when Robert got back from church—he kept baby while I went—and since then it hasn't hurt so!" There were tears in the young and anxious eyes. "Rob sent off our little gifts—you won't mind their littleness, I know—and I scribbled you a few lines yesterday."

The young man moved nearer, his tender glance on his wife's head.

"The baby has been very sick. The doctor told us to resign ourselves to the worst a few days ago," he explained in a low tone. "But she's a hundred per cent better now. And Esther is all unstrung with watching and worrying."

"I *knew* there was some reason, Esther! I *knew* you would not forget us, darling!" cried Mrs. Matthison, through her tears.

"Forget you? Didn't you get my letter? Oh, don't say you didn't get my letter? I was so ashamed of it—I wrote it with Frances lying on my lap."

"The gifts came, dear," said her mother, "but the letter must have been delayed."

"There's another visit, mother," said father, warningly.

"Going away!" cried Esther. "Going *away!* Oh, impossible! You will not leave us to-night! Whom are you with—Jessie or Edward? Rob will telephone—"

Piteously, imploringly, the old lady looked at her husband. He seemed blind to her entreaty.

"Esther, we are going back on the twelve o'clock train, and we have still another visit," he said, doggedly. "We came to wish you a Merry Christmas! Be a good child, and don't make it harder than it is for mother and me to leave you."

"You have been to Jessie and Edward, then?"

"Yes. Now we're going to John."

"John!" murmured Esther. "He and I are strangers. He does not come near us, and we have our hands too full to visit him. But," she added, in a cheerful voice, "it won't last. The children will soon be bigger." She looked at her mother almost happily.

"Good-by, Esther, dear. Let us know how the little one gets along. Come, mother."

"Yes, yes," said mother. She had promised and she would

keep her word, but her heart ached for the tired young mother sitting there with the sick baby on her lap.

"What a contrast!" she said. "Think of the difference in her life and Jessie's."

Her husband's voice was very gentle.

"Which would *you* rather be, mother?"

"Esther, of course, with all her worries. Doesn't it seem as if Esther's life is repeating ours? It brought me back to the time when they were little."

"We were drawn closer by our trials as Rob and Esther will be drawn by theirs," said father. "I would have preferred to stay. I did not want to leave her, either....Robert is a fine character.... a man....But—" He lapsed into silence. A more powerful incentive drove him on, she felt, one that she had not yet fathomed.

A bachelor's apartment on Christmas Eve is not apt to be an enticing place for two people like father and mother. The elevator man let them off at the fifth floor.

"No. 62—that's Mr. Matthison," he said.

"No. 62!" breathed mother in an undertone. "My boy caged in a great beehive, in which he is No. 62."

"Worker or drone?" asked father.

They knocked at the door of No. 62, but received no answer. They could not discover the bell, and so turned the knob. It yielded to the touch. The little hall was in darkness, but a stream of light came through a door, partly ajar, a few feet beyond. Father went first. Snatches of those written words danced before him. "No place for me.....I can't go back.....it's my own fault....." He stood, filling up the open space with his tall, heavy-coated figure, and mother could not see beyond him.

"Where are you going, John?"

The young man gasped, started, and straightened up from the valise that lay open on the table.

"Father!" he breathed. "*You* here?"

"I'm here," he said. "So is mother." He moved aside. The little lady followed him in. John Matthison, haggard, pale, ill-looking, grasped the back of a near-by chair.

"You?" he muttered thickly. "I—I must be dreaming!"

"No," said father, "you're not. We've come for you." His tone was very gentle, and mother, with her keen instinct, knew at once why this journey had been planned and undertaken. It was for John, poor, foolish, prodigal John, who stood stricken before

them. "We've come for you. To wish you a Merry Christmas—and—to—bring—you—home."

"Home!" The young man laughed under his breath. "What do you want with a failure like me?"

"Get your hat and coat," said father. Mother fidgeted. Father looked as if he were ready to roar again.

"Why, you—"

"You're coming home, now," said the old man, firmly, "and you're going to stay home. The city isn't for you, John. Your soul isn't of the sort that can thrive or grow here. We'll close the door on this foolish life of yours. God meant you to be a good farmer, my boy, to handle a plow instead of a pen, so come back to your own place and your own work. It's been waiting for you ever since you went away."

He obeyed, as he had in earlier and happier years, unquestioningly, and without protest. He had been on the brink of that evil of despair whither souls tend who have forgotten God, and whom the evil one delights in torturing. But his father's love, inspired by heaven, had saved him from unknown depths.

He left his careless years behind him forever. He slept once more in his old room under the eaves, "close to the angels," as mother used to say. He went to early Mass with them, and kept Father Robertson a long, long time in the confessional. But when he came out no one would have known John Matthison for the same man. They sat down to the bounteous Christmas feast, father and mother and prodigal and gray-haired servant of God, and the thanksgiving that rose from every heart must have reached, surely, the throne of the Infant Saviour.

Later, when Father Robertson had gone, the young man, holding an arm of each, stood between them.

"I come to you empty-handed," he said. "And I have nothing to give you but myself. It isn't much of a Christmas gift, but I'll make it worth while if you'll take it."

"Gladly," said father, with a ring of joy in his tones. "You have no gift that would mean more. You are never going back?"

"I am never going back," said the young man. "Never."

"He is a good boy, our John," said the mother, gently, when he had left them. "They're all good children. Only so young, so young, and so thoughtless! They'll learn better."

"They've learned," said father, in an odd voice. "I don't think the lesson will ever have to be repeated." And it never had.

THE GENESIS OF KANT'S CRITICISM.[1]

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

I.

TIME out of mind, the intelligence of man has been likened to his physical power of sight. "The light of reason" is a phrase as old as the hills, and "the mind's eye" cannot be one much younger. Early Christian writers were fond of portraying human reason as a reflected ray of the light divine, shining in a darkness that seldom comprehended and then but ill. Poetic, some will say, and very charming, but a conception not attuned in temper to these tougher-minded times when we look to the "slimy ooze" for the secrets of our origin. Tastes are proverbially no subject for discussion, and we are not going to enter here upon a defence of the idea mentioned—a more immediate point concerning us, which we would fain see more impartially studied and less summarily dismissed: How far, namely, is this mental light capable of penetrating, this mind's eye of seeing? What is the actual area covered by "the luminous spot" in consciousness?

Do the relations of things—essential ones only, of course—fall within this lighted area and there become visible, or is it only the bare essences of things, their purely individual nature and specific inner structure, that here disclose themselves to sight? The ability to see things in themselves, apart from all beings other, and the ability to see them in relation, are vastly different powers of vision. Has Thought the first of these abilities only, or the latter also? Must we say that it can see directly, but not obliquely? Or, should we not rather admit, and frankly, that Thought has the power to detect those essentially connective relations which are really as much a part of every subject as the essence itself, there being nothing in the world of mind or in the world of matter that can by any stretch of fancy be considered wholly individual or completely unrelated. Thought would have a life of its own in such a case. It could move along the relations it saw to the inex-

[1] Beginning a critical review of the principles of modern thought and the conclusions to which they have led and are still leading. All the articles, except the first two, will appear under different titles and may be read independently.

haustible vistas which these open up. It would bring the eyes of an architect to its work and not be content with mere analysis, were this the way it functioned. And did Kant see Thought in this its larger, truer light, or was it on the narrower aspect only that his critical vision dwelt?

On the answer to the question thus abruptly put, the whole worth of Kant's criticism depends, as also much, if indeed not most, of what has since been written in disparagement of the human intellect. The attempts of recent theorists, for instance, to find a footing elsewhere than in Thought for a progressive philosophy of life refer back to this question for the explanation of their origin. The movement to derationalize history, to rid the mind of what is called " its inherited sophistication "—whether it bid us cultivate that non-analytical power of appreciation which Bergson calls intuition, or dwell in the moving world of sense experience, and there, with James, enjoy the restless search for rest; whether it aim at blowing out all the lights in religion, or at making the world appear as waywardness on the march—behold, in a movement deriving its origin from a negative answer to the question put, whitherward philosophers shall be blown in the years that are yet to be. No further introduction to the subject is necessary; consequences are the best spokesman it could have.

A paragraph, ere we begin, on matters more or less of a personal character. In a series of articles undertaken more than a full twelvemonth since, and subsequently published in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD,[2] an attempt was made by the present writer to trace the influence of Pietism on the mental formation of Immanuel Kant, the father and founder of modern philosophical Criticism. During the course of the theme's unfolding, in that part, especially,[3] which had to do with the disputed origin and worth of the idea of causality, the problem of computing the drift of religious influence on Kant's singular mentality suddenly found itself displaced in interest, if not in importance, by the discovery of what seemed to be the cardinal point on which his whole philosophy was turning. This cardinal point proved to be none other than his purely analytic conception of the nature and activity of Thought.[4] He had set it down for a mere analyst, and was criticizing it from this inadequate point of view.

[2] THE CATHOLIC WORLD, July-December, 1914, *Completing the Reformation.*
[3] *Ibid.*, October, 1914, pp. 2-12.
[4] *Ibid.*, October, 1914, pp. 9-12.

The ease with which this discovery explained away[5] the new series of judgments which Kant invented—"synthetic *a priori*" he called them—seemed a fair earnest of what might be expected of its explanatory force in other portions of the Critical Philosophy. The press of other matters urging, the suggestion was pursued no further at the time, but left to kindle such reflections as it might in the mind of the thoughtful reader. In the meanwhile there had appeared, though a full year passed before the writer saw them, a profound series of articles[6] dealing with the problem suggested. To these as well as to a searching volume published by Clodius Piat[7] years before, in which the fundamental point at issue between Kant and traditional philosophy had been carefully threshed out, frank acknowledgments are due for the clearing-up of thought that followed upon their reading. And with these relations of indebtedness acknowledged, we now turn to the more immediate pursuit of the subject in hand.

The problem is to determine if Kant's criticism of Thought actually proceeded upon an adequate conception of the nature of that power. Certainly, if his discussion of the principle of causality were to be taken as a test case, the answer would have to be in the negative. The governing consideration with him in this portion of his writings is too plain to be mistaken: Concepts are unrelated, and Thought mere insight into them as such. Read him over and over again, and you will realize that he is making the most he can of this dubious pair of assumptions. He seems to have made up his mind, that the intellect cannot furnish itself with an objective content, unless experience come to its aid. And so far forth, none will say him nay. The fact of a man's going blind, or a dog's being short a paw, or a squirrel's not having the dull gray coat usual with his kind, are beyond the power of unaided Thought to discover. Actual experience alone can acquaint us with such contingencies as these. No scrutinizing of the principle of identity would ever bring us to their cognizance, any more than it could inform us that Cæsar fell at the foot of Pompey's statue, or that "a wandering summer of the sea" exists, called the Gulf Stream. One hardly requires to be told twice that Thought is not competent, of itself, to make such particular discoveries.

But is that all there really is to the matter? Surely, the rela-

[5] THE CATHOLIC WORLD, October, 1914, p. 10.

[6] *La métaphysique du Kantisme*, by Pierre Charles, *Revue de Philosophie*, February, March, April, 1913; April, June, 1914.

[7] *L'Idée*, Paris, 1895.

tions of cause, origin, dependence, solidarity, self-insufficiency, createdness, and the like, stand on an entirely different footing from these. Thought does not have to fear the possibility of the contrary when it is question of relations rooted in the nature of things. It stands not upon the order of its seeing in such cases, but sees at once, experience making the vision numerically larger, if you will, though not adding to its surety a single whit. There are relations and relations. Some of them are as casual as the chair in which the reader of these lines has chosen to sit for their perusal. Others he carries about with him in his own being, whatever posture he assume—as a part inalienable of his very self. Relation is an appanage of the Divine inwardly as it is of the human outwardly. Each of us is as much towards Another as centrally within himself. The sea has its whisperings of the great Beyond, and so have we, nor is Thought impotent to hear and heed.

It was for having approached the study of relations with an intellect theoretically shut off from their detection, that Kant saw in the idea of a thing's having had a beginning, nothing more than the brute fact that it had once begun to be. A faculty that could only peer and pry into an unrelated concept or essence, had no power to see that concept or essence in the framework of constitutional relations in which it stood. So that it should occasion no wonder, this inability of Kant's to discover the idea of "cause" in the idea of "beginning." If C is C, and B is B, we should justly be surprised to find either in the other. And should we further discern that B is always connected in our experience with C; in other words, that no sooner do we have the idea of "beginning" than the idea of "cause" at once emerges as its inseparable mate—there would be nothing anywhere discoverable in the luminous spot in consciousness, to throw the least light on the joining of the two. How could there be, on the supposition that concepts are all non-communing, and Thought able only to analyze the unrelated?

But take away this supposition, and what is left of Kant's criticism of causality? Nothing but his severance theory of objects, and his analytical theory of Thought and its concepts, neither of which can maintain itself a moment in the light of what science has to say on the interdependence of all things in Nature, and of what psychology proclaims concerning the solidarity of all things in Mind. The causal idea is not impaired at all by the criticism. Two theories are invoked to dispossess the idea of all objective worth and bearing; neither of the two theories thus invoked having

been critically established beforehand; nay, both of them being incapable of critical establishment,[8] and one of them, at least, falling clearly foul of the ascertained facts of science.

Were these two theories general with him? Was the genesis of his whole Criticism to be laid at their door? Could it be possible, dared one even think, much less say, that on this doubly deficient base the whole superstructure of his philosophy had been reared? Had the fates been really so unkind to the founder of philosophical criticism, as to let him cast his eagle eye on all things else save the two on which everything he was to say depended? Did he so far forget the solidarity of human concepts and the fraternity, so to speak, of physical things, as to de-socialize and over-individualize the native, natural character of both? Had the austere champion of the Will and severe critic of the Intellect no more smashing thunderbolt than a misconception with which to rive the mind of man asunder and reappoint all his ways? It did not seem credible. Homer may have nodded, but fallen fast asleep—never! The very supposition had an explanatory ease about it that bred distrust and bade one be wary of playing fast and loose with great names.

The most natural thing to do when an explanatory hypothesis like this timorously suggests itself and begs a trial, is to test it out, with a view to seeing whether it breaks down under the task of accounting for so strange a genius as Kant, or holds up steadily under the strain of explanation, refusing to give way. The most effective kind of criticism, after all, is the sympathetic: putting oneself in another's place, peering out at the world through his mind's eye, and then, if need be, opening ours a little wider to gather in and garner the vision that he missed. The critic's vocation is not unlike the actor's: he should sympathetically become, for the time and occasion being, the character he would interpret and portray, whether he believe in him or no; and to bring about this psychological exchange of personality, the prime requisite is to discover the secret founts and central fires of that other's inspiration. Only by discovering these, and moving forwards from them with him whom we would impersonate, can we intelligently occupy his standpoint, feel the cross-currents of his mental life, experience the force of his logical temptations, and lay hold of the idea that presided over the destinies of his spirit and foreordained its ways. Criticism loses none of its force, nay it gains immeasurably by allying itself with this explorative sort of sympathy, which teaches us, as nothing

[8] THE CATHOLIC WORLD, October, 1914, p. 11.

else so well could, that the paths of error are sometimes easy and the ways of truth not always plain. And so we turn here from dogmatic to sympathetic criticism, putting ourselves in Kant's place, for the sake of the more enlightening insight this change of method is bound to bring; and asking ourselves the hypothetical question, whether—such a theory of Thought as we have described, being considered central and dominant with him—a consistent light of explanation is thereby shed on the genesis of his Criticism and the vicissitudes of mind through which he passed. And we shall be sure of having the right key, should things so fall out in our own mind as they did in Kant's and bid us press forwards in his mental tracks.

Imagine yourself, therefore—from a reading of Leibnitz, an acquaintance with Wolff, and a growing dislike for rationalism generally, though you had begun your literary career by espousing its cause—imagine yourself comfortably settled in the notion that concepts are all so strictly individual in character, that it is impossible for the intellect to cross from any one of them to any other, its work being at an end, its operative power exhausted when it has once succeeded in framing these pale replicas of things. A synthetic activity on the part of the intellect is manifestly impossible to one holding such a view of concepts, and you would not be slow in seeing that it was. Occupy the standpoint for a moment and let yourself go whitherward it beckons: Concepts are solitary; Thought analytic; things individual and determinate—highly complex, most of them, in their variety of detail. How would you go about effecting the reconcilement and synthesis of these three?

The first difficulty to loom up large upon your vision would be the enormous difference between Thought and Sensation. Presumably ordained to lay things bare to the core and acquaint us intimately with their many-sided nature—what does Thought do? Assuredly not what it should. Take any object you please: that cart rattling down the stony street; that dog beside your desk, pleading with you to leave it for a romping; that flower in the cranny, which if you knew, you would "know what God and man is," as the poet says. What has your respective concept of any of these three objects to tell you in their regard? Merely that a cart is a cart, a dog a dog, a flower a flower! It will never give you what the images of all these three contain: the life, the dash, the glow, the rush of individuality. Thought seems so thin and pale when measured alongside sensation. You turn to your concept,

and it offers you the vague and indeterminate; to your sense intuition, and it is all aglow with what Professor James used to call "the thickness and detail of real life." Your attempt at a synthesis has received its first check. The utter inadequacy of Thought to represent sensation has established itself beyond all doubt. What a wide chasm, you say to yourself, gapes and yawns between the intelligible and the sensible, the noumenon and the phenomenon, reality and appearance.

What is the relation between the two? you would next naturally ask. Can there be any real continuity between such apparent opposites as these? Has Thought any intuitive power of its own, or are all intellectual intuitions objectless—mere mental frames for the moving pictures of experience, mere outlines which sense paints in and over with the colors of reality? The latter obviously. Thought has no power of intuition, save of the most negative sort. Asked for bread, it will but furnish the flour with which to make it; asked for the living, it gives us a skeleton of the dead! Sensibility alone enjoys intuitive power. Thought is unable to procure an objective content for itself. Behold sensation waking it up repeatedly, and offering it untold richness of material in this determinate object or that, which it sets before it—and what does Thought do? Simply murmurs its constant refrain that A is A, and goes to sleep again.

Leibnitz, and the philosophers who went before, regarded Thought as a clarifier of sensation; it analyzed the confused, indistinct masses presented by sense, singling out the many it thus discovered in the one. Would you, in Kant's place and working out from his preaccepted principles, be inclined to look upon this traditional view with favor? Would you not, rather, say, as he did, that the work of Thought is not to clarify sensation, but to outline it in advance by a series of preparatory sketches? Thought, you would argue, is an anticipation of experience, not a resultant. Its function is to trace possibilities, not to clear up actualities. The theory of closed concepts with which you started your speculative career has brought you in its course thus far to more than one *impasse* too difficult for overcoming. But it is proving suggestive of new thoughts on old themes, new ways of looking at threadbare topics, and you are correspondingly rejoiced at the fresh area for reflection which it floods.

Space and time, for instance—those two elusive categories that hold us all so tightly in their toils—are they the extrinsic measures

of distance and duration antiquity considered them to be? Hardly. You would no longer look upon them as relations discoverable by Thought, or as entities appraisable by sense—how could you, when Thought is not a clarifier of sensation, and concepts stand as much out of intercourse as lone and barren islands in the deep. Space and time, you would say to yourself, are simply the previous conditions of sensation, the grounds of its possibility, the anticipation of its deliverances, the foreordaining of its range. Pure subjectivities both! Having long since separated Thought from sensation, you see in both these faculties now not one continuous report of reality, but two independent accounts. The thing-in-itself becomes the relationless reality corresponding to your unrelated concepts. You are as far as ever from the synthesis you contemplated making, in which subject, object, and idea would somehow, you hoped, be brought together. But as a solace for this failure, you have "new discoveries" to your credit—startling, revolutionary, reforming; your name is on the lips of them that sit in the gates, and pilgrimages are made to your unpretentious home in East Prussia, as to a shrine which genius chose for the latest seat of its manifestations.

Would not the above set of conclusions, I ask you, reader, appear a most natural course for your reflections to take, were you to preaccept Kant's foundation for them, and let yourself build as that foundation bade? You will not be surprised, therefore, to learn that during the precritical period of his career,[9] the philosopher of Königsberg actually took the several positions indicated, publishing the results to a world then as now most avid of the new. The supposition that Thought is purely analytic, and its concepts all separate accounts of "things-in-themselves," bore its fruits thus early, and was destined later to have a still more generous yield. For, once the idea took hold of him, that Thought is an unwrapping process, incapable of seeing how the things it unwraps are tied, there was nothing left for him to do but to criticize it for discharging its appointed task so poorly. How familiar now has this charge of impotency against Thought become, especially since the literary brilliancy of James and the vived imagery of Bergson have dressed it up in the fineries of speech for the delectation of the commons. Reality is so rich and Thought so poor. The intellect is such a disappointing performer. Out upon it for an idler!

But stay your condemnation a moment. It may be that you have none too well understood the nature of the thing on which

[9] THE CATHOLIC WORLD, September, 1914, pp. 768-770.

you are about to pass sentence. Suppose, for instance, that the object of Thought is not the individual, but the *common;* not the determinate and particular, but the indeterminate and general—would not the criticism you were about to launch against the intellect for not being adequate to sensation and its lumpish mass of particulars, be wholly misdirected in that case? If the object of Thought is being in general, not being in particular, we should recognize the fact, and not reverse it as if matters really stood the other way about. Fairness requires that we apply no foreign test to any instrument, or judge of its efficiency by a line of action not consonant with its scope. And who has ever found support in experience or footing in reason for the narrow claim that Thought is essentially and exclusively taken up with the analysis of unrelated particulars? A study of psychology reveals no limitation of the sort. The first notion of the babe, according to James, is a vague *that,* not a *what* at all—which being interpreted into terms less technical means simply that the child has grasped reality in general through the ball or bauble first engaging its attention. James says also that in touching his first object the babe has actually come in contact with all the later categories of the philosopher. This fact, were we to draw an unsophisticated conclusion from it, as James unfortunately did not, would go far towards showing that from the first dawn of consciousness to its eclipse, the time of Thought is spent in traveling along the illimitable track of this one notion, of which all others are but differences in degree.

And not only the testimony of babes and sucklings, our own more accessible experience goes indubitably to show that Thought is not the mechanical analyst Kant imagined. It does not tear given wholes apart into their components; it sees the common at a glance, and for that reason does not stop to analyze anything fully, but sails off with the vision gained. If there was ever anything that protests against being regarded as a dull, mechanical analyst, that thing is Thought; and we are inclined to the suspicion that Kant must have mistaken his own acquired habits of the plodder for the nature of Thought in general, and seen a student where he should have seen a seer. No one can search the action of Thought in his own experience without rising from the search persuaded that not all the activity of the intellect is analytical by any manner of means. Try to do so yourself, if you think otherwise. The first thing you will notice is that the two operations which Kant separated—namely, analysis and synthesis—are really not separate or

separable at all. They run into each other, they overlap, compenetrate, telescope, and intersect. Scarcely have we begun analyzing any individual subject, when syntheses begin spontaneously to suggest themselves—larger unities, wider visions than the particular one on which our attention happens to be fixed.

The notions of substance, accident, relation, quantity, quality, space, time, cause, effect, essence, force, action, and a host of others similarly general in nature and in sweep, come trooping into the mind to put order, precision, and clearness into the jostling mass of material presented. When we sit down to write an article, an essay, or a speech, we find some general notion or other disciplining the chaotic flow of impressions and rearranging our ideas. We are highly conscious, on such occasions, that the mind is an active assimilator, not a passive recipient, of knowledge. The seething way we go about our task brings the fact home to us in no uncertain measure. We are well aware, too, that analysis and synthesis are companion activities in the elaboration of our theme. There is no doubt in such moments that the mind has something to do with the engendering of knowledge; the latter is no ready-made affair by any manner of means. And thus, in the simple matter of literary composition, we have experienced, perhaps without realizing it, the fundamental problem of all the philosophies: the problem of the origin of these general notions with which our minds are filled. Whence come they? Whitherward do they tend? And to what reality do they correspond?

If we do not divide ourselves off from the objects that surround us, but on the contrary regard ourselves and them as forming integrant parts of a single unitary world, these general notions will appear as objective laws not only of the universe, but of our own minds as well. Law will be seen establishing order in the cosmos as reason establishes it in the workings of the mind.[10] Thought will pulse with a positive dialectic movement in keeping with that of Nature, nay, the reflex of it—and from the very beginning of the knowledge-process to its very end, there will be connection and continuity with the realities of the outer world. The fallacy of thinking that Reality is an abstract unity will reveal itself for the myth it is, none the less so, because philosophers have so long nurtured it in their bosom. Reality will appear, instead, as having degrees and grades, movements and regressions; with the plenitude

[10] *La Triade de la Réalité,* by F. Warrain. *Revue de Philosophie,* April, 1906, p. 373.

of existence nowhere established; with still further spurs of perfection to be won. No individual reality will be completely self-regarding; within it will be found distinctions, relations, elements —call them what you will—which break down its isolation and point beyond the thing itself to a larger system in which it lies included. Likewise there will not be a single isolated concept in the whole domain of mind. Refunding into the central, all-pervading notion of being, and from that proceeding up and out to the myriad others that dot the mental heavens with their lights, differing as star differeth from star in magnitude and glory—concepts will form an open field of connections, through which Thought may move at lightning speed, unhindered. So far from being unable to pass from one concept to another, as Leibnitz, Hume and Kant imagined—Thought will be detected in the act of leaping from the most complex to the most simple, from the most determinate to the most general in joyous despite of the philosophical interdicts of all three. Its way of advancing will not be from the same to the same, but from the same to the different. Its logic will no longer appear as the dull logic of identity—pest take this poke!—but as the live logic of implication and newness. Our concrete concepts of reality will be linked with our abstract concept of the same. The categories will not need to be "schematized." Thought will be synthetic naturally, without any attempt being necessary on our part to make it so by artifice. Reason will not hide its light under a bushel, but let it shine before all men, whether they approve or no.

Turn from this picture to one of more sombre hue. Suppose that by some sore mischance or other, instead of keeping matter and mind together in the solidarity that unites them both, you should, through forgetfulness, say, or design, first methodically, and afterwards really, divide the two—what would happen? The world would fall off into the opposing halves of mind and matter; rivalry would take the place of solidarity; our general notions would appear as laws of the mind *only;* Thought would become a shut-in world of the *general,* with another shut-in world of the *particular,* lying over against it in implacable opposition and severance. Identity would rule Thought as with a rod of iron; diversity take charge of Things with a much freer hand. And Reason—what a spectacle it would make of itself—stiff and rigid amid all these topsy-turvy antics of the world! Abstractions? Nonentities all! The sawdust of the great machine—useless by-products, meaningless superfluities!

This is precisely what happened in Kant's case, and what will happen in yours and mine, should we allow a method, a method of isolating, to become a fact and doctrine with us. His provisional method, at best an artifice, at most a logical device, was suffered to become a metaphysics, and to cut Thought off, not only from the outer world of reality, but from the inner world of experience as well. It discredited all the general notions of the mind, creating between these and our particular impressions a gap of severance that does not really exist. It set Kant to thinking that these notions might be improved upon to our advantage; might be brought, in other words, into real connection with those particular experiences of ours, from which his method had declared them severed. And so he undertook to "schematize" them, one and all; to make them over into generic images which would add a dash of color to their former pallor, and thicken their thinness out into something more tangible to grasp. Accordingly they were brought down from the intellect and lodged in the upper rooms of the imagination where they have been forced to dwell, much against their will, for a century and more, with no signs as yet of their being allowed to return to their ancient place of lodgment. The methodic mishandling of the mind was responsible for this unpardonable displacement of our general notions, though Kant hoped, by so displacing them, to make the work of synthesis *possible.* You see, he did not admit the spontaneousness of the syntheses which the mind is forever framing. And so he had to prove the possibility of the fact by a long and labored process of reasoning; *deducing* his famous synthetic judgments *a priori,* when, with another method to guide him—the one we mentioned first—he might have *recognized* without further ado the existence of just such judgments in the bosom of an undivided mind functioning in an undivided world.

The curious thing about this whole procedure is the fact that a man like Kant, who certainly knew better, should have allowed himself to confound Thought with representation. Reason is essentially the power of conceiving the unrepresentable, as a glance at the general notions mentioned a few paragraphs back will readily disclose. Thinking has a distinctive nature that marks it off from imagining, and we really know more than we can visualize, represent, or reproduce. It is true—we do not deny it—that the representable always accompanies the conceivable, and that when we try to define the latter, we find ourselves in the presence of the former; but the fact that the two are solidary does not mean that they are

the same; and it is an error of the most grievous sort, this attempt to lower Thought to the levels of sensation—this idea that no light is white, because it may be broken up into its seven component colors. The directions, orientations, ideals, tendencies, types, suggestions, and lights that Thought reveals are as real as any imaginative reproductions of them; as much connected and concerned with life; as much and truly a report of reality as any and all of the vivid imagery of sense. If Thought means anything, it means a power of conceiving superior to all possible representation, beyond the limitations of the latter, and not tied to it as to a restricting tether. To make Thought merely synonymous and coextensive with representation is to confine it within bounds set for it by a certain adopted method, like the Cartesian and the Kantian; certainly not set for it by anything observable in experience. What proof is there that Thought does not exist for life—for the larger life of order as against the lower life of chaos and destruction? When Thought lifts us out of the whole field of the representable—does it do so to take us away from life, or to bring us back to it with a larger vision gained and a fresher zest—the vision and zest of freemen, with eyes no longer open only to the visible and representable, but to what lies behind, within, and beyond. Having its feet astride the two continents of mind and matter—why should it be denied of this Colossus, that it has its forehead among the stars?

But the thinness, the pallor of Thought, we hear a critic urging, are serious defects; signs of a light that has failed rather than of one that has pierced the darkness and peopled it with another world. Critics forget—they are always forgetting something—that this thinness, this pallor of Thought is the necessary condition of its acting as an unmasking, synthetic power. Vividness would never do; the lure of the lurid is misleading ever. What *would* the critics? That Thought should face around towards the representations of sense, suppress none of the garish details there found, but leave us forever floundering in their swirl? Must the great liberator be chained, and for what malfeasance, pray, in office? Because, forsooth, the lights which he kindles are of the kind "ne'er seen on sea or land?" But is this a defect? Is it not rather a virtue, in view of the redemptive, reinvigorating insights which it brings? Are lights less lights because they are pallid, and should glare be made the essence of them all? Of course, there is this much to be said, that if Thought really aimed at analyzing things *completely,* its meagre general concepts would show how all too ill

it had succeeded in its task. Impeachment proceedings would be in order against a power so conspicuously inefficient. And only on the false supposition that completeness *is* the end it aims at, can the efficiency experts, from Kant to Bergson, plead a plausible excuse for their tinkering with its nature and deliverances. In fact, the whole criticism levelled against Thought for its inadequacy to sensation dissolves at once on the reflection that Thought analyzes, not to draw up a full bill of particulars concerning any individual, but to secure preliminary footing for its syntheses. Would Kant, think you, ever have written of Thought as disparagingly as he did, if the sociability of concepts and the interdependence of all the items of human knowledge had been the recognized metaphysics and psychology of his time? Stay your condemnation of the intellect, therefore, and review the evidence carefully before pronouncing sentence. A man working with the two categories of *separation and exclusion* as his chief stock in trade has survived his usefulness; his hour has passed.

Dear me! My mind must have a synthetic activity of its own, too, for look what it has done—caught sight of a larger vision when engaged in analyzing a smaller, and gone off in quest of the inviting contrast, pursuing it so far it is now too late to turn back. Space—that category Kant regarded as subjective—makes us for once regret that editors of magazines are none of them practical Kantians, least of all the editor of this. The consoling reflection remains, however, that deviation, like adversity, may have its uses and prove more instructive in the end than the paths that lead straight on. Perhaps, too, we have unwittingly exemplified in our own literary conduct the truth of the thesis for which we are here throughout contending.

OUR LADY IN ART.

BY P. W. BROWNE.

I.

THE Church has ever exercised a potent influence in the domain of art; she has utilized the noblest artistic productions in the service of Faith; and enlisted music, sculpture, architecture and painting as means towards the advancement of her divine mission. The earliest achievements of Christian artistic genius are found within hallowed sanctuaries and monastic cells. Ancient art was consecrated to paganism; and it reached its zenith in giving realism to heathen divinities; temples were erected in their honor; statues represented their beauty and grace, and pictures portrayed the charms of unsanctified humanity. Hence pre-Christian art did little to arrest human degeneracy; facilitated rather than retarded the ruin of states and empires, as it did not stimulate the virtues on which the strength of man is based; nor did it check those depraved tastes and habits which are developed from egotism.

From the beginning of her existence, the Church was fully conscious of the æsthetic influence of paintings; but, on account of their pagan character, she hesitated in earliest times to adopt them in the service of Christianity. There was an added reason for her hesitancy in the strong Semitic composition of the first Christian assemblies. The earliest specimens of Christian pictorial art are found on the sarcophagi of the early centuries, or as mural decorations in the catacombs; but we find traces of paganism in these representations, as Orpheus and Apollo furnished the early symbols of the Redeemer and the Good Shepherd. About the second century we discover an attempt at the portraiture of Our Lord and the Blessed Virgin in the catacombs of St. Calistus, St. Ponziano and St. Priscilla in Rome.

When the Church emerged from the catacombs after the Edict of Milan, artists began to flock to Rome from Byzantium, Antioch and Alexandria; and mosaic which had hitherto been employed in decorative pavement work was now used to portray subjects on the

walls of churches. In 403, the Imperial Court was transferred from Rome to Ravenna, which then became the capital of the West; and during the pastorates of Bishops Ursus, Agnellus and Ecclesius were built the basilica and baptistery, the churches of St. Agatha, St. Celsus, St. Nazarius and St. John the Baptist, in the decoration of which mosaic was extensively employed. Ravenna has been styled by a writer on art "the treasure-house of mosaic."

The schism of the Iconoclasts, which began under Leo, the Isaurian, and distracted the Church for more than a century, wrought havoc in the domain of religious art. The persecution of Leo, who was a merciless, ignorant barbarian, produced a general destruction of the most curious and precious remains of antique art in the East; but the temperate and eloquent apology of Pope Gregory II., addressed to the Emperor Leo, had the effect of mitigating the persecution in the West, where the work of destruction could not be carried out to the same extent as in the Byzantine provinces. Hence it is in Italy only that any important remains of religious art anterior to the Iconoclastic dynasty have been preserved. In his protest to the Isaurian, Pope Gregory says that "if Leo were to enter a school in Italy, and say he prohibited pictures, the children would infallibly throw their horn-books at his head."

The crusades and pilgrimages to the Holy Land in the eleventh and twelfth centuries had a most marked effect on religious art, though this effect was not fully evolved till a century later. Thus a great variety of Byzantine *effigies* became naturalized in Western Europe. The paintings of this period were comparatively rude; and it was not till the thirteenth century that the rigid formalism of the degenerate Byzantine school began to yield to the dawning of a sympathetic sentiment, which found expression in the paintings of Cimabue and Duccio di Siena. Previous to this, painting had been but a lifeless imitation of models furnished by Greek workers in mosaic. The succeeding century—"the wonderful fourteenth"—witnessed the greatest movement in the series of human development; and it became the age of artistic wonders and great creations in the domain of art. With Giotto, drawing became more correct and coloring more subdued. The greatest factor in this development was the great Florentine—Dante Alighieri. He infused into it that mingled poetry, mysticism and theology which governed religious art for more than a century.

II.

"Through all the most beautiful and precious productions of human genius which the Middle Ages and the Renaissance have bequeathed to us, there is one prevailing idea; it is that of an impersonation of beneficence, purity and power standing between an offended Deity and poor, suffering, sinning humanity, and clothed in the visible form of Mary, the Mother of Our Lord."[1]

This theme wrought itself into the life and soul of man; and it has been worked out in the manifestation of his genius. It was a theme which never tired the votaries of pictorial art; and hence we find that some of the most beautiful adornments of these majestic edifices reared during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance period have reference to the person and character of Our Lady. This title came into general use in the day "when knighthood was in flower," for the Blessed Virgin was "The Lady" of all hearts, whose colors all were proud to wear. She was *Notre Dame* to the French; *La Madonna* to the Latin races; and *Unser liebe Frau* to the Germanic people. The religious communities placed themselves under her special patronage. The Cistercians wore white, in honor of her purity; the Servites, black, in respect to her sorrows; the Franciscans enrolled themselves as champions of the Immaculate Conception, and the Dominicans introduced the Rosary.

History has not fixed the period when Our Lady first became a subject of veneration publicly; but it is safe to assert that from the beginning of the second century she occupied a large place in private devotion. This seems to be corroborated by the statement that "the earliest picture of Our Lady, found in the cemetery of St. Priscilla, belongs to the second century." The earliest representations of Our Lady are those found on the Christian sarcophagi, and in the mural frescoes of the catacombs; but in none of these do we find her standing alone. She usually forms part of a group of the Nativity or the Adoration of the Magi; and there is no attempt at individual portraiture. From the beginning of the fourth century the popular reverence for her had been gaining ground, and images and pictures were introduced into the homes of the faithful. The earliest of these are traceable to Alexandria and to Egyptian influences.

It was doubtless the Nestorian schism (fifth century)

[1] *Legends of the Madonna*, Introduction, v.

which first gave importance and significance to the group of the Mother bearing her Divine Son. Nestorius, Patriarch of Constantinople, had begun by persecuting the Arians, but he insisted that in Christ were combined two persons and two natures, contended that the Blessed Virgin was the Mother of Christ considered as *man,* but not the Mother of Christ considered as *God;* and that, consequently, all those who gave her the title *Theotokos* (Mother of God) were in error. Cyril of Alexandria opposed Nestorius and his followers, and defended the claims of the orthodox—that the Blessed Virgin was, in fact, the Mother of God; and that all who took away from her this dignity should be condemned as heretics. He anathematized the doctrines of Nestorius in a synod held at Alexandria, in 430, to which Pope Celestine II. gave the sanction of his authority. The Emperor Theodosius II. then called a General Council at Ephesus, before which Nestorius refused to appear. Nestorius was deposed from his pontificate; but this did not end the controversy; the streets of Ephesus at the time were disturbed by brawls, and the pavement of the cathedral was stained by the blood of the factionists.

It is just after the Council of Ephesus that history makes mention of a supposed authentic portrait of the Blessed Virgin. It was sent to Constantinople by the Empress Eudoxia whilst she was traveling in the Holy Land. This picture was regarded as of very high antiquity, and supposed to have been painted from life. According to a Venetian legend, the painting was taken by the blind Dandolo when he besieged and took Constantinople, in 1204, and brought in triumph to Venice, where it has ever since been preserved in the Church of St. Mark. The tradition which ascribes this portrait to St. Luke the Evangelist, seems to have no historic foundation; it was unknown in Western Europe before the First Crusade. The story of its origin is probably confounded with the work of a Greek painter named Lucca, who painted Madonnas in the *ateliers* of Mount Athos.

But it is to St. Luke that we are indebted for the verbal portraiture of the most perfect type of womanhood exemplified in religious art; and his Gospel describes the ideal which artists have striven to transfer to canvas, without avail. Every attribute of the Blessed Virgin is delineated by St. Luke:[2] (1) Her humility: Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to thy word." (2) Her decision and prudence of character: "And

[2] Luke i. and xxiii.

Mary rising up.....went into the hill-country with haste into the house of Zachary, and saluted Elizabeth. (3) Her intellectual power, as displayed in that glorious hymn, *The Magnificat.* (4) Her maternal devotion to her Divine Son and her sublime fortitude, as she stands at the foot of the Cross.

"Such was the character of Mary; such the *portrait* really painted by St. Luke, and, these scattered, artless, unintentional notices of conduct and character converge into the most perfect moral type of the intellectual, tender, simple and heroic woman that ever was placed before us for our edification and example."[3]

During the three centuries following the condemnation of Nestorianism, images of the Madonna, in every form and material, were multiplied. Painting in tempera, on linen fabric, and wooden panels, was extensively employed, as it was preferable to mosaic in giving tone and expression to the subject. The fanatical outbreak of Iconoclasm brought ruin to representations of the Madonna in the East, but in the West, from the time of Charlemagne to the First Crusade, religious art was very crude; and Marian subjects were principally the Madonna and Child, represented according to the conventional Byzantine form. The Crusades tended to modify the representations of the Madonna, and the full effect of Oriental influence became manifest in the thirteenth century, when the seed scattered hither and thither began to bear fruit. When Innocent III. came to the throne of Peter, he was instrumental in raising the Papacy to a degree of splendor unknown to his predecessors, and he thus gave religious art a new impetus. The erection of stately edifices called for a more realistic art, and gave birth to new and more exalted ideals, the realization of which became the dream of every artist.

The stir of a new artistic life first appeared in the northern Italian cities; and Guido di Sienna and Andrea Tafi laid the foundations of an artistic school, of which Duccio and Cimabue became the exponents. These were the first Italian artists to depart from the spectral rigidity and the severe monotony of the Byzantine type. The story narrated by Vasari (though some doubt its authenticity) regarding Cimabue's Madonna, which is still preserved in the Ruccellai Chapel in the Church of Santa Maria Novella, in Florence, will illustrate this departure from the conventionalism which had till then existed: "It happened that this work was an object of so much veneration to the people of that day, they having

[3] *Legends of the Madonna,* Introduction, p. xl.

never seen anything better, that it was carried in solemn procession, with the sound of trumpets and other festal demonstrations, from the house of Cimabue to the church, he himself being highly rewarded for it.....The inhabitants of the neighborhood, rejoicing in the occurrence, ever afterwards called the place *Borgo Allegri.*"

Under the versatile genius of Giotto religious art made still further progress; he produced on canvas the ideas of Dante. The latter rendered the doctrines of the Church into poetry; Giotto and his followers gave them concrete form. Dante's sublime hymn, towards the close of the *Paradiso,*[4] suggested some of the most beautiful of Madonna subjects.

III.

The revival of classical learning, though it originally infused elegance of form and attitude into pictorial delineations, culminated in the debasement of religious art; and the introduction of the *portrait* Madonna marks the transition from the reign of Faith to the reign of taste. This began when artists had lost the spirit of their *metier* and lent themselves to the service of the nobility. This was especially remarkable in Florence where, under the influence of the Medici, the churches were filled with paintings which were not only devoid of a religious motif, but were even suggestively meretricious. Art had become so debased that Savonarola thundered forth denunciations against the artists who prostituted their talents to worldly service, and declared that " if the painters knew as well as he did the influence of such pictures in perverting simple minds, they would hold their own works in horror and detestation." Out of this craving for novelty arose later the school of art known as *Naturalisti,* " who imitated nature without selection and produced some charming pictures; but their religious paintings are almost all intolerable, and their Madonnas are all portraits. Rubens and Albano painted their wives; Allori and Vandyke, their mistresses; Domenichino, his daughter."

The sixteenth century, however, produced some of the most illustrious painters of Madonna subjects, among whom Raphael stands preëminent. Not one of his Madonnas is a portrait. In Raphael's paintings we find the holiest and highest impersonation of Our Lady; and no artist, with possibly the exception of Fra Angelico, has ever delineated so sublimely her purity, power, intellectuality and humility. The most celebrated of his productions

[4] Canto xxxiii.

is without doubt the Sistine Madonna, which now hangs in the Dresden Gallery. It is said to be the most valuable painting in existence, and is also one of the most extensively copied works in the world.

> I have never but once seen my ideal attained [writes Mrs. Jameson], there where Raphael—inspired if ever painter was inspired—projected on the space before him that wonderful creation which we style the *Madonna di San Sisto;* for there she stands—the transfigured woman, at once completely human and completely divine, an abstraction of power, purity and love—poised on the empurpled air, and requiring no support; looking out, with her melancholy, loving mouth, her slightly, sibylline eyes, quite through the universe, to the end and consummation of all things—sad, as if she beheld afar off the visionary sword that was to reach her heart through Him, now resting as enthroned on that heart; yet already exalted through the homage of the redeemed generations who were to salute her as Blessed. Six times have I visited the city made famous by the possession of this treasure, and as often, when again at a distance, with recollections disturbed by feeble copies and prints, I have begun to think "Is it so indeed? Is she so divine? or does not rather the imagination encircle her with a halo of religion and poetry, and lend grace which is not really there?" and as often, when I returned, I have stood before it and confessed that there is more in that form and face than I ever yet conceived.

The seventeenth century was remarkable for the number of its Madonnas, the finest being those produced by the Spanish school, of which Morales, Ribera and Murillo were the representatives. Their productions are intensely human and sympathetic in character. "There is a freshness and a depth of feeling in the best Madonnas of the late Spanish school which puts to shame the mannerisms of the Italians, and the naturalism of the Flemish painters of the same period; and this because the Spaniards were intense and enthusiastic believers, not mere thinkers, in art as in religion."

IV.

No two schools of religious art have produced the same type of Madonna. The old mosaics found at Ravenna, Capua and Rome are characterized by their stern, awful quietude; Byzantine pictures, by rigidity and lifelessness; Italian paintings and frescoes, by pen-

sive sentiment, stately elegance, intellectuality and loveliness; the German, by quaint simplicity; the Spanish, by life-like feeling; and the Flemish school, by prosaic portraiture. Still

> There is a vision in the heart of each,
> Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness
> To wrong and pain, the knowledge of their cure;
> And these embodied in a woman's form
> That best transmits them pure as first received
> From God above her to mankind below!

There is a description of the person of Our Lady, said to have been given by St. Epiphanius (fourth century), and by him derived from a more ancient source: "She was of middle stature; her face oval; her eyes brilliant, and of olive tint; her eyebrows arched and black; her hair was of pale brown; her complexion fair as wheat. She spoke little, but she spoke freely and affably; she was not troubled in her speech, but grave, courteous, tranquil. Her dress was without ornament, and in her deportment was nothing lax or feeble." All the old traditions assume that the resemblance between Christ and His Mother must have been perfect.

Thus in early impersonations of Our Lady, the head of Christ was to be taken as a model in its mild, intellectual majesty, as far as difference of age and sex would allow. With the progress of time, evidently, other types were developed; and the impersonation of the Madonna fluctuated, not only with the fluctuating tendencies of successive ages, but even with the caprices of individual artists.

In all the old representations, Our Lady appears as a woman of mature age; such representations are found in the catacombs. Her head is veiled; the dress is a tunic with long sleeves. The unveiled Madonna was an innovation introduced about the end of the fifteenth century. In the historical subjects her dress is very simple; but in the devotional subjects which represent her as "Queen of Heaven" she wears a splendid crown. This is often the sovereign crown of the country in which the picture is placed; thus, in the Papal States, she often wears the triple tiara; in Austria, the imperial diadem. The Child in her arms is always, in the Byzantine and early pictures, clothed in a little tunic, usually white. In the fifteenth century He first appears partly, then, wholly undraped. To this period are also referable certain accessories which have a sacred and mystic significance when applied to the Madonna:

The Globe is an emblem of sovereignty. When placed under the feet of the Madonna and encircled by a serpent, it figures our Redemption. *The Serpent* is the general symbol of Satan and sin; and may be referred to Genesis iii. 15: "She shall crush thy head." *The Apple* (the most common of all the accessories) signifies the Fall which made Redemption necessary. *The Pomegranate* was the ancient emblem of Hope. It is often placed in the hands of the Child who presents it to His Mother. *Ears of Wheat and Grapes,* placed in the hands of the Child, are symbols of the Blessed Eucharist. *The Olive-Bough* is the symbol of peace on earth: it may be referred to Dante's lines which describe the Annunciation by the angel Gabriel:

> That he bore the palm
> Down unto Mary when the Son of God
> Vouchsafed to clothe Him in terrestrial weeds.

Doves are expressive of Our Lady's gentleness and tenderness; and the seven sometimes found encircling the head of the Madonna signify the Seven Gifts of the Holy Ghost, thus characterizing her as the "Seat of Wisdom."

When art began to decline, we find animals introduced into Madonna pictures. Thus we have Bassano's dog; Baroccio's cat; and in a celebrated picture by Titian—*"La Vierge aux Lapin"* (in the Louvre)—we have the rabbit.

V.

Some of the titles under which Our Lady is represented have historic significance, whilst others are distinguished by some particular object in the composition:

Santa Maria della Lettera derives its title from a Sicilian tradition that Our Lady (the Protectress of Messina) honored the people of the city of Messina by writing them a letter, from Jerusalem, "in the year of her Son, 42." In the picture she holds this letter in her hand.

Santa Maria del Rosario is commemorative of the institution of the Festival of the Rosary, after the Battle of Lepanto (1571), in which the combined fleets of Christendom, led by Don Juan of Austria, gained a signal victory over the Turks. This victory—which saved Europe from the blighting effects of Moslemism—was attributed to the special intercession of Our Lady. Pope Pius V.

instituted the Festival of the Rosary to commemorate the event. There is a splendid *Madonna del Rosario* (Murillo) in the Dulwich Gallery, England.

Among other Madonnas whose titles are historic, we may mention Our Lady of the Snow, Our Lady of Loreto, Our Lady of the Pillar, Our Lady of the Girdle and Our Lady of Carmel. In addition to these there are many that derive their titles from community or individual associations.

In the Louvre for example, is a famous *Madonna della Vittoria* (Our Lady of Victory), which was dedicated in commemoration of the victory gained by the Mantuans over the French, near Fornone, in 1495. This is by Mantegna, and is regarded as his most important work.

Another, *Madonna della Vittoria* (styled also "Madonna del Voto"), is preserved at Siena. The Sienese being at war with Florence, placed their city under the protection of Our Lady, and made a vow that, if victorious, they would make over their whole territory to her as a perpetual possession, and hold it from her as loyal vassals. After the victory of Arbia, this picture was dedicated in her honor. The Blessed Virgin is enthroned and crowned, and the Infant Christ, standing on her knee, holds in His hand the deed of gift.

There are several examples of Madonnas which were executed in thanksgiving for deliverance from plague and pestilence. One of the most celebrated of these is the *Madonna di San Sebastiano,* by Correggio (Dresden Gallery). It was painted for the city of Modena, which was scourged by pestilence in 1512. Another example of this class is *Il Pallione del Voto,* painted by Guido Reni at the command of the Senate of Bologna after the cessation of the plague which desolated that city in 1630.

Votive Madonnas dedicated by the piety of families are frequently met with. Of this type is the *Madonna della Famiglia Bentivoglio,* painted by Costa for Giovanni II., tyrant of Bologna from 1462 to 1506. It may still be seen in the Church of San Giacomo, at Bologna.

A most precious votive picture is the *Madonna of the Meyer Family,* painted by Holbein for Jacob Meyer, burgomaster of Basle. This painting (now in the Dresden Gallery) is regarded as one of the most wonderful specimens of Madonna art; and "in purity, dignity and intellectual grace, this exquisite Madonna has never been surpassed, not even by Raphael; the face, once seen, forever

lives in memory." One of Raphael's most artistic productions is a votive Madonna—*The Madonna di Foligno*—which has an interesting history. It was executed for Sigismund Conti of Foligno, private secretary to Pope Julius II., in thanksgiving for having been preserved from destruction by a meteor. Raphael painted it in his twenty-eighth year, and it was placed over the high altar of the Ara Cœli (Rome), in 1511. Conti died in 1512, and a relative (a religious of Foligno) obtained permission to remove it to her convent, whence it was carried off by the French, in 1712. Returned to Italy in 1815, it is now among the treasures of the Vatican.

Some celebrated Madonna pictures are distinguished by titles derived from some particular object in the composition, *e. g.*, Raphael's *Madonna del Impannata* (Pitti Palace, Florence) is so called from the window in the background being partly shaded with a piece of linen; the *Madonna dell Pesce* (Madrid Gallery) derives its title from the "fish" which the young Tobias presents to Our Lady; the *Madonna del Cardellino* (Florence Gallery) is named from the "goldfinch" held in the hands of the Child Christ; and the *Vièrge à la Diadème* (Louvre) is so called from the "diadem" with which Our Lady is crowned.

There is a painting by Caracci (Bridgewater Collection) styled *La Vièrge aux Cerises* (Our Lady of the Cherries). The allusion is to a quaint old legend which relates that before the birth of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin wished to taste of certain cherries which hung upon a tree above her head; she requested St. Joseph to procure them for her; and when he reached to pluck them, the branch bowed down to his hand.

Correggio's *Vièrge au Panier* (Our Lady of the Basket), National Gallery, London, is so called from the work-basket which stands besides Our Lady; Da Vinci's *La Vièrge aux Balances* (Our Lady of the Scales), from the scales held in the hands of the Child; and Murillo's *Virgen de la Serviletta* (The Virgin of the Napkin) derives its name from the dinner-napkin on which it was painted. Murillo, so it is narrated, was once visiting a Franciscan monastery near Madrid, and after dinner a lay brother asked him for a souvenir. The souvenir was "The Madonna of the Napkin."

> Lady! thy goodness, thy magnificence,
> Thy virtue, and thy great humility,
> Surpass all science and all utterance.

HOW CHRISTMAS CAME TO ROGER BYRNE.

BY MARTINA JOHNSTON.

THE lighthouse at Point Selkirk was without a keeper. Larson, the last incumbent, a blonde, taciturn Swede, who had performed his duties for three years with the regularity of an automaton, had suddenly disappeared one wild October night. His disappearance was enveloped in mystery, but as the stanch government rowboat was also missing at the same time, the dwellers in the small lumber and fishing village settled down to the conviction that he had gone out fishing alone, as he often did, and had been swept out to sea in the fierce gale that rose when the sun went down, lashing the waves into flying foam and rocking the giant trees in the forest. Dead? Drowned? Sure! What open boat could ride out such a storm as that?

Of how they were mistaken in their conclusions, of how the wily Swede, under cover of the darkness and the storm, had decamped with the boat, and had succeeded in making his way to the recently discovered gold-diggings in Alaska, they were to learn at a subsequent day.

As the lighthouse was one of the most important on a dangerous coast, shedding its guiding beams upon the watery pathway of the huge liners from the Orient as well as that of the coastwise fleet from Alaska and San Francisco, the most urgent concern was to find a successor to him who had vanished so mysteriously.

Williams, the harbor-master, a puffy little man with scanty breath, was compelled to serve as temporary makeshift till the right man could be found. He had not long to wait. Into the dingy little office on the water front a few days later stepped a man who said in a quiet voice, "I hear you're wanting a man for the lighthouse, sir."

The harbor-master looked up from the schedule of incoming and outgoing vessels on which he was at work, and saw, standing just within the door, a tall man with iron-gray hair and spare frame, but with erect and vigorous carriage. A pair of mild blue eyes looked forth from a weather-beaten face, on which Time had graven his impress in many a deep furrow. Williams was pleased with him at first sight.

"Who are you?" he inquired.

"My name is Roger Byrne, sir."

"Where are you from?"

"I'm an Irishman, sir."

"An Irishman! Humph! You don't look it, and you don't speak like one."

"I'm a long time in this country, and I've traveled a deal, sir," replied Byrne.

"What have you been doing up to this time?"

"A little of everything; I'm handy at most things, sir."

"O, I see, a sort of Jack-of-all-trades. Can you handle a boat?"

"I can, sir."

"Have you good lungs and plenty of breath? Can you climb a hundred steps without a fit of apoplexy?" asked Williams with a vivid recollection of his own recent experiences.

"I've no difficulty at all in that line, sir," replied Byrne.

"Good! Just one question more; do you drink?"

"Not a drop, sir."

"That settles it. You are lighthouse keeper at Point Selkirk. Can you go over at once?"

"I can."

"Very well, I'll send a man over with you to show you about the place and instruct you in your duties. There's little to do, but that little must be done well. You've said nothing about wages. You will get fifty dollars a month and your keep."

Byrne nodded as if the matter of wages was one of slight importance to him.

"One word more," said Williams. "For any neglect of duty you will be discharged at once, do you understand?"

"Yes, yes," answered Byrne, "I understand, sir."

That night, after lighting the great lantern, Byrne seated himself on the balcony of his turret and gazed out to seaward. It was a calm, moonless, almost starless night, and as he listened to the rhythmical wash of the breakers upon the rocks far below him, he thought with keen satisfaction of his good fortune in finding this snug place, which seemed to him a haven of rest from his wanderings.

His naïve remark to Williams: "I've traveled a deal, sir," conveyed but a faint idea of the nomadic life he had lived for upwards of forty years, driven onward like a wind-blown leaf by the unrest in his bosom, which had never once been stilled in all that

time. The varied scenes of his wanderings passed in a long procession before his mind's eye, as he contrasted them with the sheltered and peaceful life upon which he was now entering.

Again he saw himself in his remote young manhood, fleeing with his girl wife and their delicate babe from the gaunt spectre of famine in their own land. There had been a sharp wrenching asunder of tender home ties and associations; then the fetid air and wretched accommodations of the over-crowded emigrant ship; while yet many a league from shore, the dreaded ship fever had made its appearance. Among its earliest victims were the wife and child of Roger Byrne. A shotted canvas sack formed shroud and burial casket for both, and with scant ceremony they were consigned to their last resting place beneath the waves of the stormy Atlantic. A splash, a momentary ripple on the surface as the gruesome object cleaved the blue waters; then they closed over it, sparkling and dancing as if in mockery of the broken-hearted man on the deck, who was watching in wordless grief the fast receding spot which had swallowed up all he held dearest on earth.

"Brace up, my poor fellow, bear it like a man," said the Captain, laying a kindly hand upon his shoulder.

"I'll try, sir; I'll do my best," he answered in a broken voice.

The welcome shores of the new world that soon after broke upon the longing eyes of the exiles, brought no joy to him. After landing in New York he separated from his fellow-travelers, and then began the drifting existence which for four decades was the only one he had known. There were few parts of the Western Hemisphere which he had not traversed at some period of his wanderings. Of late, however, the weight of years had begun to press upon him more and more heavily, and he longed for rest. He had hardly dared to indulge the hope for it, when, by what he devoutly regarded as a special providence, he had been led to this out-of-the-way spot to find a niche all ready for him to fill.

While he was thus absorbed in retrospection, the wind had risen and was now dashing the spray high up against the lighthouse, and driving the incoming tide over the rocks with a hoarse, sullen roar. With a sense of comfort altogether new to him, Roger Byrne drew his warm coat more closely about him as he descended to his cheerful room, where a driftwood fire was smouldering in the wide fireplace, and was soon wrapped in peaceful slumber, lulled by the dull murmur of the storm that reached him through the thick walls.

When the long winter nights came on, he would sit before the open hearth and smoke pipe after pipe of strong tobacco, and as

the flickering flames leaped upward and made weird shadows on the wall, his spirit rose on the fragrant smoke wreaths and drifted far, far away over mountains, seas and plains to the sunny vales of his native land, and friendly faces looked tenderly out at him from the crumbling embers of the huge black log in the chimney.

The tranquil days succeeded one another like the beads on a rosary. After polishing the great lens and making everything tidy, Byrne loved to sit on the balcony overlooking the ocean and watch the grand water panorama which was constantly shifting before his eyes; the white-winged steamers with their wavering banners of smoke, the flocks of sea gulls cleaving the air on level pinion or sitting gracefully on the rolling billows. Through his glass he could see shoals of porpoises at play like frolicsome schoolboys, and, farther off, a feathery column of spray followed by a gleam of the huge brown back of a whale.

Day after day he watched the creeping tide cover the sands and then retire, marking each step of its retreat with a windrow of pale green seaweed and stranded shell fishes. The mysterious heart-throbs of the ocean, now pealing like thunder, now rippling softly as summer wavelets on an inland lake, thrilled him as no human speech could do.

Behind the lighthouse were gigantic evergreen forests, solemn, immense, while overtopping these, their snowy peaks clearly defined against the blue sky, rose the magnificent range of the Olympic Mountains. Across the bay, in a sheltered nook, was the straggling village with its two saw-mills and a salmon cannery, with foreign ships occasionally lying at its wharf loading lumber and fish for distant ports.

Among the blackened stumps which formed a conspicuous feature of the village landscape, on a gentle eminence, rose the white walls of a modest chapel where Mass was celebrated once a month by a priest from the big city thirty miles away. Byrne was a regular attendant at church on those occasions, but he stood aloof from his fellow-worshippers, never seeking the acquaintance of the plain but kindly people who made up the small congregation, and who, in their turn, regarded him as, to say the least, "queer." In his solitude between the vastness of the sea and the sky, his lonely communings with nature had put him out of touch with his kind.

Thus, for two years he had kept his lamp trimmed and burning, when, on a sudden, a deadly languor seemed to steal upon his once stalwart frame. When he trimmed his lamp his hands shook like

aspens, and he found himself obliged to rest a dozen times while climbing the stairs. He was compelled to give up going to Mass on the accustomed Sundays of the month, because the labor of rowing the boat was too much for his enfeebled strength; and his reticence, which his co-religionists had mistaken for churlishness, effectually prevented any inquiries concerning him from that quarter. On Christmas Eve he had lighted his lamp as usual, and then seated himself, gazing off to seaward as was his custom.

In this favored spot, Christmas is not ushered in by drifting snows and polar cold. A light, moist breeze just stirred the bosom of the water and lifted the thin white locks from the old man's temples as he bared his head to its refreshing breath. The full moon shone from a soft, starlit sky.

Perhaps it was the spell of the hallowed day and hour, combined with the moonlight and the mysterious voices of the sea, that stirred tender memories in the old man's heart and wrought strange hallucinations in his brain. His emotions overpowered him. He stretched out his arms yearningly toward the infinite space with the cry, "Oh, Mollie, Jamie, come back to me!"

Suddenly, as if in answer to his heart-wrung prayer, and before the echo of his cry had died away, something rose up out of the black abyss of waters and moved toward him down the shimmering pathway of rosy light reflected from his lantern. It came on swiftly, seeming to float, rather than to tread upon the waters, until now he could plainly distinguish the graceful outlines of a woman's form holding a babe in her arms. She paused upon the illuminated spot close to the tower, and lifted her shining eyes, filled with love, to those of the lonely watcher on the balcony. He was thrilled through and through; not with fear, but with delight and wonder.

A great sob broke from his heart and he extended his arms murmuring, "I knew you'd come to me, Mollie; I've waited for you so long, so long!"

He wiped away the tears that were raining down his cheeks, and when he looked again where the beautiful vision had stood, he saw only the frothing waves running in over the yellow sands. With a lighter heart in his bosom than he had known for many a year, he descended to his room and retired to rest, a happy light in his eyes, and a happy smile on his withered lips.

In the early morning of the day after Christmas, the harbormaster strode into the silent room with a heavy tread, and going up to the bedside, said in a gruff voice, "Hello, old man, wake

up! Aren't you through celebrating yet? Are you sick or drunk? The *Albatross* went on the rocks last night, and two men were drowned, I'm sorry for you, but I'm afraid you've lost your job. Come, get up," and he shook the still form rudely. An instant later he fell back, awe-stricken, and beat a hasty retreat to his boat, muttering, "Poor old fellow; and all alone! Too bad, too bad! We'll have hard work to find another like him."

Roger Byrne's wanderings were over. Christmas morn had dawned for him on a celestial shore, where Mollie and Jamie were waiting for him, and where partings are no more forever.

PEACE ON EARTH.

BY ANNE STUART BAILEY.

In shameless sin the world lay steeped,
While Roman pride and Roman arms
Held captive heart and brain. God
Seemed forgot on His sad earth
  Where cruelty and hate and wrong
  And outcry of th' oppressed long
Made discord 'mongst the sons of men.

But on the calm Judean hills
While fell the tender pitying snow
  Upon the bare and scarred earth,
  The Babe Divine, in wondrous birth,
  Descended from His throne on high
  And hid from Justice' sterner eye
With mantle of His tender love
The sinful deeds of warring men,
And hushed the sounds of woe.

And shall we now, O Prince of Peace,
Our heritage of love forget?
No! We will open wide our hearts
To take Thee in, and show Thee forth
  To Thy redeemed this holy time.
  Send down, we pray, Thy gift sublime
That Peace on earth may reign once more.

SOME CHAPTERS IN THE HISTORY OF FEMININE EDUCATION.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

N recent years it has been more widely and generously recognized that the mediæval convents provided refuges of peace and tranquillity for women, who, feeling themselves without a domestic vocation, found in these institutions the fullest opportunity for the satisfaction of the intellectual life as well as suitable surroundings for the cultivation of the spiritual. Even with this newer, truer attitude of mind toward the religious orders of women of the Middle Ages, there remains, however, in the minds of some the feeling that the convents had, like every human institution, their period of efflorescence and then of decay; and that at the end of the thousand years of the Middle Ages they had become by an almost inevitable law of human history outworn relics of a previous state of evolution which had now to be abandoned if further progress was to be made.

According to this assumption the convents of the fifteenth century were to a great extent merely homes of idleness in which women who feared to face the problems of life, or who having faced them had failed, took refuge for the rest of their days within monastic walls. For those who hold such opinions the exhibit of the Plimpton collection of books and other objects relating to feminine education from 300 A. D. to our own time, and already discussed in the November issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, furnishes ample corrective. But before and after the Reformation, so-called, the convents continued to be the centres of influence among the best and most progressive women of every land; queens and noble women of high culture were deeply interested in them, often spent days and weeks within their walls, affiliated themselves with the sisterhoods, and showed a thorough appreciation of their work.

This is very well illustrated by Vittoria Colonna's relations to the convents of Rome and those of other parts of Italy. She has well been called the Saint of the Renaissance. She is one of the most charming women of history, "a woman to be proud of, untouched by scandal, unspoiled by praise, incapable of any ungen-

erous action, unconvicted of one uncharitable word." It is well known what an influence for good she exerted upon her time. To have influenced Michelangelo as deeply as she did, would of itself have been the proof of her high intelligence and lofty character. In her widowhood she spent much time in convents. Indeed, the Pope realizing how great her influence for good was, and fearing lest through grief for her husband she might enter a convent, forbade her reception without special permission. At her death she was buried in the habit of the Benedictines in the little convent graveyard. There could be no greater tribute to the convents at that time than this, and at the same time no more complete demonstration of their high place and influence in the life of the time.

Probably the most effective refutation of the opinion that in the Northern and Teutonic countries convent life had lost its pristine vigor, or failed to attract intellectual women, is the story of Charity Pirkheimer and her Convent of Poor Clares at Nuremberg. They had been closely in touch with the development in the arts and the renewal of interest in literature which came during the century of the Renaissance in this little German town. Through Willibald Pirkheimer, her brother, Charity the Abbess was the personal friend of Albrecht Dürer and many others who made Nuremberg famous. I have told in my book on *The Century of Columbus* that when Conrad Celtes published his collection of the works of Roswitha, the nun dramatist of the tenth century, he presented one of the first copies of the book to Charity Pirkheimer, and in a eulogy written on that occasion lauds her as one of the glorious ornaments of the German fatherland. And yet she did not hesitate to suggest to him that some of his poems, of which he inclosed copies to her at the same time, were calculated to do more harm than good, and that he should lift his mind and poetry above the sensual to higher things.

It was the convent thus happily ruled that fell under the disfavor of the Reformation. The reformers who came to Nuremberg forced the nuns to leave their convents, and drove them homeless upon the world. Some of Charity Pirkheimer's letters describing her efforts to preserve their community life, and assure the happiness of the women that were with her, are sad indeed. Her efforts were of very little avail, or at least brought only a truce for a time. The property was valuable, and this represented another reason for the attempts to break up the convent. Her sister Clara and her niece Catrina, the daughter of Willibald, were with her,

and eventually succeeded her in turn as abbess, but the temper of the Reformation was entirely opposed to the happy retirement that these educated women found so suitable. If one wishes to see in brief the reason why interest in feminine education declined, and all opportunities for it gradually disappeared in the Protestant countries, it is only necessary to read aright the story of what happened at Nuremberg, and above all the letters and memoirs of Charity Pirkheimer.

Further evidence of our present thesis, that feminine education flourished in the North as well as in the South through the conventual life, may be found in the history of the famous Monastery of Syon, the well-known cope from which (one of the greatest pieces of needlework in the world) is among the precious treasures of South Kensington Museum, London. Miss Mary Bateson, an Associate and Lecturer of Newnham, the college for women at Cambridge, edited some years ago the catalogue of the Library of Syon.[1] This gives a number of suggestive hints as to the intellectual interests of English convents and of religious communities controlled by women at this time. Syon was what is known as a Brigittine Convent, belonging to an Order founded by St. Bridget of Sweden about the middle of the fourteenth century. The feature most interesting to the modern mind of these convents was that though there were monks and nuns living in separate houses in each of these institutions, the order was founded principally for women, the monks were added to give the nuns the spiritual help they needed, and the supreme government was vested in the abbess.

According to the rule, these convents were obliged to give all their surplus income every year to the poor, and the abbess was strictly enjoined from building larger buildings than were necessary for the community. There was, however, one exception to these restraints. The abbey might have as many books for their library as were necessary for study, though there must be no expenditure on books merely for recreation purposes.

As a consequence of this provision in the rules, at least two of these monasteries possessed libraries that are famous in the history of bibliography. One of these is Syon, of which we shall have more to say, and the other was the Motherhouse at Wadstena, or Vadstena, in Sweden, which had at the time of its suppression by the Reformers in 1540 "one of the finest libraries of the North, its

[1] *Catalogue of the Library of Syon Monastery,* Isleworth. Cambridge: At the University Press, 1898.

books being now scattered in the collections of Upsala, Stockholm, Skokloster and Linköping, where they may be recognized by their writing, binding and monastic class work" (Bateson).

Syon was founded in the early part of the fifteenth century when English interest in the Brigittine Order awoke, after King Henry IV.'s daughter Philippa went to Sweden to become the wife of Eric, King of Sweden, Norway and Denmark. A few years later Philippa visited for a second time Wadstena, one of the most important monasteries in Sweden, and promised to live there if she should become a widow. It was after this that in 1416 the foundation of the Church of Syon of the Monastery of St. Saviour and St. Bridget of Syon of the Order of St. Augustine was laid. At first it was near Twickenham, but the manor of Islesworth was given to the nuns in 1422, and the convent was transferred there. Some idea of the importance of Syon before its suppression may be gathered from the fact that Professor Thorold Rogers, in his *History of Prices,* drew many of the statistics for his study from the agricultural accounts of the monastery of Syon's home farm.

The catalogue of the Library of Syon, which was edited by Miss Bateson a few years ago, is one of the manuscripts of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. It shows very clearly how broad were the interests of the community, and furnishes many interesting details of the care and arrangement of libraries. The books were arranged in subject groups by the cataloguer, the groups being designated after the mediæval custom by capital letters A to V. Miss Bateson in her introduction to the edition of her catalogue says (p. vii.):

> Generally speaking A includes Grammar and Classics (77 volumes); B, Medicine, Astrology, a few Classics (55); C, Philosophy (46); D, Commentaries on the Sentences (128); E, Bibles and Concordances (75); F-I, Commentaries on the Old and New Testaments (232); K, History (65); L, Dictionaries (58); M, Lives of the Saints (121); N, Fathers (88); O, Devotional Tracts (98); P to S, chiefly Sermons, over 70 books in each class; T, Canon Law (104); V, Civil Law (21). The size of the volume does not determine its shelf; folios, quartos, and octavos are sometimes placed side by side. Space has been left for 1,465 volumes, and the titles of 1,421 have been entered. This, of course, by no means, represents the number of distinct works in the library, for some volumes contain many treatises which have been bound together to economize building space.

The library was evidently a working library, for a large proportion of the books are those prescribed in the various mediæval university courses. There are indications that in all likelihood the Library of Syon was used, like many other monastic libraries, as a lending library. If the value of the book were deposited anyone might draw out a volume from these libraries, or certain pledges might be left for them.

Records are in existence of the gifts made to the library, and the names of donors are usually recorded in the catalogue. Two of the donors are Swedes, which shows that the sense of relationship between the Swedish and the English foundation was not lost. There are six women donors, among whom the Duchess of Clarence gave six volumes. One of the largest donors of printed books was Dr. Richard Reynolds, who had been a fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and who was hanged for denying the Royal Supremacy in 1535. His name occurs as a donor no less than ninety-four times.

The question of what became of all these books at the time of the dissolution of the monastery, must ever remain a mystery. Only six of the books have as yet been identified as in English libraries. Bishop John Bale has told in general the story of what became of these books in his preface to Leland's *New Year's Gift to Henry VIII. in 1549*. Bishop Bale was an enthusiastic advocate of the Reformation, and helped in the suppression of the monasteries, but he cannot repress his regret and indignation over what became of the monastic books.

> Never had we been offended for the loss of our libraries, being so many in number and in so desolate places for the more part, if the chief monuments and most notable works of our excellent writers had been reserved. If there had been in every shire of England but one solemn library to the preservation of those noble works and preferment of good learnings in our posterity, it had been yet somewhat. But, to destroy all without consideration, a great number of them which purchased those superstitious mansions reserved of those library books .....some to scour their candlesticks, and some to rub their boots. Some they sold to the grocers and soap-sellers, and some over sea to the bookbinders, not in small number, but at times whole ships full, to the wondering of the foreign nations. Yea, the universities of this realm are not all clear in this detestable fact. But cursed is (he) which seeketh to be

> fed with such ungodly gains and so deeply shameth his natural country. I know a merchant man, which shall at this time be nameless, that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings' price, a shame it is to be spoken. This stuff hath he occupied in the stead of gray paper by the space of more than these ten years, and yet he hath store enough for as many years to come. I judge this to be true, and utter it with heaviness, that neither the Britains under the Romans and Saxons, nor yet the English people under the Danes and Normans, had ever such damage of their learned monuments as we have seen in our time.

Such was the Reformation's gift to education.

And so the Library of the Monastery of Syon disappeared as did many others. A few were saved, but they are almost as nothing compared to the immense number that were lost. It is because of this enormous destruction of the records of the culture of the later Middle Ages that there grew the impression of the absence of interests that would have been vouched for so clearly had these libraries been preserved. As it is, the records that are now being unearthed, scanty as they are, furnish abundant proof of the old-time monastic, intellectual interests. The catalogue of the Library at Syon is probably that of the monks rather than of the nuns, though we know from some of the rules that the Sisters also had a library, and we know from the tradition established at Wadstena, the motherhouse of the order, that the nuns' library was likely to have been even more valuable than that of the monks. We know that there was a second library at Syon, for it is reported that the librarian of the nuns' library was held responsible for the prayers for donors of books in her keeping. It seems that it was the custom for donors to ask that certain prayers should be said for them in return for their gifts of books, and the librarian had charge of securing these prayers regularly or else saying them herself.

It was from Syon that, as Wynkyn de Worde tells us, he obtained the manuscript from which he printed *The Dialogues and Revelations of the New Seraphical Spouse of Christ, St. Catherine of Siena.* The expenses of publishing this book which, in that early day of printing, were very great, were borne by "a right worshipful and devout gentleman, Master Richard Sutton, Esq., Steward of the Holy Monastery of Syon." Master Sutton seems to have been one of the special benefactors of education in his time,

for, as noted by Miss Bateson, he was one of the founders of Brasenose College, Oxford, and made a series of donations to Syon in his will.

The story of Lady Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond and Derby, who died just at the beginning of the sixteenth century, also proves beyond question the interest of the women of that time in scholarship and of their wise patronage of education. One of the great women of history, Lady Margaret, was instrumental in bringing to an end the disastrous Wars of the Roses. Her son, the head of the Lancastrian party, became King Henry VII. At his mother's advice he married Elizabeth of York, daughter of Edward IV., the head of the Yorkists, and this put an end to the civil wars that had been ruining England's efforts for good in every line.

Lady Margaret was famous for her private charities and her benevolence to religious houses. Few women had as much opportunity as she to know exactly what the monasteries and convents of England were doing during the generation just before their dissolution. A munificent patron of learning, she established "readerships" or, as they are now called, "The Lady Margaret Professorships" in Divinity at Oxford and Cambridge; refounded Christ's College for a master, twelve fellows and forty-seven scholars, and established St. John's College, Cambridge, in place of the ancient foundation of St. John's Hospital. By provision in her will, she made a foundation for the endowment of a college for a master and fifty scholars. It was she who invited Erasmus to England, guaranteeing his expenses. What is of special interest for us here is that she was particularly beneficent toward the convents, having had herself enrolled as a sister in a number of houses, so as to be able to help them in any way that she could. Besides, in her own establishment, she provided for the education of numbers of young men and young women. She made a series of translations, was a patron of Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde, and one of the most important factors in the Renaissance in England.

After Lady Margaret Beaufort, the three most significant influences in feminine education in England at the time of the Renaissance, are represented in Mr. Plimpton's collection by portraits of three great women in the direct line in one family whose names are not always associated with educational institutions and their encouragement, though they eminently deserve such an honor. Quite contrary to the opinion usually held in English-speaking countries as regards education, and above all feminine education in

Spain at this time, these influences were all Spanish in origin. They are Isabella the Catholic of Spain, Queen Catherine of Aragon, her daughter, the Consort of Henry VIII., and Mary Tudor, Queen of England, Isabella's granddaughter. Isabella herself has received her proper meed of recognition as a distinct influence in feminine education only in recent years. At least, in English-speaking countries, it is only since Prescott's magnificent panegyric of her that her surpassing worth in this regard has been recognized. Recent historical research has emphasized how much she accomplished for feminine education in Spain, and how much her influence meant for her daughter, Queen Catherine of Aragon, and the corresponding influence that she came to exert in England.

Isabella herself not having had the opportunities for the higher education when she was younger, sat on the benches with her own children in order to study the classics, and by so doing set an example that was widely followed in the Spain of her time, and the force of which was felt before long in other countries. Prescott declares that " female education in Isabella's day embraced a wider compass of erudition in reference to the ancient languages than is common at present." That rather solemn statement looks almost humorous when one realizes how few and maimed were the opportunities for higher feminine education in Prescott's day.

It has been too much the custom to think of the women of the Renaissance and their fine opportunities for intellectual development as limited to Italy or to the Latin countries. The English ladies of the century from 1450 to 1550 (as I have brought out in my *Century of Columbus*), not only shared fully in educational opportunities, but knew how to take advantage of them to the best possible benefit of themselves and their time. Lady Jane Grey, Margaret More, Mary, Queen of Scots, though of course her education was French and not English, and Queen Elizabeth herself are striking examples of this. Erasmus thought that the girls of the More family were as finely educated as any students that he met anywhere in Europe.

But a change came over Europe everywhere with regard to feminine education immediately after the so-called Reformation. As Mrs. Putnam has emphasized, " Luther had a thoroughly Mohammedan notion of woman's status—only as a wife and mother had she a right to exist. Her education became a matter of no importance and virtually ceased." I need only mention the names

of such other reformers as Knox or Calvin, or that greatest reformer of them all, King Henry VIII., to make it clear that a movement in which they were prominent factors could scarcely do much for the uplift of women and, above all, for feminine education. As a consequence decadence in this department at once becomes marked. Even Fuller, the English Divine of the seventeenth century, cannot help but bewail, though he dislikes convents and cannot conceal that dislike even in the midst of his praise, the fact that these schools of religious women no longer existed. He wrote: "Yea, give me leave to say if such feminine foundations had still continued, happily the weaker sex besides the avoiding modern inconveniences might be heightened to a higher perfection than hitherto hath been obtained."

The eighteenth century marked the lowest ebb in feminine education. This is not surprising, once we realize that the latter half of the eighteenth century represents a great descent in nearly every form of intellectual organization and humanitarian purpose. Newman thought there was less teaching done at Oxford about the middle of that century than at any time in its history. Winckelmann, at the end of the eighteenth century, had to have his pupils write out their texts of Plato when he wanted them to study that author, because no edition had been printed for two centuries in Germany. This is also the time when the sick were unattended; the insane were abused, and the poor neglected. The reason for this was that the government had taken over education and charity. It had taken from the management of women hospitals and asylums, and schools for the education of women. Decadence set in very swiftly, and soon reached a point where a reaction had to come.

Doubtless one of the surprises of the Plimpton exhibit for some will be the picture of the Ursuline Convent in Quebec, so long antedating organized efforts for feminine education in this country, and emphasizing the fact that the Indians were cared for in this regard as well as the whites. Simple though it is, it is a striking symbol that should be a landmark in history. It is not generally realized that the French and Spanish took ever so much better care than did the English of the native Indians. As a consequence there are more Indians alive in South America to-day than there were when Columbus landed. This has greatly added to the complexity of the problem of governing these countries, but we have simplified ours by obliterating the Indian and putting an enduring stigma on our history.

The fact that this Ursuline Convent was burned down twice within the first couple of decades after its erection, and yet was so faithfully rebuilt each time larger and better than before in spite of the difficulties and the hardships of the colonists, shows how determined were the French settlers to provide education for their girls. These pictures open up the vista of the story of the Ursulines in education, a most important chapter in the history of feminine education. Just as the Renaissance was closing, a little woman in Desenzano in Italy was tempted by the reawakening of the intellectual life around her to provide education for young girls. She began very simply by opening a school. She succeeded so admirably that she was invited to Brescia, and further developed her good work there. A little later, while on a visit to Rome in the interest of her work, she was pressed to stay there by the Pope, but hesitated about seeking this larger field until her efforts had been more thoroughly consolidated. She asked to be allowed to go back to Brescia and continue her work there. This was Angela de Merici, who afterwards came to be known as St. Angela, the founder of the Ursulines.

The Ursulines at Quebec, early in the seventeenth century, were just one example of the great Catholic tradition. When they came to Canada they were doing only what their sisters had done in the preceding century in going even as far as China, and when the little band of Ursulines came to New Orleans about 1725 and opened the first hospital in what is now the United States, they were following the same age-old tradition. In our time the Ursulines have been with the Indian in the Rocky Mountains in the early days before the American cities grew up there, and they are now in Alaska, everywhere doing educational and social work of the highest importance, and bringing to bear that most precious of influences, woman's gentle purity and the reverence it so meritably evokes among men. The Ursulines have spread all over the United States; besides their academies, they have also their colleges, and are succeeding admirably in even the very latest phases of feminine education.

Their first experience in the Eastern part of the United States was not very encouraging. They founded a house at Charlestown, Massachusetts, not far from Boston, indeed within sight of the battlefield of Bunker Hill. In spite of this contiguity to a scene that should bring the security of liberty, the convent was burned by a bigoted mob determined to wipe out "the home of superstition

and ignorance." Institutions for the education of girls in New England were only too few, but the prejudices aroused would not allow Catholics to take up any such good work. That was in 1835. Within the next twenty years another convent of the Ursulines was burned in Philadelphia, and threats were made that still further burnings would take place if the nuns would not give up their work.

It might be well for Protestants, who have lost this bigotry and who lament the stigma cast by it upon the American people, to realize that at the present time in certain parts of the South and West, where some know no more about nuns and convents than did the fanatics in New England in the thirties or those in Philadelphia in the fifties, the same false appeal to prejudice against the nuns is being used. There should surely be wide interest at the present time that no further incidents of this kind are allowed to blacken the course of American history.

In their preface to *The Cambridge Modern History* the editors make use of an expression which I frequently quote, but which I think cannot be too often brought to the attention of those interested in history as it is now being written. They said: "Great additions have of late been made to our knowledge of the past; the long conspiracy against the revelation of truth has gradually given way, and competing historians all over the civilized world have been zealous to take advantage of the change." Nowhere in history that I know is the truth of that expression more manifest than with regard to the story of woman's place and influence in the intellectual, social and humanitarian life of the past. The Plimpton exhibit, by calling attention to some of the chapters in the history of old-time feminine education, should be enlightening. It may be said that the real history of woman under Christianity is only just beginning to be written. It is indeed time, as the editors of *The Cambridge Modern History* suggest, "to discard conventional history," and though "ultimate history cannot be obtained in this generation" yet at least a much nearer approximation to it than has been familiar in even the recent past can be secured without difficulty.

"MANE, NOBISCUM, DOMINE!"

BY AN URSULINE NUN.

(On the Occasion of a Fellow Ursuline's Diamond Jubilee.)

STAY with me, Lord, my soul hath need of Thee
At close of day,
The evening shades now gently fall on me,
Ah! how Thy wondrous love hath followed me
Upon life's way!

My heart is full when I look back, and trace
The path I've trod;
The days of bliss, the years of saving grace,
A life spent in Thine Own abiding place,
This "House of God."

Let me confide unto Thy Heart to-day
What fills mine own.
How can I tell Thee all that I would say?
My debt that I can never hope to pay
With years has grown.

In early youth, ere life had left its stain,
I heard Thy call,
And, gazing upwards, caught Thy voice again,
Bidding me follow closer in Thy train,
And give Thee all.

For Thou hadst blesséd work to me assigned,
Within Thy Fold:
Wayward souls in bondage sweet to bind;
Erring ones to seek out and to find;
A harvest gold!

Hearts to adorn for Thy "First-Visit" blest,
In Gift Divine;
Souls to lead onward in their ardent quest,
Who sought to give Thee of their lives the best
By vow sublime.

But now, the evening shadows soft and gray
Fall round my feet
With tender mercy Thou hast judged my day,
Oh! while Thy grace upheld me in the way
Thy yoke was sweet!

"Thy portion of the harvest field is sown;"
I hear Thee say:
"Others must bear the burden thou hast borne;
Come thou aside and rest with Me alone;
Thou hast toil'd all day.

For I would spend the eventide with thee
And whisper low
Secrets divine; come closer unto Me,
That on thy heart My love in torrents free
May overflow."

Ah! blessed eventide of life so fair,
When toil is o'er,
And far removed from turmoil and from care
With fearless trust, into Thy list'ning ear
My hopes I pour!

Yes, stay, sweet Lord, and shed Thy evening dew
Upon my soul,
As, day by day, the veil now wearing thro'
My straining eyes behold with clearer view
The longed-for goal.

Not in my works do I my sure hope place,
But in Thy love,
Which yearns to fold me in Its sweet embrace
And to reveal the beauty of Thy Face
In Heaven above.

And so, with love, I fix my gaze on Thee,
Who lov'dst me first
And in Thy tender love didst deign to be
Even my Spouse. O! Lord my God, for Thee
My soul doth thirst!

WHITE EAGLE.

BY L. P. DECONDUN.

XIII.

In France Still. August 29, 1913.

OUR train has just left Amiens, my Reginald, and hardly now can I bring myself to take my pencil. As not only the parting with our friends has been a real pain, but the thought of my returning to England without you is still very bitter. However, I do not wish to dwell on this; there is nothing for it but resignation, and I had better retrace for you our last days in Paris. A hurried line will have told you before this, how, yesterday, a telegram from Joan, stating that your mother had a sharp attack of the heart, forced us to hurriedly pack our boxes. A second wire this morning told us that immediate danger seemed averted, but neither Nancy nor I cared to leave Joan alone in these circumstances. We only forwarded the reassuring news to Max, telling him he was not needed immediately, and we left Paris by the twelve o'clock train.

I cannot tell you how sorry I felt when parting from Madame Stablewska. There is so much thoughtful kindness and charm in her silent ways. Helena, Maryña and the Prince came to the station and saw to all our comforts, staying to the last minute. Dear little Helena! She and Nancy had got on so admirably together. As for Maryña, she was the last to shake hands with us; but though her cheerful smile did not desert her lips, I saw them tremble just a little, once or twice, and her parting glance was undeniably misty.

When we had steamed out of the gloomy North Station, after waving our handkerchiefs to those dear people, and when Nancy and I had regained our respective corners, we looked up simultaneously and smiled. But, Rex, it was a very shameful smile, as both our cheeks were wet with tears.

"Well! I could not help it," stated Nancy resolutely. "I have grown quite fond of them."

"You don't suppose I am blaming you," I asked; "because, you know, I am as bad as you are."

Which made her laugh outright.

"Erin, the tear and the smile!" she quoted half in fun.

But "facts are facts" as Joan likes to say, and it was true that this long visit to Paris, in the intimacy of people walking so entirely

out of the beaten track, and who were at the same time so unaffectedly modern and so vividly mediæval proved a novel experience. Daily intercourse with men who can as easily wade, shoulder deep, in the intricacies of the law, as soar to the higher altitude of prayer; with women who would again with the same equanimity handle a fortune and earn the poorest of livings, toy with a cigarette and exchange the weight of jewels for the black veil of a nun, had lifted our whole being into a more rarified atmosphere. But it was not our fate to move any longer in it. As for me, I felt of a smaller race, aiming at minor deeds, fighing not with giants but with petty misunderstandings and suspicions, carrying a cross indeed, but a well-lined and padded one! My own Rex, face to face with our friends and my conscience I felt as would a common sparrow before caged eagles.

Oh! dear, what bumping. It is becoming more and more impossible to write; we are swaying so abominably at every curve! There again! Well! I must stop. Oh! if it was only towards you I was going at such a pace!

IN MY BEDROOM. September 3, 1913.

Yes, my Rex, this is where I am now, taking up again the penciled sheet I had begun, and I have many things to say. I need not inform you that we arrived safe and sound, since I am here writing, but if you knew how empty and lonely (in spite of the welcome of kind little Dubois) I found our dear Chelsea home without its master! It was lit up, full of flowers, and looking cosy enough. Nancy stayed with me because she also intended coming to C—— the next day; yet nothing could make up for your absence. Even padded crosses weigh heavily sometimes, sweetheart.

Nancy and I dined alone; then she rang up her father on the telephone and after him Doctor Pemberton, as we wanted to know his exact opinion of your mother's illness. So far as I can judge by what he said, it may not be at all anything fatal. He finds that her heart has been greatly weakened by nervous strain, and some sort of worry which she will not acknowledge. There has been tension for a long period; and at her age it may mean mischief if she does not shake it off. He advises a change of scene and climate, and considers London bad for her, both because of its gloom and of its routine. This made me think that since you will not be coming for many months, and since Joan and Max must be brought back to their senses and a life *à deux,* the best plan would be to persuade your mother to come abroad for the winter. Doctor Pemberton said it was the very thing he would recommend; and I could see that, though Nancy will regret my absence, she looked grimly satisfied at the idea of a separation between your mother and Joan. (You know as I do what is still at the back of her mind, even against the evidence.) But Doctor Pemberton

advised us not to rush to Devonshire as we had intended; merely to write, and go in a day or two. He also told us that your mother was up and that we were not to treat her as an invalid, but to be careful not to fatigue or worry her. The result of this is that we only arrived at C—— the day before yesterday, but I am not sure that, so far, we have much improved matters. However, here is the whole story.

You will easily understand that after her first fright Joan had become gradually reassured; and as she had continued to expect us, her mind had been revolving on her private affairs. She knew that we had seen Max; she had received a rather pointed letter from me and also one from Nancy, and when she met us at the station with the car, there was, at the back of those brown eyes of hers, a tiny shadow with which I am thoroughly well acquainted. Of course it was eclipsed for a certain period by the pleasure of our meeting. Our drive to the cottage was an avalanche of questions with a limited number of answers, and our reception by your mother a true "home coming." But already on that first evening I was able to discern a little mist in the atmosphere, and a hazy outline of *chevaux-defrise* in Joan's words and attitude. She was on the defensive, though neither Nancy nor I had yet made a sign. Her words were clipped, her smile slow, her eyelids often lowered, and I realized what a small chance a man like Max had against such weapons. Even I who broke through them so often disliked beginning the attack. Nevertheless I had made up my mind to leave her to Nancy for that day, and see how things would look the next morning. At dinner and after it I devoted my attention to your mother.

Indeed I did not think she looked very badly. She was paler and a little thinner, but she seemed in good spirits. She spoke at dinner with her usual humor, and when afterwards she lay on the sofa near the drawing-room fire—the evenings are getting cool—she seemed to me just as charming as ever. I drew my chair as close to her as possible.

"Well," she said, "tell me. I have heard your news in a general way, but I should like some details. Max wrote to me that he had had a very pleasant evening with you all a few days ago. Is the handsome Miss Lowinski still very bewitching?"

Placed as I was, I had a good view of Joan. I noticed that while listening to her sister a part of her attention wandered towards us. At Mrs. Camberwell's question an ironical curve played around her mouth, and I felt it so unfair that it made me positively vicious.

"Why!" I answered purposely, "I never saw her more beautiful than she was that evening." And I proceeded to describe her appearance and gown to the very last tassel.

My next glance in Joan's direction, showed me her face set as a mask and as hard as iron. Was Max right, or was it only that she had not forgiven Maryña for having stood in her way a few weeks? Yet, why? since at the time she was informed of Millicent's plan of campaign. Well! if she was not to hear enough home truths from Nancy, she would from me and before long. What sort of a life would she and Max have to face if she started with such bitterness and jealousy?

Whether these swift thoughts showed in my expression I could not say; only when I met your mother's eyes, I saw that she had been studying me. But she went on leisurely.

"I should have liked to see more of that girl; she was most attractive. What will she eventually do with herself I wonder."

"Miss Lowinska will not stay long among us," I replied in a dry voice (instinctively speaking *at* Joan). And I added: "She is joining the 'Adoration Réparatrice' in Paris."

Your mother looked surprised.

"Soon?" she asked.

"Next week."

"Dear me! What a pity!"

"Yes," I said laughing; "I was heathen enough to make the same remark. I know we should be glad to see our best blossoms picked for God's Altar; but I am one of the mean people who cling to things selfishly. It takes such an effort to give away what we prize." Of course I had no sooner said this than I realized the allusion, but if your mother noticed it she showed nothing; she merely changed the subject.

It was the next morning that the first encounter took place between Joan and me. As the invalid did not come down for breakfast we had it early; and directly afterwards I strolled out, as you may surmise, to have a quiet look at my roses.

The day was perfect; the sea peaceful under a sheen of silvery blue; great gulls were sweeping the cloudless sky, uttering now and then a shrill cry of joy or warning; and in spite of troubles and worries, my spirits were rising under those unreasoned hopes created by a sunny morning. True, this broad sea was still stretched between us, but even months would pass and wear away; every tick of my watch, every wave breaking on the shore were bringing you nearer and nearer to me. I was startled by a gull swooping so low over my head that the sun's rays tipped it with gold, and when it rose higher and higher my thoughts flew to Maryña. She too was opening her wings to rise nearer to God, and I felt suddenly very small and commonplace. But I received a lesson. A robin was hurrying across the path. Its sharp round eyes had seen some object of interest, and in a second it

had picked up from the edge of the grass a stiff, yellow wire-worm.

"Good little bird," I murmured; "saving my carnations!" And it struck me then that, since evidently we are not all meant to breast the clouds, some of us must be satisfied *to save the carnations.*

It was rather dreamily that I pulled the garden gate behind me; but as I passed the sundial a wave of friendliness swept over my heart. My little basket, secateur and gloves had been laid there ready. Brown "knew" that my roses would be my first care. Dear, kind old man! Oh! Rex, how sweet it is to live in love and sympathy with our fellowmen!

Now all this will tell you in what mood I was when I began thinning some of my rose bushes. My bed of Madame Chatenays, amongst others, had been exhausting itself with a crowd of buds, and my secateur was snapping busily when Joan's voice made me turn.

"Early at work," she called out. "I thought I should have caught you spellbound with admiration."

"Oh, that is not enough for me," I answered gaily; "though I must say this is a goodly show."

And my eyes ran delightedly from a mass of late but velvety crimson "Fisher Holmes" to a long narrow border where others intermingled their tones of gold, orange and vermilion. Tall arches hung with pure white blossoms, the soft primrose of "Evergreen Gem," and the rich coral of "May Queen" blossoming a second time fitfully.

"I suppose one can't help admiring," I conceded.

"Unless one has exhausted one's admiration on another object."

(Hark! to the far-off echo of the trumpet of war.) But I looked at Joan carelessly. "What is there to prevent me from delighting in my roses," I inquired.

"Something more beautiful or more valuable of course."

"I am not sure I understand."

"No?" (With a big mark of interrogation.) "I should have thought it an easy riddle."

"Is there any need to speak in riddles?"

"Not if you don't choose."

I stepped off the border and closed my secateur; then I looked Joan full in the face. (Between us, Rex dear, she was perfectly sweet in her white canvas dress and dainty little shoes. Her slight figure was as erect as a sword, her complexion slightly flushed, and her eyes brilliant with subdued opposition. She meant to pay me for the letter in which I had backed up Max and praised Maryña.) "Very well!" I said calmly, "you are alluding to Miss Lowinska. May I ask you why?"

She bit her lip viciously. "Because," she replied with her chin

raised, "it is not a reason, if you choose to suffer from an attack of 'Maryña-itis,' for spreading it to Max. There was no necessity for any of you to press him to join the Lowinskis in Paris."

"And pray when did we do that?"

"He—he said you had advised him to leave London as soon as he could."

This was true, in a sense; but not worth discussing.

"And do you think," I inquired, "that three days passed in Paris in the Lowinski's vicinity was particularly bad for him."

"Three days! Did no one tell you that from the time we came here to C—— until Prince Lowinski and his daughter left London, we were scarcely able to get a glimpse of Max."

"Yes, I heard that. But may I ask you if you saw much more of him after the Prince had gone to Paris?"

She colored slightly.

"Very good," I went on. "Don't you think in that case that there might have been other motives for Max's behavior. For my part I could point out two of them to you, if you wish."

She raised her eyebrows in an impertinent little way. "Could you really?" (Her tone was as sarcastic as she could make it.) I knew that I had now a free field to explain to her my mistake and my foolish policy; but I was also convinced that she needed a lesson before I consented to put the chief blame on myself.

"My dear child," I said coolly, lifting my basket at the turning of the path, and putting back my gloves and secateur into it, "the first explanation of Max's dread of coming near you—"

"Dread!" she repeated with a tiny sneer. "What a *lion* I must be!"

"An immaculate Persian kitten might be nearer the mark," I interposed quietly. She flushed with angry pride, but she kept sufficient control to remark tranquilly:

"Dread of a kitten's claws! Poor thing!"

I went on unmoved. "What Max *dreads* when coming near you is your present attitude, your cutting little words, your neat suggestions; and allow me to say, your perpetual suspicions of his motives."

"Did he kindly tell you all this?"

"My dear Joan, there can be no necessity, since I have known you from your childhood. I am acquainted with every one of your peculiarities, and I also happen to know how much they hurt."

"When did I hurt you?"

"Every time you tried to; only I never found pleasure in publishing it."

I saw that she felt that thrust, but she can hold on like a little bull-terrier. So, when she had swallowed something in her throat,

and when I had resisted the temptation of slipping my arm through hers and forcing her to "make friends," as the children say, she asked in the same quiet way:

"If you don't mind, I should like to hear the second excuse for Max's repeated absence."

By this time we had reached the house; she drew one of the garden chairs and sat down; I remained facing her, leaning against the porch.

"Certainly, but did Max ever give you a reason for it?"

She looked away for a minute.

"Yes; he told me once that he had thought it better to leave his mother and me as much as possible to ourselves, so that we should become closer friends."

"And you did not *believe* it."

Her smile spoke volumes.

"Would you have believed it yourself?" she asked.

"Decidedly; I never have had any reason of doubting Max's word."

"Perhaps not; but suppose that excuse had been given to you by Reginald."

"By Reginald!" (I looked at her with all my wifely pride, my darling.) "Why! I would risk my life on a single one of his affirmations. I have never doubted Reginald in any thing."

"How idyllic!" she sneered softly. But she was going rather far; and I think the glance I gave her, warned her of it.

"Well!" she said, "I did *not* believe Max." The *not* cut out like a whip.

"You were wrong then," I said, "as not only what he said was true, but the whole affair was a blunder and the blunderer was 'myself.'"

"You—! How—?"

"It was I who fancied, rightly or not, that if you could be sufficiently thrown with Mrs. Camberwell to win her affections, all would be well. Once she would have become really fond of you, I thought there could have been no reason for jealousy among you three. But I had counted without my host, and I need not tell you how much I regret my interference and the havoc it has caused. Poor Max, it is for him I am most sorry!"

For the moment Joan was dumb, but she was not conquered yet. Her eyes hardened like flint, though her lips trembled.

"Do you think," she asked very slowly (and I could see her hand shaking), "do you think this 'story'—or should I say (correcting herself affectedly) this 'explanation'—is sufficient to mend matters."

This time there was no possibility of doubting it, Joan was trying to be offensive. I am aware that I should have shrugged my shoulders

and left her; but alas! my temper was rising also. So I looked down on her very sweetly, and said in the most exasperating of tones:

"Don't be rude, 'little girl,' it is not nice you know."

At this the floodgates of her wrath burst open, she cleared her throat and spoke. With subdued, ladylike words and manner, she said many things she had thought, and more that she had not. She gave in very clear language her latest opinion of me and of my actions. She explained without disguise with what sentiment she credited Miss Lowinska; she made similarly candid remarks on the original attitude of your mother towards her and towards Max. In fact this little speech was a masterpiece of oration. When she had done, she was white as paper, her brown eyes were black, and when she stood up her chair fell behind her. But she did not stay to pick it up, she went towards the door, crossed the hall and disappeared.

As for me I stood where I was, practically dumbfounded. Since Joan was a girl of thirteen she had not come out in such effective colors. And while I was trying to gather my shattered ideas, something brought my heart to my mouth. I had happened to look up, and there, at her open window, was your mother very pale and silent. Our eyes met, and I thought for an instant that the world must have gone topsy-turvy, she but said in her usual steady voice:

"Do you mind coming to my room, Nemo?"

I could only nod and obey.

I found her in her armchair, near the window, and she not only looked paler, but much more fragile in the loose folds of her dressing gown. I wondered whether it was the grayish heliotrope of it or the creamy lace which made her look so ill. I sat on a low chair by her side, and took one of her hands.

"Mother, dear!" I murmured, and could add nothing more because the tears were choking me. I hid my face on her lap.

She did not open her lips, but her other hand stroked my hair gently.

"Nemo," she asked after a little while, "would you object very much to leaving London for the winter?"

"Oh!" I cried, lifting up a tear-stained face, "why! I am longing to get away. Oh! mother do let us go, you and I!"

"Are you sure you will not regret it?"

"More than sure. I came here on purpose to propose to you that very thing."

"Very well!" she said thoughtfully, "we can tell Joan that a change would be good for my health, and we can go as soon as Max comes home."

"Max will be home in a week or ten days," I answered; "I took the liberty to let him know that he would be wanted here."

She did not speak at once, then she shook her head approvingly.

"You are right. It is time for *them* to come definitely together and I must be out of their way."

"Mother, dearest," I pleaded, "you must not trouble about anything Joan said. I made her so angry; it is my fault from start to finish."

"Your fault! But at least your intention was honest. No, the fault has been mine, and mine alone, from the beginning." Her thin hands were holding mine. "Do you remember," she continued, "a long talk we had in the spring, before Max's marriage, in this very house."

"Ye—es."

"That evening, I hid nothing from you, and I firmly intended to act in all fairness afterwards."

"Which you did," I said decisively.

"Yes, for some time. You had proved such a comforting little confessor; then—"

But this was a subject which I had decided to taboo for the future. I told her so quite frankly; and though she hesitated a few moments, she ended by smiling and giving in to me.

"Nemo," she said, after a pause, "Joan must not know that I overheard her; she has the best of hearts, and she would have more regrets than all this is worth."

"She will never know," I answered quietly.

There was another pause; she was gently twisting my opal ring round and round my finger.

"Nemo," she said again, "what is there between you and me?"

"Reginald," I suggested without a moment's hesitation.

She looked amused. Whatever absurdity she found in my reply brought some brightness to her face.

"That's foolish. What has Reginald to do with it? It would have been the same if he had never existed, and if we two had met in the wilderness of the Pampas."

I did not discuss the point; I was far too glad to see her cheering up a little. When later on I went downstairs, she was distinctly better, though she had decided to have luncheon in her room. She would join us before tea, she said.

The lunch bell rang when I reached the hall where Nancy and Joan were waiting for me, sorting the letters just taken out of the post bag. Nancy, however, threw her correspondence on the table, and began to inquire where I had been hiding the whole morning; but she immediately noticed that something was wrong.

"What's the matter?" she asked in a low voice.

Joan, without a glance at us, had gone into the dining-room.

I shrugged my shoulders. "Nothing much."

"Broken a lance with the 'Empress?'" (You know her old nickname for your mother.)

"No, indeed," I assured her (and I could not repress a smile at the idea). "If I broke a lance to-day, it was not in that quarter."

"Oh! I say! You don't mean—?" And her eyes turned towards the dining-room door.

"Yes; early this morning."

"You look as if you came out of it second best."

"Yes; limp."

"You?"

"My dear, I was reduced to atoms. It gave me the impression of having run full tilt against a torpedo."

We both laughed without a sound.

Joan was calling out lazily: "Do you intend to come to luncheon or not?"

So we went in; but the meal was a very tame affair. We three spoke of the remotest possible subjects; we were unusually amiable, and most polite to one another. Joan asked us if we had any message to the village; she was sending a maid with the pony, which put into Nancy's head that she would love a ride if only she had brought a habit. Joan's mare badly wanted some exercise; but how could Nancy fit in Joan's clothes? Happily I remembered that an old riding-habit of mine had been left in a box in the lumber room, and with a few safety pins it might do. So "Gypsy" was ordered for a quarter to three, and by then Nancy was fairly comfortable in her borrowed plumes. Gypsy, however, showed herself so anxious to spend her surplus energy when she was brought round, that she looked far too lively for comfort; even the coachman volunteered some advice. But Nancy only laughed.

"Nonsense, an Irishwoman is not afraid of a horse. There is no vice in Gypsy."

"O! dear no, Miss, only she's fresh, you see, very fresh."

"Well! Here goes," said Nancy.

And with scarcely any help she was in the saddle. She took her time and settled herself comfortably; then Austin stepped aside, and she was gone. We lost sight of her at the curve of the avenue; further on, mare and rider reappeared between the clumps of rhododendrons; they were flying.

"Well! ma'am," remarked Austin, unable to contain his feelings, "what I do say is this: there's not many ladies as can sit a horse the way Miss O'Dwyer can do it, and no mistake."

After this satisfactory conclusion he retired, and left Joan and me standing side by side, apparently looking before us, but in reality

aware of each other's minutest movement. I did not feel any bitterness against her; still I had not sufficiently got over my experience of the morning to begin a conversation. She must have felt very much the same, as, precisely when I turned to the right towards the library, she gave a little dry cough and turned to the left towards the drawing-room. The absurdity of the thing could have made me smile or sigh. There we were, two full grown women, rehearsing a schoolgirl's quarrel. How strangely one is led by habits and circumstances!

From the library where I found the volume I wanted, I set out in search of a nice corner, secure from invasion. The summer-house seemed an ideal place. There I settled cosily, pushing my folding chair half in the shade, and I opened my book. My eyes went down the first page, then they went over it a second time, and then I gave it up. My mind would neither grasp nor follow any idea but its own. I felt weary and discontented. Under my dignified attitude, I began to fear that I was a humbug; and I was not blind to the fact that side by side with my just reproof of Joan's conduct, was the mean advantage I had taken of my knowledge of her. Would she have given way to that white heat of passion, if I had not let fall an inflammable drop of mockery on the most sensitive part of her pride? It was unlikely. Well! my prolonged meditations may have been wholesome, but they were not pleasant, and yet, when after some time I heard steps coming on the gravel walk, I sighed with impatience. I objected to being disturbed, though I realized that the afternoon was slipping away. For a minute the sound ceased—whoever was coming was walking on the grass; then a shadow passed swiftly between the sunlight and my chair, two soft arms slipped round my neck from behind, and a warm cheek was pressed against my own.

"Nemo! I was horrid! Say you forgive me!"

But I could not speak. My own little Joan! How dear she could be! How much more honest and generous than I was!

"Please, Nemo, do! I feel so wretched."

I caught one of the small hands, disengaged myself and drew the culprit forward. She slipped on her knees, one of her arms still around my neck, her face near mine. I held her there, for a few instants, my eyes plunging right through hers.

"My darling," I said at last, "we have both to forgive. I was cruel to you."

But she repeated doggedly: "I *was* horrid, horrid! You must say that you forgive me."

So I bent forward and lovingly pressed the warm sweet lips, and peace was restored; but she would not stand up.

"No, you must leave me here. I have more to tell you. Do you—do you know why I wanted to send somebody to the village?"

"How could I?"

"It was to take a telegram."

I waited. Her color deepened.

"Nemo, I—I wired to Max. I did it, because—because I knew you were right."

It is unnecessary to tell you, Rex dear, how glad the news made me, and I told her so. And we went on talking in the old, confidential, friendly way until every shadow was removed and every wound quite healed. When the tea bell rang and called us to the house, we came face to face with Nancy who had left the mare in the stable yard. I do not know what remark she intended to make, but when she caught sight of Joan's beaming smile (and of mine, I suppose), she raised her eyebrows in a rather eloquent manner.

"Oh! I say," she exclaimed, "fine weather at last! I *am* thankful! If you knew what a pair of wet blankets the two of you can be! But never mind, my speech will keep and Mrs. Camberwell is waiting for us. Nemo, I will make restitution of what remains of your habit after tea, if you will allow me to keep it until then."

When we three filed into the drawing-room, I caught your mother's eyes rapidly questioning our faces, but she made no comment; and I can assure you that no one would have guessed from her manner what she had heard, felt and decided that morning.

"Now," said Nancy, as Joan approached the tea table, "don't tell me that I brought nothing from my excursion; here are both letters and parcels. One for you, Nemo."

"And one for you," I replied, pushing a small box towards her.

She opened it at once; it contained a bangle of dull gold, and a note which curiosity made her unfold first.

> My Dear Nancy: If Nemo has not yet confided to you something of my immediate projects, tell her that she has full permission to do so. In any case I hope that you will keep the enclosed as a remembrance of this summer, of your friendly help in our difficulties and of my sincere affection. Maryna.
>
> P. S.—As I do not suppose you have learned Polish since we parted, I must add that, roughly translated, the motto on the bangle means: "May you sail under the guidance of Jesus Christ!—*Niech bedzie pochwalony Jezus Chrystus*—and the only value of the trinket is in 'the wish' which goes with it."

I fancy that Nancy was very pleased, but also intensely surprised; she examined the bracelet in silence then handed it to Joan, who praised it loudly.

I was still holding my parcel.

"Why don't you open yours?" they asked.

Of course I did, and it contained, oh, Rex! such a beauty!

An antique jewel of rare workmanship, curiously set with precious stones. A *"silver eagle with spread wings armed and crowned with gold."* With it was also a letter.

> My Own Dear Nemo: Twice I was tempted to fasten on your evening gown the "White Eagle" of Poland; but, as I have told you, my father objects, on principle, to the rousing of either antagonism or uncontrolled partisanship, even among our servants. We still need be prudent, even in Paris—perhaps *specially* in Paris. Where you are now, it is different; the white glory of my country can shine from your breast without gathering storms and hatred; so let it be there very, *very* often for my sake.
>
> I would not send it to you if it had not been so dear to me. It is truly ancient. Old family traditions report it as having belonged to Casimir the Great who died in 1370. For some time it was in the possession of Kosciuszko, but it was handed back to my mother's family. If you do not happen to know who Kosciuszko was, you must take the trouble to read Polish history. Shall I tell Helena to send you a *short* one in twenty-two volumes?
>
> My dear little friend, how I have enjoyed puzzling, frightening, teasing and loving you! Now, you will have a truce; but mind you, I shall begin all over again when we meet in heaven!
>
> Ever yours, Maryna.

I think my voice was shaky when I ended, but I affected to cough in a detached manner, while practical Joan—in her sweetest mood—had already pulled down a volume of references.

"Here we are," she called out gaily: "Kosciuszko!"

"Kosciuszko, one of the greatest of Polish patriots who attempted to save the independence of Poland in 1794, was severely wounded and taken prisoner after a glorious struggle. Buried with the kings of Poland in the famous Cathedral of Cracow."

In the meantime, the Eagle had passed from Nancy to your mother, and from your mother to me again.

"It is a magnificent piece of work," she had remarked, placing it in my hand. "Altogether, I should say that it is worth a small fortune."

I gazed at the wonderful thing with a kind of awe; then by a trick of memory the pure sky of the morning was mirrored in my mind. I saw the seagulls describing their wide circles; and, with the noise of powerful, flapping wings, a great snowy bird shooting above them and losing itself into immensity.

"Yes, a White Eagle," I unconsciously murmured.

Nancy, who was holding a cup towards me, glanced up quizzically. "Of course," she said, "what else?"

But I was not thinking of the jewel, only of another "White Eagle" who in the silence of the cloister was already rising towards mysterious heights to gaze in faith and love on the "Sun of Justice."

XIV.

CHELSEA, September, 1913.

Am I dreaming, my own Rex, and shall I wake presently from a torturing nightmare? Are you really summoning me to you, because an "entire" year, a "second" year at least, must lapse before your return to England, and not a few months as your previous letter had suggested. Yes, this stiff white paper, these odd capitals I know so well, these burning lines searing my brain are real enough:

> .....Prepare yourself for good news. I am not going to stay without you a day longer than can be helped, and since I cannot go to you, I have made arrangements for you to come to me. I have bought a perfect little gem of a house with a garden, which you may turn into a paradise of roses. I have now some experienced men with me, and I shall not have to leave Sydney, except for short periods. There are some nice people here who will thoroughly appreciate you, but the whole point is this: I think it quite safe now for you to come, and I need you ten times as much as you want me. If you think this cannot be true, and that it is an insult to your loving heart, well, come and see.....I feel absurdly like a boy again, writing all this nonsense; but I am so wildly happy, I could tread on air.....Things are quite simple if you come by the long sea route. You can start by the *Medic,* reaching the Cape on the tenth of October, Albany the twenty-fifth, and Sydney the tenth of November. There, you need not trouble any more. *I* will do all the "troubling" that's necessary; and, oh!.....think, my own love!.....

Think! Have I done anything else since I read your letter?..... Oh, Rex! what answer can I make under the circumstances? How can I bring myself to set aside such a prospect, yet, how can I possibly leave your mother? If you yourself were ill, it would be different; nothing or no one should keep me from you; but such is not the case. And your mother is *my* mother, and your duty to her is my own. There is not a loophole anywhere; as now she would never allow Joan to take my place and to be once more parted from Max.

Two days before I left C—— she had another slight attack; she is not much weaker, but the doctor said we could scarcely expect serious improvement in less than a year, and in a strange way she who was so strong, so independent, clings to me. Doctor Pemberton insists on her starting at once; our boxes are packed, and she is to arrive in London this evening.

My Reginald, could I ever have dreamed that I should have to crush voluntarily the dearest wish of both our hearts! I can see you opening my letter, a loving light in your eyes, your hopes high—as you know well what you are to me—and then, reading, reading—

Same day, six o'clock.

My dear Rex, I threw my pen away this afternoon, as courage

utterly failed me, and I broke down. I don't know how long it lasted, but when I began to think clearly again I felt that I could find only one place of peace and refuge. I looked for a hat and coat, and started at a good pace along the embankment towards Beaufort Street. I did not reason, I did not argue, I walked straight there in a dull, dumb way as a wounded animal running for shelter. But when I turned in at the door of the little chapel a lay Sister was coming out who happened to know me.

"Oh! Mrs. Camberwell," she exclaimed pleasantly, "we were beginning to fear you had gone without having a minute to call on Sister Michel. She was speaking of you this very morning. I hope your dear patient is not worse."

I said that she was not, and that I would see Sister Michel after Benediction.

"Well!" remarked the lay Sister dubiously, "I fancy it would be better if you saw her now, as she may be engaged the rest of the evening. Just come in for a minute, I will get her for you. Dear me! she was so anxious to show you what was in the parcel you brought us from Miss Lowinska. It will make the most beautiful set of vestments I have ever seen."

I went in and waited in the little parlor for Maryña's cousin. I soon heard the clinking of her beads along the passage, and when she opened the door, I stood up to greet her, but I could say nothing. Without any special reason, something caught in my throat, my eyes swam with tears, and I bit my lip fiercely to stop them. She saw it at a glance. However, she quietly came to me, made me sit down again, took my hand in hers and said quite simply: "Don't speak; take your time; neither of us need be in a hurry."

And as I stammered somehow that I was sorry for making such an exhibition of myself she shook her head.

"My dear child," she said gently, "if we have to carry our crosses, we are not asked not to feel them. Our Lord fell three times under His Own."

I had not for one minute contemplated telling her anything, and yet, before I knew it, she had a full version of my disappointment and regrets and hesitation.

"You see," I told you, "I am almost sure that my duty is to stay in Europe, but I have blundered so often! How do I know that I am not choosing the wrong path again?"

"And even if you are," she said calmly, "we are not asked to be 'sages' or 'prophets,' but to follow honestly the path our conscience points out."

I looked at her with uncertainty.

"Yes, but I don't want to do more harm than good." And what

I feel most is my husband's disappointment. His heart is so set on my coming."

"I can understand it; but does it not strike you that you are crediting your husband with less generosity than you are showing yourself?"

This took my breath away.

Could it possibly be true? Had I indeed doubted you, my husband? If so, I would do it no more.

I left Sister Michel in time to be at Benediction, and when I came out of the little white chapel, I had found the strength to cease looking behind.

Thank God! neither of us has been taught the decalogue merely as "a fine bit of Eastern civilization." Since your mother needs one of us, let it be so; only she must never know what it has cost us.

I can add nothing; you know too well every single word I would write. This is my last letter before leaving London; I shall post it on my way to Kensington, as I want to know how your mother has stood the journey from C——. To-morrow we will reach Ostend in the evening, and I will send you a line from there.

After that, I do not know; it will depend on circumstances, but you are well aware that my pen will seize on most of my free time to bring you my very heart.

God bless and help you, my own beloved husband. The day of our reunion will be nearer every instant in spite of the weary months ahead; and after all do not let us forget: "God Who permits the wound will also heal it."

[THE END.]

New Books.

IN GOD'S ARMY. *No. 1. Commanders-in-Chief.* By Rev. C. C. Martindale, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. 35 cents net.

This little volume consists of what may be called essays on St. Ignatius and St. Francis Xavier. Leaders in God's armies, beneath the banner of our Captain, Christ, they certainly were, and truly inspiring is their example of utter devotedness. A previous knowledge of the facts of their lives is requisite, however, to the comprehension and enjoyment of these sketches. Given that, and the reader is borne on, fascinated by the enthusiasm of the writer and his single-minded attention to his point of view—*In God's Army*. Study, penance, suffering, self-conquest, prayer—all and every energy is bent to one aim: conquest for God. As we become accustomed to the author's style—peculiar to himself—speeding onward, mostly in the present tense as if describing a scene vividly enacted before him, we are captivated and absorbed. As a son of St. Ignatius, Father Martindale is proud of his father, but the love of his heart would seem to be St. Francis Xavier.

The volume deserves a better make-up. Both paper and binding are poor.

OUR PALACE WONDERFUL, OR MAN'S PLACE IN VISIBLE CREATION. By Rev. Frederick A. Houck. Chicago: D. B. Hansen & Sons.

The object of this little work on the glories of the visible universe is, as the author has pointed out in the introduction, to impress the reader with the necessity of a First Cause and Intelligent Centre of the universe. To this end he lays particular emphasis on the argument from design, an argument which has by no means, as is sometimes intimated, lost its footing in the world of science. The marvelous mechanism and beauty, the perfect interrelation and concurrence of all created forms, with particular reference to the astronomical and vegetable kingdoms, is illustrated and developed with a view to stimulating in the mind of the reader a profound wonder and awe in the creative and controlling power of God.

The modest foreword of the author, which acknowledges his work as unpretentious, urges us to overlook certain faults of style

and diction, occasional ineffective repetitions and the inferior quality of the verse selected for illustration.

The book is admirably adapted to the general reader: the language untechnical, the matter interesting and, with few exceptions, accurate and well presented. It cannot fail to arouse a thoughtful and intelligent interest in natural phenomena, and to give to this interest a proper impetus and direction.

THE WORLD STORM AND BEYOND. By Edwin Davies Schoonmaker. New York: The Century Co. $2.00 net.

According to this attempt to set forth the causes and the effects of the present war, Cæsarism in Germany was forced to sustain itself by militarism, thus preparing the popular mind for war, which followed when growing population brought the need for territorial expansion. For Russia the war is the inevitable aftermath of the three great struggles in the past by which her foes halted her march toward the open sea and snatched from her the domination of the Balkans. And lastly the general cause, accounting for the utter failure of our civilization, is the fact that we have made "efficiency," not character, the end of education.

As the result of the war, the author holds that Russia will hold the key of the future. The Slavic peoples, by nature truly democratic, will, he hopes, teach true democracy to the world. But Russia must be allowed access to the open sea; then only will she progress and escape militarism. In any event the European states must choose between peaceful federation and forced submission to Russian power. Socialism, now obscured for the moment, has not failed, but has rather been put in the way of greater advances. The same is true of "feminism." The Church, not Socialism, has collapsed. Marriage laws must follow slavery and orthodoxy into oblivion; after the war will come "poelogamy," which means respect for the rights of others to do as they please in the matter of sex relations, and a replacing of law by education.

Accurate enough in political history, in questions of religion, the Church or social problems, the book breathes an antagonism to orthodox Christianity, and partiality for Socialism (which it seems to identify with democracy). The calm assurance with which the author expounds his views on Christianity, the Church and marriage would be amusing were the views themselves less offensive. He tries to be fair to the belligerents, but unfortunately makes little effort to be fair to the Catholic Church.

ROTULI ROBERTI GROSSETESTE EPISCOPI LINCOLNIENSIS A. D. MCCXXXV.-MCCLIII., NECNON ROTULUS HENRICI DE LEXINGTON EPISCOPI LINCOLNIENSIS A. D. MCCLIV.-MCCLIX. Edited by F. N. Davis, B.A.,B.Litt., Horncastle. Lincoln, England: The Lincoln Record Society. $3.75.

A never-ending interest attaches to the life and career of Robert Grosseteste, the Bishop of Lincoln who lived in the troublous times of Henry III. He was at once a bishop and a reformer, a statesman and an ecclesiastic, the first mathematician and physicist of his age, and a precursor of the revival of classical learning; a warm defender of the Pope's rights, and a firm resister of the abuses which grew up under their shadow. Very soon after his death he was regarded almost universally throughout England as a saint. The chroniclers tell of miracles at his tomb, and pilgrims visited it.

The Rolls Series of publications have made it easy for the student to acquaint himself with the various sources of the history of the Middle Ages. Grosseteste's letters have been edited by R. H. Luard for that series, and in the *Monumenta Franciscana,* Vol. I., edited by J. S. Brewer for the same series, much light is thrown upon Grosseteste's work. These more recent publications enable the reader to correct the bias shown by Matthew Paris in his *Chronicles.* Several Lives have been written, of which the most impartial is that by Stevenson published in 1899.

This new publication issued under the auspices of The Lincoln Record Society, contains the Rolls of the Diocese of Lincoln while it was under the rule of Grosseteste, from 1235 to 1253, and of Henry of Lexington, from 1254 to 1259. There is a short introduction by the editor, the Rev. F. N. Davis, which indicates some of the chief points of interest.

Specially worthy of mention is his reference to the subject of patronage. He points out that the rights of lay patrons which existed at that time arose entirely from the ownership of the land. Even a bishop's right of patronage was due to his being the lord of a manor. Disputes were settled in the civil courts. For seven centuries the presentation to one of the benefices in what was then the diocese of Lincoln has been in the hands of Westminster Abbey. The bulk of the work is a record of the routine work of the diocese, being the institutions which took place to benefices. To the student of ecclesiastical history it is of value, as it enables him to gain an idea of the ecclesiastical government of the period, and to con-

trast it with that of the present time. A most complete index makes it possible to trace the presentations to the churches of the various cities and villages. It is not, however, a work for the general reader, but for those who wish to go back to original sources, and to form their own opinions from a first-hand survey of the state of things in the Middle Ages. While this work does not from the nature of the case give much information about Grosseteste personally, still it indicates one of the activities of the man who, according to one of his opponents, was wont to cast thunderbolts which struck terror into the hearts of the monks and of the nuns of his diocese.

FELIX O'DAY. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

This novel of New York is wholly characteristic of the popular author who died before its publication. Its scenes are laid in and around a part of the city now changed forever, but well remembered by those who knew New York twenty years ago. Mr. Smith's love of the picturesque avails to create an interest that the rather hackneyed story might not inspire of itself. The characters are such as he was wont to draw, clearly defined and readily understood. His readers will welcome those whom he now introduces, Kling, Kitty Cleary and especially Father Cruse. A word of appreciation is due from Catholics for the genial, respectful manner in which the last named is represented.

Mr. Smith's was that large public whose frank preference is for the romantic. If his work displayed none of the delicate shadings of the modern analysts, it was also free from their melancholy. His fiction abounded in cheerfulness, and that quality is not lacking in this, alas! his last novel.

THE SONG OF THE LARK. By Willa Sibert Cather. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.40 net.

Although Miss Cather's latest novel is also her best, it is not so by virtue of its central theme. This story of the realization of a girl's ambition to be a great singer shows her as too self-centred to arouse any warmth of feeling for her; and the author's methods are not sufficiently meticulous to gain a place for Thea Kronborg in the gallery of *chefs-d'œuvre* by the masters of analysis. Our interest is less with her than with the people about her, especially in her years of childhood and youth in Moonstone, the little Colorado

town. Miss Cather is a close and sympathetic observer. The book has many characters, each of whom is a distinct personality, and Mrs. Kronborg, the hapless young lover, Ray Kennedy, and the odd, romantic, unattractive Tillie, become to us real people whom we like. The various scenes and incidents are graphically depicted. Exceptionally good is the epilogue, in which we are brought back to Moonstone to see Tillie living a glad, proud life on the triumphant career of her famous niece, who has finally severed all bonds of union with the place of her birth.

Miss Cather's manner is remarkably virile and effective. When her people speak it is because they have something to say; and she has a faculty for giving, without apparent effort, an unexpected turn to the commonplace that deprives it of that character. Her powers require the wider scope of some subject of broad human significance: with such an inspiration she could accomplish things not easily forgotten.

THE WIDOW WOMAN. By Charles Lee.

THE LORE OF THE WANDERER. By George Goodchild.

PROPHETS, PRIESTS AND KINGS. By A. G. Gardiner.

THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF HENRY RYECROFT. By George Gissing.

THE WAR LORDS. By A. G. Gardiner. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 40 cents each net.

These volumes of "The Wayfarers Library" promise well. Their appearance is tasteful and inviting: they are light to hold and pleasant to read. In form they far excel the "Everyman" series, although costing but little more.

If one would learn of the land where women propose and how such love-affairs are conducted, one need only make the acquaintance of this delightful tale of *The Widow Woman,*

> By the Ire, Pol, and Peu—
> You shall know the true Cornishmen,

for these Cornish fisher folk hold themselves superior to such mere foreigners as Jones, Smith, etc.

The Lore of the Wanderer is an open-air anthology for the nature lover, providing as delightful company for a ramble through the woods or a rest beside a bubbling spring as Stevenson, Symons, Ruskin or Thoreau.

Only five foreigners are admitted into the select company of *Prophets, Priests and Kings.* The majority are British statesmen, members of Parliament, socialists, preachers—all moderns. Some of the sketches are written, *con amore,* but others are unfortunately labored.

The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft carry us to delightful Devon, where after a hard, penurious life, Ryecroft is enabled by an annuity to spend his closing days in peace—resigned, but pessimistic and without future hope.

The War Lords contains short, well-sketched pen pictures of the Rulers of Germany, Austria, Belgium, Italy and Bulgaria; General Joffre, Grand Duke Nicholas, Lord Fisher, General Botha, Field-Marshal von Hindenburg, General von Bernhardi, Sir John French, Sir John Jellicoe and M. Venezelos.

This new series purposes to provide as companions by wayside and fireside the best in recent light literature. The publishers are so far to be congratulated upon their aim and its accomplishment.

A ROGUE BY COMPULSION. By Victor Bridges. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

THE REAL MAN. By Francis Lynde. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

The scene of *A Rogue By Compulsion* is laid in England immediately before the present war. It records the adventures of Neil Lyndon, Oxford graduate and inventor of explosives, who escapes from Dartmoor prison, where he is serving an unjust sentence of imprisonment for life; is sheltered by German spies who seek to use his talents for their own purposes; thwarts them, performs immensely valuable services for England, and is finally rehabilitated, and marries his former sweetheart.

The Real Man is also a story of a fugitive from the law. The hero, wrongly believing himself to have committed murder, beats his way to the Far West. From being a somewhat colorless person he develops, under the stress of Western life, in its most strenuous form, into a bold, resourceful leader of men, with success and reinstatement as his reward. A due amount of romantic interest is, of course, provided.

Of the two novels, the former is the better written. Both books are of the class that finds an audience among readers who are not compelled by lack of leisure to exercise careful selection.

SIR CHRISTOPHER LEIGHTON. By Maria Longworth Storer. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00 net.

This novel tells of an English baronet obsessed by anti-Catholic prejudices to the point of attempting the murder of his Catholic nephew and heir, which act he justifies by modern ethics as he has heard them expounded by an apostle of the "Forward Movement." Sensational as this sounds, the story is told plausibly and the book is readable, although peculiar, of uneven merit, and written with complete indifference to any rules of form. The author's purpose is avowedly controversial, and considerable space is given to exposition of the non-supernatural New Religion, Eugenics and Humanitarianism. These subjects are presented by their followers, and the non-Catholic reader cannot deny that the arguments are representative: they are precisely the sort of thing that one hears daily; indeed, the author in her preface intimates plainly that she but repeats what she has actually heard from the lips of eminent people.

Mrs. Storer has done her work as it pleased her fancy. She introduces tales and incidents not connected with the story, and inserts anecdotes humorous, but totally irrelevant. These cheerful digressions, however, do not delay or obscure the action, which in its progress develops dramatic force and suspense. Despite the number of topics, the book is rather under than over the usual size.

THE GREAT TRADITION AND OTHER STORIES. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

Mrs. Gerould brings to her task no mean equipment: sureness of touch, analytic keenness, communicative power of impression. Yet the quintessential spark, the informing spirit is lacking; the clay has not been touched to life. The writer takes for her theme the attitude of the modern woman toward marriage, which is termed the "Great Tradition." To mere hereditary instinct, blind, cumulative, over-ruling force, she attributes the power of the marriage-bond. Stripped of sacred dignity, it is considered as a naked human contract, hallowed only by the prestige of tradition.

Her characters, though cleverly manipulated, are mere mechanisms, plausible Frankensteins, moving in an atmosphere purged of

normal human emotions, and charged with the white light of the scientific laboratory. Their problems, too, partake of the complex and the ultra-modern, and conscience and the emancipated will are superseded by a mysterious deterministic power of precedent and convention. The soul is ignored, and human nature summoned to the operating-table. Yet the sacrilege is altogether useless; no conclusion is reached, no solution offered. Mrs. Gerould offers us a truly characteristic product of a highly artificial and self-conscious age.

CONTINUOUS BLOOM IN AMERICA. By Louise Shelton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00 net.

Louise Shelton, already widely known as a counselor of untrained gardeners, has now brought out a good-sized, well-illustrated, and handsomely-printed volume giving the results of her own successful attempts to achieve continuous bloom from May-time to the frost. It is really the publication of her working plans, with all necessary detail of supplementary information, and with allowance made for failures due to possible local variations of climate or personal variations of skill. She ventures to claim—and both the book and her established reputation support the claim—that strict adherence to the plans here suggested will leave little to be desired in the way of fullest bloom and perfect harmony. The plan followed in her own garden is supplemented by the presentation of eleven other planting charts, offering wide variety.

Altogether the book is a very satisfactory guide for garden makers in and about New York City. The one possible enlargement of its usefulness which we perceive, is an appendix on variations in the date of planting in other latitudes, say as far as the northern and southern boundaries of the United States. Such an addition would greatly widen the appeal of an already attractive book.

MINNIE'S BISHOP, AND OTHER STORIES. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.20 net.

The account of a pert young lady's tactics in entangling an unwary Irish bishop in the matrimonial snare, ranks as the title-tale, but is not the cleverest chapter, in this new group of stories from the fluent and witty pen of our genial Irish clergyman. One never turns many pages in the Birmingham books without being provoked into a sudden laugh, and to get this result without endangering the proprieties or even offending the probabilities, is a

rare enough piece of luck. Then, too, it is such a relief to have a real background and a real brogue instead of tortured caricatures in one's Irish stories. So though some of the present tales are so light as to be almost below the market weight, we are glad to have the book, and we hope the good Canon will long continue to flourish and to write.

EVE DORRE. By Emily Vielé Strother. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.35 net.

Literary quality and freshness of material give this book distinction. It is the heroine herself who tells "the story of her precarious youth," as the sub-title expresses it, and one cannot but think that part of it must be autobiography in fact as well as form, for some of the realistic occurrences related are of the kind that are not generally supplied by an unaided imagination. There is no plot, but many situations and incidents, from the heroine's removal in childhood from America to France to the early days of her marriage there, and her motherhood: for the story ends here, though the author has added an epilogue telling of the present war and of her son who is fighting for France. It is delightfully written, with the direct simplicity of literary mastery. The spirit of youth pervades it, a youth of gayety and tears and whiteness of soul as remote as possible from the youth of contemporary fiction, precocious and inquisitive. The characterization is vividly clear, and the book abounds in little indelible pictures of life in the city and the country. The love-story is pretty and touching. The prevailing tone is so buoyantly and spontaneously humorous that it gives the effect of a frothy consistency; but it is a froth that lightly covers a substance of strength and pathos, as shown in the description of the mother's death. It is true that at times the author's exuberant humor passes the bounds of fastidiousness, but these moments are few: the general impression is of refreshing charm.

Regretful recollection of a gifted hand whose labors were arrested early will come to many who read the inscription: "In joyous memory of my brother, Herman Knickerbocker Vielé."

THE HIGH PRIESTESS. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

Some of the author's best work is in this novel, which is of the sort we are accustomed to expect from him—a story of present-day American life. He shows us a happy marriage brought to

disaster primarily through the wife's pursuit of a separate career in a profession that entailed frequent absences from home; the treachery of a woman friend; the separation of the husband and wife, and their reunion after seven years.

It is a phase of feminism that Judge Grant sets forth in his heroine, Mary Randall, and he discloses it with entire fairness and freedom from exaggeration. The crux of her position is in her insistence upon the " single standard " of morals, as the right and duty of her sex. It is a clever and tactful bit of writing, in which her eyes are opened to the unsuspected, unwelcome truth that the greatest obstacle to this reform is the failure of woman in general to support it.

The book deals with numerous characters and incidents. The scene is the same as that of " Unleavened Bread," Benham, that " Eastern city with a Western exposure; " and the author's shrewd humor plays over it as amusingly as before. Judge Grant is a competent, keen-eyed social critic whose judgment is under the sanctions of good breeding and taste. His point of view is along secular planes only, but his healthy conservatism attests that the conclusions of the best human wisdom are in accordance with revealed truth.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN DRAMA OF TO-DAY: OUTLINES FOR THEIR STUDY. By Barrett H. Clark. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.60 net.

This is a little book intended for those who sometimes think of the stage when away from the theatre. It aims at telling something in a biographical way about each of a number of English and American playwrights. Following the brief history of the author, there is set down in each instance an analysis of his more important plays. We scrutinize such old friends as " The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," " The Importance of Being Earnest," " What Every Woman Knows," " The Witching Hour," and many others, and if we seem to find them older than they were when we first knew them, they are not less clever now that their art is revealed to us. The analyses are short, but that is better: if they were more searching they might miss their purpose, which is to suggest to the reader lines of study rather than to present him with these studies ready-made.

Not the least valuable part of the book is the bibliography, which is broad and authoritative.

THE PRACTICAL CONDUCT OF PLAY. By Henry S. Curtis. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

To provide "a practical manual for all who have to do with the organization of play," is the author's statement of his purpose in preparing this very comprehensive volume. The physical and moral necessity of play and hence of playgrounds, the construction of the grounds and their equipment, what apparatuses are most desirable, what are the dangers to be guarded against, the qualifications essential for a successful director, the sort of discipline requisite and how to obtain it—these are only a few of the topics considered carefully and in detail. Dr. Curtis speaks with the authority conferred by sixteen years of experience; he is a warm advocate of playgrounds, but recognizes the attendant disadvantages, and gives valuable suggestions as to how these should be met. The book is profusely illustrated; it is also indexed, and contains a bibliography.

GOETHE'S LIFE-POEM. As set forth in his life and work. By Denton J. Snider. St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Co.

This work contains no new contribution of either biography or commentary. The author's principal intention seems to be the casting of a poetic glamor over Goethe's love experiences, which Mr. Snider describes as "titanic, barrier-bursting, soul-dizzying." He gives the name of "Phileros" to Goethe, and maintains that each transgression of the poet was atoned for by the anguish with which he embodied it in his writings. He frequently alludes to the life of Goethe by "the Jesuit, Pater Alexander Baumgarten," whom he calls "anti-Phileros," saying that he "voiced the vast population of Goethe deniers." A high-pitched, extravagant tone obtains throughout, and the style is labored and involved.

THE GERMAN WAR AND CATHOLICISM. Paris: Bloud et Gay. English edition. 75 cents net.

This volume, issued under the patronage of "The Catholic Committee of French Propaganda," is addressed to the Catholics of neutral countries with the avowed object of enlisting their sympathies for France and the Allies. Opening with a commendatory letter from Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, the book contains a number of papers of unequal merit. Canon Gandeau discusses "The Christian Laws of Warfare," maintaining that these have been transgressed by the Germans; M. Georges Goyau's "Ger-

man Culture" is in tone and in conclusions somewhat exaggerated; a tribute to French missionary enterprise and a defence of the religious character of the French people is from "A Missionary;" Canon Couget's paper on the canonical status of priests serving in various capacities in the French army gives interesting and valuable information; and there are other essays that repay the reading. There are, moreover, what may be called "official documents," such as the reply of the Catholic Faculty of Paris to the Manifesto of the representatives of German science and art, an Allocution of Pope Benedict on the war, and a list of French and Belgian priests killed in the war.

ARTHUR OF BRITAIN. By Reginald R. Buckley. London: Williams & Norgate. 75 cents net.

The present volume is composed of four poetical dramas written around Arthurian legendary lore. As poetry they are splendid. We have not read since Stephen Phillips' *Paolo and Francesca* anything that approaches them. But it is doubtful whether they will succeed in presentation, even amid the surroundings for which they were intended. They will probably remain closet plays, but as such they give a succession of delights. There is true poetry ringing through them, scaling noble heights in such passages as the scene between Arthur and Igraine (where a delicate theme is most gracefully and delicately handled) and the Prophecy of Merlin. We hope for more from Mr. Buckley, though one is inclined to feel that he has poured out his soul here.

WHEN I WAS A BOY IN BELGIUM. By Robert Jonckheere. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shephard. 75 cents net.

A year ago Mr. Jonckheere was a prosperous manufacturer in Belgium—to-day he is starting life anew in America. Still he loves to go back in memory to the happy days that are gone and will probably never return, and has thereby produced a little book that is not only interesting, but in its way really important. Its title hardly does it justice: it is far more than a sad reminiscence. Besides the account of home and school life in Belgium, and of the events that drove him out of his native land, there are keen observations of American child life which will afford profitable reading to many American parents, as for instance:

> In the short time we have been here, we have seen so many children utterly disregarding the words of their parents that

we are obliged to infer that it is not unusual to let children behave that way. We have not been here long enough to appreciate the good points which there may be in such an education. Nevertheless, although we are full of admiration for the many fine traits we have observed in the citizens of the United States, we feel that your ideal of liberty is abused when children are allowed to do whatever they like. True liberty is founded upon obedience to all the principles of truth and love; and for children liberty starts with prompt obedience to the wishes of their parents, in which they should find these principles of truth and love fulfilled.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1914 IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM. By G. H. Perris. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

Though an English war correspondent writing on the war, Mr. Perris is neither "journalistic" nor partial. He gives us here a plain but interesting narrative of events from the attack on Liége to the end of the first battles in Flanders. Naturally there is much description of ruins, burnings, etc., but the book is not a mere collection of picturesque or tragic incidents, of the kind so common from the pens of journalists. It is the straightforward account of an eyewitness, and is a real contribution to contemporary history. There is a serviceable index.

THE ROAD TOWARD PEACE. By Charles W. Elliott. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.00 net.

This volume would be negligible were it not for the one fact that it has Dr. Elliott for its author. We have a right to expect from such a source something more than a commonplace production, with a touch of scholarship here and there as a redeeming feature. A collection of lectures delivered on various occasions, letters written to the New York *Times,* the correspondence with Mr. Schiff that grew out of these letters—such is the material of which the book is made. Naturally it contains good things, but most of them have been said elsewhere, and the whole is vitiated by an anti-German bias which the author does not in the least try to conceal. We put the book down with a feeling of hope deferred.

STORIED ITALY. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.

The title *Storied Italy* is a fine one, but a misnomer. Another, less dignified and less suggestive of richness, would have been fitter.

For Mrs. Fraser gives us several hundred pages of fairly entertaining, often brilliant, yet sometimes careless writing, that is mainly gossip; not what would naturally be expected in a book with the name and splendid appearance of the present volume. The stories are no more closely related to each other than to the title. Isolated, most of them might lay fair claim to place in a monthly magazine; and the series of chapters on the life of St. Frances of Rome would make a charming little book.

THE VIOLET BOOK OF ROMANCE. A Tapestry of Old Tales for Reading to the Little Ones. Rewoven by Alethea Chaplin, with illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.00 net.

Children who have been fascinated by the Rose Book stories will gladly welcome *The Violet Book,* with its goodly store of time-honored tales. Simply and entertainingly told, they recall the immortal adventures of Ali Baba, Goldilocks and Jack the Giant Killer, of Snow-White and Robin Hood, and many more dear to the child's heart. Large print and odd, fantastic pictures make the book an attractive and suitable holiday gift.

INDIAN WHY STORIES. Sparks from War Eagle's Lodge-Fire. By Frank B. Linderman. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00 net.

Novelty is a most desirable feature in folk-tales, and this collection of Blackfeet Indian stories is wholly new. They are brief little bedtime narratives of how the chipmunk's back became striped, and the Kingfisher's head ruffled, and the curlew's bill bent, and all sorts of other wonderful lore told by the old chief as he sat surrounded by his grandchildren in a Montana Indian camp. The book is beautifully made, with fine paper and press work, and with black and white drawings and a half dozen splendid illustrations in color.

A CATHOLIC Calendar for 1916, published by the Mt. Carmel Guild of 50 Franklin Street, Buffalo, New York, is a handy and well-arranged daily Calendar for the coming year, which gives for the Sundays the Introit of the Mass, and for every day a poetical selection. The selections show both extensive reading in Catholic literature and good taste in selection. It sells for the sum of fifty cents; 10 cents extra for postage.

Foreign Periodicals.

The Month (November): A. A. Pitman describes the cemeteries of Paris, with recollections of their illustrious dead.——The Rev. Sydney F. Smith shows that the first clause of Magna Charta did not refer, as the late Earl of Selborne said, to freedom from the spiritual supremacy of the Pope, but to freedom from the temporal dominion of the Crown.——James Britten commends the new Armagh hymnal.——Rev. Herbert Thurston traces the origin of the word "Huns," as applied to the Germans. Father Thurston also shows how Sir James Frazer, the folk-lorist, in discussing the origins of All Souls' Day celebration, wrongly states that the cakes begged on that day were offered to the souls of the departed; as a matter of fact, they were merely doles given to the poor.——Legacies for Masses were declared good bequests in law by an Irish Chief Justice some years ago and, more recently, bequests to religious orders were declared valid in England. Both rulings presumably hold good throughout the Empire.——In the fifty years between 1850 and 1900 France gained 3,701,000 inhabitants; Great Britain, 14,000,000; Germany, 20,000,000; Austria, 14,000,000; Russia, 62,000,000, and Italy, 8,833,000. In view of the war the significance of these figures is obvious.

The Church Quarterly Review (October): Tendencies in *Christology,* by the Rev. J. K. Mozley, is a summary of the recent non-Catholic opinions as to the nature of Christ, from such men as Sanday, Forsyth, Bishop Weston, Mackintosh, Thompson, Loofs, and the authors of *Foundations.* No evidence as to Dean Mozley's own opinion is given.——*Recent Developments in Biology,* by F. A. Dixey, discusses the addresses by Bateson and Dendy at the 1914 meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, and two works by Driesch and Haldane, with brief reference to Professor Mark Baldwin.——Rev. W. J. Sparrow Simpson quotes the opinions of modern Liberal Judaism on the doctrines of mediation, especially by Christ, and of the Messianic hope.——Herbert A. Strong describes, as illustrating "Slavonic culture," the works of Golgol the humorist and of Poushkin the poet. He believes that Russian literature will be "a dominating factor in the literature of Europe in the near future."——Very Rev. J. Armitage Robin-

son contributes a long article on the early history of the Convocation of Canterbury from 1175 to 1533.——The Editor attacks three recent addresses by the Rev. Leighton Pullan, an extreme High Churchman, who criticized the statement by the Archbishop of Canterbury on the Kikuyu scandal.

The Dublin Review (October): The Editor writes on *Prussianism, Pacificism and Chivalry.* In another article he points out how far English newspapers have fallen short of that loyal and united tone so necessary in the present crisis.——Dom Cabrol quotes prose and poetical prayers for France, composed by Lavedan, Masson, Jammes, Déroulède, Coppée, Bazin, Pailleron, Louis Veuillot and Mistral.——*The Early Romance of English Trade with Russia* is based on a little-known essay by John Milton, which describes the reception given to various merchant ambassadors to "the Kingdom of Moscovia" from 1553 to 1604.——The Editor reviews the history of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana.——Monsignor A. S. Barnes reviews the history of the Teutonic knights and the Kingdom of Prussia.——W. R. Castle considers the situation in the United States a very grave one. The meaning of democracy has changed. It tends in modern America "to the levelling of all distinction, whether natural or artificial. It distrusts both wealth and intellectual power. It would foist into position of responsibility those who lack real qualifications, and that not only by endowing them with imaginary resources, but, also, lest the contrast be too obvious, by minimizing or condemning as dangerous the real qualifications of others. It is enough if a man has risen from the ranks." There is no national public opinion. Laws which benefit one state injure another. The rich are attacked and business interfered with. There is a strong tendency toward the government ownership of public utilities. General voting on such questions as the income tax or any technical problem is not and cannot be intelligent; the impulse of the uneducated voter is to secure for himself representation without taxation. There are too many laws; judicial procedure is too technical and complicated; class privilege, now in favor of the laborer, is the order of the day. Meanwhile, expert decisions are more and more distrusted, and the opinions and will of the uneducated classes taken as the guides of the nation.——In a discussion of *The Guarantees of International Honor,* Cardinal Gasquet says: "The Pope, by his office, affords to the nations precisely that international prin-

ciple of morality which the world seeks to-day.....No combination of nations, directed by treaties and conventions," will be able, as might the Papacy, to protect the weak against the strong.

The Irish Theological Quarterly (October): The Rev. John Blowick gives an historical review of the Sacrament of Penance. ——Rev. Hugh Pope, O.P., considers *What Was St. Paul's Infirmity?* and concludes that it was some bodily weakness: "The earliest tradition vouched for by Tertullian and repeatedly mentioned by later writers, is that he suffered from headache. That it was a complaint of the eyes seems to be based on an exaggerated view of what was hardly more than a figure of speech in Gal. iv. 15. That it was epilepsy is unthinkable."

Études (October): Léonce de Grandmaison praises Paul Bourget's latest novel *Le Sens de la Mort.*——Adhémar d'Alès concludes his discussion of indulgences, considering their application to the departed, complaints against indulgences, and the treatise on this subject by Father Hilgers.

Revue du Clerge Français (October): F. Girerd describes the separation of Church and State in Brazil.——Eugene Evrard reviews a French translation of the late Monsignor Benson's *Dawn of All.*

(November): J. Bricout traces the history of Catholicism in Bulgaria.——L. Hénin discusses the claim of experimental psychologists, that the only legitimate method of educating children is that of attracting and pleasing them.

The Irish Ecclesiastial Record (November): *In Spirit and in Truth,* by Dom B. Stewart, O.S.B., is a defence of external religion, as sanctioned by God and as needed by man.——The Rev. T. E. Garde, O.P., describes *The Dominican Biblical School in Jerusalem,* which for five and twenty years was a centre of intellectual activity, and is now a military headquarters for the Turks. The *Revue Biblique,* and the work of Fathers Lagrange, Dhorme, Jaussen, Savignac, Abel and Vincent made for this school, even outside of its students, a world-wide reputation.——The Rev. James P. Rushe, O.D.C., relates *The Trials of Some Irish Missionaries,* Discalced Carmelites, from 1638 to 1645.——Christopher Reddin points out that " previous wars have not made Socialism necessary; and neither does the present."

Recent Events.

The Editor of The Catholic World *wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.*

Great Britain.

If anything can add to the interest of the present war it is the fact that it is being carried on by Great Britain, after a series of political changes that has placed the country more than ever before under the control of the working classes. The Reform Act of 1867, carried to its complete development in 1884, by giving household suffrage, handed over political power to the common people, swamping not only the aristocracy and the middle class, but any combination of the two. At first the new wielders of the destinies of Great Britain did not realize the situation, and were content to follow the old lines, and to allow themselves to be guided by traditional methods. In fact, there was at first a reaction; for many years the Conservatives supplanted the Liberals; but the new forces have been more and more asserting themselves, and taking into their own hands the control of affairs. The veto power of the House of Lords has been abolished, and every vestige of its control of finance has disappeared. Heavy taxation has been placed upon the holders of land, and measures were threatened which seemed likely to abolish this long-existing monopoly. The war, indeed, has brought about a suspension of movement in this direction, but has revealed even more clearly the power now possessed by the working classes. The war could not go on for a week if they failed to give it active and self-sacrificing coöperation. The miners, or the railway men, or the ship-builders, could bring about a cessation of hostilities by merely abstaining from work, to say nothing of the refusal to enlist. This is not merely a fact, but a fact known and recognized by all. A victorious outcome will, therefore, be an indication that the mass of the people is as worthy of trust and as efficient as the better-placed and more highly-instructed classes. It will be the greatest vindication of democracy that has ever been given.

The strike of the Welsh miners made many fear that the working people would prove unworthy of the confidence which the nation has reposed in them. When everything depended upon prompt supplies of coal to the navy, work was stopped merely for the sake of an increase in pay. This step was taken by the miners in opposition to the advice of the officials of their own trade union, and in defiance of an act of Parliament. They yielded only when their demands were fully conceded. It may be looked upon as an extenuating feature that their demands were not unjust—that the coal owners were in fact making undue profits, of which the miners had rightful claims to a share. The whole series of events shows, however, the difficulties encountered in governing under the present conditions, and it is only one of many instances. The railway men, soon after the settlement of the difficulty in Wales, made a claim to an increase of wages, to be enforced by a strike in the event of a refusal. This was only averted by the concession of their demands. The lack of munitions was due not so much to strikes or threats of strikes, as to the enforcement by trade unions of rules by which work is restricted. It has become an established practice among them that no workman should do his best, but that he should limit his output according to certain definite rules laid down by his trade union. A certain piece of work may be done—say in ten hours. The trade unions say that fourteen hours must be given to it. Other rules require that a workman's control must be limited to one or two machines, whereas he could easily control three or four. Unskilled workers must be introduced only in a certain proportion to the skilled workers. These and similar rules had become established by the trade unions, and enforced under the penalty of a strike. To their enforcement the lack of munitions was due. The Government was not strong enough to enforce the abandonment of these rules. It had to proceed by negotiation. The terms insisted upon by the trades in question were granted. These terms included the recognition of the right of the unions to make rules of this kind, and to resume their application at the end of the war. Moreover, the profits of the employers were to be limited to a certain amount; the balance to be paid into the coffers of the state. This is another proof of the great difficulties placed in the way of government under the present democratic régime. That to a certain extent they have been overcome, shows how united at heart is the country in the carrying on of the war.

There is, however, one point, and that perhaps the most im-

portant of all, in which the opposition of the workingmen has not as yet been overcome—that is the adoption of conscription. In the Trade Union Congress a resolution was passed condemning in strong terms the efforts to foist conscription on the country, and expressing full confidence in the capability of carrying the war to a successful conclusion by voluntary enlistment. Since that time even mere outspoken utterances have been made by men representatives of the working classes. One of them declared that the attempt to introduce conscription would produce an industrial revolution. Never, perhaps, in the history of the British press has there been a more virulent quarrel. Vituperation has been carried to an extreme rarely reached before. Advocates of conscription are called British Prussians and Junkers; its supporters are declared to be conspirators and the whole movement a plot, and this notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Lloyd George, the leader of the recent democratic measures, is believed to be one of the members of the Cabinet who is in its favor, if certain conditions are not fulfilled. The anti-class feeling which had reached such a height just before the outbreak of the war, has reappeared in the suggestion that the movement in favor of conscription is really for the purpose of putting a powerful reactionary weapon in the hands of the opponents of the recent democratic development of the country.

However strong the opposition may be, it must not be thought that it indicates the least wavering on the part of practically all the working class to the continuance of the war not merely to a successful issue, but to the issue had in view from the first. Their determination is as unshaken as that of the rest of the nation, and perhaps even more unshaken, for they recognize in the enemy's national ideal the opponent of all that they understand by democracy. With it they can make no terms, and for this reason they are unwilling to adopt conscription as a means. Their belief in voluntary as opposed to constrained effort is strong enough to convince them that success is sure; that an army large enough to win can be raised and maintained by voluntary enlistment alone. This is what is now being put to the proof. To Lord Derby has been intrusted the task of securing the required numbers. This change means the transfer of recruiting from the military to the civilian authorities with, of course, the coöperation of the military. With Lord Derby is working hand-in-hand the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress. The Register made a few weeks before of all persons from sixteen to sixty-five, enables the canvas

to be made with greater facility. By means of it, workmen and others who can be of greater service to their country in the factories and workshops have been ascertained, and no attempt will be made to enroll them in the army. The call is for thirty thousand recruits a week. There are tens of thousands of men of military age and fitness available for service, and it is generally believed that it is not want of courage but lack of a full realization of the vital interests involved that has so far kept them from offering themselves in their country's need. The opportunity now being given is the last resource. In case of the failure of Lord Derby's efforts, there will be no alternative to the adoption of some form of conscription. Opinions differ as to the results so far obtained. There is some reason, however, to believe that, notwithstanding reports to the contrary, it will not be necessary to adopt compulsory methods. The date fixed for the end of the experiment is the thirtieth of November.

The Coalition Ministry still survives, although, if rumors may be trusted, there is within its ranks a wide divergence of opinion about the necessity of conscription. It is generally agreed that the ministry is too large, and that the delay which has been the cause of failure in several instances is due to the number of its members. This has led to the gradual evolution of a smaller Cabinet, to which has been intrusted the day-by-day direction of the war. The departure of Lord Kitchener on a mission to the Near East, and the resignation of Mr. Churchill, have for the time being made a slight reduction.

A source of disquiet has been the rise in prices, which has amounted to thirty-eight per cent. This, however, compares favorably with the rise in Berlin and Vienna, where prices have gone up seventy-two and eighty-six per cent respectively. Wages, however, have gone up even more than prices. Skilled workmen have most of all benefited by the war, their services being so all-important. Never, it is said, have workingmen ever lived so well. Never have there been so few in receipt of poor relief, while employment committees have closed their doors, as their help is no longer required. Sad to say the King's appeal to abstain from strong drink—an appeal to which he added force by his own example—has fallen upon deaf ears. The drink bill went up last year by forty million dollars. Severe restrictions have been placed under the powers recently conferred by Parliament in several specified areas, while in London treating is now a crime.

The most stupendous Budget in the world's history passed

without a murmur, not because the burden it will impose was not recognized, but because it was seen to be inevitable. It is worthy of mention, however, that in the end the whole of the sums that have been voted will not have to be paid by Great Britain, for she is, during this as during the Napoleonic wars, financing several other States by amounts which go beyond the hundred million. It is to be feared that vast sums are being wasted, for *carte blanche* is given to the army and navy. Hence earnest calls are being made for the practice of economy both by the Government and by private individuals. The balance of trade is now by a very large sum against Great Britain; what she once paid for by exports has now to be paid in cash, as her factories are employed so largely in the service of the war, and so many workmen have become soldiers. The limitation of imports is, therefore, of supreme importance. High authorities, however, declare that the war can be financed indefinitely without diminishing the wealth of the nation. The expenditure at the outside does not amount to half the national income, while the accumulated wealth is left untouched. The burden imposed on the people does not compare with that borne during the Napoleonic wars, if the increase of the national resources is borne in mind. The annual income in 1915 is eight times as great as it was in 1815. The ordinary taxation, direct and indirect, at the present time is only about seven per cent of that income, while a hundred years ago it was twenty-five per cent. And as taxation to-day covers education, old-age pensions and national insurance, it gives back to the working classes two-thirds of what they contribute. Hence confidence is felt that however great the sacrifices may be, there will be no lack of ability to carry on the war to a successful issue, however far off that may be. In this connection it may be mentioned that although the casualities have been so numerous and of so terrible a character, the diminution of emigration which has taken place since the war began has more than compensated for the loss of life.

It cannot, however, be denied that no little dissatisfaction is felt on account of military failures and diplomatic reverses. The Government is coming to be looked upon as too timid and hesitating. Mr. Asquith's oft-repeated "Wait and see" is becoming tiresome. Fuller light and more authoritative leading is being called for. The ways of the censor have, as is usual with censors, become mischievously stupid. A more decided leadership is, however, the greatest need. To a leader,

who is resolved, who with insistent steps moves straight onward along the right path, a correspondent of the *Times* says, "Both people and Parliament will yield an obedience that never swerves; they will give him back trust for trust; they will strengthen him with all their strength; they will uphold his hands when they are heavy, there will then be an end of our present disquietudes, and we shall confront whatever dangers lie before us with an unconquerable because enlightened confidence, both in ourselves and in our leader."

There are, however, some who are beginning to ask whether Mr. Asquith is such a leader. It was foreseen for a long time past that an attack would be made on Serbia by the Central Powers. Germany having failed both in the East and West to break through the ring thrown round her, having failed to take Riga and Dvinsk to say nothing of Petrograd, to reach Calais to say nothing of Paris and London, would, as every student of the situation saw, follow the line of least resistance in the hope of finding an exit, and of drawing from the really decisive scene of conflict enough troops to give her a chance of a victory. The British Government, many feel, ought to have been prepared to have given effectual aid to Serbia. As a matter of fact it had done nothing, and when the German attack was made, it was too late to fit out and dispatch an expedition equal to the emergency. It would seem as if the British Cabinet had been willing to leave Serbia to her fate: at least this was the impression received by Sir Edward Carson. It must be admitted that the question to be decided was excruciatingly difficult; whether on the one hand to abandon Serbia to her fate for the sake of concentrating the strength of the Allies on the spot where the decision must be made; or on the other to give to Serbia the help of which she stood so much in need, and which by her heroic conduct she so fully merited, at the risk of failure in France and Flanders. The decision reached at last is to make every effort to bar the way to Germany's advance on Constantinople, and Lord Kitchener has been sent to take charge of the operations of the Allies. Although on account of the delay Serbia stands to lose at the outset, Great Britain is pledged to secure the complete restitution of her rights. But the undue postponement of the decision, causes many in Great Britain to doubt whether Mr. Asquith is the leader capable of coping with the present difficulties.

France.

Behind the scenes there has existed in France, covered more or less by the action of the censor, a considerable degree of political discontent with the conduct of the war. It was felt by many of the Senators and Deputies that the Government was not acting in due subservience to Parliament. As a consequence of this agitation committees were appointed with limited powers to supervise military operations. An attack which proved unsuccessful was soon afterwards made on M. Millerand, the Minister of War. The decision of the Cabinet to send aid to the Near East led to the resignation of M. Delcassé. After a short interval this has led to the reconstruction of the Cabinet under France's one politician who may be considered to rank as a statesman—M. Aristide Briand. The new Cabinet (if the Under-Secretaries are included) is even more numerous than that of Great Britain, the size of which is so severely criticized. It is thought, however, that as in Great Britain, the day-by-day conduct of the war will devolve upon a small committee. Japan's system of Elder Statesmen may well have been in the mind of the framers of France's new government, for it includes no fewer than eight ex-Premiers. Among them is M. de Freycinet, who has been Premier on four occasions, the first being as long ago as 1879 in the Presidency of M. Grévy. The new Ministry embraces every party: M. Emile Combes sits by the side of M. Denys Cochin, the latter being the one representative of the Right. There are three Collective Socialists, three Independent Socialists, six Radicals and Socialist-Radicals, two Moderate Republicans, one Progressist, and one member of the Right. The late Minister of War disappears, his place being taken by General Galliéni, who is not classed as belonging to any party. The appointment of a soldier is not relished by the Radicals, nor is the presence of M. Emile Combes, the bitter anti-Catholic, agreeable to the Right. The aim in its formation was, however, the desire to make the Ministry an epitome of the nation, a type of its unity, and by bringing a soldier into the governing body to emphasize the desire for more decisive action against the enemy. The former government was dominated more by the spirit of resistance. The initiative now having passed to the Allies, the Government ought to be more bent on the enemy's expulsion. This is what the country is looking for from its new Ministers.

With reference to the prosecution of the war, M. Briand took the first opportunity of making a public declaration of the policy

of the new Government: "I desire to declare emphatically that the change of Ministers is in no way a sign of any change of policy. The policy of France is summed up in the word 'victory.' Victory means in the words of my predecessor, M. Viviani: 'The having assured the triumph of right, the having banished the possibility of the renewal of such crimes; the having restored heroic Belgium to her political and economical independence; the having recaptured our Alsace and our Lorraine' *La paix par la victoire.* Such is and must be the motto of any French Ministry. I mean the restoration of the right of every country to lead its own life, and to cultivate its own civilization without infringement of its neighbor's rights. By 'victory' I mean the crushing of German militarism." The execution of Miss Cavell has again shown to all the world the character of this militarism, and given a new battle-cry both to the British and the French.

The place held by General Joffre, the Commander-in-Chief, in the hearts of the French people and of his soldiers is indicated by the name of Father which is universally given him—Père Joffre. This is due not so much to the ability he has displayed as general, but to the fact that although a soldier, and therefore under the necessity of maintaining discipline, he has been able to do this, and yet to do everything in the spirit of fraternity. He treats the soldiers as intelligent human beings, capable of thinking for themselves. Every day men are brought out of the ranks to hold commands. The officers are taught to look upon their soldiers as their children, to watch over their comforts and necessities, to share with them their privations and to undergo the same hardships. Everything is done to eliminate the spirit of fear, to make the soldiers live together as a great family. In this, as in other respects, the French spirit is the antithesis of the German. The German soldier is made into a machine. He is discouraged from initiative, and entirely subject to the will of his officer. Hence he always attacks in that close formation which has led to such awful losses. The officer belongs to a superior order; he does not even transmit his order directly to the soldier, but through the agency of an intermediary class—sergeants to corporals.

The successful attacks made at the end of September showed the penetrability of the German ring of steel. They also at the same time relieved the German pressure upon Russia by the necessity which they brought about of transferring troops from the East to the West. The Allies, too, learned their own

superiority on ground chosen by the Germans, for every measure in the way of defence which was possible even to German military science had been prepared during the last ten months. The Allies learned that they could organize victory by preparations which outrivalled even those of the Germans in their scientific precision and thoroughness. In short, these successes have not only recovered the initiative for the Allies, but have revealed the secret of victory. This secret consists in thorough preparation. The bringing up of heavy guns within range of the new trenches of the driven-back enemy and the replenishment of ammunition require time. In three days before the recent attack three million shells were poured upon the enemy's trenches. Preparations of such a character are not made in one day. And so no further step forward has yet been taken; and no one knows exactly when it will be, while everyone knows that it will be taken when the Allies are again ready. Nearly every effort, and several have been made by the Germans, to recover the ground recently lost has been defeated.

The necessity of closer coöperation between Great Britain and France has been made clear by the failure to deal satisfactorily with the Balkan situation, and even in military affairs more unity of action has been proved to be desirable. Conferences have taken place between the King during his recent visit to France and President Poincaré, as well as between the Foreign and War Ministers of each country. As a result of these conferences, the Inter-Allies War Council has been formed. This makes the British and French armies virtually a single unit. Common financial arrangements were made sometime ago, which included Italy and Russia. The Russian Foreign Minister is seeking to negotiate a series of commercial treaties between the Allied Powers, by which Germany shall at the end of the war be excluded from the benefits of trade which she has hitherto enjoyed, looking upon this as Germany's most vulnerable point.

Germany.

The difficulty of learning the real state of affairs in Germany does not grow less as time passes. Its ruling class controls systematically not merely the army and navy and the civil administration, and to a large extent the industries of the country, but also public opinion. The Government controls the circulation of news. "Copy" is furnished not only to local papers throughout the Empire, but to the press in every part of the world. In every country

it has paid agents, and either owned or subsidized newspapers. The censorship deals with any paper or individual that may prove refractory. It is difficult, therefore, to obtain accurate insight into the realities of the situation.

The question of most interest is, of course, whether there is any weakening in the will and determination to carry on the war or in the power and capacity to do so. About the public utterances of those who are in charge of affairs, whether civil or military, and of professors, military experts, and the writers in the Government newspapers, there can be no doubt. Letters, however, that have been found on soldiers who have been either taken prisoners or killed, shed a different light upon the subject; they, in several instances, reveal a strong desire for peace. How widespread this desire is, is of course only a matter of conjecture. The ability to carry on the war depends upon the supply of men, and munitions, and to a certain extent the willingness of the men to serve. As to the latter, no doubt need be felt.

It is one of the strange phenomena of this war, how Jew has been forced to fight against Jew, Slav against Slav, Pole against Pole, without regard to their own personal interests and wishes. The weakening of the offensive in the East, where the attack upon Russia has made no progress, is due not merely to the strengthening of the Russian armies, but also to the inability on the part of the Germans to make up their enormous losses by sending reinforcements. The same is true, in a less degree, of the Western field of battle. Lack of organization, however, is the defect most clearly manifested in this field of operations. In order to resist the recent Allied offensive the Germans were compelled to send up odd battalions wherever they could lay hands on them, as they were unable to send properly organized corps. Whether the advance into the Balkans is a proof of strength, as the Germans would have us think or of weakness, may well be doubted. Events on the Eastern and Western fronts seem to show that the Balkan effort has seriously crippled the German offensive, and that the real aim of the new adventure is to draw off portions of the Allied forces from what will be the decisive scene of conflict. It is not without significance that the only sphere of the war in which Germany is now making headway is in her contest with the small state of Serbia, in which she is being helped by Bulgaria. On every other scene she is either at a standstill or receding. And she can no longer carry on her commerce in the Baltic.

Rising food prices form another element to be taken into account in the endeavor to estimate Germany's capacity for carrying on the war, and this not so much on account of its being an indication of the deficiency of supply (for this may be doubted), but because it is due to a conflict of classes. The Agrarians are said to be exploiting the mass of the people for their own advantage, and thereby creating disaffection. About the rise of prices there is no doubt. A letter in a recent number of the *Vorwärts* gives a graphic picture of its effect upon the family budget of a representative German household. "Less and worse meat; bread with nothing in it; half the usual quantity of butter and eggs; the smallest and commonest kinds of dry and fresh vegetables; sugar very limited; cocoa, tea and jam practically given up; potatoes and war bread the principal means of nourishment. The result is general under-nutrition, and permanent hunger." The evil has become so widespread and manifest that the Government has been obliged to take the matter in hand. As, however, the regulations which it has made seem rather to limit than to increase the supply, the remedy may only aggravate the evil. Severe restrictions are imposed on the consumption of meat—apparently by forbidding the display in stores, or the sale of meat of any kind on two days in the week, and by forbidding the sale of particular kinds of meat and also of butter, and all fats on other fixed days. There is a compulsory regulation of prices of meat, milk and other foods, a regulation which is likely to be more helpful. The proposal has been made that the distribution of food should be made a government monopoly. Whether it will be carried out, or whether if carried out it would prove an adequate remedy, cannot be said.

With Our Readers.

IT has often been said that after the priesthood, the medical profession is the most sacred and honorable of all the avocations of man. The energies and the self-sacrifices of its members are devoted entirely to the saving and the prolongation of human life. Honor and dignity and the reverence of humankind are, have been, and will be theirs, for the sole reason that they are the protectors and the saviours of that human life so precious to everyone. In their hands we place the very existence of those most dear to us; we intrust to them our confidence; we relate them the secrets of our souls—our failures, our sins, our hopes—simply because the life which we would give all to retain is in their hands.

* * * *

PHYSICIANS are the custodians of individual life, and consequently of the life of human society. As a corporate body they stand for the sacred and holy character of life in itself. They have been knighted by mankind because they have devoted themselves to its service. They are privileged to impose suffering and self-sacrifice and discipline upon us that life may be preserved and prolonged, which fact is only added proof that as physicians their sole title to respect and confidence is as champions and defenders of human life. Once forfeit that, and the medical profession will forfeit everything worth having. They will not only be unblessed; they will be cursed for their treachery to humankind.

* * * *

THE medical profession to-day includes thousands and thousands of men of the highest character who are giving the world an example of self-sacrifice and devotion to the preservation of human life nothing short of heroic. With these the standard is in safe hands. But others, perhaps unwittingly, are forcing the profession to shift from this secure base to another, of its very nature insecure and uncertain. From being the protectors and preservers of life they would be its arbiters. From the simple security of "everything to preserve life," they are changing to the complexity and indefiniteness of "when should life be preserved and when should it be destroyed." They would surrender a safe, worthy and reverent mission, and involve themselves in a discussion that can know no settlement, except through humble acceptance of the revealed word of God. Heretofore, men have always gone to the physician, believing that he has an eye single

in the defence of life. Some are now trying to insist that the physician's eye must no longer be single; that to him must be submitted the greater question, whether or not life is worth preserving.

* * * *

ONCE there was a ferry-man who piloted passengers across a stream, the current of which was at times very strong and very dangerous. It was the ferry-man's boast that he never lost a passenger. To his work he devoted every bit of strength he had; he would rather have met death himself than suffer the loss of a single passenger. One only thought dominated his head and heart; to carry his passenger to safety. That singleness of purpose was an essential element in his unbroken record.

It has always been believed that a physician had but one thought—to carry his patient safely across the stream of sickness to the shore of health. Some might tell him the passenger was not worth carrying; others that it was wiser to let him drown in the swift current, since unhappiness awaited him on the shore of health. Others thought it was not worth while to carry the passenger all the way; wiser, they said, to drop him in mid-stream and let him sink or swim for himself; many more were waiting on the shore far worthier than he.

To all these, as to the voice of a tempter who would ask him to betray his trust, the physician turned a deaf ear. Yet some members of the medical profession now maintain that the physician's office is not so simple. They claim that these voices deserve attention; that it is within the province of the ferry-man or the physician to say whether the passenger or the patient should or should not be saved.

* * * *

BRAZEN, rather than prominent, they do as a matter of fact attract much attention and affect many readers. These unscrupulous and unprincipled members of the medical profession tend to throw a certain amount of public discredit upon the profession itself. The publicity given to their pronouncements, and to certain organizations that have seconded them, has reached a stage where it has become necessary for the worthy members of the profession to make their voices heard. Medical magazines of a more or less official character are lending their pages to the publication of articles that speak of both death and life as equally interesting and equally subject to the will of the physician. They have publicly fathered so-called dramatic performances that seek to inculcate the belief that the physician is in some way false to his profession until he weighs life and death in the balance, matches his expert against his sociological knowledge, and takes upon himself the God-like burden of the destiny of humankind.

Only a few days ago bold type announced in the newspapers that a Chicago doctor had decided not to save the life of a four-day-old

child because it might be an invalid for a year and a defective for the remainder of its life. The next day the infant died in convulsions. The physician admitted that an operation would have saved the child's life.

But he asserted that the question of saving a child's life or not was "one which every physician must decide for himself." He refused to operate and claimed that such refusal was "a favor to the race." His action has been approved by two Chicago Societies, the Anti-Cruelty League and the Illinois Humane Society; by the heads of the sociological and of the philanthropical departments of Columbia University; by the president of the Long Island College Hospital; by the head of the Mentally Defective department of the Post Graduate Hospital of New York. These are a very small minority of the medical profession. The majority, who publicly expressed an opinion, upheld the single and definite purpose of the physician's calling—the preservation of life at all cost.

* * * *

THE Coroner's jury, composed of six physicians—Ludwig Hektoen, University of Chicago; D. A. K. Steele, University of Illinois; Arthur Rankin, Loyola University; John F. Golden, Mercy Hospital; D. Howard Chislett, Hahnemann College; Henry F. Lewis, Cook County Hospital—rendered the following verdict: "We believe that a prompt operation would have prolonged and perhaps saved the life of the child. We find no evidence from the physical defects that the child would have become mentally or morally defective. Several of the physical defects might have been improved by plastic operations. We believe that morally and ethically a surgeon is fully within his rights in refusing to perform any operation which his conscience will not sanction. We recommend strongly that in all doubtful cases of this character a consultation of two or more surgeons of known reputation for skill, ethical standing and broad experience should be held to decide upon the advisability or inadvisability of operative measures. We believe that the physician's highest duty is to relieve suffering and to save or prolong life."

* * * *

IN this matter of the physician's calling, it will be seen that one thing is agreed upon by all, that is, the importance of life. The man who believes in God and in spiritual values, maintains that all life and every life is of supreme importance; that God gave it, and that however man has marred it in the giving, God alone has power to take it away. The materialist maintains that life is so important that the unfit must be sacrificed in order not to endanger it for the fit. Every individual as an individual is, as a rule, unwilling to give it up. At any rate, the truth which no one denies is this, that life is

supremely desirable. Upon that truth has rested the *raison d'etre* of the medical profession, and the respect and reverence which it has won among men. If its members abandon it, they, as professional men, commit suicide.

So merely human wisdom demands that its members meet together, and in no unmistakable way reassure the public that they wish to live and let live.

AS we foretold in our issue of two month's ago, the "Catholic" party of the Episcopal Church was not successful in its endeavor to keep their Church from taking part in the coming Panama Congress. At a meeting of the Board of Missions of the Episcopal Church held in New York on October 26th, it was decided by a vote of twenty-six to thirteen to send delegates to the Congress. Immediately after the vote was announced three Bishops and two clergymen of the Board handed in their resignations; Dr. Manning, one of these, had spoken earnestly against participation in the Congress. He maintained that in purpose and in spirit the Congress was deliberately unfriendly to the Roman Catholic Church. "Such participation," he added, "would compromise the principles of the Episcopal Church. United Protestantism is not united Christendom." Bishop Weller of Fond du Lac also stated that such participation would be "a betrayal of the basic principles of the Church."

The resolution finally adopted stated: "That our delegates go—with no purpose, authority or power of committing this Board to coöperation." A rather meaningless definition of power because the conference is purely deliberative and in no way legislative.

The Living Church stated that "this represented its conception of the sublimest sort of statement of how not to do it."

* * * *

TO those who in this dispute, far-reaching as affecting the Episcopal Church, are standing for the beginnings at least of Catholic principles, the good wishes of every Catholic must go out, and the hope that what they are seeking to find in a Church which has it not, they will speedily find in the Church that has possessed it from the beginning of the Christian era even to this day. The dispute has given rise to much interesting correspondence and statement, and the leaders are being forced to align themselves on one side of the question or the other.

* * * *

WE have spoken of how little patriotic concern the promoters of this Panama Congress have for the welfare of our country. That welfare demands cordial relations with all our South American neighbors. It is manifest that such a congress would of itself be an open

declaration of our unfriendly and hostile attitude to the Southern Republics. Over eighty years ago President John Quincy Adams declared in a message to the House of Representatives—and curiously enough the message concerned the appointment of delegates to a Panama Conference—that: "The first and paramount principle upon which it was deemed wise and just to lay the corner-stone of all our future relations with them [the South American Republics] was disinterestedness; the next was cordial good will to them; the third was a claim of fair and equal reciprocity."

* * * *

IN the recent publication *For Better Relations With Our Latin-American Neighbors,* Robert Bacon states: "It is a fact now generally recognized that the people of this country [the United States] have been and still are ignorant of the actual conditions of these great Latin American nations, which are advancing in the path of progress as rapidly as we have advanced at any period of our history." And that "attitude of superiority, too often assumed by unthinking persons of other nations, can beget only their suspicion, distrust and contempt." A Catholic, who through long experience knows South America well, writes as follows in *The Living Church:*

The writer, a Roman Catholic, but educated in purely non-sectarian and even agnostic atmospheres in the United States, has had several years' personal contact with Latin-Americans, and has lived in Latin America under conditions peculiarly favorable for the study of the Latin character and mind, and of the questions, both political and religious, confronting the Latin-American states with which he is familiar.

Stay-at-home North Americans may not be aware that the constant assumption of superiority on our part—superiority along every line—is very galling to the "inferior brethren." Perhaps at this time we may be beginning to realize this because of the Teutonic claims. But the Anglo-Saxon is a peculiar creature; he is not very logical when it comes to self-analysis and to seeing his own defects. Alas, how well the lines about the mote and the beam, and the Pharisee's prayer, apply to us, without our being aware of it! The Latin, however, who is of a critical mind (like the French) cannot believe we are sincere in our desire for bettering our neighbors and setting everybody else's house in order. He considers us hypocrites. He suspects ulterior motives.

Protestantism—and fair-minded Protestants will admit this—is largely national or racial, in nearly all of its forms, and among peoples of other faiths (even other Protestants) any one form of Protestant belief is invariably linked with the race or nation where that form orginated or where it has its strongest hold. To the Latin-American, therefore, be he a practising Catholic or an avowed atheist, the concerted action of North American Protestant sects would be looked upon not merely as a religious but as a political attack. It would be looked upon as another assumption of "yanqui" superiority, and as such would arouse intense animosity among all Latin-Americans, regardless of creed. And to the politicians there who are preaching anti-Yankee imperialism, it would serve as fresh proof of the subterfuge and duplicity employed by us for the

political domination of Latin America. (As a matter of fact, we must all recognize that foreign religious missionary work almost invariably brings political questions in its train.)

A move such as the one proposed, then, would have a political effect injurious to United States interests, would arouse the opposition of our Latin neighbors, and would even tend to draw priest and pagan together in the face of a common danger. The United States administrations, and the people, have made many unfortunate blunders in Latin-American policy. This concerted missionary move would add another to the already long list.

The only result of a vigorous Protestant campaign in Latin America—looked at solely from the religious point of view—would be to drive many not well balanced people into agnosticism or atheism—people whom the Catholic Church has been and is nursing along, and to whom she is giving all that their natures will absorb. Is it a Christian act, then, to take away from such persons as these those means of grace which they have at their disposal, and give them in return something unsuited to them, which they will soon discard for nothing at all? Is it not really on hatred for "Rome," and (speak it softly!) on that Anglo-Saxon "holier than thou" attitude, that this campaign is being planned?

To those who know the Latin-Americans, a Protestant propaganda will have a bad effect politically for the United States, and no practical religious results for the Protestants. What it will do, in all probability, is to unite all educated Latin-Americans against us as a people and a civilization, and greatly to strengthen the Roman Catholic Church. From that viewpoint we Catholics might ask for nothing better—for this last result would hardly be the consummation hoped for by our Protestant friends!

One last word. We Catholics appreciate the solicitude shown for us by our religious rivals, but we feel that our Church has had a longer and broader international experience than any American Protestant sect, and we believe (pardon the conceit!) that we can settle our problems in Latin America and elsewhere quite as well as outsiders could. You see, we are "of the people" there. The Protestants would be rank outsiders.

* * * *

THE *Congregationalist and Christian World* views the "High Church" party of the Episcopal Church as "perhaps the least Catholic group of religionists on earth, repudiated by or repudiating the vast majority of Christians of every name." On the other hand, the *Christian Intelligencer,* which the New York *Evening Post* saw fit to quote, obsessed by the fear of "Romanism," stated that the "growth of the High Church party in the Protestant Episcopal Church and its approach to ritual Roman Catholicism" was not "a reassuring fact."

THE letters of the late Monsignor Benson are always interesting. We have just received the original draft of one which he wrote a few days before his death. It was sent to us with the accompanying letter, also printed below, by an Episcopal clergyman, who naturally does not wish his own name to appear. Both letters are of peculiar appropriateness in this issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD containing the article on the origins of the Anglican or Episcopal Church.

To the Editor of the Catholic World:

An American parish priest of the Anglican or "Episcopal" Church in the United States, I have never seen nor heard the late Monsignor Benson, although he once lectured in the same city where I was stationed. I first got interested in him through his charming *Alphabet of Saints,* of which I gave away several copies to Anglican children, the children of my friends. *The Rule of Life,* pictures and all, was a great help at Lenten week-day devotions for the children, and the *Old Testament Rhymes* were also useful, although not so clever as the former series.

I dipped into the novels and essays at the suggestion of a fellow-cleric who reads everything, a gifted priest who is especially bitter toward ultramontanism. I found in Monsignor Benson's writing no arguments or controversy that in themselves pulled me any more stronger toward Rome, although they might have affected me if I had not waded through so much of this material after the fashion of most Anglo-Catholic clergymen. Monsignor Benson was clever enough frankly to acknowledge his distaste for paper flowers, cheap vestments, gabblings, etc., but much of his plea for Rome is (minus the Papalism) just about the same plea that we Anglo-Catholics make for English Catholicism, nor would a well-trained Anglo-Catholic layman be much influenced by satire directed against Anglican fiction people of the "high-Morning-Prayer" variety, although I suppose that they are in the majority. I do not recollect that I found in half a dozen of Monsignor Benson's novels and essays any well-balanced English Catholics of the sort that one associates with St. Albans, Holburn, St. Peter's, London Docks, St. Clement's, Philadelphia, St. John Evangelist's, Boston, of the monasteries of Mirfield, Cowley and Holy Cross.

What interested me in Monsignor Benson were (first) his humor, delicacy, imagination, mysticism and spirituality as a writer. And (second) how was it possible for this brilliant and sincere man, the son of an Archbishop of Canterbury, and for several years an Anglican monk, how was it possible that in this day, so far removed from the Tractarian squabbles, this particular man should enter the Roman priesthood? Certainly it required an extraordinary courage and conviction for him to go over. Certainly he was beloved by many Anglican friends even after he had left Canterbury.

Knowing that famous and busy folk are glad to have a letter of appreciation and honest inquiry, I wrote to Monsignor Benson, who had never heard of me. I need not repeat here my letter.

Shortly after I had received Monsignor Benson's reply, written entirely in his own hand, I read the brief newspaper account of his death. Taking the letter from my coat pocket, I saw that the date of composition was only nine days before the author left this world. Here, then, must have been one of his last letters. I must acknowledge that I had a most real and strange sense that I had lost a dear friend. Following is an exact copy of the letter:

Hare Street House, Buntingford, England,
October 9, [1914].

My Dear Sir:

1. You have given me a big job—so big that it cannot really be done by letter. So may I ask you to read a book of mine: *The Religion of a Plain Man.* I gather that you have already read my *Confessions of a Convert.*

2. May I answer some of your detached questions first.

(a) Yes: I am absolutely certain that Anglican Orders are invalid—not only because, after careful inquiry, an authoritative and irreformable decision

was given by Rome: but also because I have been both a clergyman and a priest: and know the astounding difference by experience.

(b) We fully acknowledge the validity of Greek and Russian orders.

(c) It does not follow that Anglican ceremonies are *sacrilegious.* They are the sincere acts of sincere men.

If it seems hard to believe that such good men can believe themselves priests when they are not—is it not far harder to have to believe that tens of thousands of Evangelical clergymen were Catholic priests and offered Mass and handled the Body of Christ, without ever suspecting it? Yet, if Anglican Orders *were* valid, this would be the case.

(d) If a (R.) C. priest apostatizes, and ministers in another church, if he uses a valid form and has a right intention, he still consecrates validly the Body of Christ. He does not lose his *priesthood,* though he loses his jurisdiction.

(e) I don't think one gains much by comparing the ebb and flow from Canterbury to Rome, or Rome to Canterbury. The *vast* weight of numbers, etc., is certainly on the side of Rome. I am unaware of one single name of *real* importance of a seceder from Rome to Canterbury. But the matter is larger than that.

(3) May I put down one or two questions which I think deal with the rest of your points, from another angle? And will you consider them, with prayer?

(1) Can that be a Teaching Church, which, on matters vital to salvation (*e. g.,* Baptism, Penance, Real Presence), permits her ministers to teach mutually exclusive doctrines?

(2) Can those Orders be valid which no part of Christendom, other than those which themselves possess those Orders, acknowledge as valid?

(3) Can a small section of a Church (whose origin is, at any rate, disputable) be a "faithful remnant" which (1) has all the rest of its own Communion against it, (2) is denied, as possessing even valid Orders by the rest of Catholic Christendom. What better example of heresy can you find? Has there ever been a heretic who did not think himself one of a faithful remnant?

(4) Either the Anglican Church (on the Anglican hypothesis) is the *whole* Church *(quod est absurdum);* or it is a branch of a Church, of which the other branches repudiate and deny not only the Anglican Church, *but the Branch Theory* itself. Is that possible?

To sum up.

I think that what is your trouble, as of so many in the same state, is that you have your eyes focussed too close. You do not see the wood for the trees. Take a map of the world, and the statistics of the Anglican and the Catholic Church. Consider the great Facts of History, and Geography—and of the Promises of Christ.

Reflect upon this fact: that, in the single diocese of Cologne, there are more communions made each year than in the whole of the Anglican body in the British Isles!

Consider little facts like that.

If you feel inclined to take cover again under the faithful remnant theory, remember that a "faithful remnant" must surely exhibit remarkable characteristics of continuity, sanctity, fidelity, steadiness. Can you say that the "Catholic Party" exhibits these?

Lastly: pray without ceasing. When the Light comes you will be amazed at its transparent purity and simplicity.

God bless you. Pray for me. Yours sincerely,

R. Hugh Benson.

THE article on the value of contemplative prayer which appeared in last month's CATHOLIC WORLD has met with many expressions of high appreciation from those whose opinion on the subject is of high value. An appealing instance of the practical and immediate value of such prayer came to us but a few days ago. On the outskirts of a large city is situated a convent of contemplative nuns, who rise at night to recite the divine office. The police who are on guard in that district through the night have a solitary and a lonely round. Among the police are many Catholics. They make it a habit to watch for the coming of the lights in that monastery chapel. When the lights appear, knowing that the nuns are at prayer, they themselves stand with uncovered head and pray also.

So they who have left this world continue to shed upon it their benediction.

OUR readers will be pleased to know that the latest annual review of contemporaneous verse, made by the well-known authority, William Stanley Braithwaite includes "as distinguished poems" four contributions to THE CATHOLIC WORLD during the past year. The poems that have received this honor are: *The Great Mercy,* by Katharine Tynan; *Sunbrowned With Toil,* by Edward F. Garesché, S.J.; *To a Bird at Sunset,* by Thomas Walsh, and *The Sea Winds,* by Caroline D. Swan.

"ALL the Victorian poets," says a writer in *The Commonwealth,* represent man as groping in a religious twilight, searching for a hidden and elusive mystery, bewailing a dead or dying creed, or attaining with difficulty to a partial faith. Matthew Arnold, leader in doubt, could, of that sea of Faith which once encircled the world,

> .....only hear
> Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
> Retreating to the breath
> Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear
> And naked shingles of the world.

Tennyson's *In Memorian* is the story of a soul struggling towards the light:

> That which we dare invoke to bless;
> Our dearest faith: our ghastliest doubt:
> He, They, One, All: within, without:
> The Power is darkness whom we guess.

Even Browning's view whose faith the writer terms "most assured and buoyant," is always that of the doubter.

The very God! Thirst, abid; dost thou think?
So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too—
So, through the thunder comes a human voice
Saying "O heart I made, a heart beats here!
Face, My hands fashioned, see it in Myself!
Thou hast no power nor may'st conceive of Mine;
But love I gave thee, with Myself to love,
And thou must love Me Who have died for thee!
The madman saith He said so: it is strange."

* * * *

BUT the Catholic poet, Francis Thompson, through his *Hound of Heaven,* leads us into a different world: a world of certainty unknown to those other poets. He "sees clearly where they only guess." Thompson tells us that God is not only not a guess or an uncertainty, but an insistent Pursuer, a Presence from which it is impossible for man to escape. The lines of Tennyson,

Speak to Him then for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet—

express an inferior truth, suggesting that the initiative of Divine communion comes from the human soul, and that the soul doubts whether its prayer will be heard.

In the *Hound of Heaven,* man knows from the very beginning that he is fleeing from God, insistently pursuing. He can find no rest or peace in created things. All these are in league with Him Who comes with

unperturbèd pace
Deliberate speed, majestic instancy.

Surrender to God's will, the will of the Divine Lover, is the one way to life.

Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!
All which I took from thee I did but take,
Not for thy harms,
But just that thou mightest seek it in My arms.
All which thy child's mistake
Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home;
Rise, clasp My hand and come.

* * * *

BOTH the pessimism of Arnold and the transcendental optimism of Browning failed to represent the true nature of man. The one gave neither guide nor hope to man; the other denied the reality of evil. Such denial means that there is no free will and no true spiritual life. "Directly sin ceases to be a reality; character in its noblest sense becomes an impossibility. Sin is an insult offered to God. The whole tendency of nineteenth-century poetic thought was to regard sin merely from the manward point of view as a failure in individual per-

fection." They lost sight of what a terrible catastrophe sin really is: a breaking asunder of the eternal bond of life between the soul and God. Francis Thompson shows that the sole value of the soul springs from its personal relation to God.

> Strange, piteous futile thing,
> Wherefore should any let thee love apart?
> Seeing none but I makes much of naught.

And because he saw aright this elementary and all-embracing truth of the soul's worth, and the soul's need, Francis Thompson did what Wordsworth with all his love of nature never could do, interpret nature aright and tell with truth her value and her office for man. Wordsworth would tell us that nature is a delightful place of rest for men from the toil and passion of life. Tennyson that nature is merciless and unfeeling. Thompson tells us truly that nature is in league with God. She alone has neither office nor message. Her works inspire not. "Their sound is but their stir; they speak by silences." When the soul gives itself to God then it may find in nature all that God has put therein.

> Halts by me that footfall:
> Is my gloom after all,
> Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
> Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
> I am He Whom thou seekest!
> Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE DEVIN-ADAIR CO., New York:
The Wooing of a Recluse. By G. Marwood. $1.35. *The Fox That Wanted Nine Golden Tails.* By K. G. Nelson. $1.00 net.
MCBRIDE NAST & CO., New York:
Modern Germany and Her Historians. By Antoine Guilland. $2.25 net.
THE ASSOCIATED AUTHORS, INC., New York:
The Making of Christianity. By John C. C. Clarke, D.D.
HENRY HOLT & CO., New York:
The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks. Selected and arranged by B. E. Stevenson. $2.00 net. *The Bent Twig.* By Dorothy Canfield. $1.35 net. *The House on Henry Street.* By Lillian D. Wald. $2.00 net.
E. P. DUTTON & CO., New York:
The Irish Abroad. By Elliot O'Donnell. $2.50 net. *The Log of the Ark.* By I. L. Gordon and A. J. Frueh. $1.00 net. *Between the Lines.* By B. Cable. $1.35 net.
P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
Thoughts of the Servant of God, Thérèse of the Child Jesus. From the French by an Irish Carmelite. 60 cents.
THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
The Church and Peace. Pamphlet. 5 cents.
THE MACMILLAN CO., New York:
What Is a Christian? By John Walker Powell. $1.00.
FREDERICK A. STOKES CO., New York:
Sketches in Poland. By F. D. Little. $2.50 net. *Dead Souls.* By N. Gogol. $1.25 net.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & Co., Garden City, New York:
Jerusalem. Translated from the Swedish of Selma Lagerlöf. By V. S. Howard. $1.35 net.
YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
Ethics in Service. By William H. Taft, LL.D. $1.00 net.
G. ARNOLD SHAW, New York:
Wood and Stone. By John C. Powys. $1.50 net.
BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
That Office Boy. By Father Finn. 85 cents. *The Little Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary.* 75 cents net.
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York:
Fountains of Papal Rome. By Mrs. Chas. MacVeagh. $2.50 net.
LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
The Inquisition. By B. L. Conway, C.S.P. 50 cents. *The Church of Christ.* By Father P. Finlay, S.J. $1.00 net.
THE ANTI-SOCIALIST PRESS, New York:
War—Why Not? A Defence of Christianity in War. By F. M. Corcoran. Pamphlet. 5 cents.
FORDHAM PRESS, Fordham University, New York:
An Idyl, Some Sermons and a Song. By Rev. Owen A. Hill, S.J. $1.00.
INTERNATIONAL CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Brooklyn, New York:
St. Columbanus. By Rev. M. V. Ronan, C.C. *A Boy's Choice.* By Rev. H. Davis, S.J. *The Woman of France and the War.* By Comtesse de Courson. *Our Lady of Lourdes.* By E. Leahy. *Help for the Holy Souls.* By Rev. T. MacDonald, C.C. *The Devotion of the First Fridays.* By Rev. J. McDonnel, S.J. Pamphlets. 5 cents.
MRS. M. S. MOONEY, Albany, New York:
A Rosary of Mystery Plays. By M. S. Mooney. 75 cents.
GEORGETOWN VISITATION CONVENT, Washington, D. C.:
John Bannister Tabb, the Priest-Poet. By M. S. Pine. $1.10.
WORLD PEACE FOUNDATION, Boston, Mass.:
Arbitration Engagements now Existing in Treaties, Treaty Provisions and National Constitutions. By D. P. Myers. *Official Documents Concerning Neutral and Belligerent Rights Issued Since August 4, 1914.*
CARNEGIE ENDOWMENT FOR INTERNATIONAL PEACE, Washington, D. C.:
Year Book for 1915. For Better Relations With Our Latin-American Neighbors. By Robert Bacon.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co., Philadelphia:
The Civilization of Babylonia and Assyria. By M. Jastrow, Jr., LL.D. $6.00.
The Magic of Jewels and Charms. By G. F. Kunz, Ph.D. $5.00 net.
CATHOLIC BOOK Co., Wheeling, W. Va.:
The Catholic Library: Dogmatic Series. Vols. I.-IV. By Father R. MacEachen. $2.00.
A. C. MCCLURG & Co., Chicago:
Clemencia's Crisis. By Edith O. Harrison. $1.25 net.
THE AVE MARIE PRESS, Notre Dame, Ind.:
White Eagle. By Mary T. Waggaman. 75 cents.
CENTRAL BUREAU OF THE G. R. C. CENTRAL VEREIN, St. Louis, Mo.:
The Fall of the House of Pedagogues. By Rev. F. O'Neill, Ph.D. Pamphlet.
AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:
The Peasant Pontiff. By M. A. S. *The Flaming Cross.* By Rev. F. C. Kelly, D.D. Pamphlets. 5 cents.
WILLIAM P. LINEHAN, Melbourne:
Talks About Poets and Poetry. By Rev. J. J. Malone. *2 s.*
BLOUD ET GAY, Paris:
The German War and Catholicism. *2 s.* net. Photograph Album No. 1 of the *German War and Catholicism.* *1 s.* net. Published under the Direction of Monsignor A. Baudrillart. *Rectitude et Perversion du Sens National.* Par C. Jullian. *L'Occupation Allemande à Bruxelles racontée par les Documents Allemands. La Belgique en Terre d'Aisle.* Par H. C. Wiart. *L'Allemagne s'accuse.* Par J. de Beer. *La Neutralitè de la Belgique.* Par H. Welschinger. *L'Armée du Crime.* Par Vindex. *Comment les Allemands font l'Opinion.* I.-II. *Les Procédés de Guerre des Allemands en Belgique.* Par H. Davignon. 0.60 each.
PIERRE TEQUI, Paris:
Échos de Guerre (France et Kultur). Par Abbé M. M. Gorse. *3 frs.* 50. *Méditations sur le Chemin de la Croix.* Par Abbé H. Perreyve. *1 fr. Le Guide Spirituel ou le Miroir des Ames Religieuses.* Par Louis de Blois. *Le Femme au Foyer.* Par Monsignor J. Tissier. *3 frs. L'Apostolat de la Jeunesse Pendant l'Année de la Guerre.* Par Abbé L. J. Bretonneau. *2 frs. La Sainte Eucharistie.* Par Éd. Hugon, O.P. *3 frs.* 50. *Lettres du R. P. Lacordaire a des Jeunes Gens.* Par Abbé H. Perreyve. *1 fr. La Sainte Eucharistie.* Par Éd. Hugon, O.P. *3 frs.* 50.
PERRIN ET CIE, Paris:
La Belgique Martyre. Par Pierre Northomb. 0.50.

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JOHN CUTHBERT HEDLEY, O.S.B.

BY S. A. PARKER.

RECENT years have enriched us with a valuable series of interesting biographies illustrative of the historical development of the Church in the English-speaking world. Archbishop Ullathorne, for example, left as a legacy his autobiography; to Monsignor Ward, Dr. Burton, Mr. Wilfrid Ward and Mr. Snead-Cox we are indebted for portraits of other great ecclesiastics of the nineteenth century. Now another of these great personalities, in the person of John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport, and doyen of the English hierarchy, passed away on November 11, 1915. Bishop Hedley was himself an accurate and able chronicler of history, the chosen spokesman at nearly every memorable gathering of the Catholics of his country for twenty-five years, but he was more than that; he was a maker of history, and when his biography comes to be written, as written it will be despite the silent protest of his humility, it will provide not only the picture of a great and good man, but another valuable chapter in the history of the Church.

The future historian, however, will find few definite facts to record about Bishop Hedley. Fifty-three years a priest and forty-two a bishop, he died in the seventy-ninth year of his age, the pastor of perhaps the smallest and poorest of the English dioceses. He is known to have declined an important archbishopric, and but for his own reluctance might have been the successor of both Manning

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and Vaughan as Metropolitan of England, but he preferred, in quiet, unseen and effective work, in the cloister, in the orphanage, in the confessional, in the parish, at the editorial desk to fill out a daily routine of blessed activity and length of days. His influence, nevertheless, was immense. It was not confined to his monastery, nor to his order, nor to his diocese nor to the penitents who came to him as pilgrims from afar, nor to the retreatants—his brethren, secular priests, nuns, even children—whom he frequently journeyed to address in different parts of the country. Cardinal Bourne did not hesitate to call him, in 1912, "the leader of the bench of bishops," and his pen, the potent auxiliary of his shepherd's crook, spread his power for good beyond England throughout the entire English-speaking world.

Linked with the ancient days, when England was a purely missionary territory under the jurisdiction of Vicars Apostolic, through his fellow-Benedictines, Bishops Ullathorne of Birmingham and Brown of Newport and Menevia, who assisted Archbishop Manning at his consecration on September 29, 1873, Bishop Hedley's own life time synchronized rather with the epoch of steady development and quiet expansion which followed upon the restoration of the hierarchy in 1850. This development was no doubt most gradual and due to many influences. Only by the sustained effort of many could Catholicism throw off the fetters of persecution and become an important power in the land. But when we seek the leaders in this forward movement, those who leavened the thoughts and raised the ideals of Catholics and enlightened the sheep beyond the Fold, making the position of the Church better understood by the ignorant, less hated by the bigoted, more valued by the indifferent, Bishop Hedley stands out amongst that conspicuous few.

John Cuthbert Hedley was born in Northumberland in 1837. He was the son of a medical doctor. As a child of eleven he was sent to the Benedictine College of St. Lawrence at Ampleforth. There in the bracing air of the Yorkshire Moorland he developed the strong and healthy body fitted for a long life of strenuous activity. There as a quiet industrious boy he showed promise of the talents which afterwards marked his career. There, as he often told younger generations of school lads, he learned dogged and tenacious determination, simplicity of aim and practice, appreciation of study and loyal devotion to plain duty. There, most of all, he imbibed fruitful principles of life and high ideals of sanctity. His

school curriculum finished, the call from on High received its response in his youthful heart. "May I save my soul," was his petition to the Prior, "among you under the teaching and rule of holy Father Benedict." Then his horizon was small, and he little foresaw how great would be the harvest which he as a laborer in the vineyard would garner himself or prepare for the reapers of future generations. Brother Cuthbert was professed for the English Congregation of St. Benedict in 1855. Whilst still forming his own mind he taught in the school, and thereby acquired that dual discipline derived from the teaching of boys: the control of temper and the secret of holding attention. As prefect of discipline for a short time, he gained also, in exercising a more direct influence over the characters of his charges, the first insight into the secrets of the human soul. As a child his good voice made him the leading treble in the choir, and from that time he developed a musical gift worthy of more than passing notice. For ten years he was organist and choirmaster at Ampleforth, and for another ten years held the same post at Belmont. He composed a number of motets for the college choir and wrote several cantatas, in which the verse and melody vie with each other in beauty. His masterpiece, however, is the *Ode to Alma Mater,* probably the most beautiful school song ever produced. He was, unfortunately, self-taught, and lacked a thorough knowledge of harmony, but his original, virile melody and the rhythmical balance of his phrases won for him the attention and admiration of professional musicians. After his consecration he deliberately renounced the exercise of this musical talent, and could never again be induced to touch an instrument.

He learned as a monk at Ampleforth generosity and self-sacrifice; obedience as the sound basis for the future exercise of authority, and the spirit of poverty, simplicity and love of retirement which he retained consistently amid the publicity of high office and work with others.

Bishop Hedley remained ever a monk, and though absent from the abbey for long periods, it never ceased to be the centre of his affections. "The monk goes forth," he once wrote, "to labor for souls, but the monastery always remains his own home, and he can come back to it, use it, rest in it, and if God wills die under its roof." It was to him "that highest type of human brotherhood which is founded on the vows of the cenobitical life;" and he was a true member of it. He was a product of that mixed voca-

tion of the English Benedictine Congregation which unites the contemplation of the cloister with active service for souls. Clad significantly as a son of St. Benedict in black episcopal robes, instead of the purple of the secular bishop, Bishop Hedley was the embodiment of an ethos which marks a definite though indefinable difference between the monk-missioner and the secular pastor.

As a Benedictine he felt definitely associated in an especial way with a great and glorious past. The direct line of continuity of his own *familia* of St. Lawrence's as well as that of his Congregation and his Order, led him as he grew up to look upon himself as a unit in a great body carrying on the work first started in England by St. Augustine, the emissary of St. Gregory, the disciple of St. Benedict. From this he gained a strong sense of the value of coöperation and organization, and of the disadvantage of isolation in work which led him to foster a strong spirit of fraternity between regulars and seculars, and at the close of his life to emphasize particularly that, in the conduct of his diocese, he had always tried to keep a united flock.

Scarcely a year after Dom Cuthbert's ordination, his monastery was called upon to make a sacrifice for the greater good of the English Benedictine Congregation. In 1861, Belmont Priory, near Hereford, was opened as the common novitiate and house of studies. Further unity amongst the houses of the Congregation and a greater efficiency in ecclesiastic studies were the objective, and he was called from Ampleforth in the following year to join the staff of professors there. For a quiet decade he exercised considerable influence at St. Michael's, possessing the art of making his pupils think; and no doubt acquiring himself that power of orderly and effective exposition derived from Scholastic philosophy, so prominent in all his sermons and writings. He became in turn a member of the monastic chapter, and canon theologian of the diocese. During this time he wrote a great deal, among other things his brilliant articles in *The Dublin Review* on the Church at Alexandria. These, his first literary attempts, met with an enthusiastic reception from the Catholic public.

During his stay at Belmont, Roger Bede Vaughan was Prior and Thomas Brown Ordinary of the diocese. In 1873, Father Hedley was chosen by Bishop Brown as the Bishop Auxiliary of the diocese of Newport and Menevia. He was consecrated on September 29th as Bishop of Cæsaropolis *in partibus infidelium*. In his address to the newly consecrated in the presence of the aged Benedictine Bish-

ops, Ullathorne and Brown, Cardinal Manning prayed that "his life might be spared so long, that the affection and respect of his people and his brethren might be as great and the fruitfulness of his works might be as abundant, as theirs had been;" words which savored of prophecy. He now left the quiet of the cloister and entered formally upon missionary duties. Still he lived for ten years in the neighborhood of St. Michael's Priory, and never renounced the very intimate ties by which he had been associated with it. To this period belong three courses of lectures afterwards published—*The Light of the Holy Spirit in the World, Who is Jesus Christ?* and *The Spirit of Faith.*

In 1840 the Western District of England had been divided. The Northern portion, comprising the twelve counties of Wales with Monmouthshire and Herefordshire, known as the Vicariate of Wales, was given to Bishop Brown's care. In 1850 when Pius IX. restored hierarchical government to England, the six countries of South Wales, with the two above-mentioned in England, became the diocese of Newport and Menevia, Menevia being the Latin name for the ancient British See of St. David's. Bishop Brown died in 1880, and after a delay of ten months the auxiliary was appointed as his successor. But, as the diocese was divided by Leo XIII. in 1895, Dr. Hedley is better known to the present generation as the Bishop of Newport, his diocese covering the counties of Monmouthshire, Herefordshire and Glamorganshire. This new territorial division met with his full approval. Wales still needed an apostle rather than a bishop, since there were about six thousand Catholics in the twelve counties of Wales. The progress of the Welsh people to conversion has been incredibly difficult, due partly to their speaking a language totally different from English; hence while they were still under his jurisdiction, Bishop Hedley strongly supported the St. Teilo's Society, founded at Cardiff in 1889, for the printing of Welsh Catholic literature.

Dr. Hedley proved an ideal bishop, and the diocese of Newport was fortunate in being under his long unbroken rule, first as auxiliary for eleven years, then as ordinary for thirty-one years. In 1881 when "set by the Holy Ghost to rule the Church of God," he laments that in some respects the diocese was worse in spiritual matters than twenty years previous when forty thousand Irish, with faith yet strong and manners uncorrupt, worked in the docks and mines and in the gigantic ironworks developing in Monmouthshire and Glamorganshire. The new generation were not so good and so

true. They had to face, moreover, strong Protestantism and indifference; at least half the missions were not self-supporting; in several of them new churches were an absolute necessity; and the increasing competition of the Board Schools had to be met. His work, he writes, is "in the midst of the poor, among scenes of wretchedness, both moral and physical, which are hardly paralleled in any other Christian land." Himself a model Chief Pastor, *forma factus gregis ex animo,* he looked for his subjects' coöperation, and often emphasized the truth that success depends upon personal holiness. "God expects every pastor to pay the price of his success, as the Prince of Pastors paid a great price." "Let our anxiety be the altar, the church, the school, the deathbed. No importunity must weary us, no ingratitude check us, no stupidity put us out. The soul of the poor man, of the poor woman, of the little child must be to us simply what it is to our Master—more precious than all else in the world besides." Such was his charge to the clergy on his appointment. He recognized and would have others recognize in the office of the apostolate an office of labor and endurance. Personally he rejoiced in labor and never grew despondent. He threw the weight of his great personality and prodigious energy into the work, and at the end of his life he could say honestly: "I have always tried to render service to the utmost of my power." Not only did he ever pray for his clergy and adhere to his custom of making a daily memento at his Mass for the Benedictine novices, but, further, realizing himself St. Gregory's experiences *ars artium est regimen animarum,* he developed in his *Lex Levitarum*—a commentary on the saint's *Regula Pastoralis*—valuable advice for youthful aspirants to the priesthood on the high standard required in the pastor of souls. His booklet, *The Priest's Guide,* is of real service to others as well as to his own clergy, to whom, he was, as one of them has said, a "*pius pater.*" His great powers he put at the disposal of others, and was found to be a prudent, interested and encouraging counsellor. To the sincere he was approachable. But himself single of purpose, unworldly, and completely free from affectation, he could not endure the unreal in others. His sympathetic attention to the smallest difficulties and troubles of each individual case was characteristic of the man. One instance, amidst his "daily solicitude for all the churches," was his regular custom to preside at all the theological conferences of the different deaneries of his diocese.

For twenty years more he had to strain every nerve to keep

open the Catholic elementary schools of the diocese, and to urge the faithful to use all their influence in the land to thwart any design of the civil powers to crush the Catholic education of the poor by setting up a monopoly of the godless Board School. He was, however, quite willing to accept control in proportion to public assistance, provided it did not interfere with the Catholic atmosphere of his schools. He devoted much attention to the place and work of the Catholic layman, urging them that the time had come to take a true, loyal and integral share in the national life and policy. He repeated what Pope Leo XIII. had written, "Time, zeal, substance are wanted from each one." They must find out the Catholic view in all that touches the Church's interests, and put all their strength into working for it.

To non-Catholics he was open-minded and kind. He had a distaste for direct controversy, but a zeal for expounding in season and out of season the beauty, solidity and fruitfulness of Catholic dogma. He recognized that many Protestants were in good faith, because they had never analyzed logically their religious position, but whilst he had great respect for individuals, he had none for the Established Church. He declared it to be "a schismatical and heretical association, held together mainly by civil law, and mocking the country by the name and outward form of a Church." Yet at the same time he had no sympathy with the motives of those who strove to destroy the English Church; and he was ready to recognize with Newman that "doubtless the National Church has hitherto been a serviceable breakwater against doctrinal errors more fundamental than its own." His diocese was and is still poor. He left at his death ninety priests; about half of them Benedictines and Fathers of the Institute of Charity (Rosminians). He had no seminary and only one religious house of men. The Catholics number some seventy thousand out of a general population of one and three-quarter millions. But the increase and growth in stability have been considerable, as may be seen from the statistics of Glamorganshire. In Bishop Brown's day, in 1840, there was not a single church; in 1895 there were more than twenty public places of worship; now there are twenty-six parishes with resident clergy, in addition to fourteen mission churches with Mass on most Sundays, and eight convents. A typical year shows a yield of nearly two hundred converts.

But Bishop Hedley's field of influence far exceeded the limits of his diocese; as bishop he was a member of the English hierarchy,

and ably filled an important rôle in the thought and life of the kingdom for nearly half a century. For many years he was secretary of the episcopal bench. As decade succeeded decade many weighty affairs occupied the attention of the episcopacy in their Low Week and extraordinary meetings. Bishop Hedley was a strong man amongst them even in his younger days. It is no secret that he differed from Cardinal Manning in certain matters of policy. He was a thoroughly trained theologian, and ardently devoted to the Holy See, but, on account of the physical obstacle of his lameness, was not a frequent visitor to Rome. He had preëminently a broad mind, and understood the deep currents of thought and the ideals of outsiders. He saw the need to forsake methods that were antiquated and the contentment that plods on in old ways, and to arm with new weapons for new foes. A liberal always in political questions, he was in the most wholesome and loyal sense a liberal in theological thought. No one who knew him has ever entertained a suspicion of his Catholic orthodoxy, yet the modern mind never found in him one who blindly condemned. His judgments were deliberate and weighty. Before writing one article of importance he is known to have read and studied for many months in preparation. "There are shores," he once wrote, "where you may walk out a long distance before the waters rise over your head, and other shores where but a step or two will carry you beyond your depth." He had himself sounded the shallows and depths. In every modern emergency his was the appropriate word, and in matters of practical policy he had a grasp of the implications and consequences, and threw himself into all the *majores causæ* of his time. Insistent on the necessity for the young mind and heart to be formed on the sound principles of a good Catholic training in a Catholic atmosphere, and valuing highly the ancient traditions of our old collegiate establishments, he was nevertheless alive to the possibility of narrowness. He grasped the spirit of the age and saw the opening out of new avenues, and encouraged worthy ambitions.[1] Even as a young canon he advocated freedom of access for Catholic layman, of the right stamp of character, to the ancient universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and it is said that he converted Bishop Brown, a man of the old school, to his view. But in those days of intolerance and irreligion there was much to be said against the movement. In 1865 Prior Vaughan had written a pamphlet: *What Doth It Profit a Man—*

[1] See *Catholicism and Culture, The Dublin Review*, 1879.

University Education and the Memorialists, and later published at Dublin a more pretentious attempt to prove that "Oxford is poison to Catholic life," and its result sure to be loss of faith. In later days Bishop Hedley had much to do with the change in Cardinal Vaughan's attitude, and he stood by Lord Braye in his petition to the Holy See on the question; it is no secret that his authority was mostly instrumental in carrying the day. The prohibition was withdrawn in 1895, though the admission of Catholics to the national universities was then only tolerated by ecclesiastical authority. Catholic chaplains to the undergraduates were appointed, and weekly conferences made a condition of their residence. Bishop Hedley became President of the "Universities Catholic Education Board," a position he held till the present year, when he resigned on account of failing health, and Bishop Casartelli of Salford was chosen. It is generally recognized that the universities have changed much in the course of two decades in their attitude towards religious thought and the principles of morality, and the success of the venture has been amply justified. At the great representative gathering in 1912 of the Newman Society at Oxford, Bishop Hedley was an honored guest, to whom all felt deeply indebted for the leading part he had taken in the enlargement of the sphere of liberal education for both laity and clergy. The veteran in this noble cause felt this to be his final visit, and urged the Catholic laity of the country to make their early training of home and school a foundation for higher studies; to be eager to learn from the academic and social advantages of the universities, and in turn to leaven with Catholic faith these centres of influence, and later the larger realms of national life and thought. Bishop Hedley is known best in our own country by his writings. He published only seven books: the *Lex Levitarum,* the *Holy Eucharist,* his *Retreat, A Bishop and His Flock,* and three other volumes of sermons preached on different occasions, remarkable for unity of aim and progression of thought. A very large number of scattered magazine articles, sermons and lectures, however, bear witness to his literary activity from early priesthood till old age. It is to be regretted that they have not been collected and published in book form, as they are by no means of ephemeral interest, and pamphlets, like butterflies, have no secure existence beyond the cabinet of the collector. He sometimes spoke of editing further collections; that may now be done by another hand. Many of his articles, unsigned as well as signed, grace the pages of *The Dublin Review,* of which he was

editor from 1879 to 1884, succeeding W. G. Ward. Another important collection, covering various subjects, belongs to the *Ampleforth Journal,* to which he contributed regularly from its inception in 1897.

But it is not within the scope of this memoir to treat of Bishop Hedley as a man of letters. We refer to his writings here because books declare the man; because a man's religious works especially must always be in great measure autobiographical. Bishop Hedley's show forth the intellectual beauty and solid completeness of Catholic dogma which had permeated the woof and warp of his mind, the texture of his soul. They remain not only as a monument to recall his presence, but also as a source of enlightenment and inspiration. We have lost the personal contact of his presence; but in them we still enjoy that secret power which made his sermons always draw the secret of the true preacher, who looks upon his audience not as simple listeners, but as Christian hearts.

The bishop was ever the humble servant of Jesus Christ; he was ever full of compunction. He had gifts of a high order. He recognized them with simplicity and thankfulness: "These are from the hand of God." He used them for his own sanctification and for our edification. And yet, with the consistency of the truly humble, he depreciated his own powers and his own work. "No man," he said at his jubilee, "can live to my age and have many illusions about merits and achievements." As on the day of his consecration his inaugural address was a simple expression of devotedness and a demand for prayer, so too in the midst of the congratulation of all—when he saw himself especially honored by Pope Pius X., as formerly by Leo XIII., when he heard his praises celebrated by his brethren, his flock, his clergy, his fellow bishops—in the midst of all he remained humble of heart. He was ever a steward, responsible for the use made of his opportunities. In recognition for service rendered he asked only that all would remember him in their supplications, "on that day, unto the end, and after the end."

THE GENESIS OF KANT'S CRITICISM.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

II.

THE idea that Thought is simply and solely an analyzing power, dominated the mind of Kant in the pre-critical period of his career. Down to the year 1768, this idea was the generating principle of his philosophical conclusions, the fertile source of views new and strange—a fact which Kant was not going to forget later, when his exclusive conception collapsed and had to be rebuilt on broader lines. The sage of Königsberg never rid himself wholly of the analytic theory of Thought. It was too intimately bound up with his earliest successes, too faithful a minister to the separatist philosophy which he started out to write, too much a part of the mathematicizing tendency of the times, ever to become the painful object of dismissal. He manœuvred for its retention desperately, under the sledge-hammer blows of Hume; he pleaded for it even with himself. It was his Achilles, and he never quite got over the shock of discovering that it had a vulnerable heel. The genesis of his famous criticism of reason, other things apart, was due to his having entertained this theory and to his unwillingness, come what would, ever to give it up. And that is precisely the point we are here undertaking to establish.

The first effects of Kant's analytical theory of Thought appeared in his startling analysis of sensation. Working with the idea that Thought looks down into sensation as into a well where the universe is mirrored, Kant did not find in the well—how could he?—all that his method had led him to expect. Such notions as space and time, substance and cause, nay reality itself, were clearly not to be found there. Whence could they have come, he asked, and what is their function? Evidently, they had not come into the mind through the channels of sense. There was nothing about them to indicate that such had been their way of arrival; they seemed intruders that would have to account for their presence. Not finding the five aforesaid notions looking up wistfully into his eyes from the well of sensation when he sat peering into its

depths, Kant came to the conclusion—his inadequate theory of Thought compelled it—that these general notions and many others of like kind must be *prior to actual experience,* must be contributions which the mind itself makes to the inpouring data of sensation. But what were they? Frames, outlines, advance sketches; empty forms of Thought or Sense, to be filled in and rounded out with the rich and varied details of actual experience. They represented *possibility* as distinct from *actuality,* and their function was to put order and arrangement into the chaotic mass of detail which sensibility furnished. But a difficulty occurred, a serious one: If sensibility is the only means by which an object can be given to the mind—what are we to think of that gaunt and grim spectral something, that "thing in itself," that bare reality which forever haunts Thought, yet never makes its presence known to sense? What is the nature and what the function of this constant apparition?—no creature, surely, of the world of space and time, but of the timeless, unchanging years.

Is it real? Assuredly. Can we know it? Not at all. How could we, on the supposition, created by the analytic theory of Thought—that all our knowledge is indissolubly wedded to sense? Reality is too evidently distinct from the sensible appearances accompanying its manifestation, too clearly without its wedding garment, to be an object of sense experience. Does it exist by itself in a sort of shadowy hinterland of the panoramic world that fills the eye? No. Kant was the last man to believe in anything so eerie. The celebrated "thing in itself" meant for him the universal aspect which every object of sensation assumes for Thought; and the problem that crucially concerned him was what to do with this "substance of the things that appear not." Reject it outright and fly to idealism for cover? That would be equivalent to undermining the foundations of science, and Kant was averse to any such drastic recourse. Rather than take this step against science, thus depriving it and religion of a permanent object of search and devotion, he would admit the existence of a reality not ourselves, while declaring at the same time that all knowledge of it lay beyond our reach. And that was how he so strangely began his philosophy with an unknowable, instead of the knowable and known.

It will be seen from this brief account that Kant's purely analytical conception of the nature and activity of Thought had a great creative influence, so long as one did not inquire any too closely into the adequacy of the conception. It engendered his

revolutionary views of space and time, substance and cause, appearance and reality. It suggested the idea that the categories are subjective functions of the mind, not objective transcripts of reality —an unproven thesis that has become at this writing practically the sole one entertained. It created the principle, afterwards so destructively employed in the *Critiques,* that no idea is valid which cannot be presented in sense. It made reason appear as engaged exclusively with the general, since the general, *as such,* could not be found in the particular; and the result was that Kant took all power of intuition away from the intellect, lodging it in the sensibility instead. It opened up a gap between the necessities of thought and the realities of being, for which there is no warrant in the evidence. It suggested the possibility of introducing divisions into a mind that, of itself, can have none, because of its living, non-spatial character. It was responsible for the distinction which he drew between regulative and constitutive ideas. It lent itself admirably to the double purpose Kant had in view, which was to rescue science from the maws of skepticism and at the same time to head Thought off and turn it back in the direction of sensation, where his theory led him to think its vocation lay. His analytic conception of Thought thus proved extremely fertile, and Kant had been drawing wonder after wonder from this yielding source, when suddenly in 1768 something happened—his friends knew not what—which arrested his course in mid-career and silenced his pen almost wholly for a decade.

He had been reading Hume; and what he read was a refutation of his own doctrine of thing-in-itself or reality—a refutation published some thirty years before, yet written, it really seemed, as if Hume had had him personally in mind the while, and was actually sharpening his wits on no other whetstone. Here was a man entertaining exactly the same analytical theory of thought and exactly the same discontinuity theory of concepts as himself, and yet managing to prove, with apparent show of reason, that there is nothing real, substantial, necessary, or universal under the sun; either in the human mind or out of it; in the world of experience or the world of reflection. Causality? Who could bring himself to accept a notion so unfounded, especially when the objects of experience themselves gave not the slightest evidence of being tied together in the manner alleged? Are not concepts all individual, and what is Thought but a mere matter of prying into them as such? And if so, how does the mind have the effrontery to pair such in-

congruous notions as substance and flux, cause and sequence, progress and permanence, appearance and reality—thus creating between them a bond of relationship that did not and could not exist. If Thought be analytic and concepts disconnected—Kant's own view!—all such syntheses are spurious; the result of association and habit, not the discoveries of reflection. Misalliances all of them, to be frowned upon and dissolved. We can think away the necessity of every item of experience, said Hume. There is no contradiction in supposing the non-existence of the object represented in any idea. The idea of existence is detachable from every object of which it is affirmed. The connections of things in nature and of ideas in mind are all arbitrary. Not one of them is objective. How dare such notions as permanence and necessity raise their impish heads above the surface of a consciousness in which the sole reality visible and demonstrable is the fugitive and fleeting!

Kant felt himself undone. The tables had been turned upon him, and what was worse, his own working principles had figured in the turning. The thought of twenty years had been sapped and undermined: what he had built upon was proven sand. The keystone of his whole system fell out of the arch; and for nothing more sorely did his spirit grieve him than for the loss of that reality behind appearances, that noumenon included within every phenomenon, which he was wont to call "the thing in itself." His whole conception of Reality as an immutable core of being inside the sensible outer coat of appearances, was put in jeopardy, and would have to be given up, he saw, unless some way were found to answer Hume's annihilating criticism. For whatever else Kant was, and dear knows he was four kinds of philosopher rolled together into one: realist, idealist, psychologist, and empiricist;[1] he was a firm believer always in reality, thinking deep thoughts and spending laborious days on the problem of establishing some point of contact, some bond of connection between the inner and outer world. He did indeed, against all reason, right, and sense, separate the rational from the real, but he never went the length of asserting that the mind as a whole has no commerce with a reality not itself. In fact largely for this tenacious clinging to the notion of reality, he has been sometimes called, by friend and foe alike, "the last of the Schoolmen."

Kant was in a veritable quandary. Having divided sense from

[1] *La métaphysique du Kantisme.* By Pierre Charles. *Revue de Philosophie,* February, 1913, p. 114.

reason, general concepts from particular percepts—what would he do now? Weld them together again? Not too closely. That would be to abandon his main purpose, which was to keep the sensible and the supersensible divided. How to answer Hume, without admitting that Thought is spontaneously connected with sensation—that was the problem as he intended to solve it. Kant never for a moment lost sight of himself or the projects he had at heart. The Kant of the critical period merely found a formula that would retain the Kant of the precritical days unscathed; there was never a more continuous personality than his from beginning to end, though he reinvested his "change of mind" with all the "grand manner" affected by the times, as when he said that Hume had "roused him from his dogmatic slumber." This was all too true. The prince of modern empiricists who first saw the light of day in the beautiful ancient capital of the Scots, had not only roused him from his dogmatic assumption that Thought is purely analytic, he had left him without a clue in all the reaches of his spirit as to how precisely he was ever again to set his new-found wakefulness to rest. One thing was certain: So long as he continued to look upon the intellect, as Hume did, in the light of an analytic mill grinding out the meaning of unrelated particulars, he would never be in a position to return the blow. The supposition on which he and Hume had been proceeding must be enlarged, but not to such an extent that Kant would pull down the pillars of his own philosophical temple, Samson-like, in his effort to destroy the Scotsman. Whatever admission had to be made would be subjoined to the old analytic theory of Thought, on which all his contributions to philosophy had thus far depended. It would not, it could not be made subversive of the theory that had created these. That must be preserved at any cost, at whatever shift. In this spirit, as subsequent events will prove, Kant decided to enlarge his previous conception of Thought and to acknowledge he had been wrong in conceiving the intellect so narrowly. It was more than an analytic power, it was a veritable synthetic agency, tying things together which really stood apart. This admission would thoroughly refute Hume who had argued in favor of skepticism from the same deficient conception of Thought as Kant had entertained in arguing against it. Hume would be made to contribute to his own undoing and to Kant's great glory as the philosopher who had discovered the synthetic activity of the human intellect.

In coming to this balancing admission, this much needed over-

hauling of a working-supposition all too one-sided in its leanings, Kant had a clear road out of skepticism and out of all the peculiar difficulties which had hitherto beset his path, if he but made the discovery a corrective of his own previous philosophy as well as of that of the Scottish critic. But he did not do so; he grew into a "Prussian Hume" instead—the phrase is Hamann's. His philosophy, instead of reforming itself root and branch, as it should have done, became confirmed in the previous direction it had taken. Kant's desire to save his own twenty years of work from ruin, and his unwillingness to give up the dismembering policy that animated it, led him to conceive the newly discovered synthetic ability of the mind as belonging, not to pure reason—it would never do to consider *that* synthetic—but to some other power. Space was thus reserved for the analytic theory of Thought, by means of which all his previous philosophical spurs had been won. A blow was dealt at Hume, that Kant should have received full in the face himself. But no! He would ring in the new without ringing out the old, seeing to it well that whoso should go down, he, at any rate, would not be of the number. Close students of Kant have long been aware of an action on his part directly proving the fact for which we are here contending. He brought over without modification into his supposedly new *Critique* the theories of space and time written years before; and his "critical" theory of the categories is but a lengthy elaboration, published in 1781, of a distinction, drawn years before, between abstract concepts and pure ideas.[2]

Evidently Kant did not intend to hew towards the new light any more closely than the instinct of literary self-preservation would permit. For instance, Kant frankly acknowledged that there was no need of proving the legitimacy of our analytic judgments.[3] He recognized that legitimacy as immediately known, and as not calling for proof. Why did he not pursue the same course when it was question of synthetic judgments? Are these any less a matter of recognition than the former? Why had *they* alone to be deduced? The reason for Kant's proving in one case and not in the other lets in a flood of light on his whole procedure. He is not going to admit that "pure Thought" is synthetic; he is not going to admit this after 1781 any more than he did before. He intends

[2] *Kant.* By Théodore Ruyssen, 1905, p. 59.

[3] *Kritik der reinen Vernunft. Von dem obersten Grundsatze aller analytischen Urtheile.* Hartenstein's edition, III., pp. 148-150, especially paragraph 5.

to conserve his old position that pure reason and analytic thought are one and the same thing;[4] and with this old position he will dexterously combine, as best he may, the additional admission that Thought is synthetic. And that is why he *proves* the legitimacy of synthetic judgments, by a long and labored process of deduction. The analytic theory of Thought had made him what he was, and he would not undo either himself or his work, by striking it out from his pages. Still insisting, as formerly, that the predicate must be contained in the subject; and not seeing that it may be contained in the *essential relations* of the subject, as well as in that subject's essence, Kant will declare that he has discovered a new set of judgments in which the mind adds to the subject a universal and necessary predicate for which he cannot account. Of course he cannot, on the supposition that Thought can see "essences," but not "relations." Again is his inadequate conception of Thought adding new lustre to his name and fame as the great discoverer!

The first sign of Kant's change of front, under the influence of his new discovery, appeared in his admission of "the synthetic unity of apperception"—on which a critic of no mean ability makes the following incisive comment:

> I shall merely add that Kant in his criticism of knowledge should surely have introduced "the synthetic unity of apperception" at a much earlier stage than he did. It is not the cope-stone but the corner-stone of a theory of knowledge, being essential to the very existence and conceivability of knowledge; and the theory of knowledge, as of everything else, should begin with what is primary and fundamental. If Kant had paid due regard to the fact that cognition is in no form or stage conceivable otherwise than as a synthetic act of a self-active subject, he would not have started on an inquiry into the possibility and conditions of knowledge by positing *unknowables*—with which a theory of knowledge can have nothing to do—and *appearances*—of what does not appear—nor would he have separated in the abstract and mechanical way which he did *noumena and phenomena, matter and form, sense and understanding, experience and reason, knowledge and reality, the sensuous and suprasensuous.*[5]

[4] *Ibid.*, p. 150, where Kant (two last lines of page) expressly declares that pure reason is confined to the two principles of contradiction and identity—a supposition that saps all the energy and life out of Thought. For which point, see THE CATHOLIC WORLD, October, 1914, *Completing the Reformation*, p. 6.

[5] *Agnosticism.* By Robert Flint, 1903, p. 198. Italics his.

One may readily see from this comment that Kant is still adhering to the high-handed, ruinous policy of keeping sensible and conceptual knowledge divided. This had been his object from the start; and his discovery that the mind is a living unity, insusceptible of the divisions he had created within it, was not going to be allowed to interfere with the chronic purpose of a lifetime. It was a grudging, patching admission that he made; one designed to insulate the intellect, to make an island of it in the middle of the mental stream. In other words, the analytic theory of Thought and severance view of concepts were both carried over into the *Critiques,* substantially unchanged; the intellect thus being made to appear as having no spontaneous share in the mind's common unity and life. Kant never recognized the solidarity of human knowledge *fully.* Psychologically speaking, this was his leading fault. For private reasons, for personal purposes, he made Thought and its general concepts an exception to the law of solidarity by which the mind's operations are governed; distinguishing between pure Thought and synthetic, so as to make room under the former designation for the analytic theory he had held from the start. In other words, Kant learned nothing personal, vital, and reforming from his new discovery. His conception of "pure reason" was never made adequate, not even when he saw its inadequacy and strove, after a fashion, Kant's fashion, to remedy it. It is the case of a man building an ell on to a house that should have been torn down and rebuilt from the very foundations.

The second evidence of Kant's change of front may be seen in his attempt to "schematize" the categories; to make our general notions applicable to the particular ones of sense, from which for no reason or right in the world he had supposed them to be divided. Having begun his philosophy by separating the general from the particular, he was now going to show how these could be brought together again and made to furnish sure footing for intellectual syntheses. How, he asked, may a union be effected between simple and universal concepts on the one hand and our complex and particular intuitions on the other? There must be some intermediary. What is it? The imagination. We cannot think of a circle without tracing it mentally, nor of time without drawing an imaginary straight line, nor of quantity without figuring it somehow as a number. This figured synthesis prepares the intellectual synthesis that follows, and so "the pure understanding" and its concepts come into connection with the particular data of sense

and find application thereunto. The spontaneous work of the productive imagination effects this union, independently of all empirical images. These latter when they come find themselves traced out in advance and readily fall into the frames prepared for their receiving.

Kant, it will be observed, is trying to show how the mind can be synthetic, even if regarded as the divided thing *he* considered it to be. He admits the spontaneously synthetic character of the imagination as everyone must, but his separatist purpose, his cellular psychology, his tessellated way of thinking prevents him from seeing, or rather forces him into not seeing, that Thought—the kind he called *pure*—has synthetic visions of its own, precisely because of its solidary relationship and vital connection with the imagination and the rest of the mind's powers. Kant is laboriously striving to make darkness do the work of light. He is merely showing how his old opinion that Thought is essentially analytic can be maintained alongside his new discovery that Thought is synthetic in its functioning. He is more interested in proving that he was never wrong than in finding out if he was ever right from the beginning. To admit the spontaneous synthetic activity of the intellect would nullify all his previous additions to the sum of human knowledge, good, bad, and indifferent. He must learnedly *prove* the existence of synthetic judgments, or his whole system would perish and his purpose suffer defeat.

The critic of Königsberg had an eye to his own interests. Rather than *recognize* the actual continuity of sense and intellect—which would have been fatal to his whole system—he determined to *invent* an artificial set of connections between the two. In order to retain his former thesis that conceptual knowledge is actually divided from perceptual, he endeavored to show that notwithstanding their division, the two might be welded together again by means of the productive imagination. And the sole reason why he attempted this welding process, why he undertook to deduce the categories and to prove their connections with experience, instead of recognizing these connections as existent, independently of any histrionic effort on his part to forge a series of links—the sole reason of all this was to be in a position to refute Hume's analytical theory of Thought, without surrendering the same theory himself. No one can study the perfunctory, mechanical manner in which this deduction was carried out, without having the truth of Hegel's homely remark come to mind, that the net result of this whole arti-

ficial procedure was " such an external and superficial union as when a piece of wood and a leg are bound together by a cord." How Hume would have smiled at all this elaborate evasion, had he not been gathered to his fathers some six years before its appearance! The objections of the " cold-blooded " Scotsman, as Kant used to call him, were all based and built on the analytic theory of Thought; They could not be answered on that theory. What did Kant do? He reiterated the theory, appropriated a large part of Hume's skepticism himself, and for the refutation of the rest proposed the synthetic character of Thought when linked up with the anticipative images which the imagination, he said, is always framing. Ever adding a qualifier to save the theory which Hume had shattered to atoms before his very eyes. Kant was fighting for his own philosophical life, and never were tierce and riposte so weak and slow in the entire history of philosophy.

A definition Kant[6] took from Leibnitz prevented him from seeing that Thought has synthetic insight in essential matters, however much it may lack the same in matters non-essential. According to this definition, all analytical propositions are rational; all synthetic propositions empirical, *i. e.,* derived from experience; the converse being true in both cases. This definition identified the rational with the analytic, the synthetic with the empirical; and Kant, without waiting to inquire whether the statement was true to fact or not, took it over and made it the foundation of all that he ever thought or wrote. It was veritably his dogma of dogmas, *this arbitrary identification of pure reason with analytic Thought;*[7] and the tragedy of his Criticism is that he never saw that it was. It vitiated the whole course of his thinking, and sent him looking in the wrong place for the origin of such notions as " universality " and " necessity." According to the Leibnitzian definition, these notions had to be found in experience, since only out of that source could a synthetic proposition ever rise. And when Kant consulted this fount, there was nothing there to be discovered but the contingent, the accidental, and the casual. The shaggy foreshanks of a fawn, the silver tip of a dog's tail, the tawny waters of the Tiber, the flash of a woodsman's axe upon the eye and the report reaching the ear a little later—there was nothing essential, necessary, or universal about any or all of these; they were matters of fact as

[6] *Revue de Philosophie. La métaphysique du Kantisme.* By Pierre Charles, June, 1914, p. 576.

[7] For complete definition of an analytical proposition, see THE CATHOLIC WORLD, October, 1914, *Completing the Reformation,* pp. 5-12.

haphazard, apparently, as the countenance of men. As Leibnitz himself had observed: One might reflect till doomsday on the "essence" of Socrates without discovering that he was bald of head or walked barefoot about the market place; and one might ponder on the "nature" of Spinoza for a century without gaining the least information as to the place where and the time when this thoughtful son of a wandering race would doff his muddy vesture of decay. So there was not much promise of success in the consultation of experience for one who approached it with the idea in mind of discovering "relations" that were everywhere and always true. Kant's difficulties were increasing; his quest of the "universal" and the "necessary" had met with nothing but rebuff.

It seems wholly to have escaped Kant's notice, that in addition to the accidental relations occurring to any subject from space and time, there were also certain *essential* ones belonging to every subject by nature and clearly within the competence of Thought to discover. Have we to examine all objects to know that none of them contain the reason of their existence within themselves, but point to another? Is it necessary to scrutinize all heat to know that its nature is to expand bodies? or to appeal to hereditary belief, instead of immediate insight, for a demonstration of the law that a cause always precedes the effect? Are not these "relations" all in the subject, and seen there as soon as the subject is grasped? As was said before, the "essences" which Kant saw were all unrelated—mere things-in-themselves; though nowhere in the world of matter or of mind is there anything that can be truly designated as "mere." It seems strange indeed, now that psychology has borne such ample witness to the interdependence prevailing between all the concepts of the mind as between the things themselves from which these concepts are taken—that Kant should have seen all "essences" bare, all concepts isolated, all "natures" sundered and severed. But that was the concept he had of concepts, and a man must not be expected to work perfectly with deficient tools. Kant could not at any rate for all his dexterous ingenuity. His ruling prepossession stood between him and the light. It prevented him from inquiring whether there might not be in every essence a number of relations inhering, of such inseparable nature and character, that it was practically one and the same thing for Thought to see an essence relatedly as to see it in itself. Never having instituted this inquiry—how could he, holding the theory of concepts that he did?—Kant missed the real road of escape

from Hume's skepticism, and took to building up a skepticism of his own instead, far more cumbersome, labored, pretentious, and unnatural than the Scotsman's.

The problem of accounting for the universal and necessary syntheses which the mind makes, as, for instance, in the case of causality, became unsolvable for Hume and Kant, simply because both were under the false impression that Thought could see the essences of all subjects but not the essential relations which all subjects contain. What is the reason or motive, Kant kept asking, for the mind's conceiving of causality as universal and necessary, as everywhere and always true? Whence comes the necessity, the universality, with which the idea of cause is ever accompanied? Kant spent several years of the hardest kind of thinking on this problem, the difficulties of which were all due to his defective theory of concepts, and to the fact—this, too, a consequence of his theory—that he did not institute the inquiry set forth above. Nothing but failure came of this long protracted search, and it is easy to see why. If reason has no continuity with sense, especially with the productive imagination; if intuition is lodged in the sensibility alone; if the intellect can unwrap essences, but not see relations; if analysis is always absolute, and never relative; if the principle of identity expresses the whole nature and fullest possibility of Thought; it is as plain as a pikestaff that a man proceeding on these five presuppositions is never going to discover any rational explanation of the mind's syntheses, for the very good reason that he has taken the five means necessary to make that discovery impossible.

In 1781 Kant came forth from his long silence with the answer. Unable to discover any conscious, visible, rational motive for the syntheses which the intellect is accustomed to frame, he declared the unconscious mind responsible for their framing. The mind is by nature a universalizing agency, he said. It goes about its synthetic joinings, regardless of the particular data which experience furnishes, and by an inner compulsion of its own. Subjective laws of its very being, constitution, and nature force it to think its objects under universal and necessary forms. There is no other way to account for its peculiar course, save by supposing that nature made it so. Kant was still dominated by the idea that Thought is a mere unwrapping process. He was still a naïve believer in the separate functioning of reason and sense. The antinomies which he conjured up between these two—Wundt calls

them a *Scheingefecht,* a sham battle—clearly reveal that he had undergone no real change of mind, but was still proceeding on the supposition of his earlier days. The romantic hypothesis of a blind weaver at his loom fitted in well with his original intention to rewrite philosophy from a separatist's point of view. It made the intellect look and act as his analytic theory of thought, his divisive conception of mind, demanded that it should. He did not see that the whole hypothesis of a blind weaver crashes and crumbles on the simple reflection that the intellect is essentially, and not accidentally, by nature and not by Kantian ruse, a synthetic power. The Prussian critic mistook his own failure as an investigator for an inability inherent in all minds else, when he declared that the intellect has no ability to discover the motive of its syntheses; when for this reason, he transferred its synthetic activity to the subliminal self, and denied the accessibility of the latter's doings to the prying light of intelligence.

Kant proceeded at once to generalize the personal oversight that led him to regard the mind's synthetic activity as blind. He made of this oversight of his a new and "scientific" standpoint whence to judge the uses to which human thought may rightfully and profitably be put. When he had invested it with the character of a general principle, its destructive sweep was surely extensive enough to content any iconoclast not an Alexander. "Whatever is universal in our experience," it ran, "comes from the mind; whatever particular, from sense." He worked the applications of the principle out in his three *Critiques,* into the details of which it is not our purpose to follow him—the present study having its chief interest and concern, not in the elaboration of the so-called critical principle, but in the state of mind that gave it birth.

Suffice it, therefore, to say that in the *Critique of Pure Reason* (1781), the *Critique of Practical Reason* (1788), the *Critique of Judgment* (1790), not to mention their companion piece, *Religion Within the Bounds of Mere Reason* (1794)—the very titles betraying the separatist purpose of their composition—the whole burden of endeavor is to head Thought off and turn it back in the direction of sensation, this turning-back movement being accomplished by as arbitrary a supposition as ever man devised in the history of philosophy: namely, that every idea is invalid which cannot be sensibly presented or experienced. The proofs of God's existence were thus "non-suited ere the trial had begun," and an agnostic construction put upon the fundamental deliverances of

human knowledge. In other words, Kant did all his thinking during the critical period under the same chronic supposition that Thought is a mere analyzing power. He never seems to have realized that Reason acts *with* sense in *acquiring* knowledge; and that to ask it to analyze sensation is to omit all inquiry into the results of its own coöperating activity. No wonder he could not find in one factor of knowledge the results that are accomplished by two.

This inadequate conception stained his pages to the end. If Kant had simply pointed out that there are subjective as well as objective elements in our knowledge, and bade us diligently sift the intermixture of the two, the *Critiques* would have had an enlightening value. But when he actually separated the work of sense from the work of reason, and then tried to show how the two might be made cohesive by means of his patent gluing-process, he was not increasing the sum of human knowledge, or improving the science of methodology, he was simply attempting to overthrow positive dogmatism by a negative dogmatism invented by himself, that had nothing to commend its acceptance, save that it admirably served in his hands as an arbitrary means to an arbitrary end. The vast shadow of the phenomenal in its pied and painted immensity was to him no interposing veil, but the last reaches of reality. He used it to extinguish all the higher lights of consciousness, and often argued as if it were a defect in God's very being that we could not discover Him within the mirror of sensation! And how arrogant it was and how unfair, too, to criticize Reason by a principle taken, not from experience or induction, but out of the dust and clouds of his controversy with Hume! Not all philosophy, surely—past, present, and to come, stood trembling on the outcome of this single combat between David and Goliath; nor was there any evidence then, nor is there any evidence since, that the Philistines were put to confusion and rout, what time the tiny pebble left its sling and found lodgment in the giant's forehead.

What is the key to Kant? Leibnitz say some, pointing in proof to the fact that the Königsberg critic was misled, his entire life through, by a definition which he took over, without critical examination, from the pages of this poetic Platonist. This definition had it that all rational propositions are analytic, all empirical propositions synthetic—a definition which led Kant to believe that Thought is essentially and exclusively an analyzing

power; this false impression becoming the dogma by which he destroyed all dogmas else, and remaining to the end of his days the uncritical, uncriticized foundation of his whole criticism. This explanation is true, but not complete. It merely states the problem to be solved. The real point to be decided is whether the Leibnitzian definition actually created Kant's purpose, or merely suggested an appropriate means for carrying out a purpose previously entertained. To settle this point we should have to prove that the prime interest Kant had in adopting the aforesaid definition was religious, not purely intellectual. Can this be shown? We think it can, and for the following reasons.

Right in the heart of the *Critique of Pure Reason*[8] is a curious page which has no place there except on the supposition that Kant the philosopher had been concealing Kant the pietist all along. It records an attempt to make room for a form of conviction called *doctrinal faith,* which is neither a full theoretic demonstration, nor a purely moral belief, but something midway between. Why is this intermediary kind of conviction singled out for saving, and made an exception to the rigorous working of Kant's critical principles? There is no intellectual reason why it should have been so excepted. According to Kant all faith is moral and indemonstrable. He was every whit as skeptical as Hume concerning the existence of a personal God distinct from "this goodly promontory of things." Immortality was likewise skeptically regarded as no more than a postulate of conscience, that could never become a rational conviction. And yet, here are these two doctrines made the object of warm and vigorous special pleading, in utter despite of the fact that neither of them can be demonstrated or moralized—Kant's requisites for true conviction. The usual agnostic counterstroke accompanying Kant's animadversions on the truths of religion is here conspicuously lacking, and the fact has made more than one student of Kant, from the philosophical side, rub his eyes with wonderment to know if he read aright. What does it mean, this "doctrinal faith" the characteristic of which from the objective point of view is modesty, and from the subjective, confidence and assurance? At least this—that Kant is mixing religion with philosophy, belief with knowledge, in a way he would not countenance in others. He is saving Pietism—its two fundamental tenets—from the devastating ruin

[8] *Kritik der reinen Vernunft.* Von Meinen, Wissen, und Glauben, Hartenstein's edition (1867), pp. 544-545.

he would visit on all beliefs and persuasions else. He is violating the *neutral* point of view which he constantly held was the only one the speculative reason could rightfully ever take.

Further still. In 1781, Kant takes knowledge out of the theoretical domain; in 1788, he brings it back again as belief; and the curious thing about this process of removal and restoration is that in 1781, Kant has 1788 in view, tempering his conclusions with an eye to the future, and reserving a little corner of the speculative intellect to give Pietism some semblance of sustaining ground in reason. Anyone reading the *Critiques,* and remembering while doing so, that one of the cardinal tenets of Pietism was the sterility of all theological discussion, will soon discern with growing clearness that Kant is merely trying to prove that tenet theoretically true. Critics have wondered why Kant should have destroyed the foundations of morality in reason and then built them up again on the quicksand of sentiment; why he should have so confounded the religious with the moral; why he should have retained a real object for science and religion, though declaring that object unknowable; why he should have made so much of feeling, and so little of knowledge; why he never stood his ground against Hume, but abandoned the speculative reason, bag and baggage, in his precipitate flight to conscience for final refuge; why nothing social or historical figured to any redeeming extent in anything he ever thought or wrote; why he presents such a blend of the agnostic and the believer, forever taking back with his left hand what he proffers with the right. The religious hypothesis that he was a Pietist, striving to justify theoretically the disrespect for Thought which his religion fostered and encouraged among its adherents, unravels all these mysteries of commentators and explains his consistent inconsistency to the end. No purely intellectual explanation will ever account for Immanuel Kant of Königsberg, the philosopher who made his fortune and his fame by confounding pure reason with analytic thought, and by writing out most learnedly the consequences that followed from this confusion.

Behind the philosopher was the believer, and the philosophy was the believer's own. The belief demanded that Thought be made the scout of experience or the recording clerk of sensation, and the philosophy fulfilled the demand most faithfully. The pressing need of religion as he saw religion and its need, was the creation of a separate province for it, where the wicked would

cease from troubling, and the pious be free to enjoy their "personal religious experience" undisturbed. The definition of Leibnitz, limiting Thought to analysis, furnished the desired intellectual means of redistricting the human mind into separate and independent provinces; and on it, in the precritical days he built up a series of original views, which he was afterwards to modify, though never substantially to change. Hume interposed an unexpected barrier to the project, and much time had to be spent by Kant in clearing his way of the Scotsman, and in devising new means to force a thwarted purpose through. "The peasant-revolt of the mind," led by Luther—this striking expression is Nietzsche's[9]—"concealed" the whole philosophical movement of Kant and Fichte—a statement for which we have the word of Harnack,[10] hardly in such a matter to be accused of bias.

Nay, we have Kant's own avowal—nothing could be plainer—of the disruptive *religious* purpose that animated all his thinking. To put an end to the dogmatism of believer and unbeliever—unfortunately the dogmatism of the critic—his own—escaped inclusion—"I was obliged," he says, "to suppress *knowledge,* in order to make room for *belief.*"[11] May we not trust the Prussian critic here when he thus sums himself up for the verdict of posterity? And if so, who has made out so good a case against him as himself?

[9] *Luther.* By Hartmann Grisar, III., chap. i., p. 19. [10] *Ibid.,* p. 9.
[11] *Kritik der reinen Vernunft.* Hartenstein's edition (1867), p. 25.

THE PATHWAY OF THE ANGELS.

BY CARITAS.

Where Dawn is opening the gates
To let the darkness through.

A FRESH page in the book of nature lay open before me, and with it also some fresh glimpses of life. Mist-veils still clung to the fronded hilltops of the West Indian island we had reached the preceding evening. Santangel! an oasis in the watery waste it seemed, a very fairyland for poetry and song. On the upper slopes lay green pastures and shadowy groves, with here and there, suspended like the nest of a huge bird, the half-embowered hut of some native islander. Lower down, villas and gardens gave bright touches of color to the scene. Over all and far on the pearly-tinted surface of the encircling sea, shimmered the dawn-light, while its twin-sister, the dawn-breeze, sang sweet and low a sacrificial hymn. A pale harmony it was, throbbing with minor chords, echoing

The still sad music of humanity.

Already many dusky forms were abroad, hastening down through bosky lanes to the town below, for it was market-day. From the shelter of a vine-curtained balcony, I watched the straggling procession pass, noting with interest many types of colored folk, without being able to class them as Nango, Congo, Congar, Nangobar or "country born." This lack of ethnical knowledge, however, troubled me little. *Homo sum,* I found myself quoting, *humani nihil a me alienum puto,* my mood being sympathetic in character rather than scientific.

Among simple folk, acquaintance is quickly and easily made; moreover, I soon learned "who was who" from the remarks of the factotum of the household. Bartholomew was hovering near, ostensibly to water the vines, but in reality intent on dialogue; or, that failing him, on monologue. To vocalize his thoughts, and never to prune his words, were with Bartholomew, I found, fundamental principles of conduct to which he strictly adhered.

"Dat's Holly, marm, cummin' down along, 'tis foh sure," I

heard him say, as Miss Holly, of shapely form and bright coquettish face, stepped into view, her orange-laden panniers swaying gracefully from either end of the rod that rested on her gayly beribboned head. Bartholomew, I soon learned, had more than a passing interest in Holly; but there was another "culled pusson" who was similarly minded in her regard; and so far it would appear that her affection for both individuals was, like her panniers, quite evenly balanced. Bartholomew had his moments of high hope, followed by moments of deep despair; but just now he was in heaven. Seeing him at his task among the crotons, Holly had given him, not her hand it is true, but a most heavenly smile.

Next came a patriarchial figure, old Grandpa Reeves, quite respectably attired and leaning on a "bought" cane. The empty basket on his arm made it clear that he was bent on purchases.

With just a shade of envy in his tone, and a glance at his own rather shabby garments, Bartholomew explained: "Mr. Reeves, 'e allus wear 'e Sunday clo' on ebbery day."

Why not? I asked myself when I had heard the old man's history. As a half-professional, was he not entitled to the honor of being always dressed up?

Many years before, because of his judgment and probity, his colored brethren, in accordance with a custom brought from the Gold Coast, had chosen him for the very important office of arbiter in matters that, for one reason or another, they preferred to have passed upon by one of themselves, one who "understood." The regular magistrate was thus spared many a tedious hour of court duty; and local civilization the menace that arises from delays in dispensing justice.

At that moment there was a patter of feet behind my chair, playful little fingers closed over my curious eyes, and I was called upon to "guess who." This I did several times quite deceitfully, naming a goblin, a fairy and an angel. Finally, I said "Blanche," whereupon that individual unclasped her hands and stood before me, the blue-eyed, pink-cheeked, golden-haired darling of the household, the personification of childish beauty, gayety and innocence. I folded her to my heart, and we were fast friends for the rest of my visit. But as Blanche remembered that she had obligations to her family of dolls, she soon reëntered her nursery, and I resumed my observations.

An old man with bare feet, and in tattered garments, came hobbling along, followed by a dog as lean and patient-looking as

himself. He was promptly halted by Bartholomew's "How d'ye, Uncle Joe, how d'ye."

"Waal, jus' so," was the response, "jus' so, kinder draggin' long, but de Lawd 'e good, an' I ain't starve yit, ha! ha! I'se sure to git a han'ful o' grits somehow; an' my dawg, 'e smart 'e is, he gin'ly pick up a bone down 'long somewhar."

In admiration of his master's oracle, Fido the faithful barked an *ipse dixit.*

Bending beneath a backload of wood from "de bush" and guiding himself with a bamboo stick, for he was half blind, Uncle Joe seemed to be a curious compound of misery and cheerfulness. A picturesque figure truly, he had just caught the eye of a passing tourist, who was trying to induce the old man to pose before a camera.

"No! no!" cried Uncle Joe piteously, "'scuse me, sah! 'scuse me. Tain' no use, sah, I jess cawn't, sah," and in polite explanation he continued:

"Dat black box, you'se got dere has Obi; ef I jess luk at it, I'se voodooed sure, an' dey ain't no Obeah man 'roun' ter 'dress me. I just' swell up an' die, 'scuse me, 'scuse me."

Uncle Joe's philosophy did not consist in soliloquizing Hamlet fashion as to the value of life, or in troubling himself to give a rhetorical answer to the question: "Is life worth living?" He believed that it was, and acting up to this belief, he refused to expose it to a death-dealing camera. Superstitious ignorance to be sure! yet not so pitiful on the whole as the superstitious enlightenment that runs to the other extreme in casting life recklessly away.

A group of some half dozen children came shortly into view, in command of a comfortable looking matron, their mother. Aunt Cinthy presented quite a neat appearance in her gingham gown, ample white apron and bright bandana. A tray of choice little garden dainties kept its place so marvelously on her head, that it seemed to be just part of herself. In her left hand she carried a basket of eggs, and with her right directed the manœuvres of the "infantry."

Theophilus, the eldest, was in responsible charge of the donkey cart, with the Benjamin of the family seated at his side. His policy of "watchful waiting" became suddenly one of great aggression, whenever any of the other children attempted to climb in, or even to add their burdens to Bumpo's already heavy load.

Cora, as aide, was being dispatched hither and thither as

circumstances seemed to require, whether Poinsettia in advance was seen to dart into some carefully kept garden for the purpose of appropriating her name flower; or the boys, George and Oliver, busy as bees in clover on a stick of sugar cane, lingered too long in the rear, thus incurring the suspicion of desertion from the ranks. A word from their mother, however, even through a subordinate, acted upon them like a bugle call. They were quickly at her side and "at attention" there.

"Trufe is, ef dat fambly keep on," declared Bartholomew, in comment on their discipline, as well as on their heavy load of garden truck, "trufe is, de'yl all be millinaires, an' dat 'fore long."

They were certainly a trust if not a monopoly. From Bartholomew's scattered remarks I gleaned that after the death of her husband, Cynthia had solved her problem in "economics." She and the children carried to market the results of coöperative effort in their inherited estate, a little garden patch, and after market hours they took up various other industries.

By this time dawn had taken its flight; and the sun was riding up from the rim of the ocean, scattering its radiance in delicate hues of saffron, of rose, of lilac, or of silver. "Man lives not by bread alone," I thought, there are other goals than the market place. A bell was sounding in the distance. It was the Angelus.

> Ave Maria! o'er the earth and sea,
> That heavenliest hour of Heaven is worthiest thee.

The festival of the Annunciation had dawned, a day that was to mark a rare event for the few Catholic families on the Island of Santangel. A missionary Father had come, and O joy! they were to have the privilege of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. I hastened to join them. My Anglican host and hostess found a way of relieving themselves of some slight embarrassment in the matter of hospitality, perhaps, by granting the request of Blanche who begged to accompany the Catholic lady to church. Church! alas there was no Catholic church in Santangel.

Beneath the scarlet canopy of a royal *poinciana,* on a sort of natural esplanade near the shore, I found the little band of the faithful gathered round a temporary altar. There they knelt, a dusky group, with bowed heads and clasped hands, while flickering lights gemmed the crucifix that rose above a mass of passion flowers and Eucharistic lilies. Sea and sky formed a background of mysterious beauty for this *ara cæli;* blue waves riding with snowy

crests, and breaking on the shore with a sound like that of far away church bells; in the sky long lines of dazzling cloud-angels with their trailing garments blown backward, their faces veiled with their folded wings, all bending earthward, as it were, "breathless with adoration."

"How beautiful on the mountains are the feet of them that bring good tidings." In the person of the missionary, St. Francis Xavier seemed to live again. His face shone in the light of holiness as he turned to the humble worshippers and told them the touching story of Infinite Love. Truly, the poor had the Gospel preached to them. As the Mass proceeded, my little companion grew more and more recollected, until at the sound of the sacring bell, of her own accord she prostrated to the very earth. At the moment of Communion, I was obliged to use a gentle restraint to prevent her from following me to the Holy Table. With a sorrowful gesture, she stretched out her arms towards the altar and I saw that she was weeping, half in sorrow, half in joy. My heart gave a great bound of gladness. I knew that the Faith had come to her, as to so many, from the Eucharistic God. The little spark had been lighted in her soul. Would it, fed by fresh graces, burst one day into a heavenly flame; or, neglected, would it die out all too soon in the rising surges of worldly ambition? That was known only to God and to His angels.

Many years later I happened to be sojourning for the winter in a Southern town. One day, at the house of a friend, I met a young girl whose charming personality interested me strangely. I seemed to be looking at her face, with its pure brow and azure eyes, through a mist of years and tears. And so it was. Blanche Bancroft, now a Catholic, proved to be my little companion at the well-remembered Mass on the Island of Santangel in the long ago. Beautiful in soul, as in form and feature, frank as a child, she told me the story of the intervening years.

That single Mass had been to her ever a memory of hope and love; and the miraculous medal I had given her at parting, she had treasured up as a most precious possession. With a view of providing her with educational advantages, her father had sent her at an early age to reside with an aunt in Florida. While there she attended a convent school, and in time begged for permission to be instructed and baptized, but all in vain.

At last, her aunt thinking that the child's desire was a mere

fancy, gave consent to what she termed a foolish novelty. Blanche's parents, however, on hearing the news of her baptism, were much displeased, and would have recalled her at once to Santangel had not Providence ordained it otherwise. One delay succeeded another in the execution of their plans, until finally Blanche was educated, and Mrs. Ormsby wrote that she had a very desirable non-Catholic *parti* in view for her niece, a young man of good family who was fabulously wealthy, whereupon they determined to let matters take their course.

And now as we sat together at noonday in the cool of a loggia into which peeped the blossoms of a jasmine vine, and from which we were in full sight of the sea, Blanche told me of her engagement; of the new joy that had come into her heart and life; of her plans for the future; of the perfections of her lover; above all, of her hopes and prayers that he might soon share with her the precious gift of the Faith.

"He is so well disposed," she continued, "he has made the promises required by the Church, he is reading *The Faith of Our Fathers*. In short," she said, as she rose and laid her hand carressingly on a pale moon flower among the jasmine buds, "I am so full of joy that everything around me seems to be saying 'Jubilate' all day long. I sing with the birds; dance with the waves; and I often run into the garden just to kiss the flowers."

As she stood there in a loosely cinctured robe of flowing white, with her golden hair massed like a crown above her radiant brow, her slender figure outlined against the sky, slowly a cloud-shadow stole over the landscape, and with it came to me, I know not by what curious mental process, the memory of twin sculptures I had once seen in a famous gallery, Ariadne the betrothed, and Ariadne the forsaken.

I was leaving shortly for the North, and Blanche too was going to Santangel for a farewell visit to her parents, since her future home was to be in Florida. It was agreed that I should hear from her from time to time, above all, when she could tell me the glad tidings of Paul's conversion to the Faith.

Too often, idyllic experiences pass from us like a dream, forever; yet occasionally life gives promise of their renewal. Some such thought was mine as I stood on the deck of the little government boat that was bearing me, after the lapse of years, back to Santangel.

As we drew near the harbor, a dolphin was sporting in the waves; the foam was curling lazily on the sands; the white wings of sea birds were flashing in the sunlight; far off stood the purple hills, stately and serene, a reflection of eternal repose. Endless rest, and endless motion, there they were, just as when no feet but those of the Indian trod these shores; or as when the eagle eye of the buccaneer scanned the island from his passing ship, seeking out its possibilities.

Soon, however, I was recalled to "the living present," my friends, black and white, were awaiting me at the pier, and most touching was the welcome I received. Bartholomew was on hand to transport my luggage, and later in the day his wife Holly sent me her greetings exquisitely expressed in a bunch of roses. What delicacy of thought, what refinement of feeling are often found in the simple and the humble!

In the Bancroft home, I found that there had been changes. New mounds in the little cemetery marked the last resting-place of several members of the household, including the husband and father. Mrs. Bancroft had grown old, yet so gracefully and so graciously that the years seemed but to have crowned and sceptred her. And Blanche, yes, her dear *Blanchefleur,* was with her, but oh! how sadly changed. I shall tell the tale as I heard it a day or two after my arrival.

Late in the afternoon, I had gone down to the little pergola on the garden terrace, which served as a classroom for Blanche, her young assistant, and the colored pupils who came there for Catechism Class after regular school hours. A formal presentation took place, in the course of which, if names are to be relied on, I shook hands with the scions of various noble, even royal houses. When the children had given proofs of some proficiency in Christian Doctrine, class was concluded; but not until all had made the sign of the cross correctly and reverently, and in a sort of half-chant (an aid to memory) recited some simple prayers.

Lastly had come sundry injunctions from the teacher, to shun delays along the roadside; to avoid picking up even a single street pebble, lest they should be led into the temptation of hurling it; and to remember the difference between mine and thine when they found themselves in the vicinity of orchards. Acting on a psychological principle, however, the wise teacher suppressed all mention of such varieties of orchard as orange, mango, soursop, grapefruit or sapodilla, especially the last, for an honesty that

passes muster on other tests is found lacking often when it comes to "dillies."

After the dismissal, which had been as "rapid" as any that a New York Fire Commissioner could have desired, Blanche and I seated ourselves on a garden bench, and talked for a while about trifles, things that were far from the hearts of either. At last I laid my hand on her dear head caressingly. She understood, and choking back a little sob she began the promised recital.

"After our parting in Florida, I came home, as I thought, for a few weeks stay with father and mother. We were all so happy, in our own, and still more in each other's happiness. It seemed as if a bit of heaven had, all unawares, strayed down to earth; but 'alas! for love, if earth were all.'" After a pause she continued: "One morning here in the garden, to amuse my little brothers and sisters, I joined in a game of romps. In my efforts to evade the agile pursuit of dear little Roger, now with God, I stumbled, and falling violently against a tree trunk received a severe blow just above the right temple. It jarred the nerves of the eye hopelessly.

"I shall spare you the details of the sufferings that followed, my own anxiety; the agony of my parents; the realization of our worst fears; the loss of sight, first in the injured eye, then in the other, and now 'the ever-during dark.'" As if to herself she quoted softly:

> Not to me returns
> Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
> Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
> Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine.

Then she continued: "All this, however, was but the prelude to greater griefs. Before the news of my misfortune could be communicated to Paul, and with it the offer of a release from our engagement, a letter came from him, a cruelly cold letter, in which he stated that on reflection he had seen his mistake in making the promises required by my Church; that a difference of views on a point so vital as was that of religion, would, in all likelihood, be a bar to our future happiness; that, in short, he must ask me either to renounce my Catholic Faith, or to consider our engagement at an end. My dream of happiness was over. I awoke disconsolate.

"The struggle that ensued seemed to cast me into the very

throes of a death agony. Grace finally triumphed, but at what a cost! For a time, every sound in nature, every human voice, seemed to be a bell tolling the word forlorn! Sorrow came to crown sorrow in those days. The next blow was the death of my dear father, who was baptized in his last hour by the trembling hand of his daughter. My mother's conversion followed. My mother! her tender devotion then, as now, was like a big, broad, generous ray of God's own love, reaching down into my darkness. Prayer and labor became my refuge. I resolved to consecrate my life to the care of the souls of these poor colored children, these sheep without a shepherd, during the greater part of the year. Our daily prayer together is, that in the near future, we shall see on yonder hill those twin towers of school and church that crown the citadel of God.

"Realizing my escape from the danger to which my Faith had been exposed, my act of thanksgiving took the form of a perpetual petition for this gift, the perfection of the virtue of faith. Whether that prayer will ever be fully answered here below, I know not; but, like the man in the Gospel. 'This I know, that whereas before I was blind, now I see.'" She paused.

Words of mine would have seemed a desecration. I waited reverently. Evening was drawing on apace; the sunset sea before incarnadined, was changing its tone color at every instant, with the very refinement of beauty; the rose of the horizon fainted to lilac, and the lilac paled to gray. Twilight deepened. Then the full moon rose, and in the silvery light it shed across the waters almost to our very feet, I saw what children call the Pathway of the Angels. As if Blanche too had caught a glimpse of it with the inward eye, and recognized its symbolism, she said:

"I see—I see that in a primrose path, I should have strayed from the Fold, and lost my soul. As it is, the Angels of Suffering, of Dependence, of Obscurity have been sent, to lead me straight to God."

STRAWS—AND CANNON-BALLS: IMPRESSIONS OF SOME RECENT POETRY AND DRAMA.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

ERE all is calm—one hears the thunder of cannon only vaguely at a distance of ninety kilometers. And if we had not our hospital with its ill and wounded, if mourning were not multiplied amongst the families about us, we should be scarcely conscious of the war!" From the old provincial town of Montford l'Amaury these words came recently to the present writer: from a French physician who, having given his three sons to the army—one in the Arras region, one in Serbia, one in the aviation corps guarding Paris—had himself assumed charge of the local hospital of the Croix Rouge, with wife and daughter working at his side. The quiet heroism, the poise, the adjustment of it all are characteristic not only of that deeper French nature which has been one of the revelations of the present war, but of the best in human nature everywhere. "One hears the thunder of cannon only vaguely at a distance of ninety kilometers"—one is far more vividly conscious of the straw-wisp blown by the winds. Why? Because the cannon-ball, sure and swift though it speed, obeys the whim of momentary human passion; while season after season and century after century, the straw points out humbly the course of God's everlasting winds. Because, in a word, man was made for peace rather than for war—for life rather than for death!

It is highly illuminating to glance over our recent literature and inquire just how potently it has been affected by this world war, which is filling and killing the minds of at least half of Christendom. The fact that one is tempted to inquire at all, would seem to indicate that this effect has not been, among English-speaking nations, quite as omnipresent as might have been supposed. To be sure, a special "war literature" has grown up about us: the journals of a few non-combatants and still fewer soldiers; the impressions of the war correspondents; fugitive poems—occasionally from men who, like Rupert Brooke or Mr. Shane Leslie, have looked upon death and spoken living words—but oftener from leisurely people who tell in little exotic magazines how foolish

and superannuated all war should be considered. Then too, there are more or less hysterical plays like "Moloch" or "War Brides;" but it is not the women of England or Belgium or France or Germany who write them! History has, of course, demonstrated that the supremely great literature of any war comes when the final "battle's lost and won"—when the seed, cast into the earth and dead and watered by blood, bears its slow, swift blossom in another spring. Not yet, then, shall the wise seek for the ultimate war message at the lip of the priest or poet. But not a little wisdom may one gain by watching those frail, mysterious fingers, the straws blown by the wind.

Already it has become a proverb that this most modern of all wars has brought about a renaissance of matrimony! The "summer flirtation" or "Platonic attachment" of a year ago has become the wedding of to-day—and this not alone in the warring countries. It is, to borrow President Wilson's phrase, a psychological situation! Some new sense of wonder, some old sense of truth, are conspicuous in English letters on both sides of the Atlantic—some deep conviction that nothing less than the *very real* will do. Mr. Wilfrid Meynell's little anonymous volume, *Aunt Sarah and the War,* is fragrant with the tonic of this new spirit. In fact, its pages, at once so high-hearted and so tear-compelling, must be reckoned amongst the things which have helped to create the new spirit and the flesh to match. "Lord!" cries Mr. Meynell's captain, writing from the battle-line to his sweetheart at home: "Lord! if they could listen to the unceasing shells that drive some men deaf, and some men blind, and some men dumb, and some men crazy—and these all of them M E N with a newly-earned meaning of the word! For there's a new meaning now in many an old word.....who's to diagnose that difference to the satisfaction of the layman? It will need a new sort of observation to do it—and a new kind of politician made by a new kind of journalist, and a new kind of citizen with a new kind of wife and a new kind of son and daughter. Man was made out of the slime, and will be remade out of it here. There's a Truth from the Trenches!"

But just what did the poets give us during 1915—the British poets first, and in particular the poets who are wont to speak of public problems? One can but gather an impression here and there—one can but pick a volume from many, without even considering, in so short a survey, the significance of separate poems. And since all choice must needs be arbitrary, may the impressionist be

forgiven for choosing in the present paper to lay stress upon the *straws* rather than the *cannon-balls*—upon the volumes of universal appeal, colored by war or peace as the case may be, rather than upon the special pleading of such works as Stephen Phillips' *Armageddon,* or Noyes' new version of his *Rada,* or Mr. Colcord's *Vision of War?* What, then, of Masefield and his *Philip the King?* There are war notes here, to be sure—the brooding, groping music of *August, 1914.* But surer and stronger is the music of the title poem, a dramatic study of Philip II. of Spain—the first believable Philip, be it noted in passing, in English literature! It is in many ways a great work, this interpretation of the proud, tired king: the king who has known war, and has sacrificed men as pawns to his scheming, who has loved and prayed and believed—and lived to see his life go without fruit.

> O God, beloved God, in pity send
> That blessed rose among the thorns—an end!

Such are the words of Philip when the fate of his great Armada rises ghost-like before him. It is, indeed, a certain kind of war cry: the cry of a very old man, or a very old world.

Perhaps it was to be expected that Gilbert Chesterton's new poems—the *Poems* of 1915—should be less martial, less epic even than the earlier *Ballad of the White Horse. The Wife of Flanders* is indeed here, with her scorn that hisses like the passing of a bullet. But not one of the confessed war poems of the volume will compare in might to the religious poems—to the *Hymn for the Church Militant,* or *The Truce of Christmas* or that very Chestertonian bit of love-philosophy, *The Wise Men.* Here is the old, sweet paradox: here again the straw is more potent than the cannon-ball, even the straw of the Christmas Manger:

> The world grows terrible and white,
> And blinding white the breaking day;
> We walk bewildered in the light,
> For something is too large for sight,
> And something much too plain to say.
>
> * * * *
>
> The house from which the heavens are fed,
> The old strange, house that is our own,
> Where tricks of words are never said,
> And mercy is as plain as bread,
> And Honor is as hard as stone.

Go humbly; humble are the skies,
And low and large and fierce the Star;
So very near the Manger lies
That we may travel far.

Hark! Laughter like a lion wakes
To roar to the resounding plain,
And the whole Heaven shouts and shakes,
For God Himself is born again,
And we are little children walking
Through the snow and rain.

Little children—St. John's words: and with them, as of some mysterious kinship, one links the words of the valiant French father—*If we had not our hospital.....if mourning were not multiplied amongst the families about us, we should be scarcely conscious of the war!* What if Gilbert Chesterton should have laid hold upon the final and divine paradox? What if, when the smoke of machine-guns lifts and the blood-soaked fields are dry, we should all see suddenly, with a gasp of never-to-be-forgotton joy, how

death and hate and hell declare
That men have found a thing to love!

On this hither side of the Atlantic, for all the war talk, there has been very little war singing. The terrible fire touched for a moment the heart and lips of Florence Earle Coates, it troubled the mind of Amy Lowell, and wrung from Joyce Kilmer a memorably beautiful chant upon the crimson-stained *Lusitania.* But American poets, for the most part, have not as yet *felt* the cataclysm. They have preserved the neutrality of art—reinforced, one can but suspect, by the neutrality of distance. It is well: it is human; and after all, one hears the thunder of cannon only vaguely at a distance of—some few thousand miles of earth and water! So it is refreshing to dip into so enticing a volume as that of our own Thomas Walsh, the new volume entitled *Pilgrim Kings.* Those who recall the same poet's *Prison Ships* will find here each old charm deepened, and a new sureness and largeness of touch. There is, beside, a new and most vital sense of dramatic values: a sense which gives to Mr. Walsh's dramatic soliloquies—and he is almost as fond of the dramatic soliloquy as Aubrey de Vere, or for that matter, Browning!—a quite particular felicity. Very charming, too, is the lyric note of such verses as *The Birth*

of Pierrot; and the Spanish studies, in particular that delicious legend of the Madonna's little goatherd, Mariquita. But there is perhaps nothing in the new volume more strangely ancient, yet strangely fresh, than the *Colloquy of Bride.* With all "who strike the strings and blow the reeds through heaven" the Celtic Saint rejoices on her hill of prayer: and the lonely Curragh herdsman listens as she cries out in rapture to the dawn:

> "Again thou com'st, thou silver tide of God!
> Be glad," she called, "ye spear-ranged woods and heights!
> Over the ancient tombs let knees be bent—
> Over the chalices be trembling hands!
> Now turns the serf his furrows; o'er his scroll
> The brehon ponders; youths are at their feats
> Of arms; the chieftain enters down his hall
> And bids the henchmen portion forth his alms.
> Were I the lark, or e'en the poorest flower,
> To hail thee, Light of Blessings—" Then out-spoke
> Her novice Dara: "Mother, stay thy joy;
> The herdsmen's eyes are blind; and see, they weep—"
> And sudden at the word a surge swept up
> The heart of Bride; her wild imploring hands
> Were clutched to heaven. Then crying out, he saw!

Apropos of Catholic poets and the dramatic instinct, one is reminded that our literary gossip of the year just past held few more interesting items than the passing of Charles Phillips into the playwright's field. It is full of significance when a poet and editor of established reputation, and still on the right side of forty, cuts his journalistic cables and turns in all seriousness to the drama. It is the sort of straw which, at first flight, might almost be mistaken for a cannon-ball. None the less it is a straw—and blown by those mighty winds which are gradually breathing life into the forge of American drama. More and more clearly are modern Catholics perceiving that the stage—with the press and the pulpit—has become one of the great moulders of public opinion; and of the drama might well be repeated the splendid words with which Francis Thompson plead for the welcome of poetry—"Beware how you misprise this potent ally.....Her value, if you know it not, God knows, and know the enemies of God." So then, if everyone with a new theory now writes a play, why not those who hold the old theories with new faith and freshness?

When Mr. Phillips' first play, *The Divine Friend,* was produced

last October in San Francisco, it was fortunate enough to be interpreted by one of the greatest of living actresses, another Catholic, Margaret Anglin. She it was who undertook the rôle of Mary Magdalen. Now the drama is not in any sense a "saint's life:" neither is it a modern, sensational "interpretation." Its story, built about the brief Scriptural narratives of the Magdalen and the resurrection of the widow's son, and colored, too, with many a hue of gorgeous, decadent paganism, shows us Mary at one particular crisis—*the* spiritual crisis—of her life. It is at once very frank and very Catholic. Mr. Phillips' canons on the subject of purity are as fixed as the stars—or the catechism!—and the problem of his play is not one of theory but of fact: not, what should this woman do? but what will this woman do? This is one of the striking differences between *The Divine Friend* and the multitude of so-called Magdalen plays with which the modern stage has been inundated. Lionel Johnson remarked once that the recent novel was concerned "not with the storm and stress of great, clear passions and emotions, but with the complication of them..... There is a sense of entanglement: right and wrong, courage and cowardice, duty and desire are presented to us in confused conflict." No such sublety clouds the quite elemental clearness of Mr. Phillips' theme. His Mary is not a heroine because of her frailty, nor because of her fairness, nor even because of her suffering: she becomes a saint because of her conversion! The first act shows her to us the widow of a mercenary Tyrian marriage, reigning Thaïs-like as a sort of desperate queen in Magdala, the "Woman's Town." To her home shipwreck brings back the one pure love of her girlhood, David of Naim, the friend and disciple of Jesus. This is the crisis. And Mary's great lines are not the usual defence of her life, but rather her defence of the lie by which at first she strives to hide this life from David. It cannot be hidden; it is red as blood and white as leprosy; and the woman realizes this as she sees the fever-smitten David madly defending her from accusations of—the truth. In this night of supreme shame, supreme sorrow, supreme illumination, the Saint is born. With infinite sympathy is managed the difficult scene of her confession:

Mary: Your questioning eyes cry fearful of my meaning,
But I, a thousand-fold more fearful, cry
Trembling and faint to you for strength and courage
To hold me in your spirit firm and strong,
For that my hour has come upon me now.

David: What strange wild words are these?
Mary: I swore an oath!
And facing God and Heaven have I sworn
I love you: Pray for me!
That I be given strength to prove my love;
For after many days, as God Himself
Reading my inmost heart now sees, true love
I have achieved at last.
David: You speak in riddles.
Mary: A woman's soul
In pain and travail bringing forth the truth
Cries in its laboring.
David: The truth? The truth?
Mary: Ay, ay, the truth! They did not lie to you!
I am an evil creature, low, debased,
Possessed, degraded, trafficked.....
.....I have been Herod's woman,
And Claudian's, and whose who would.....
My body sold a thousand times; my soul
A thousand thousand times laid low in death.

* * * *

David: My God, my God, hast Thou forsaken me?
And lifted me upon Thy pinnacles
To break me at Thy heel?.....

This is the crucial ordeal for Mary of Magdala—although the drama shows us one more battle royal between flesh and spirit, in that final poetic scene outside the walls of Naim. It is here that Mr. Phillips lifts the scheme of action to a supernatural level: and when his Mary staggers out from among the tombs to the sunlit road where Jesus, the Divine Friend, awaits, it is perfectly clear—although it is nowhere stated—that the meaning of it all is *consecration,* total, lifelong, from disorder to Beauty, from sin to the Primal Love—past David to Christ!

It is quite true that the great solidarity of modern English poetry, fiction and drama has been on the non-Catholic side. Yet the number of really eminent Catholic authors is sufficient to make rather conspicuous the rarity of any great priestly character in our recent literature. One of the few really towering priest-heroes of English poetry is Browning's Canon Caponsacchi! One of the most natural monks is Shakespeare's Friar Lawrence. To be sure, Aubrey de Vere gave us a noble dramatic portrait of Thomas à Becket. Over and above these we have had a few saints, a few

churchmen—statesmen, and such very incredible Jesuits as Thackeray's "Father Holt." But where do we find the modern, everyday priest whom we all know—the priest who is neither spectacularly good nor spectacularly bad, but just the brave human friend, the firm, faulty, wise, witty, sometimes blunt but ofttimes subtle leader of his people? Glimpses of him one catches in the pages of some very recent priest-novelists, alike Irish and English: or he smiles at us from behind a laughing verse of Mr. "Tom" Daly's. But to put him on the stage is a thing which, either from reverence or timidity, Catholic dramatists have been slow to accomplish. Non-Catholics have put him there—usually to their own and his confusion: or else, like Henry Arthur Jones at one extreme and Hall Caine at the other, they have begged the question by making their priest a "High Episcopalian." But with a more and more vital Catholic drama the priest is bound to come. Indeed, there are rumors that he may be here very shortly. And (*sans indiscrétion,* as the French put it!) would it seem in any wise strange if Mr. Brandon Tynan should be the man to give him to us?

Meanwhile, it was quite a notable "straw" when the Galsworthy play for 1915 proved to be not a war discussion but the quiet, tragic romance of the inevitable Anglican clergyman. Rather should one call it the story of a man's heart-break, told with the patient, pitiless realism which is its author's own. Michael Strangway, the hero of *A Bit o' Love,* is curate of a little village in the west of England. He is described by his housekeeper as having "a saint in 'im for zure; but.....only 'alf-baked, in a manner of spakin'." Nothing could be neater than the opening scene, wherein Michael, the idealist, attempts to describe the Little Poor Man of Tuscany to his provincial confirmation class:

> *Strangway:* Did I ever tell you about St. Francis of Assisi? .....He was the best Christian, I think, that ever lived—simply full of love and joy.
>
> *Ivy:* I expect he's dead?
>
> *Strangway:* About seven hundred years, Ivy.....Everything to him was brother or sister—the sun and the moon, and all that was poor and weak and sad, and animals and birds, so that they even used to follow him about.
>
> *Mercy:* I know! He had crumbs in his pocket.
>
> *Strangway:* No; *he had love in his eyes!*.....

To this gentle dreamer comes the knowledge that his wife

loves and has given herself to another man. It is the subject of village gossip—the cheap gossip of the kitchen, the coarse gossip of the public-house. Then the middle-aged vicar's wife, incarnation of all British "respectability" and all "middle class morality," urges Michael to divorce her; "as the Church, as all Christian society would wish," she adds, with exquisitely unconscious irony. But what does Michael care for her conventional society or his own conventional church? To him divorce has no meaning save the disgrace of the woman he still adores. For months he has lived in hell; "burned and longed; hoped against hope; killed a man in thought day by day—!" Every lower instinct of his soul cries out for man's justice and his own revenge. Yet he will not take it. Is it because he is too weak, or too strong? The dramatist leaves us uncertain: just as life often leaves us uncertain about other people's motives—and even our own! Anyway, the *bit o' love* triumphs. At the last we see Strangway victor in his own bitter battle—the battle against self-murder—and passing, like Mary of Magdala, into the light. Symbolically enough, it is not Mary's clear noontime refulgence, but just the quiet, starlit night which promises dawn ahead.

> God of the moon and sun; of joy and beauty, of loneliness and sorrow—give me strength to go on, till I love every living thing!

That is the final word of Michael Strangway: the final word of John Galsworthy from out a year of bloodshed; just as centuries before, it had been the burden of St. Francis. In all truth, *One hears the thunder of cannon only vaguely at a distance of ninety kilometers!*

THE COUNTERSIGN.

BY MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

ALONG Virginia's wondering roads
While armies hastened on,
To Beauregard's great Southern host,
Manassas fields upon,
Came Colonel Smith's good regiment,
Eager for Washington.

But Colonel Smith must halt his men
In a dangerous delay,
Though well he knows the countryside
To the distant host of grey:
He cannot join with Beauregard
For Bull Run's bloody fray.

And does he halt for storm or ford,
Or does he stay to dine?
Say, No! but death will meet his men,
Onward if moves the line:
He dares not hurry to Beauregard,
Not knowing the countersign.

Flashed in the sun his waving sword;
"Who rides for me?" he cried,
"And ask of the Chief the countersign,
Upon a daring ride;
Though never the lad come back again
With the good that will betide.

"I will send a letter to Beauregard,"
The Colonel slowly said;
"The bearer will die at the pickets' line,
But the letter shall be read
When the pickets find it for the Chief,
In the brave hand of the dead."

"Ready I ride to the Chief for the sign,"
Said little Dan O'Shea,
"Though never I come from the pickets' line,
But a faded suit of grey,
Yet over my death will the road be safe,
And the regiment march away.

"For your mother's sake, I bless thee, lad,"
The Colonel drew him near:
"But first in the name of God," said Dan,
"And then is my mother's dear—
Her own good lips that taught me well,
With the Cross of Christ no fear."

Quickly he rode by valley and hill,
On to the outpost line,
Till the pickets arise by wall and mound,
And the levelled muskets shine:
"Halt!" they cried, "count three to death,
Or give us the countersign."

Lightly the lad leaped from his steed,
No fear was in his sigh,
But a mother's face and a home he loved
Under an Irish sky:
He made the Sign of the Cross and stood,
Bravely he stood to die.

Lips in a prayer at the blessed Sign,
And calmly he looked around,
And wonder seized his waiting soul
To hear no musket sound,
But only the pickets that called to him,
Heartily up the mound.

For this was the order of Beauregard
Around his camp that day—
The Sign of the Cross was countersign,
(And a blessing to Dan O'Shea)
And the word came quick to Colonel Smith
For the muster of the grey.

THE NARROW ROAD.

BY ROSE MARTIN.

ALL hope of recovery was over—the man lay very still, while the irrevocableness of the fact slowly sank into his consciousness. Swiftly and unexpectedly had this strange thing come upon him: one moment of perfect physical health, and the joy of life that goes with it; in the next the terrible choice, the wild leap, and oblivion. Many days later he had wakened here at the hospital, to learn that science had saved his life. Skillfully the broken bones had been knit, his bruises healed, and the wandering mind called back from pleasant fields of delirium. Had science done well? Henceforth his life must be a feeble thing, without purpose, or ambition which had been its mainspring: he who had dreamed of unlimited fame and fortune, must exist on a brother's bounty; for this had science saved him: that he might be a beggar. Well clothed, and well provided for, but still a beggar. Was it just? Was it reasonable? Was it right? He paused on the little forceful word, which seemed to hold to-day a new high meaning; and vaguely understood and acknowledged that somehow it *was* right. A life must be saved at all costs, whether or not there is room or desire for that life. A higher Ruler than science has issued that decree which science herself obeys, but comprehends not. Something of sternness came into the man's face; what would the future hold for him, in this strange new life of his? Pain would be its daily portion; and therefore he must learn patience; and it must be a lonely life and silent; lest he cry out and be pitied by men.

A light step sounded near, and the nurse stood at his bedside. "There are visitors for you," she said gently, "your brother and a young lady; do you feel equal to seeing them?"

The man caught his breath sharply; sooner or later he must forgive; it was what the bright-faced young priest had said when he had tried to inspire him with resignation, but could he seem to do so now?

"Wait," he said hoarsely, "give me just a few minutes, and then I will see them."

He closed his eyes, desiring to shut out a last, haunting memory; but the scene came back to him the more vividly; a quiet

country road along which he was proceeding in his machine, when rather suddenly the way narrowed. He remembered looking up at the tall cliffs on one side, and down at the deep gorge on the other; then with only a slightly anxious feeling he perceived a machine coming down the hill in front of him. He sounded his warning at once; the occupant would of course slow up, and allow him to reach a wide part of the road before attempting to pass him, though by careful manœuvring they might manage it where he was; but the thing came on swiftly, lurching dangerously, but keeping to the centre of the road. Only when it was close upon him did he see that the girl, who was its only occupant, had no control over the machine. His own was in her way, so he plunged it into the gorge, making a leap for his life as he did so. When picked up later he was a bruised and broken piece of humanity; and now he must forgive his brother's betrothed. Though, in response to her questions, John had given Aline a few instructions in regard to running a machine, even allowing her to handle the steering wheel, he had sternly forbidden her attempting to run the machine by herself. But, upon this particular day, the machine had been handy and John was not; so she had persuaded an eager schoolboy to crank the machine, and had gone on her willful way. The speed of the machine increased as it went down hill; and panic seized Aline, while in selfish terror she was heedless of anyone who might be in her way.

He had not seen her since the accident, and she hesitated now on the threshold before following the brother into the room. The quick eyes of the man noted the change in her at once: her frivolity had dropped from her as a pretty, useless ornament. She laid the white roses she was carrying on his bed, and seating herself beside him, stroked his bandaged hand in silence.

"Well," he said at last with a smile, and his voice was very gentle, "one must not expect strength with the fragrance of white roses." He had forgotten how sweet she was to look at, and how frail. His brother had nodded to him, and stood at the foot of the bed, with anxious eyes on the girl.

"I made John bring me," she said at last, her childish hands clasping and unclasping nervously, "I *know* you must hate the sight of me, but I thought perhaps you would try to get used to it gradually; and maybe at some time—O I do not dream of asking it yet, but some time, away off in the future—you may manage to forgive me."

"What do you think?" John interrupted. "Our wedding has been put off."

The eyes of the man on the bed turned swiftly to the girl. "Why?" he asked sharply.

"Could I think of a wedding with you like this?" she replied with repressed passion.

The man's face grew thoughtful: only that morning he had overheard the doctor say that he would be an invalid for life; waiting for his recovery meant the engagement was broken.

"It seems I am of more importance to your wedding than you are," he said to his brother lightly; and then there was a brief silence, while the man questioned within himself; was it any affair of his, if this girl who had wrecked his life, should choose also to wreck her own? If she who had caused his sufferings should also suffer? He turned his head impatiently: was it so always with temptations? Did they come to others with such swiftness—such unexpectedness—even as had come to him that choice on the narrow road? Well, he had not failed there, and he must not fail here.

"John," he said briskly, "if you want to see Doctor Grey before he leaves the hospital, you had better hurry downstairs to his office now. I'll entertain Aline in the meantime," and somewhat bewildered, but comprehending what was required, John obediently left the room. Then the eyes of the man, keen, clear, expressing some of the old life's fire, as well as the new life's courage, sought the gray eyes of the girl, sorrowful, downcast, tearful.

"Do you mean you have broken your engagement because of this accident?" he questioned.

She nodded.

"Well, listen a moment and I think I can convince you how foolish, how absolutely foolish, you are, Aline."

A faint flush of anger mounted to the girl's cheek, but she did not answer.

"You see," he went on more gently, "it was simply an accident."

The anger leaped now to her eyes. "'An accident,'" she repeated scornfully, "how can you call it so? I, a responsible human being, forgot all save my own selfish terror there on that narrow road. Is it just that you only should suffer the consequences of my willful carelessness?"

"Call it what you will," he replied irritably, "what I mean is this: you cannot claim that you had any intention of running into

me, when you took that automobile ride, it was not your fault that the road happened to go down hill suddenly; it was not your fault either that it narrowed at a certain point; and certainly it was not your fault that you became terrified when you saw me in your way. If there was carelessness it was also mine, for I had my senses about me, yet I entered that narrow way with no look beyond. Courage, in my opinion, is largely a thing of physical strength; in a sudden test like that it takes a steady nerve, a steady hand, and you are very frail, Aline."

"Do you think it makes it easier for me to bear," she answered coldly, "knowing you hold me too weak to have done better? One thing you have forgotten: moral courage can exist in the frailest creature, and can lead to higher things than the mere brute strength you speak of. This fact remains: I failed in a test of courage, there on the narrow road, and wrecked your life."

There was silence; he was very tired, and had he not said all that could be said—was there any other plea he could offer? When he spoke at last, his voice, for all its gentleness, had a note of sternness in it.

"Grant it if you will," he said, "but does it follow, because you failed once, that you should go on failing forever? Your refusal to marry my brother is simply a failure of courage. Believe, if you will, that you have wrecked my life (though I claim you have not, shall not), at the worst you did so indeliberately, while this thing which you intend will deliberately wreck more lives than one; there is your own life—consider, will it be a happy one, knowing that you have broken your engagement, just because you dislike to be reminded of an occurrence which has wounded your self-love?"

He glanced at her face, but his taunt had kindled no spark of anger there. He drew a long breath; he must forget his pride now, and he must not shrink from his portion of a beggar.

"Consider also," he went on pleadingly, "my life. Can it be anything but bitter, if it serves to separate two human beings who love each other? How could I bear the unspoken reproach of my brother's face? O I know that it would remain unspoken, but it would be there none the less and for me to read. Better for him at least, Aline, that I had let you go to destruction there on the narrow road, than that you should fail him now in this test of love and courage. I gave my best for you—I grudge it not indeed—but I plead that my best be accepted.

Again he paused to glance at her thoughtful, downcast face, and when he continued his voice held a note of triumph.

"Consider also John's life, which means in truth John's love. Five years he has waited for you, while you had your fill of the world's pleasures—the world's homage; forgiving, in that blind love of his, all your frivolity and nonsense. Heaven only knows, Aline, whether more of sweetness or nonsense goes into the making of a modern girl; and heaven only knows (his voice grew reverent) the hopes, the fears, eh, even perhaps the prayers, that went into John's wooing of you. At last he won your promise; to lose you now would be utter desolation for him. I do not mean that he would do any of the foolish things it is customary for a young man to do when a young woman fails him—my brother is too strong to allow one woman to mar the goodness of his whole life—but understand this, it will be a life destitute of so much as one earthly joy or hope, for always he will remember you, and always he will love you."

From somewhere in the hospital a bell sounded, and footsteps came echoing down the corridor; it was time for visitors to leave. The girl rose. "Thank you," she said with grave simplicity, "for the words you have spoken to-day. Some of them were hard, but I believe you meant them kindly. You have persuaded me to renew my engagement, but you who do not know what cowardice means, can never understand how difficult it is for me to do it. My respect, my admiration and my sympathy for you in your sufferings are all yours; but I give you no pity because you did not fail in the test of courage on the narrow road. My own frailty there has taught me compassion for the frailties of others, and I pray that God may pity, and may comfort those who fail," and then she placed the roses close to his face and left him.

When she had gone he lay very still, the flowers brushing against his face, fragrant, refreshing, as the touch of a hand that caressed. Always he had loved white roses, the high, frail, beautiful things of life; but henceforth they were not for him. He closed his eyes, and before him seemed to stretch a hard, straight, beaten way, a narrow road—the road of those who fail not. His way, unless indeed he learned to scale the high, white cliffs on one side, above and beyond whose summits lay sunlight and freedom. The girl's last words recurred to him, and out from the great weariness that comes to all who struggle, whether the result be success or failure, there came to his lips a prayer: "May God comfort, and God strengthen, those who fail not!"

MY CHALICE INDEED.

BY T. GAVAN DUFFY.

[Father Gavan Duffy, lately arrived in this country from India, having interrupted his missionary work to help for a time in our national Foreign Mission Seminary, is the youngest son of the late Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, the "Young Ireland" leader, who became successively Speaker and Premier in Australia.—Ed. C. W.]

THE mere fact of being a phenomenon of prowess may possibly produce such a sense of exhilaration as is, I admit, totally absent in the case of a phenomenon of doubtful common sense; yet even the latter, if it be the child of a great principle followed and defended steadily against forces with which success has, in temporary treason, elected to side, may the while be hiding unobserved very little below the stars. *Chantecler* has settled that.

Some of the principles of Our Lord's teaching have guided lives into what seemed scarcely navigable channels; yet the tides of "running laughter" and the sandbanks of indifference have been of small consequence to craft driven by the power of the Word, and pursuing their journey exultingly for its own sake rather than with the definite object of reaching a destination. These have seemed foolish and have been delightful lives. The "apostolic" vocation is a case in point. I mean the work of our missionaries in foreign lands.

There are two schools of thought (or impression rather) with regard to missionary activity: the plenty-of-work-at-home school and the lionizing school. Both are extreme, both are loyal and zealous; and both need to adjust their reasoning or impressions in the light of a little more truth. The former must grapple with "go ye and teach all nations," while the latter are deciding whether "My chalice indeed ye shall drink, but to sit on My right hand or on My left is not Mine to give," does not mean that even the Apostles had to earn their crown and were not saved by the splendor of their vocation.

The fact that in Asia there are three millions of Catholics, and over one million in Africa, takes on a more striking aspect when once we realize that in no case are these countries capable as yet of furnishing their own priesthood to anything like a sufficient extent

as regards either numbers or administrative aptitude. Nor does the theoretical consideration, that the older at least of these missions *should* be able after so long a tutelage to provide for their own life, lessen the duty incumbent on the home churches to sustain them in their weakness, since in fact they are not fully viable and must needs, if left untended, bleed to death or disrupt into schism. And since the preventive is in our hands, we cannot be otherwise than strictly bound to dispense it. So much indeed one finds many willing to admit, even among the plenty-of-work-at-homers; it is only when one gets down to the concrete case: your parish should support a mission, your organization should pay for the education of a native priest, your boy wants to become a foreign missionary, that conviction ebbs.

The mere question of money does not, perhaps, bring out the deepest feeling. People will either consider that they owe a duty to their parish, and not beyond (and act accordingly without further question); or they will give a small alms with the same feeling of being good that accompanies their contribution to any other collection; or, in rare cases, they will rise to the Catholic standpoint and see the matter as Our Lord saw it, say, from Mount Olivet, and go over at once to the lionizing camp with arms and, if any, baggage. But when it comes to deciding the destiny of a human life, of one especially in which they have a share, then truly is the rock-bed of faith or the sand-bed of selfishness reached—and, as a rule, *nemo propheta,* almost any young man will be told by his own people that he is too young to decide the question just yet, or too valuable to be "thrown away."

People will realize the heroism of a forlorn hope on the battlefield; they will applaud self-wasting for the sake of a fallen comrade; they will reverence the altruism of the saints; but not a whole continent of aliens crying for spiritual guidance and eternal life will convince them of the glory they can earn themselves by giving up a son or a friend to the foreign mission cause. Though never has greater merit attached to any land than to those few that have shone by missionary zeal, yet will individuals look round for an escape from the heavy sacrifice involved in winning this crown for their nation. At once the great work of construction throbbing all round them at home will press on their imagination; they will see scope for all available resources in men and money within the Church on American soil, with its multitudes to teach and guide, its fallen ones to gather, its "other flock" to recall, its

buildings to erect; and they will not see that the tree which throws its branches furthest out is the strongest at the root, the *bonum* which is *diffusivum sui* the truest good. Neither the appeal of the millions who are weaker, nor the total loss of the hundreds of millions who have not believed, avails in their biased judgment to compensate for the "sacrifice" of a life. They are quite willing for "the other man" to go and sit amid the ruins of humanity, with faith still in the Cross of Christ, nor will they grudge him his better part, but they are busy about many things. To such fervent but limited hearts it will come with something of a shock to find that the American hierarchy has pronounced upon the suitability of a national awakening to missionary activity, which will react on the home Church, proving it (if not positively making it) really strong and really Catholic.

It was in 1911 that the Archbishops, in Council assembled, considered the newly-created "Foreign Mission Society of America," and they saw that it was good. Under these same high auspices the two founders made their travels of consultation to Europe, and in particular to Rome, and also their choice of the metropolitan diocese of New York as the home of their national Seminary. And so we find *The Field Afar* talking and fostering the spirit, while "Maryknoll" works and trains the men. It is no longer possible to doubt that America is on the point of becoming a missionary country. Not that this work has, in these early days, attracted many priests from the midst of the pressing and obvious ministry in America to the ideal labors of the missions; but already two score of young men, and boys (and some women too), alive to the poetry of America's own missionary history, have put themselves in training for the apostolic life, determined to carry still further afield the message of the blackrobes.

This is a vocation so ideal that, as I hinted on a previous page, it is misconstrued by many in their apotheosis. I have no quarrel with idealizing the vocation: certainly it goes to the root of things, solves all problems, breeds all heroism, conquers all flesh, wings all spirit, and unravels all life for one who looks on it in the abstract and in its potentialities ideally. But from this to conclude that all missionaries are above worries; heroes, all spirit and no flesh; that they live not only in a far-off country but positively out of reach in a higher sphere, is very common and very faulty; and far worse if the further conclusion is reached that "I am not a hero; my flesh, my spirit and my life are very human

indeed, and consequently I am a useless subject for the foreign missions."

I have met so many people who ask about the missions such questions as I should be afraid to ask about the anchorites of the desert, that I feel impelled to make some effort to bring the apostolic vocation more within the range of the practical consideration of contemporaries, especially in America. Many who do not feel called upon to step of their own accord into the arena and confront the beasts, might be quite willing to live on a loaf and a fish, so it be from His Hand.

The privations of the missionary life enlist the sympathy of sentimental friends, quite wrongly. It is not because *you* are accustomed to press a button and let the good things of life, and, indeed, its troubles too, come hurrying in response, that *I* am to be pitied for not having a button to press; maybe the buttons frighten me. Because *you* get ice-cream twice a week and *I* curry and rice twice a day, it does not follow that I am living in a higher sphere, that I am a hero; I like curry and rice, and so would you, if it was a curry and rice shop that stood in the place of the delicatessen store round the corner. It is absurd to believe that men in any land (I was almost saying any man) can live normally on food that is not nice; it may be other food, but it is good food, or man ceases to be human. Climate may be greater difficulty; but, there again, man tempers his clothes to the warm sun, and, anyway, as against the alternating processes, freezing and overwarming, of a New York winter, give me a good solid spell of settled heat that I know how to withstand.

Yes, but home! True; yet I find in mission countries many thousands who are not priests. They are travelers, some of them, impelled by the very same bohemianism that makes me enjoy my missionary journeys—only they are merely fighting their own boredom, whereas I am combining to please God and amuse myself to boot and, thank heaven, don't have to live in a hotel. Others are merchants or politicians, two species that have no homes, unless it be a home like my own on the public street in the midst of the nations. In what am I worse off than they?

Oh! but it must be so lonely! Do you mean that we must sit brooding on the severed ties and sighing for reunion with our own? Don't believe it. In the sane man (by your leave, O moderns!) affection and emotion are so regulated by nature as to be called up and disposed of almost at will, especially when the

object is far away. If you sit down and set yourself deliberately to mope about your home, undoubtedly you can raise a tear, and enjoy it as much as any other form of recreation to which you feel the need of giving half an hour. But no man with thousands of souls dependent on him, and a mass of work that he cannot possibly get through, will find time for artificial worries, unless it be at a season of special stress at home, when he would be worried (perhaps, let us be frank, much more keenly) if he were near. Loneliness, however, may come in another form, as it comes, I imagine, to all in authority. The missionary at the head of a district is responsible for so much which is vastly important, yet hardly, if at all, understood of those beneath him, that there is apt, undoubtedly, to come a "solitariness upon the very essence of his soul," as there must upon that of any man in Church or State who is ultimately responsible for great things, as there must indeed upon each and all at the last hour when the great responsibility of one's individual conscience dawns. This is a loneliness not proper to the missions, but common to all who rise to leadership, whether at home or abroad, in the domain whether of the flesh or of the spirit.

What I am denying is not that there have been great heroes on the missions, great sufferers, great saints, just as there have been in New York or London or Paris or wherever the jungle has its antipodes. My contention is that we do not deserve credit, neither I, nor the next man, nor any individual missionary as such, simply on the strength of having once engaged on a work which is wrongly supposed to be necessarily heroic; we must earn it, like other men, by special merit of work or pain; otherwise our claim to a place in the sun rests ignominiously on nothing but the transcendent merits of the cause which, personally, we perhaps all but dishonor. Most of us are not martyrs. Some of us, I fear, positively enjoy every minute of our missionary life; and consequently I cannot see why we should be pitied and petted at all, nor lionized, unless possibly by such as are infected with the enthusiasm of the cause of Christ among the heathen, and who are attracted to us because we are attracted to it; for in this case it is much less we who get the glory than Christ in us.

But in point of fact, most missionaries do on personal grounds deserve what little appreciation they can get from the home public, because they are keeping up the fight against odds. The missionary is a man of desires: set him in a desert, and he will instantly

start dreaming plans to make it fertile unto paradise. I know hundreds of missionaries, but I have still to meet the man who has no ambition for the growth and betterment of his flock; but over and over again I have met those who, after calling to earth and heaven for help in their ambitions, have at last fallen back, with knees relaxed and idly hanging hands, because there was no support. Work, after all, takes money, even the work of teaching; it will not subsist on prayer alone. Give a man three hundred families to look after, in twenty villages, the poorest of the poor; applaud him as he sets out and pray for his success, but don't help him with your purse, and then watch him build schools and chapels, pay teachers and catechists, feed his orphans and himself, buy remedies for his sick, attract the heathen and the sinner. I have been asked a dozen times in this country: "Have you a machine (automobile) in India?" and I have consistently replied: "Why, of course: a steam one, run by the heat of the sun, and cooled by the clothes of the response, to my letters to rich friends." Some people are surprised at my not having a car; others are scandalized at my using a horse: that must be *very* expensive. "Why don't you walk?" "Because," I answer, "it's against the law," and, leaving them to fathom that deep saying, I slip away and hold out my hand at more sensible doors.

And thus we are brought back by a devious path to another aspect of the arguments of this whole article, viz., that the missionary is not bound by vow or vocation to seek out suffering as an end in itself; he gets it always, and generally enjoys it "all in the day's work," but his end is the saving of souls; and if he can save more souls by getting to them quicker, for heaven's sake let him ride, even if it does save his feet and his time. And if an appreciative friend were to present him (which he won't) with a "machine," surely, provided his zeal kept pace with his conveyance, there would be no derogation from the ideal in using it.

The missionary is a great man (if at all), not because he has taken up a life that involves multifarious changes of habit; but because he has a great love of Christ, because he is an earnest digger for the gems of souls. He may not have any claim whatever to greatness on the score of his privations and his martyrdom; what illuminates him (when he does shine) is the light reflected from the cause which he will not give up. He may not see, called into being by his crowing, the final daylight that gives not place to night. But he crows for his own glen, faithfully and loud, hoping that

each glen is being crowed for by such another, and confident that at last, long after him maybe, the eternal day will dawn.[1] For this he deserves his credit among men; and for this, after drinking from the chalice of Christ—and, oh! how deeply of it—he will find his place in peace at the Right Hand.

THE SWORD OF PEACE.

BY ARMEL O'CONNOR.

THE Prince of Peace
  Has shown His sword;
And wars shall cease
  But at His word.

Let Everyman
  Rise, make his fate
To God's fair plan
  For man's estate.

Christ's sword can preach
  With temper'd steel;
The way, can teach
  To pierce, but heal.

Peace is for those
  Who mean to win
What Christ bestows—
  The Peace within.

O man, restored
  To will from whim!
Take up your sword
  And follow Him.

[1]The allusion is to Rostand's *Chantecler*, mentioned at the beginning of the article, and to the following passage:

> Moi, je ne verrai pas luire sur les clochers
> Le ciel définitif fait d'astres rapprochés;
> Mais, si je chant, exact, sonore, et si, sonore,
> Exact, bien après moi, pendant longtemps encore,
> Chaque ferme a son coq qui chante dans sa cour,
> Je crois qu'il n'y aura plus de nuit. Quand? Un jour!

RELIGION AND LITERATURE IN WAR TIME.

BY W. H. KENT, O.S.C.,
St. Mary's, Bayswater, London, England.

ON the eve of the outbreak of war between England and Germany, a little group of English university professors put forth a public protest against the threatened war, because they could not bear to see their country fighting against a land which had done so much for literature and learning. And many others, apparently, are scandalized or bewildered when they find so many millions of Catholics warring with one another. Yet, it is scarcely surprising that both the fellowship of learning and even the unity of faith should be powerless to hinder the great struggle between rival races. For the issues of peace and war can hardly be decided on such grounds as these. Men, who feel compelled to draw the sword in self-defence, cannot be expected to stay their hands because the invading army happens to come from a land of learning. And the history of the wars that laid Europe waste in the Middle Ages should suffice to show that unity of faith and religious obedience to the same central authority in matters of religion cannot keep one Catholic nation from warring against another. There is still a very common tendency to idealize the Middle Ages, and to trace all our troubles to the Renaissance or to the Reformation. But even when they are allowed all their proverbial license, our boldest poets and artists would scarcely dare to paint what are fondly called the "ages of faith" as a period of peace. And after the long, fierce, internecine wars that have been waged in other days between nations professing the same faith and enjoying the benefits of a common culture in art and letters, it is a little late to expect religion and literature to keep the peace of Europe.

But when we come to look into the matter more closely, we may find, after all, there is some reason for this apparent failure of these great intellectual and spiritual forces. For it is not merely the case that the passions of angry or covetous men have commonly proved to be too strong for these restraints. On the contrary, a careful study of the ethics of peace and war should suffice to show us that the great issue ought not to be decided by these

irrelevant reasons. War is ever, even at its best, a necessary evil. And an unrighteous war is a grave national crime. It may often be a difficult matter to judge whether a given war is just or not, or to say with certainty which side in a dispute has the better cause. But, in any case, the answer to this crucial question cannot possibly depend on the religious belief or on the intellectual and artistic culture of the contending parties. It is surely far better to fight for a good cause against fellow-Catholics, than to fight for a bad cause against heretics or unbelievers. And, with all respect for our well-meaning university professors, we had far rather wage a just war in self-defence, or for some other legitimate cause, against one of the most highly cultured and enlightened nations, than have any part or lot in an unjust and aggressive war with the meanest tribe of savages.

No one who fairly considers the question, and understands the paramount importance of justice in war, could well choose otherwise between these two alternatives. But some, perchance, while cordially condemning unjust wars in any circumstances whatever, may yet urge that it is reasonable to feel a special reluctance to fight, even in a just cause, against fellow-Christians and fellow-Catholics, or even against those who share with us in the benefits of the same civilization. And in one way, no doubt, there is some reason for this reluctance. Yet, on the other hand, there ought surely to be some advantage in having much in common with our adversaries. The old duelists, as we all know, required something like equality in the combatants. A gentleman would not go to the field of honor with one who had no claim to rank as a gentleman. And though nations cannot very well be so punctilious in their choice of adversaries, it might be a source of satisfaction to both sides to know that they were meeting foemen worthy of their steel. Looking at the matter from this point of view, we should be disposed to think it better to be at war, if war we must, with civilized Christian nations rather than with pagans or barbarians. For though the unity of faith, or the fellowship in literature and learning and intellectual culture can hardly avail to keep rival nations at peace when they have, or think they have, a just cause for waging war with each other, it might surely do much to mitigate the evils of war. This is obviously the case when both sides carefully observe the recognized laws of civilized warfare and when, as often happens, the same priests give the consolations of religion to the wounded and dying soldiers of both armies.

But it is not only on the battlefield, or in the military hospital, that we may find these beneficial effects. For, after all, it is not only the men engaged in actual fighting that have need to be restrained from excesses, and to be reminded that they have much in common with those with whom they are at war. In the course of a great struggle the whole mass of a nation is often stirred by feelings of hostility against the enemy; popular passions are excited. A resentment which may well be righteous when directed against wrongdoers who have violated the laws of war, is almost inevitably extended to those who had no part in the crimes, and the strong feelings aroused by such incidents color and exaggerate the evils to which they owe their rise. In this way, as the war goes on, the breach between the rival nations is widened and deepened, and what at first was a dispute between governments or beings on some questions of political rights, may grow into a deep-seated and lasting hatred between their peoples. Now, if Christian moralists allow that in certain cases war may be just and necessary, they will scarcely say the same of national or racial hatred. When war breaks out the people of one belligerent nation are naturally, and rightly, forbidden to help the enemy, and commercial intercourse between them is necessarily suspended during the period of the war. Yet there are some bonds that cannot be broken by any necessities of warfare or by any decrees of state. As children of one Father in Heaven, the people of two nations at war with each other are still brethren, bound to each other by enduring ties, owing to each other duties of justice and of charity. Poets and journalists may preach a gospel of international hate, but they cannot reconcile it with the plain teaching of Christian morality.

It is easy to see this when we consider the question in the abstract. But it is by no means so easy to put this teaching into practise in the heat of a great international struggle. In the measure in which we know, or believe, that we are in the right, we know, or believe, that our enemy is doing us a grievous wrong. It is, then, right to resist him and to condemn that wrongdoing, and to resent the injury we are suffering. But how, in the heat of the strife, can we keep that condemnation and righteous resentment within due bounds? How can we guard against a spirit of hatred and vengeance, by which those who at the outset are waging a just war, may end in doing a grave wrong? It is no light task in any case. And here we may find help in dwelling on those

things that we still have in common with our separated brethren, the enemy. In a quarrel with a former friend who has now done us a real wrong, we may guard against hatred by recalling the memory of good deeds and acts of kindness done in the past. And, in much the same way, when an enemy nation is doing us wrong in time of war, it may be helpful to turn aside to consider the services that same nation has done us in happier days, or may even now be doing in the peaceful fields of literature and religion.

If ever there was a case in which we might have confidently looked for this help from religion and literature in time of war, we should have expected to find it in the present struggle between Germany on one side and England and France on the other. For however much their political interests may clash, whatever wrongs one party may have done to the other in this field, in religion and in letters they all have much in common, and there is not one of these nations that does not owe a deep debt to the others. The English university professors who protested against a war with Germany, saw only one aspect of the case and, as we have seen, pressed their argument too far. For the learning and science which so many admire in modern Germany is not a purely native product, but a common heritage in the making of which the other nations have had no mean share. Even in those branches of learning which the Germans in recent years have made in a manner their own, much is based on the earlier labors of French or English scholars. Thus Orientalists who do not confine their reading to the latest text books, may remember how speedily Kleuker availed himself of the Avesta studies of Anquetil du Perron, and how Benfey adopted and carried further the discoveries of Rawlinson in Persian cuneiform—in both cases with just and generous praise of the earlier workmen into whose labors they had entered.

It is as needless as it is invidious to ask which of these nations owes the deepest debt to the others. For it is clear that no simple affirmation could possibly satisfy the requirements of historical truth. The great Italian poet justly condemns the folly of him who affirms or denies "without distinction." And here there would be need of a whole series of distinctions between different branches of learning and literature, and again between different periods of time. A student who confined his reading to one field alone, or to the writers of a particular epoch, might honestly think it obvious that France or Italy held the foremost place, while another, with a different set of facts before him, might see as

good reason to award the palm to England or to Germany. But when once we take a wider range, we can readily see that all have had a goodly share in the making of European literature and civilization, and that there is not one that is not deeply indebted to the coöperation of the others. Happily, this mutual indebtedness has been frankly acknowledged in happier and more peaceful days.

The homely saying that imitation is the sincerest flattery, points to a very simple and practical proof that the scholars and authors of England and France and Germany have all shown a just appreciation of the good work achieved by their neighbors. And it is pleasant to note the fact that the praise and appreciation are by no means confined to this silent form. When we praise the great writers or scholars of our own land, it may be thought that there is some danger of exaggeration due to the pardonable pride of patriotism. And, for this reason, a curious inquirer might turn aside to see the more impartial estimate formed by foreign critics and historians. It can hardly be said that any of the really great masters would lose much when they are judged by this standard. For few native writers have done more justice to the genius of Shakespeare than his German critics. And, on the other hand, it may well be doubted if any German criticism has shown a truer appreciation of the German masters than that of our own Coleridge and Carlyle.

If this fellowship in letters and learning gave us some good ground for hope, that hope was further strengthened when we turned to consider all that we still had in common in more sacred matters. It is true that in both camps in this great war there are great differences in regard to religious belief. Catholic and Eastern Orthodox and Protestant and Moslem and men of no religion are here found fighting side by side. But, for the Catholics on our side, it might well be a help to dwell more especially on the large Catholic element in the multitudinous ranks of our enemies. Can we forget that Austria is the greatest Catholic nation now left in the world? Can we lose sight of the many millions of faithful Catholics among the Germans of the Empire? And here, too, for those who know anything of Catholic literature and scholarship in the last hundred years, the two influences of religion and literature gain greater strength for their union. For how can we forget the part that Germany played in the great Catholic Revival? How can we forget all that we owe to the fruitful labors of our German brethren in the rich fields of Catholic

theology and Church history, and philosophy and Biblical criticism? None of these considerations, as we have seen, can rightly affect the part we take in the great struggle itself. That must be decided on quite other grounds, by the justice of the cause at issue, and by the duty that each one of us owes to his own country. A Catholic Englishman, who has a just sense of all that he has in common with his fellow-Catholics on the other side, and of all that he owes to German literature in general and more especially to the writings of German Catholics, may still be heart and soul with his own country in the great war that is now being waged. Yet, here as in the case of a quarrel with an old friend, the memory of these good deeds might surely serve as a safeguard against hatred and bitterness of heart. It might do somewhat to mitigate the evils of the war, and even to prepare the way for a real peace and renewed friendship when at length the struggle is over.

Such, as I have said, were the natural reflections and anticipations of one who was familiar with German history and literature, and the story of the great movements in religion and philosophy in the past century. But if any of us really hoped to see our scholars and leaders of religion giving due weight to the facts, and helping, in some measure, to mitigate the bitterness of the struggle, those hopes have been doomed to disappointment. For instead of religion and literature being left as a neutral ground, a sanctuary where we could seek peace and refreshment in the heat and stress of war time, the passions of war have been suffered to disturb these peaceful fields. With a perverted ingenuity worthy of a better cause, some Catholic writers have busied themselves in giving the world new and original versions of German history, and of the tangled tale of movements in philosophy and religion in the last four hundred years. By the simple process of neglecting awkward facts and confining their attention to a few which, with a little manipulation, may be made to serve their purpose, these writers have apparently satisfied themselves that the Germans are acting under the evil inspiration of a godless philosophy which comes, in the last resort, from Martin Luther, through the later and more developed writings of Kant and Nietzsche.

It is amusing to note that no one of the writers who have put forward these curious theories has so much as mentioned the name of the mystical thinker who has been styled the father of German speculation. This says much for the superficial and conventional character of their studies in this field of history. But

what is even more startling, is their sublime disregard of the facts that tell against their theories. If we could manage to forget that there had ever been any heresy before Luther, or any rationalism and skepticism before Kant; if we could imagine for the moment that atheism was wholly unknown in France and England, and that Catholic and religious literature was equally unknown in Austria and Germany, we should be ready to allow that there was, to say the least, some plausibility in these theories. But, then, we cannot all reconcile ourselves to this ruthless rejection of historical evidence. And when we remember that the "Morning Star of the Reformation" arose not in Germany but in England, that unbelief and false philosophy were rife in the Italy of the Renaissance, that open enemies of Revealed Religion were conspicuous in France and England long before the rise of the new German philosophy, and that English and Scotch Protestantism owes more to Calvin than to Luther, we feel the absurdity of seeking the *fons et origo mali* in one land alone. If it be true, as we have seen, that neither Germany nor any other nation can fairly lay claim to a monopoly, or even to a supremacy, in science and literature, or that civilization which is at once the work and the common heritage of all; it is no less true that no one nation of them all can be justly charged with a monopoly of folly or of evil. *Semel insanivimus omnes.*

Repentance for the past has always been regarded as a wholesome and profitable exercise in time of war, or on the occasion of any other public calamity. And, though the work of reparation and constructive reform must generally be deferred to a more peaceful season, it would be well for all of us to consider well the sins of commission or omission which may have merited this heavy visitation. In the end, as we all hope, good may come out of evil, and nations, like individual men, may be purified by suffering and calamities. But we can hardly look for this result where men or nations prepare themselves by that most unprofitable of spiritual exercises, meditating on their own virtues and on the sins of their enemies. It is needful, no doubt, to reckon up the wrongs done by our enemies in the war itself, if only for the purpose of preventing their repetition or exacting redress when occasion serves. But it is a very different matter when ready writers, with more patriotic zeal than historical knowledge, set themselves to tell the tale of wrongs done by the enemy nation more than a hundred years ago. Even if this course were open to no other objection,

it cannot be counted among those acts that are warranted by the ethics of war. For the men with whom we are now waging war are not answerable for the wrongs done by their ancestors, and the resentment roused by the memory of those wrongs can only minister to hatred in no wise justified by the cause now at issue. This would be true even in the case of a war with some one homogeneous nation, whose history for several centuries had been one and continuous. But the injustice of using these historical weapons in the present war is yet more glaring. Catholics on our side would surely regard it as the height of unreason for Austrian or Bavarian journalists to move the feelings of their readers by dwelling on the persecution of the faith by Henry VIII. or Elizabeth, or the cruelties of Cromwell in Ireland. For in this war our foemen are face to face with Irishmen as well as Englishmen, and with Catholics as well as Protestants. And how can the cruelty of persecutors in the past serve as a motive in a war with the heirs of the Martyrs? But the same objection holds good when those who are engaged in deadly strife with Austrians and Hanoverians, as well as with Prussians, point to the rapacity of Frederick the Great and of his successors in the last century.

In like manner, Catholics in this country who are taking a conspicuous and patriotic part in the great struggle would be justly indignant if their fellow-Catholics in the other camp traced all the trouble to English heretics or infidel philosophers of an earlier generation, and spoke as if those who go forth, with the true faith in their hearts, to fight and die for their fatherland were somehow inspired by the preaching of Wycliffe, or by the blank agnosticism of Herbert Spencer or Bradlaugh. We would not, indeed, deny that these writers were Englishmen, or that some Englishmen still share in their errors. But we know that they are in no wise the prophets or spokesmen of the nation as a whole. And much the same may be said when the Austro-Germans, with their four Catholic kings and millions of Catholic soldiers, are described as if they went into battle under the banners of Luther and Kant and Nietzsche. Readers of some recent writings on the war may well be tempted to echo the cry of the Westminster electors, when John Stuart Mill stood as a candidate: "We don't want no philosophy here!"

It may be right and necessary, at some more suitable season, to study the darker pages in the history and literature of nations that are now our enemies. But, assuredly, this will serve no good

purpose now. And on the other hand, we may find a real help in recalling all that is best and brightest in German literature, and German story, and German religion. For why should we fear to do it? The cause of our own country is not so weak that it needs to be defended by unworthy means, by suppression of the truth, or by shrinking from a frank recognition of the merits of our enemies. Our soldiers and sailors have ever been ready to honor the bravery of those they met in fight. And why should scholars stoop to the mean and petty patriotism which shows itself in blackening German history and disparaging the great literature to which they all owe so much, whether they acknowledge it or not? There are few things more contemptible than the spirit in which some, on both sides, extend their hostility to the very language and literature of the nations with whom they are at war. We all protest against the violation of neutral territory, and against wrongs done to civilians and women and children. But what can be said of those who violate the neutral territory of science and literature, and not content with attacking living non-combatants, dishonor the memory of the mighty dead?

Happily there are some of us who even in the heat of battle still hold these things as sacred. There are some who having once learned to know and love the treasures of German literature cannot so lightly forego them. The dust of battle cannot dim the light of science, and the music of the poets can still be heard amid the tumult and confusion. And, yet more, in the deep wisdom of the religious literature of Germany there is much that makes us hope for brighter days, when justice shall be done, and the broken friendship shall be renewed, and the great nations now wasting their strength in ruthless war shall again work together in the peaceful fields of religion and literature.

ANDREW J. SHIPMAN.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

THE death of Andrew J. Shipman on October 17, 1915, took out of New York life a gentle, scholarly man of wide intellectual attainments, but still broader sympathy of heart. Those with whom he was brought in intimate contact had learned to know and appreciate him, but he seemed to care little for many friendships. I know no one who had less of the publicity-seeking spirit. He spent himself in work for others modestly, quietly, with a thorough efficiency which only those who were closest to him could properly appreciate. As we look back on it now we hope that his untimely death did not come as a consequence of overwork for the great cause that he had at heart. Certainly the last months of his life were spent nobly and unselfishly at tasks that were simply duties that had to be performed for the good of the community, but that promised little either in remuneration or in reputation

My intimate acquaintance with Mr. Shipman began nearly ten years ago, on the occasion of a lecture which I delivered for the Maronite Catholics of the lower part of Manhattan Island. The Maronites are Oriental Catholics in communion with Rome, who use in their liturgy the very language, Syro-Chaldee, which Our Lord spoke with His Mother in the everyday intercourse of family life at Nazareth. Everyone who in recent years wished to learn of Oriental rites, or peoples or languages or conditions that obtained among these various churches in New York, went quite naturally to Mr. Shipman. How few there are who know that Mass is said in seven different languages in New York City, and nine or more languages, I believe, throughout the country.

Most of the rites involving the use of at least nine dead languages, for the Mass is not said in any living language, have been brought to these shores by the various Slav peoples, though there are various other nationalities from the Near East each with its own tongue. Mr. Shipman became interested in seeing that these foreigners enjoyed their rights, were not imposed upon, and above all not proselytized by any of the Protestant missionary organizations. This self-imposed task necessitated learning more than

half a dozen languages of what, for the English-speaking person, are among the most difficult languages in the world. Mr. Shipman found delight in the immense labor which such study involved, and rapidly attained great fluency. How thoroughly his work in these foreign tongues and liturgies was done, will be readily appreciated from the series of articles on *The Languages of The Mass* which appeared in the little magazine *The Helper* (New York), which has unfortunately ceased publication. In these Mr. Shipman discusses: 1. The Syriac; 2. The Armenian; 3. The Greek; 4. The Slavonic; 5. The Arabic; 6. The Rumanian; 7. The Coptic; 8. The Glagolitic; 9. The Latin. It was a favorite wish of his that sometime these articles would be gathered into a little book for the information of those interested in the catholicity or universality of the Church from a standpoint of language alone, and many of his friends feel no better memorial of him could be issued than this modest volume, which would illustrate so well his practical scholarship and his missionary zeal.

An American of the Americans, born and educated in America, Mr. Shipman had made himself so much of a brotherly fellow-citizen to these strangers with a strange tongue, that they looked upon him as one of their own, to whom they might turn with absolute confidence.

Mr. Shipman was the child of a family that in his very early years went through all the hardships of the Civil War in Virginia and, like most other Virginian families, found itself at the end of the war practically compelled to begin life over again. He was born at Springvale, Fairfax County, Virginia, October 15, 1857, the son of John James Shipman, a prominent engineer and contractor. His mother, Priscilla Carroll Shipman, the daughter of Bennet Carroll of Upper Marlborough, Maryland, who was a lineal descendant of Thomas Carroll, one of the Carroll's who came to this country with Charles Carroll in 1725, and was probably a near relative of the signer's family. After the war young Andrew Jackson Shipman received his primary education in the Virginia public schools under conditions which, owing to the disturbed state of society, were not at all propitious. The little town of Springvale, which finds no place even on the map of *The Century Dictionary Atlas,* probably had only the most meagre provision for primary education.

Fortunately Georgetown College was not far away, and as young Shipman showed talent and ambition, an opportunity was af-

forded him for securing the higher education. Young Shipman spent some seven years in the academic and collegiate departments of Georgetown, and in 1878, at the age of twenty-one, received his degree of A.B. Immediately after being graduated, he became editor of a newspaper in a little town called Vienna, larger than Springvale, and situated something less than five miles from Alexandria.

This field was, of course, too narrow for his ambition, and in 1882 he became the Assistant Manager of the coal mines of W. P. Rend & Co., in the Hocking Valley, Ohio. Mr. Shipman succeeded so well in his new task that in the following year he was made Superintendent of the mines.

While engaged in his newspaper work in Virginia, young Shipman had spent some of his leisure time with a German workman in his employ in making himself master of German, and as the man had come from Bohemia and knew some Cjeckish, Mr. Shipman received his first introduction to a Slav language. He was surprised to find that he had a facility in learning languages. In his mining work also he was brought in contact with some of the Slavs from central Europe, and found that his ability in this direction could be made of great use to them. As a result of increased knowledge, for example, he settled a strike in a neighboring mine where the managing officials were unable to understand the workmen, and where intermediate officials acting as interpreters were taking advantage of both the men and the managers.

The work at the mines, however, was not sympathetic to a man of Shipman's breadth of interest, and he felt the call to a life where his influence would be wider. This drew him to New York City, where having passed one of the best Civil Service Examinations, with a record unequaled up to that date, and seldom surpassed since, he obtained in 1884 a post in the New York Customs Service. In the following year he was one of the investigators of the sugar frauds of that port, and attracted attention for his acumen, mastery of detail and unquestionable integrity.

While fulfilling his duties in the customs service he studied law at the University of the City of New York. He received his degree of LL.B. in 1886, and was admitted to the New York Bar. It was not long before his talents secured recognition. In 1891 he formed a partnership with Edmund L. Mooney, whose sister Adair he married two years later, in June, 1893. In the meantime Mr. Shipman had been employed in the St. Stephen's Church

cases (1890-1900), and soon came to attract attention by his special knowledge of laws involving religious corporations. In 1895 the original partnership was dissolved, and Charles Blandy, a former Corporation Counsel of New York City, entered the firm, and it was reorganized under the title of Blandy, Mooney & Shipman, by which it was known until Mr. Shipman's death. In 1898 came his opportunity to display his knowledge of law in the labor cases involving the right to strike. In these his experience as a former mine manager and superintendent stood him in good stead. He came to be looked upon as one of the successful lawyers in New York City whose opinion in certain special cases was of great value.

It was in the midst of this busy professional career that Mr. Shipman became interested in religious and racial topics in connection with the large immigration to New York. He made it a point during his vacations which, in company with his wife, who was deeply sympathetic with his studies, were practically always spent abroad, to make a special study of religious and racial conditions in various countries of Europe. In fifteen such vacations he visited Italy, France, England, Spain, Egypt, Palestine, Russia, Austria and Hungary. He knew Galicia well, and especially the neighborhood of Lemberg, where his favorite Ruthenians could be studied to such advantage. He took occasion whenever he could to visit here in this country parts of the United States where the central European people, particularly various Slav races and above all the Ruthenians, had gathered in large numbers.

Mr. Shipman was an authority on the various branches of the Greek Church, the Orthodox acknowledging allegiance to the Holy Synod in Russia or the Patriarch of Constantinople; the Uniate recognizing the supremacy of the Pope. When *The Catholic Encyclopedia* was organized, Mr. Shipman was very naturally chosen one of its board of directors.

Some idea of the importance of Mr. Shipman's work among the Greek Catholics can be obtained from his pamphlet on *The Ruthenian Greek Catholics* published by the United Catholic Works (New York, 1913). In this Mr. Shipman calls attention to the fact that there are in this country over half a million of Ruthenians, and in Canada some two hundred and twenty thousand. They are now firmly established here, hard working, eager to advance themselves, and becoming steadily Americanized. They came first as mine laborers and steelworkers into Pennsylvania about 1880. The first Ruthenian Greek Catholic priest came from

Galicia to Shenandoah, where he built the first Uniate Greek Catholic church the following year. In the thirty years that have followed churches have been built at the rate of more than five a year, until now (1913) there are about one hundred and sixty Ruthenian Greek Catholic churches in the United States, and forty in Canada, as well as numerous mission stations in both countries. The Greek Catholic clergy number one hundred and fifty priests and one bishop; and in Canada forty-five priests and one bishop. They were late in establishing a church in New York City, owing to the extreme poverty of the Ruthenian people. Ten years ago, however, the Ruthenian Catholic Church of St. George, originally on Twentieth Street, but now on Seventh Street near Cooper Union, was organized, and made such progress that the congregation was able to purchase a much larger building.

Besides St. George's, the Ruthenian Greek Catholic Church of St. Mary's was organized in 1912 in New York. Yonkers has two Ruthenian Greek Catholic churches; Peekskill a missionary chapel of that rite; Brooklyn, two churches; Jersey City and Bayonne each one. Mr. Shipman has written a very full account of the Ruthenian Greek Catholics for *The Catholic Encyclopedia* under *Ruthenians,* giving the background of the Greek rite in this country under the title *Greek Catholics in America.*

In this country these immigrants being of the Greek rite, have been misunderstood and neglected even by the American Catholics of the Latin rite, and thus have been left in a great many cases a prey to the proselytizer. The Greek Orthodox Church of Russia endeavored to win them away from their adhesion to the Roman authority, and thus not a few of them were lost to the Church.

Though Mr. Shipman does not tell it in this little pamphlet written by himself, some of us know that he saved a large number of these Greek Catholics from proselytizers of the most contemptible character. The funds of various Protestant missionary societies were being employed to deprive these people of their faith, and lead them to profess Protestantism, under the pretense of preaching to them Catholic doctrine. Protestant clergymen represented themselves as priests; officiated in vestments usually worn by Ruthenian Catholic clergymen, and used an altar and a Ruthenian missal. It seems almost incredible that such a trick as this should be played in the name of religion. Mr. Shipman broke up two or three of these counterfeit missions, and called the attention of important heads of missionary organizations to the abuse

that had been allowed to creep in, and so prevented further trifling with the religion of these faithful people.

Mr. Shipman's activity as a writer naturally led him to the discussion of various questions relating to the Uniate and Orthodox Greek Churches here in America. In July, 1904, Mr. Shipman wrote in *The Messenger* the *Answer of a Russian Theologian to Bishop Grafton* of Fond du Lac. He showed himself thoroughly familiar with all the details of the positions of Churches orthodox and schismatic and of the sects. In other articles in September, October, November and December of the same year, Mr. Shipman pointed out how important and even critical was the coming of these central European Slavs for the Catholic Church in America. In *The Messenger* also for February, 1906, Mr. Shipman published: *On Our Italian Greek Catholics,* showing that the Slavs were not the only people of the Greek rite coming to us.

Beginning with 1910 came a series of articles in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Certain misunderstandings with regard to present-day religious and educational conditions in Spain had resulted from the exploitation of the case of the Spanish anarchist, Francisco Ferrer. When his trial and execution were under discussion in this country, Mr. Shipman was able to do much to set public opinion right with regard to the man and his career.

Mr. Shipman had recently visited Barcelona and witnessed the ruthless destruction wrought there by the mob roused by the unprincipled teachings of Ferrer. He was, therefore, entitled to speak with authority. In THE CATHOLIC WORLD (April and September, 1910) he published his *Recent Impressions of Spain,* and later in the same magazine (December, 1910, and January, 1911) wrote his answer on the Ferrer discussion to Mr. Archer, the English critic, and entitled it, *McClure's, Archer and Ferrer.* A year later in THE CATHOLIC WORLD he reviewed Mr. Archer's book. This review made it clear that to Ferrer had been given the full benefit of a fair trial, and that he was condemned only because his teachings and activities had led to a series of murders for which he was justly held responsible.

Mr. Shipman was one of those to whom is due the success of *The Catholic Encyclopedia.* He was one of its directors from the beginning, and the many articles he contributed to its pages, well illustrate his versatile scholarship.

In 1913, Mr. Shipman was elected a member of the Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York. Mr. Shipman

felt that his election to this position was the crowning event of his life, and the one who was nearest to him in life feels sure that "he would have regarded other appointments or honors as mere additions, for from the time that he measured up that task his aspirations for other work or appointments slackened—he seemed to feel that this position would usefully absorb his talents and crown the best aims of his career."

In the midst of all this busy work Mr. Shipman remained one of the most lovable of men. His steadfast and warm nature was shown by his attachment and loyalty to his Alma Mater, Georgetown College. In the year 1899, while he was a struggling lawyer, he provided by his will that a percentage of his entire estate beyond ten thousand dollars should go to the college. After the execution of his will, and while its contents were unknown to anyone but himself, he was elected and served as the President of the New York Chapter of the Alumni of the college during the years 1903 and 1904, and later still in the year 1911 the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on him by the college. By a codicil to his will executed in 1912, he made other bequests of a public nature, but he never changed his original legacy to his Alma Mater, showing that neither time nor circumstance altered the feeling of his younger years toward his college.

One might always go to Mr. Shipman with the absolute confidence that he would be ready and willing to give time to any good cause. A close friend of his has written to me: "I have often said of him that he must surely have used his time with enormous diligence, for he turned out an immense product from his study and research, and yet always had time to further a good work. In this respect he was one of the most extraordinary men I have known. Equally admirable was his unfailing good nature and modesty—two qualities that are not always associated with gifts like his."

Mr. Shipman's articles in *The Catholic Encyclopedia, The Messenger* and THE CATHOLIC WORLD are almost his only literary remains. His busy legal career and the long years necessary for the study of Oriental rites and peoples, necessarily delayed the day when Mr. Shipman could use his talents to full advantage. At the age of fifty-eight, when naturally at least a dozen or more active years should have been his, he was taken from us. He had just reached his maturity: his greater work was, one feels, yet to be done. Others must do it now; but they can never know a more zealous pioneer than Andrew J. Shipman.

THE GARY SYSTEM.

BY JOSEPH V. MCKEE, M.A.

MAN is a creature of vogue and fashions. To-day he bedecks himself in garments at which he shudders on the morrow. To him the style of a century ago is ludicrous and absurd. Yet while he condemns and pities his forefathers, he forgets that his to-day is the past of his son's to-morrow. Free born and loudly proud of his independence, he willingly submits to the dictates of the tyrant Fashion, and meekly obeys the whimsical decrees of that unreasoning despot. And, as he falls in and marks time with his fellow-servitors, he deceives himself into believing that he finds justification in the worn-out plea that, "They are all doing it now."

Nor is this servility limited to the domain of dress. In Art some conventionless spirit, rich in convention but poor in adaptability, puts forth a "new" creation. The flotsam and jetsam, responding to the slightest impulsion, turn with a touch. The earnest student takes the will-less motion for a new "movement" in art, and turns his prow toward the dancing lights.

Not even in Education have we been free from the dominant dictates of Fashion. The custom of learning spelling and figuring and reading passed out years ago with the homespun coat and the tallow candle. The vogue (how old-fashioned it now seems) which was based on the idea that the child's character grew by overcoming obstacles, faded out with the monkey jacket and tight breeches.

These are ghosts of a yester year, serving now merely to haunt and to horrify. A new garment has been thrown on the educational bargain counter, and the rush has already begun. To-day no schoolmaster is easy unless he has his shears in his hand, and is cutting away at his cloth with his eye on the Gary System. Gary is the latest fetish of Fashion, and the power of its influence is immediate and universal.

But while it is his child who is thus being fitted, and his boy or girl who is thus being re-fashioned, the average parent seems to feel a deep ignorance of the lines and curves of the latest vogue. And for this reason—because the child is his child—he feels, old-fashioned creature that he is, that he should know something of

the innovations which are being advocated with such loud acclaim. Not a day goes by but what he hears or reads something about the Gary System. His newspaper prints editorials on it, and daily carries reports of heated discussions concerning the merits and demerits of the new idea. But so far as the actual workings of the plan is concerned he is still in the dark. But the conscientious layman should feel no culpability in not knowing the essential workings of the Gary System. Even many of the strongest advocates of the plan have only a misty idea of its operations. To them it is something new, and that in itself is its justification.

Some ten or twelve years ago, shortly after its consolidation, the United States Steel Corporation decided upon a site in Indiana for an enormous new manufacturing plant. Upon this spot, which till then was a level stretch of plain and woodland, the Steel Corporation's engineers labored according to plan and specification and, like Thebes, a great town grew up over night under their magic sowing. It consisted of great factories and the homes of the workmen. In honor of Judge Elbert H. Gary, the then head of the steel company, the name of Gary was given to this plan-made town. To supervise the education of the children of the town, whose population consisted solely of the workers in the mills, the authorities drafted Dr. William A. Wirt, and made him superintendent of schools. Dr. Wirt had had a wide experience in educational science. He did academic work at De Pauw University and at the University of Chicago, later going to England, France and Germany for a more complete mastery of modern educational methods. At the time of his selection as head of the Gary schools, he was acting as Superintendent of Schools in Bluffton, Indiana.

This brief outline of the birth of the town of Gary and of the work done by its school head is interesting. It became important only within the last two years, when the word " Gary " passed from its geographical import to an educational term of wide significance. This evolution, which has been very sudden and yet unjustified, was brought about when many educators, after watching the work done in the Gary schools, pleaded for its extension to other towns and cities. In short, it soon became a vogue, a fashion. But the Gary System would still have remained *provincial* were it not for the notice given it in the spring of 1914. At this time Mayor Mitchell and a group of New York City officials visited Gary for the purpose of inspecting the plan evolved there under Superintendent Wirt. Both Mayor Mitchell and Comptroller Prendergast had been elected

on a platform that pledged the strictest economy in the expenditure of the city's moneys. The annual budget totals over two hundred and twenty-two million dollars. Of this enormous sum, forty-two million dollars are spent annually for education. Weighing this sum with the apparent results of New York's present educational system, these officials came to the judgment that the balance listed badly, the plan holding the results showing an unwarranted lightness. Despite the annual expenditure of forty-two million dollars, the authorities found that they could not provide facilities for taking care of all the children of school age. On September 15, 1915, there were one hundred and forty-one thousand three hundred and sixty children on part time. Nor did the future offer any relief. The finances of the city were in such a deplorable state as to preclude the advisability of buying new school sites, or erecting buildings on the property already held. Conditions were bad and steadily growing worse.

It was because of this state of affairs (which since then has become alarming) that Mayor Mitchell and his party inspected the Gary schools in May, 1914. So convinced were they of the superiority of the Wirt system that they planned for its immediate adoption in the schools of New York City. In order to secure the success of the new experiment, Dr. Wirt was retained as adviser to the Board of Education. He was to give one week out of every four to the work of inaugurating his system. For his thirteen weeks work extending over a period of a year, the city of New York agreed to pay to him a fee of ten thousand dollars. His assistant in Gary, Dr. Schneider, was also retained on the same terms.

The new plan was inaugurated last spring in two schools of widely divergent character, Public School No. 89 in Brooklyn and Public School No. 45 in the Bronx. It was thought to try out the Gary System in these schools and, if it proved successful there, to extend its operation to all the schools in New York City. These in number total over six hundred. After watching the work done during the past few months in these two schools, Comptroller Prendergast, with characteristic vigor, has come out very strongly for the universal adoption of the Gary System. He holds that the new system has justified itself fully, and is the only apparent remedy for the present evils in New York's educational work.

Mr. Prendergast's point of view is primarily a financial one. And in this light conditions loom up sinisterly. At the present time, because of financial stringency, twelve hundred positions in

the teaching force are being filled by substitutes. Over seven thousand teachers are working at reduced salaries. Only by the juggling of accounts and other extraordinary methods was it found possible to keep the night schools open. The recreation centres have been curtailed and the lecture bureau greatly reduced.

It is primarily to reduce this cost of education that the city officials advocate the extension of the Gary System. Yet the slightest return under this plan can be obtained only at the initial expenditure of vast sums. Even Comptroller Prendergast does not know what proportions these sums might reach. The cost to equip Public School No. 45 adequately will be one hundred and fifty thousand dollars (the city has already appropriated this money), and this school is typical of the others in the matter of equipment. As there are over six hundred schools in New York, it is easy to see that the total expenditure would be enormous.

One naturally would hesitate to advocate a plan that called for the spending of so much money. The results would have to be very great and widespread to insure its justification. It is a step that many business men would fear to sanction, except only after positive proof of the benefits that would ensue. But money considerations, after all, are not the best reasons for advocating or opposing an educational movement. If the child is to be materially benefited, if it can be shown that the boy or girl will thereby be enriched in training and experience, we should allow no financial question to obstruct the adoption of any plan so qualified. Any money, regardless of amount, that is used efficiently to give the child a better start in life is an investment that is beyond argument.

For some time I had acquainted myself with the more important principles of the Gary System, and I knew well the financial position of the city. But these were of little interest to me. I wanted to see the Gary idea, not from the standpoint of financial cost, but from the position of the child—the only consideration that should determine any educational policy. So, a short time ago, I visited Public School No. 45 to see the Gary System in operation there. I had in view primarily the welfare of the child rather than the saving of money; the status of the child rather than the position of the city. What does the Gary System do for the child? Is the Gary System a workable scheme from the viewpoint of the child's welfare? Does it develop the intellectual forces of the child? Does it give the child new experiences that the child can assimilate and digest? These were the questions I wished answered.

The cardinal principle of the Gary System is *work, study* and *play*. Accordingly, the child's day is divided into ten periods, extending from half past eight to half past three. Five of these periods are given to recitation work in the classroom. One period is given to play, two periods to work in the various shops, one period to lunch and one to auditorium or to "church or home." This "church or home" period is school time which the pupil may use in attending religious instruction outside the building or assisting at home. It is by means of this arrangement of periods that two schools, designated X and Y, are housed in one building. While the children of one division are using the recitation rooms, the pupils of the other are engaged in the auditorium, in the shops or at play. The shuffling of classes is easily accomplished, the division being apparent only at lunch time, when the X school leaves at 11:10 and the Y school at 12:00. It is this arrangement of two schools in one that makes the Gary System so attractive to those desiring to reduce expenses. In reality it is merely a part time plan in disguise—neither better nor worse than most of the schemes tried out previously in the city schools.

The idea of study in school time is not new, nor is the idea of allowing a recess for recreation. The new, emphatic point in the Gary plan of *work, study* and *play,* is the manual labor done in the shops. This system provides for a number of shops where the child may obtain some practise in the correlation of mind and hand. A boy may take up printing, pottery, sculpturing, drawing, carpentry or farming. A girl has two periods daily at cooking, millinery, pottery, sculpturing or printing. The selection of the particular work to be done is left to the discretion of the pupil, but the system requires that a child remain only four months in any shop. A progression must be made through all the branches of manual work. The department idea, that is, that the child have a different teacher for each subject, is carried down through the lowest grades. Thus, instead of having one teacher for all subjects, the child has a number of "special" instructors. Conversely instead of having a small class of children all day, the teacher instructs a floating mass of five or six classes totaling over three hundred pupils. At the end of the periods the classes move from room to room.

Another new feature of the Gary System is the auditorium period. Here under the supervision of special teachers, groups of about two hundred to four hundred pupils assemble each period. The time is occupied in listening to lectures, hearing short recitations

and in singing. These are the essential principles of the Gary System. An academic discussion of the abstract principles would be interesting but fruitless. It is in its application that a principle should be judged. Therefore, it is not unfair to judge the Gary System as it is applied in the schools of New York.

Public School No. 45 is a modern city school, housing thirty-four hundred pupils, most of whom are Italians or of Italian descent. The Gary System has been in operation there for about one year, under the direct supervision of Dr. Wirt, its originator. The work done there, in the opinion of the city officials, has been of such a nature as to warrant the extension of the plan to the other schools. But while this judgment may be justified, close examination of the operation of the Gary System raises many serious doubts and well-founded objections to the whole plan.

The basic ideal of the Gary System is to give the utmost freedom to the child in every possible way. But is not too much freedom a dangerous thing for immature, inexperienced minds? In the workshops, which is the specialty of the Gary idea, I found children, boys and girls, doing exactly what they wished. A problem had been assigned, but the pupils were not compelled to work at this task. Some did, others did not—it rested with the child whether the work was done or not. But what was infinitely worse, there was no checking up of results, no correction of work, and consequently no incentive to accuracy, no real development of intellect, no real training either of hand or mind. If freedom means the license to follow one's inclinations, then the Gary System gives the child the widest freedom, but if training means the development of the will to overcome obstacles, then the Gary System does not give the child any real training. Rather it invites sloth, produces inefficiency, and weakens the moral powers of the child.

Even were the shops developed on some higher principle than the child's "freedom," it is a question whether any real results would follow. According to this plan a child may remain only three months in any shop. We can imagine what knowledge a child can gain of pottery, sculpturing or farming after spending sixty days of eighty minutes each at a particular branch. Instead of a thorough knowledge of any work, the pupil is rushed through a series of bewildering sense impressions which he cannot assimilate if he would, and which he would not if he could, because he knows that the next week or so will find him at some entirely new occupation.

Although the Gary System requires the child to spend eighty minutes a day in some shop, I found that he has only fifty minutes a week for spelling. It is hard to see the educational value of allowing your son, who must fight his way in life, to spend six hours a week on sculpturing or pottery or printing, and only fifty minutes a week on spelling. Art may be beautiful and its study interesting, but when I saw the pitiful objects of "art" made by Dominic and Louisa and Maria and the awful specimens of spelling and letter-writing produced by these same children, I felt that at last the child had obtained "freedom," and had lost all chance for the most elementary training in the essential things of life.

Order and obedience to authority are the basis of government. But where or when are we to teach these essential lessons when, as under the Gary System, the child of eight is allowed to choose the subjects he will study, and is made to feel that the primary and only impulsion to work is based on the pleasantness of the task? It was a fashion at one time to set a task before a child, and to insist upon it being accurately and expeditiously done. But the Gary System leads away from this ideal. School is now a sunny place of golden hours, spent in doing agreeable tasks of one's choosing. Home tasks are abolished and studies subordinated to the whimsicality of the child.

The second great feature of the Gary System is the auditorium period. Here groups of children, from two to four hundred in number, assemble once a day, and spend the period in listening to lectures or in singing. In this particular school these pupils are patrolled by five teachers, whose sole task is to keep order among the children. For this work they receive salaries that total ten thousand dollars annually. And the child? During one period, out of four hundred children, ten gave short recitations from Stevenson. This meant that for the vast majority the assembly or auditorium session was a period of mental inertia—a time for intellectual slumber. No effort is made to have these periods enrich the training of the child. He may hear a lecture on the Panama Canal, as I witnessed, but he is not called upon in any way to reproduce, and thereby strengthen, the impressions given. There is no correlation of classroom studies with the work done in the auditorium. Candidly, it is merely a storage room for surplus children.

In the departmental system which, under the Gary System, extends down through to the lowest grades, the close union of teacher

and pupil and the better understanding that resulted are lost. It is impossible for any teacher to know three hundred pupils who visit her for six months or about one hundred and twenty days of forty minutes each. It is a lucky thing if the teacher learns to know the names of her pupils. The teacher sees only one side of the pupil, and is unable to aid in the full development of the child's powers. The classroom becomes a grinding mill, with a swirling mass of children being tumbled into the hopper and the teacher keeping the machinery going.

Under the Gary System a gong is rung to denote the end of the recitation period. At this signal the whole school moves. The idea of children marching in orderly ranks was considered incompatible with the child's freedom. As a result the halls of the schools at these frequent intervals are scenes of utter disorder and confusion. I stood in the corridors at three different times, and saw a mass of struggling, pushing, squirming children, some mere infants, trying to make their way along the corridors. It was a source of wonder that some were not seriously injured. I timed the different passings, and found that they required from eight to nine minutes. As the pupils must pass from room to room at least eight times a day, this meant that fully an hour every day is wasted in this senseless driving of the children.

The child's work is rated in units that total one thousand points. Of these, one hundred and sixty are given for shop-work, ninety for sitting in the auditorium and eighty for playing in the yard! In other words, three hundred and thirty points, or more than one-quarter of all the academic counts, are given for work which has very questionable or no educational value. A child may fail absolutely in mathematics, and English, or in mathematics, history and geography, and yet be advanced in grade by receiving full credits in "courses" which are mental soporifics and intellectual anæsthetics.

An innovation of the Gary System that has aroused bitter discussion is the church or home period. During the forty minutes of this period, the child may report home for the purpose of helping his parents, or he may spend the time in religious instruction outside the building. Although this opportunity for instructing the children in religious doctrine was and is extended to all religious denominations, the work has been taken up by the Catholic Church only. As a result a tempest has been raised and is still raging. The Church is charged with attempting to gain control of the

school system for its own nefarious schemes. One minister has been so moved as to forget the first principles of truth in his reckless attacks on the Church, and a teacher in Public School No. 45, who has been most unjustly accused of attempting to proselytize among the Italian children, has received marked copies of the *Menace* and abusive anonymous letters.

It is a question whether this arrangement is worth its price. Under it only the child who volunteers is permitted to attend these classes. The child who really needs the training, the delinquent, is not compelled to attend and the work defeats itself. Rather than be concerned with an arrangement of such doubtful value, the Catholic should strive all the harder to build his own schools, where instruction in religion can be given adequately and where sanity of mind still prevails.

The Gary System is wildly extravagant in every way. The cost of equipping the schools will be very great. The cost to the child will be greater. We have entered an era of wild speculation and experiment in education. Our modern educators have lost sight of the idea that character is formed by conquering obstacles. Any system that is "hard" or difficult, which does not appeal to the child, has been relegated to the scrap heap as narrow, inhibiting and repressive. As a result, we are bringing up a generation of untrained, characterless children, who are kept from realizing the greatest secret of life—the meaning and value of work.

The Gary System is the strongest plea yet made for the return to the simplicity of the old red schoolhouse, when the boy knew nothing of pottery or sculpturing but a great deal of 'rithmetic and spelling and reading. It is the most telling argument yet made for the tracing of our steps back to the time when the child was made to know that tasks had to be done thoroughly and well—even though disagreeable to the doer. Never in the history of education was there more urgent need for us to harken back to wholesome and simple principles. Unless we do make that return, we will sow a whirlwind which our children must reap.

As I left Public School No. 45, with its great Gary System, I put my hand to my mouth to hide a smile. But then I thought of poor little Dominic and Louisa and Maria who must face the bitter struggle of life and the smile faded away. And the other children—But what is the welfare of the child compared with the success of a great, new, wonderful System?

TRANSMIGRATION.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THE gray flagged pavement was slippery with dead leaves and the old woman, who shuffled along under the lessening shadows, just saved herself from falling by clutching at a tree box with such violence that some of the splintered wood forced itself into the hard flesh of her palm. But she gave no heed to the slight pain. Her whole journey into this unaccustomed neighborhood was an adventure; the possibility of breaking her brittle bones was but one peril, a slight one, compared to the purpose that had brought her here.

She wondered vaguely why all the houses around her seemed so vacant. No children played upon the doorsteps, no eager faces peered from behind the muffling curtains. Did rich people take no interest in the gratuitous entertainments of the street? In her world, not many squares away, doorsteps were gay gathering grounds where organ grinders elicited a ready sympathy for their intoxicating melodies, where the hoky-poky man, in his spattered white uniform, was received with shouts of joy—a prince of unparalleled munificence if he should, by any chance, dab a bit of his frozen confection into a square of paper and give it to a penniless child who hovered around her solvent friends in hopes of a proffered bite.

Then there was the Italian vendor of fruit, whose embryo English the children mocked with such glee; there was the patrol wagon and the exciting uncertainty as to which neighbor was "beatin' the life outer of his wife;" there were peddlers with their mysterious packs carefully covered with oil cloth to attract the curious; there were fire engines nearly every day; weddings and funerals where joys and griefs were undeterred by the rigidities of convention. These unencumbered streets might be considered desirable, but no one could deny their dullness. And they had other disadvantages, for the gilt numbers on every door confused the woman's dim mathematical sense, and she had to stop to ponder over each one before she was quite sure that she had reached the stupendous sum of 4306.

The house was the most conspicuous one on the block, a low carefully trimmed privet hedge divided it from the street, and a high

brick wall, on either side of the garden, separated it from its neighbors. The woman passed up the short concrete walk, hesitated for a moment as she surveyed the basement entrance, and then with a strange determined light in her tired eyes she walked boldly up the stone steps and rang the bell. A fair-haired boy of seventeen half opened the door and surveyed the figure on the steps doubtfully.

"I want to see Mr. Thompson," the woman said.

"He is not at home."

"Do you mean he's out drivin' that red devil automobile of his or is he upstairs *afraid* to come down?"

An impatient frown puckered the boy's smooth forehead.

"I told you he was not at home," he answered again.

"Then I want to see the house," said the woman puffing into the vestibule, "I want to see the furniture that Jim Thompson bought with other people's money. I've got the right. I helped to buy it. I want to come in."

The boy at the door seemed inclined to refuse her admittance, when a child's voice from somewhere in the shadowy hallway called out half laughing:

"Let her come in, Ted. Open the door and let her come in."

The boy moved aside to allow the woman to enter, and then shut the heavy glass door with a bang.

"Don't look for a job as a butler, Ted, for you would be discharged the first day," said the same voice, and a slender girl of twelve came forward. She wore a long gingham apron over her short skirt, and a little smudge of flour on her tilted nose seemed to prove that she had just emerged from the kitchen. "How-do-you-do," she said with old-fashioned politeness. "Did you want to buy some furniture? Everything is for sale. Curtains and rugs and pictures and everything. It's so awfully sad I—I would like to sit down and cry."

"Please don't," entreated Ted crossly, "I hate girls that cry."

"Cryin' ain't goin' to mend matters," said the strange woman who stood blinking her eyes to accustom them to the semi-darkness after the glare of the sun outside. "Are—are you a Thompson?"

"I'm nobody," answered the child, and with a little jump she perched on the carved hall table and swung her thin legs in the air; "that's what mother said last night. She took me in her arms and said: 'Oh, if we were only somebody with money to help but we are nobodies, *nobodies.*'"

"Hm," grunted the woman. The climax of her adventure had robbed her of speech; she had come in vindictive mood to vent her wrath on somebody, and she found only an appealing child who wanted to "cry."

"Then—then you can't be one of the creditors?" she said at last.

"No," answered the child, half apologetically, and she pushed back her long straight hair from her forehead, "but maybe Ted is."

"Then, p'raps, you can understand why I'm here," and the woman turned hopefully to Ted. "I'm one of the creditors, too. I've washed and scrubbed, and the Lord only knows what I ain't done in skimpin' and savin', and now I ain't got one cent for my old age, and I did calculate on gettin' some fixin's for the house this month, for my son's wife is comin' and she ain't used to sleepin' on shucks."

The boy, Ted, lighted a cigarette with careless unconcern, and remarked dryly:

"You have the worthy example of Margery Daw."

"Don't know her," said the woman curtly.

"Oh, don't mind, Ted," said the child beseechingly. "Boys are always hateful. Margery Daw is a Mother Goose rhyme. Don't you remember:

'See saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed and lay on straw?'

Ted is just trying to be funny. He feels dreadfully, *dreadfully.*"

"He don't act it. Boy's ain't got no feelings any way. Who is he?"

"He's Ted Hargrove, Mr. Thompson's nephew. He lives here."

The woman laughed unpleasantly. "He does, does he? Then I reckon he's feathered his nest pretty soft along of his uncle."

The boy's face flamed with sudden anger. "Shut up," he cried, "you doddering old idiot, you don't know what you are talking about. My uncle is going to sell everything, *everything.* The estate will pay dollar for dollar if you'll only have a little patience."

"It will be eat up by the lawyers and the court," said the woman as if she were repeating a reiterated phrase of her neighborhood. "I ain't the only one that's suffered, there's hundreds of them—Nan Wiggins has gone to the poorhouse; John Alden has had to go to live with his daughter-in-law, and he said he'd a heap rather go to h——; Rosa Boniface has gone to the bad outright; Jake Crimmin's babies and wife ain't had anything to eat for two mortal days. Lord save us! I don't see how he could live with all this silk hanging to his inside doors when Jane South's baby, just come, ain't got anything on earth to wear—naked as the day it was born."

"Oh! oh!" said the girl, and there were tears in her voice. "He didn't mean to do so much harm. Indeed, indeed he didn't."

"I ain't studyin' what he meant to do. I'm tellin' you what he done. When folks put money in his hands, why didn't he keep it there, or leastways why didn't he put it in a drawer or safe or something, seein' it was unhandy to tote it around?"

"But how could he pay interest if he didn't invest the money? My arithmetic says you have to lend money if you want interest."

"It wasn't his," said the woman, and this fact seemed to preclude all argument. "There's others that needed the money more than he did."

"There was a run on him."

"Of course there was, and the folks that ran might as well have saved their breath for there wasn't nothing there."

"But he will sell everything he has, and then he will have lots of money."

"He won't have enough," said the woman dismally. "There ain't no use in arguin' or stayin' here I reckon if Jim Thompson ain't home. Folks said some of the chairs in the parlor was made of solid gold, and I just wanted to prove it."

"Then walk in and chip them," said Ted, maliciously, and he swept the portière aside. "The more they are chipped the less money they'll bring. Perhaps the neighbors would be interested to know that everything in here is to be sold at auction as soon as the appraisers have permitted us to move. Tell the neighbors that Miss Polly Maxen is doing the cooking, and that I am taking care of the horses."

The woman walked uneasily on the heavy Oriental rugs, and approached a gilt chair that stood in front of the fireplace. Stooping she put her teeth in the high carved back.

"It's only gilded wood after all," she said spitting the bit of gilt on her hands. "I'll tell Eliza Watts she's wrong as often as she's right."

"I wish you would tell her immediately," said Ted. "If it would accelerate your deliberate actions, I might even give you a car-ticket."

"Oh, I'm going fast enough. I don't want any of your money or any of your sass either. I know I ain't wanted, but I reckon I've got as much right to chip into those chairs as you have."

"More," agreed Ted good humoredly. "I don't want to give my dentist a job digging into chair paint."

"Oh, don't laugh, Ted," cried Polly, "don't laugh, it's all too pitiful."

The woman was moving now with a sort of quiet dignity to the door.

"Good-bye," she said turning to Polly, "you ain't a loser and you ain't a gainer. I reckon it's hard to be friends with both sides."

As she retraced her steps down the garden walk a pony phaëton drew up before the curb, and a young girl jumped lightly to the ground and fairly flew up the steps before Ted had time to shut the door upon the old, retreating figure.

"How do, Ted. Hello, Pollikins. I just want to come in a moment if your cousin Jim isn't anywhere around."

Ted's expression changed to a broad grin of admiration and understanding. "Miss Anne Marbury! I haven't seen you for a week—seems a year. Nobody here but Polly and me. Uncle Jim is out. Don't exactly see why you want to find him *out*."

The girl smiled upon the boy in a radiant way; her teeth were white and even, her whole presence seemed to possess an illuminating quality; her skin, eyes, hair were of that brilliant beauty that cosmetics struggle to imitate.

"Well, this is one of the few times," her voice fell to a confiding tone. "Aunt didn't want me to come; she said it wasn't quite 'conventional,' but aunt is such a prig. I'm sure you and Polly are chaperons for anybody. Where are all the servants?"

"Gone."

"Gone where?"

"The Lord only knows," answered Ted. "We didn't have any money to pay them. They've gone to hunt jobs, I guess."

The girl looked dismayed. "Servants are so ungrateful. I should think a few of them would have stayed."

"But we couldn't feed them," said Polly practically. "There were ten of them, and it costs a lot of money to feed that many people. Cousin Jim told them to go."

"So Polly came over this morning to do the cooking."

"You, Polly!" exclaimed Miss Anne, "and what do you know about cooking?"

"Lots," said the child. "I've been to cooking school, and mother has taught me to make all kinds of dishes out of left-overs. Mother was afraid Cousin Jim and Ted wouldn't think about dinner for themselves, so she sent me over to see about it. You see the servants didn't leave until this morning. I was glad to see that old red-headed cook go. I never dared go in the kitchen when she was around, and it's a beautiful kitchen—all white tiles. Come on down and see."

"Oh, no, I haven't time, besides I hate kitchens, all kinds of raw things, muddy potatoes and cabbages and chickens with their heads and claws and—and insides."

Polly looked amazed. "Hearts and gizzards and livers are good to eat," she said solemnly. "They called them great delicacies at the cooking school."

"Well, you see I never went to cooking school; chickens' hearts don't interest me, they ought not to have them, no one ought to have them. They—they are a troublesome addition to one's anatomy."

"Well, I don't know about that," said Ted slowly. "You and

Uncle Jim ought to be some authority. Is this bust up in business going to stop the wedding?"

"Don't, don't talk about the wedding, Ted. I tell you my heart is broken. There's been so much publicity about the engagement; Jim was so prominent in a business way, and his family have lived here so long. Oh, it's terrible; I can't be dragged into it. I want you to help me out, Ted; that's the reason I came this afternoon. You go upstairs to your uncle's bedroom and get my picture, all the pictures that he has of me, and I'll get the big photograph in the library. I'm afraid of the newspaper men; they will publish it as 'The Bankrupt's Future Bride,' or some such melodramatic story. I'm sure I had nothing to do with Jim's losing his money, but I may be blamed in some way. Women always are. I don't want a single photograph of mine left in this house."

"Cousin Jim will feel so sad when he finds them gone," said Polly. "Why don't you ask him to hide them away?"

"He won't remember. Besides I want them back."

The child looked at her steadily. "Then you are not going to marry him?" she said.

The brilliant eyes blazed angrily. "You're an impudent little girl, Polly. I'm sure your mother never taught you to ask questions. Run away to the kitchen and finish your cooking. I'm going to the library for a moment, and then I'm going home."

The little figure on the hall table quivered from the unexpected rebuke. Heretofore the older girl had seemed to be the fairy princess of her dreams, but princesses in books were always kind and now—Polly showed no signs of obeying orders. She leaned her head against the tapestried wall, and closed her eyes to shut out the sudden mistiness that seemed to have gathered in the hall. Her child world seemed to have tumbled into as many pieces as a picture puzzle, and she wondered if she could ever put it together again.

Chapter II.

Mrs. Maxen was a widow, and the large fortune of her girlhood had dwindled, until there was nothing left but her old home and a diminutive annuity. The small garden, carefully fenced with pointed white palings, was but a remnant of the once wide spreading plantation which had stretched across the fertile valley to the stunted hills beyond. Some of the oldest inhabitants argued that the original royal grant given to General Augustus Canfield heeded no undulations of ground, but passed boldly into the next county. But these misty impressions did not count in the busy city across the hills, and when the last of the

Canfields, at the sensible age of thirty-five, saw fit to marry a Maxen, all boundary lines seemed to lose their vague distinction. For Hiram Maxen was a weak, colorless little man with no claim to blue blood or its more important visible possessions. Marie Canfield's world wondered why she had ever married him. Those close to her realized dimly that, like many another strong woman, the maternal instinct dominated every other passionate impulse, and that he was lovable in his clinging incapacity. But when he died a few years after their first child was born, condolences were offered in suppressed congratulatory tones, and as soon as the funeral was safely over her friends seemed to hover around her with warmer affection and added force, as if they were determined to lift her to the social niche which she had temporarily vacated, for Marie Canfield, alone, had always been a personage. Her great wealth had made most of her desires, actualities, and had also fostered her independence of spirit, but her impulses were always kind; her beauty had brought her that rare charm of self-confidence that is free from both vanity and conceit. Like a child who has experienced nothing but loving care, she accepted admiration as she accepted the other harmonies in her life, but later on the fulsome flattery of her lovers worried her. Young as she was she was so far from being an egotist that she was more interested in others than she was in herself; this unexpressed attitude of mind was felt, even when it was not exactly understood, by the many men who proposed marriage to her. In the bitterness of their disappointment they accused her of coquetry and deceit; they did not realize, even then, that her casual acquaintances could elicit almost the same interest, and that the interest would be genuine. As she grew older she became the repository for the secrets and sorrows of her neighborhood. Her own griefs and losses had left her sympathetic, tolerant, unafraid.

This afternoon Mrs. Maxen was alone in what she still termed her "morning room." In the old days it had been used only for breakfasting, but the great dining hall, built in a time of uncalculating hospitality, was dismally big now that dinner parties were unattainable luxuries; the vacant chairs, grouped around the dulled mahogany table, seemed waiting for ghostly guests. One day Mrs. Maxen had quietly closed the door and said to Polly:

"We won't use this room any more, Polly dear, until, perhaps, your wedding day."

And indeed the morning room was far more cheerful, for the shabby furniture was covered in gay chintz, a crackling wood fire burned upon the brass andirons, lighting up the portrait of some prosperous ancestress who had chosen no lesser hand than Romney's own to immortalize her beauty and her grace. The picture was a remarkable one, so full of life that the high bred lady looked as if caught in the

agile and dangerous act of stepping off the mantelpiece, while she held back her voluminous skirt made of the finest quality of satin. Such an amount of material required for this ancient mantuamaking seemed a positive affront to her threadbare posterity.

Some such thought was filling Mrs. Maxen's mind when the door bell suddenly jangled along its sagging wire, and she roused herself to call out: "Jezabel, Jezabel, there is someone at the front door."

Jezabel, a small black pickaninny with her wool wrapped until it stood upright, came reluctantly from the kitchen where she had been busily engaged with the rag-bag making clothes for the maltese kitten. There were dishes to wash and knives to scour, but Jezabel had forgotten these superfluous duties in her eagerness to create patterns superior to Miss Polly's. Now judgment would descend upon her for in spite of her frantic efforts to restrain it, the kitten bounded by her, arrayed in a pink percale jacket and one red flannel pants' leg. But Mrs. Maxen only smiled as the kitten snuggled down upon the hearth rug.

"Go to the door, Jezabel; I have told you so often that it is not polite to keep people standing on the door step."

And Jezabel, breathing a sigh of relief, sidled out of the door, casting a last look of admiration at her handiwork. She was back again in a moment, followed by a big man in a long automobile coat, and while she was announcing "Mr. Jim Thompson," with some show of formal training, the visitor had picked Mrs. Maxen up in his arms and kissed her several times.

"Glad to see me?" he asked wistfully. "Now tell the truth are you glad to see me?"

"Oh, indeed, indeed I am," she said returning his embrace. "I've been longing to see you all these days."

"It's good to get such a welcome," he said gratefully. "When a man's down and out, the world does not welcome him with open arms, except, perhaps, the sheriff. What's that ridiculous thing on the cat?"

"Clothes."

"Heavens! I thought that was one of the advantages of being a cat."

"What?"

"That clothes could be eliminated. You see elimination is my business at present, if I am not eliminated myself in the process."

"Now, Jim, don't make it worse than it is."

"I couldn't," he said sinking down in one of the deep-cushioned chairs. "It's so bad I can't make it worse."

"Nothing is so bad it couldn't be worse. That's a platitude, but there are no new truths in tragedy."

He stretched out his long legs toward the fire. "Are you surprised to see me?" he asked.

"A little."

"I thought it was a good sign my coming."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, you know if I had done anything to be ashamed of, anything positively dishonest I mean, I wouldn't have come. The Lord knows I am ashamed of myself for getting in such a cursed hole, but I'm not a fit subject for jail, though I've been threatened with bars and stripes half a dozen times to-day. I came to see you to talk things over like I used to do when I was a boy. I just want to talk, to hear my own point of view, to feel how it effects an audience."

There was a certain desperation about his manner that almost frightened her, something that made her feel her remoteness, as if she had intruded into the place of his mother, she who had only a distant claim to his kinship.

"I wish your own dear mother were here to help," she said longingly. "She was so gentle, so high in her ideals, so holy, while your father might have been her complement had she lived but—"

"Oh, I know, you needn't hesitate to finish the family history. The old gentleman was broken-hearted, and sought solace in whiskey, and then he fell to gambling and dissipating every way. Some say he even paid court to some women he wouldn't have acknowledged half good enough to tie my mother's boot laces. He was a plunger. He might have had some good in him once, but my recollection of him was not of that kind."

"Oh, Jim, don't speak so disrespectfully of the dead. He truly loved you. He left you a fortune."

"A mere chance. If he had lived a day longer he meant to invest in certain stocks—I've forgotten just what they were—but they had the bottom knocked out of them the same week."

"Oh, Jim."

"Oh, I know it sounds a bit hard to say it all," he went on, and his fingers played nervously with the fringe of an old-fashioned tidy that covered the arm of his chair, "I'm bitter. He left me no reputation, and because I had none, the building up of one has been the greatest ambition of my life. I wanted respect and confidence, and I wanted it from the poor people, the people that are the backbone of the country. I had political aspirations. I wanted popularity and affection and praise and confidence. After all it's confidence that counts, and I got it. You know I got it. Why the poor people of this town have banked with me. They've come to me with the pennies they have worked day and night to gather together. Widows and orphans and old maids have given me their all, so sure of me and my methods that half the time they didn't ask for security. God knows I tried to give it to them, but I suppose I lost my business judgment,

or at least that's what the most charitable are saying about me. I held on hoping for some sort of a windfall to save me. I was a fool!"

"And now?"

"Now I am a bankrupt, a robber, a knave, a fit subject for breaking stones on the highway."

"Don't, Jim!"

"I'm merely quoting the papers. Such appellations don't make a man any better, or worse."

"They sometimes make him better."

He came close to her and rested his head on the back of her chair.

"Preach to me, Cousin Marie, I believe that's what I need, for it's only the best side of me that ever calls upon you. The worst side is as hard as nails, it cares only for itself, it's indifferent to the poor people who have trusted me, it's selfish, grasping, dishonest and as wildly improvident as the old gentleman."

She lifted her blue-veined hand and smoothed his heavy hair. "I don't think you want preaching to-day. You said you only wanted to talk."

"And I've made you the victim. Did you ever stop to consider how few people in the world one can really talk to?"

"I have Polly."

"Polly is such a child."

"But I often confide in her. I hate to think that she will soon be a woman."

"Well it's hard for me to realize, for it seems just the other day that she was a baby. I'm sure she could scream louder than any other baby in this town. I remember being conscious of my courage the day I wheeled her to the depot to meet you—the day the nurse went off on a spree. I believe I was always weak-kneed! I was afraid the boys would make fun of me. Now I am afraid of the world."

He got up and began to pace up and down. The mirror that hung between the two front windows caught his image now and then. The room shook slightly. He seemed so out of proportion to its size. He bit at his yellow moustache as if it worried him. Mrs. Maxen felt that all the conversation that had gone before was but a ruse to gain time. What was the real object of his visit? In late years she had grown suspicious of him, he had drifted so far away from the flickering idealism of his boyhood; he seemed lost to her in selfish money getting and material pleasure. Even his ambition appeared solely selfish. At times she had blamed herself for her lack of faith in him, for she had loved his mother. Did this son inherit none of his mother's gentle traits? Now, as she watched him in his restlessness, she began to dread that rightful inheritance which was part timidity, and an inconsistent hope was born in her heart that the

old gentleman's bravado and disregard of public opinion would counteract the mother's gentle tendencies in the son.

After a long silence he began again: "I told you that I came today to talk, not because I wanted advice or anything. I don't care if you don't speak to me. I just want to talk it out to myself, somehow to get my bearings. I don't care so much for the loss of my money. Sometimes I've been tempted to give it up, and go live in a dog house and eat dog biscuit, I was so tired of everything. I've owned a yacht—owned a little bit of everything. I've traveled from one end of the world to the other; I've seen midnight suns and tigery jungles and all sorts of half-way civilizations. I've danced and gambled and hunted and fished; I've climbed mountains and explored caves and catacombs; I've even been shipwrecked. I don't believe I should mind poverty; it would be a new sensation, but the disgrace! I tell you I can't stand the disgrace. I'm tired of life anyhow; too tired to stand up against the invectives that are being hurled at me daily. A little dose, a small white pill—let us say, and all is over. Poison and heart failure are close akin."

There was a finality about his light tone that chilled her, and there was a drawn haggardness about his face that marked the hold of his conclusion. Her bright eyes widened with terror in her uncertainty how to appeal to him. She knew that he had drifted away from the faith of his boyhood; his religious ideas had grown vague and problematic. She must find some other way. With a calm that she had commanded in great emergencies through a lifetime, she slipped her arm through his and led him to the mirror.

"Look there, Jim," she said gently, "what do you see?"

It was a woman's trick. He wondered at her meaning.

"A beautiful lady," he answered, "and a great hulking beast; a man for whom I have a great dislike at present."

"Well you are not good looking," she went on striving to gain time, "your nose and mouth are too big and your hair and moustache too sandy and your eyes are green, there is no denying that; but look at your hands, Jim, so big, so strong, so capable. Think what hands like those mean to a man, just the brawn of them, the strength of them. How they would have counted with our forefathers in their primitive needs when they were building a world for our inheritance. Are you going to lie down and acknowledge yourself a failure with hands like those? I'm not appealing to your conscience, Jim, or your intelligence. God only knows how far you have fallen from all the best that was once yours. But when you were a boy, Jim, it was always the story of the giant that attracted you. You longed for physical power, length of limb, knotted muscles, and now that you have them, are you willing to acknowledge your own powerlessness to

support your own body? Your first thought is a deadly selfish one. No one exists as a unit in the world. Your failure, as you call it, has heaped responsibilities on you. If people are suffering through your lack of judgment, you've got to live for them. You're got to make good. It sickens me to hear you talk of suicide. You said it half laughing, but I know you have been actually considering it as the easiest way out. I'm not a saint, and the first thought that comes to my mind is not the fact of your going before the judgment seat of God with the taint of your own blood on your soul, but it's *shame* for you that you are willing to give up. Just go back to the primal fact of your body, Jim. Look at it, Jim. Are you going to render a big machine like that powerless because your spirit, the immortal part of you, is so puny that it can't hold the body up? You talk of the 'old gentleman' scornfully, but he wasn't a coward. If I had a son I would rather see him go to the penitentiary than prove himself a weakling, a shirker, afraid of a world that is full of God's abundance. Look at your shoulders, Jim, they were built for bearing burdens. Now that there is a hundred times more reason for your living, you sink down—God have mercy—"

He put his arm about her. "What fire! What eloquence!" he said smiling, but there were boyish tears in his eyes. "Perhaps, perhaps you could suggest a graceful way of picking up my pack."

"I knew you would," she said and the mirror reflected her look of relief. "I don't know anything about business, dear, so I don't know how to suggest, but it's the poor I'm thinking of. They should be helped first. I leave the way to you."

"The poor," he repeated, like a numbed man slowly coming back to familiar things.

"To live for them, to live all over again. It is so easy for one so young to begin to live again."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MANNERS AND RELIGION.

BY T. J. BRENNAN, S.T.L.

HAVE looked up the word " manners " in dictionaries and encyclopædias, and was very much surprised at the scanty treatment it received. The dictionaries dismiss it with a little etymology and a few definitions. The encyclopædias scarcely discuss it at all. Perhaps the subject is too generic, too elusive for systematic treatment; or perhaps the compilers of such works considered it could not be treated without sermonizing, and sermonizing is not in their line. Anyhow the word represents an untouched field, and he who will enter therein must be a guide unto himself. There are no dates, no names, no divisions or sub-divisions; darkness is over the face of the deep.

And yet manners are very important. They make or mar us in society; they help or hurt us in business; they are set for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel. They may have come to us as an inheritance, or may have been acquired by long training and self-discipline. It does not matter. No one asks how we came by them; but everyone recognizes their presence, and does honor to the possessor. It is the same as to their absence; be it due to lack of opportunity, self-debasement or brutalizing environment; in this case also no questions are asked; the unfortunate victim is relegated to the class of brute or boor, from whom no favors are asked, and to whom few are given.

Manners being, generally speaking, a human acquisition, developed by natural efforts, and cultivated for natural ends, we should expect that they would have nothing to do with the supernatural; that their absence or presence would be a matter of indifference to religion. Manners can certainly exist without religion; for they are a valuable human asset, a coin of the social realm, stamped with the image and inscription of Cæsar; and rank with education, influence and money as social factors of the first importance. Hence they may be and are cultivated for exclusively human motives. But can religion exist without manners? Are they included in any of the Commandments? Are they prescribed or supposed as a part of our fulfillment of the Divine Law? To this we shall address ourselves in the remainder of the present paper.

Just here comes the necessity of a definition; that we may

know whereof we speak. But as we said before, manners are hard to define, or if we do define, the definition simply taxes the memory without helping the imagination. They are like many other important factors, such as health, beauty, learning, talent, of which you can tell indeed when they are absent, or when they are present; but to put the ideas involved in words—that is the question. We all know many well-mannered and many ill-mannered people; but an analysis of the difference would overtax our literary skill. Hence, I conclude it is better to go ahead as we are, without trying to express the inexpressible; feeling that our concepts agree in the main and that an analysis would result in nothing more than a few obvious generalities. The question is about the relation between manners and religion. I have just said that manners can exist without religion. But can religion—pure and undefiled—exist without manners?

Here again comes in the need for another definition. What do you mean by religion? And here also I shall dodge the issue by refusing to define. But in this case with more show of reason. For religion has come to us, not in the form of definitions, but rather in the form of a Man, the Man-God. All questions about religion may be answered by considering Him; all persons are religious only in proportion to their nearness to Him. All the elements and essentials of religion are there, "in loveliness of perfect deeds, more grand than all poetic thought." The relation, therefore, of manners to religion may be answered by looking at Jesus Christ in His acts and in His words.

We do not like to ask bluntly, "Was Jesus well-mannered?" for it seems to border on blasphemy. We cannot imagine Him otherwise; we may be sure He never *was* otherwise. Of course there is no direct reference to His manner; simply because being so great in word and work, His manners seemed too small a thing to notice. It would be like asking about the grammar in Hamlet, or about the number of stitches in the Bayeux tapestry. But just as these masterpieces may be studied with profit by those interested simply in material details; so with all reverence may we scrutinize the Word made Flesh from such a seemingly worldly standpoint as that of "manners." And the scrutiny, far from being unprofitable, will broaden our admiration and deepen our love, for it will show us how the Divine Master attended even to the little details. The only difficulty is to summarize these details: to note even a small proportion of the gracious acts and ways that made up His Code of Conduct towards His fellowmen.

I think that a primary—shall I say *the* primary element—in manners is *modesty,* that virtue by which the great are great without being arrogant; by which the good are good without sounding their deeds on a trumpet. Who was ever so great or did so many good deeds as Jesus? But His greatness sat on Him as the sunshine rests on a hillside: His good deeds went out from Him as the odor comes from the rose. His office hours ran from sunrise to sunrise, and His reception-room was the highways of the city and the country. He had no publicity agent or campaign manager, or official biographer; when recognition was proffered, He hid Himself in the mountains; when He had done one of His greatest miracles He said, "See that thou tell no man." He did not obtrude either His prayer or fasting on the public, but went abroad, leaving no studied indications of the self-denial He bore for our sakes.

Another element of good manners is the power of making yourself at home among all classes, and making all classes feel at home with you—but without loss of dignity on the one side or the other. This is based on the fundamental equality of men. The pompous man is consumed with the idea of his own superiority; the fastidious man exaggerates the value of rules and formulas. The true gentleman sits down among publicans and sinners, forgetting accidental differences under the influence of the common bond of humanity. So it was with Jesus. He belies the old adage, "A man is known by his company." For, the truth is, a man is *not* known by his company, but his manner of acting *with* his company. Jesus was a consorter with wine-bibbers and sinners, but He was never convicted either of drunkenness or sin. He talks theology with the Master in Israel; He quotes the law and the prophets among the Scribes; He speaks simple and homely parables to the peasantry. Hence the results: the little children crowd around His knees; the common people hear Him gladly; the Samaritan woman speaks of Him in glowing words to her fellow townspeople; the woman who was a sinner anoints His feet with ointment and kisses them; the Beloved Disciple leans on His bosom at table; even the "son of perdition" knows he will not be rudely repulsed when he approaches with the traitorous kiss. Thus *to* everybody and *with* everybody, He was always at home; always drawing nigh unto His fellowmen, and willing that all should draw nigh unto Him. How many, like the two on the way to Emmaus, must have said at the close of an interview with Him: "Did not our hearts burn within us as He spoke to us."

A third element of manners is thoughtfulness for the ease and comfort and happiness of others. This, in fact, is the principal source, the determining factor in manners. Whether I like it or not, I am my brother's keeper. I have received freely, and I must give freely. My life is as the road from Jerusalem to Jericho; I must not have my eyes so fixed on my journey's end as to pass by unnoticing the wounded stranger by the way. I may not be able to do much, but I can do a little by word or act to show that I have that touch of nature that makes the whole world akin. How thoughtful Jesus was! Does it not seem strange that at the beginning of His ministry He should have accepted an invitation to a wedding feast? Some relative of His Mother, perhaps, that wished to honor himself as much as Jesus by having such a distinguished guest. Was it not equally thoughtful to be so instant in kindness when the wine failed? How considerate it was of Him in the desert, when, looking over the tired multitude, He asked, "Whence shall we buy bread that these may eat?" And that other little touch, when He whispered to the Apostles, "Make the men sit down." How kindly those mothers must have felt towards Him, when, having sought in vain from the Apostles' admission for themselves and their little ones, they heard His voice clear and emphatic: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." How severely He reprimanded the Pharisee because, even though only in thought, He criticized His kindness to a repentant sinner. How emphatically He censured the hypocrites when they roughly pushed into His presence the woman taken in adultery. Quick to utter the comforting word, He was equally quick to reprimand rudeness. Ever ready Himself to lighten the burden of others, He received with grateful heart and with words of thanks whatever was offered in the spirit of love. Surely the penitent thief on the Cross must have been struck with the promptness of the answer to his request; "Amen, I say to thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise."

One more element of manners we shall note, namely, that manners consist in the observance, not of the letter, but of the spirit. In this, as in other matters, the letter often killeth. Manners were made for man, not man for manners. Rules and formulas are good in the abstract; but in the concrete they are often more honored in the breach than in the observance. This was not the idea of the Pharisees; to them the letter covered everything. They were its slaves, when they should be its masters. There was a

vulgar emulation in its literal observance; an equally vulgar emulation in faultfinding. They scrutinized every word and action in the light of their innumerable regulations, as the grammarian parses or scans every word in the Æneid, missing the beauty of the whole in their search for agreements and disagreements. Jesus, while He came not to destroy, but to fulfill, was too big for that. When they "quizzed" Him about the propriety of His disciples' plucking and eating corn on the Sabbath day, He reminded them that this procedure was sanctioned by the example of David, and uttered the great principle: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Another day they found fault because some of the disciples ate with unwashed hands—then He reminded them how their own fault was worse, because leaving the greater things of the law, they had slavishly exaggerated the importance of minor observances. And yet Jesus did not fail to note and to condemn, when, at the banquet, Simon the Pharisee failed to give him the honors equally accorded to a visitor. Whatever was omitted through the stress of circumstances, He would excuse; whatever was denied through meanness, He condemned because of the meanness. He had no objection to making clean the outside of the cup, nor to eating with washed hands; but what He did object to was that this clean exterior should cover nothing but rapine and filthiness.

Such was Jesus in His life—modest and retiring; at ease among all classes, and making all feel at home in His company; thoughtful for the comfort of His fellowmen; broad and liberal in His interpretation of the code of social and religious observance. And all this was not merely for the sake of policy; it was but the outer manifestation of the truth and beauty that was in Him; it was the putting into action of some of the great principles He announced during His life. One of these was: "As you would that men do unto you, do you also to them in like manner." In the field of etiquette this is the law and the prophets; every sin against good manners is a sin against the Golden Rule; and every manual on "How to Behave" is but its application to social intercourse.

Another principle is: "If you love them that love you what reward shall you have? Do not even the publicans this? And if you salute your brethren only, what do you more? Do not also the heathens this?" Manners are not merely for our own family, or our own set; they are for all our fellowmen even if arrayed in battle against us. Still another principle is this—it

was occasioned by a vulgar scramble for the first seats—"When thou art invited to a wedding, sit not down in the first place, lest perhaps one more honorable than thou be invited by him; and he that invited thee and him, come and say to thee: 'Give this man place;' and then thou begin with shame to take the lowest place. But when thou art invited, go sit down in the lowest place, that when he who invited thee cometh, he may say to thee, 'Friend go up higher.'" Modesty in assuming our places or asserting our rights is not over-abundant in these our days; "first come, first served" seems to be the rule; and very often the aged or the deserving have to be content with the position of "strap-hangers."

Thus, Jesus was the Perfect Gentleman, and the New Testament is the greatest Manual of Manners ever written. And thus have we answered the question: "Can religion exist without manners?" Manners are to morals what style is to thought. Great ideas are vitiated by a poor style, and good morals lose half their force by being associated with bad manners. And just as the poor style is not necessarily ungrammatical, so bad manners are not necessarily sins. But they turn away our attention from the substantial virtues that may lie hidden within. We may be good Christians even with bad manners; but as a social and religious force we lose half our efficiency. Manners are one of the greatest weapons in the hands of men; but there is no reason why the Children of Light should not be experts in their use, as well as the children of this world.

Hence, in the family, in the school, and in the church, the importance of good manners should receive emphasis. The Church has developed a wonderful system of rubrics to regulate the administration of the sacraments. Now, manners are the rubrics of social intercourse, and if we regard social intercourse as a gift of God, then good manners are a divine obligation. A man may be, technically speaking, a practical Catholic; but, if he is boorish or unsocial, who is going to profit by the Faith that is in him? Tertullian says that a Christian is another Christ. But whatever our claims to such a title, we can never aspire to be considered such if we are boorish, or cranky, or uncivil, in our social dealings; if we are unthoughtful of the comforts and happiness of others; if our religion does not show itself in courtesy and refinement and joy, making our friends glad to see us, as the disciples were glad when they saw the Lord.

New Books.

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By John Lingard, D.D., and Hilaire Belloc, B.A. Eleven Volumes. New York: The Catholic Publication Society of America. $2.50 per volume.

This new edition has been welcomed with widespread interest. It links the names of John Lingard, father of modern English history, with that of Hilaire Belloc, one of the most brilliant historical writers of the present day. Lovers of Lingard and admirers of Belloc cannot help coming to this work with a keen anticipation of the delights in store for them. At the outset, however, the reader and the buyer must in justice be put on their guard. We have here eleven volumes, having on their title-pages the names of Lingard and Belloc. In the first ten of these volumes, Mr. Belloc has written nothing. They are simply a reprint of the fifth and best edition of 1850. There is no warning to the reader, who finds the old familiar title of the work changed, that here is no scholarly re-edition of one of the great English classics. A short introduction of a hundred-odd words by Cardinal Gibbons is unfortunately made polemical by the use of large type in three places. Mr. Belloc has given no preface, no explanation, no introduction of his own. Even the preliminary notice of the 1850 edition is printed just as it stood over a half-century ago. And what is all the more striking in a work that claims to be a new edition, the old index of the 1850 edition is printed at the end of volume ten. Granting that this edition was out of print, and that a younger generation of scholars had to look for the work mostly in the larger libraries, there seems no justification for Mr. Belloc or his publishers to mislead the reader.

Mr. Belloc's contribution to the new edition is the eleventh volume, in which he takes up the story of the English nation where Lingard laid it down—the accession of William and Mary, and continues it down to the death of Edward VII., in 1910. This volume cannot be called a continuation of Lingard's work. Everything in it is different. It is a different voice speaking to us, and speaking almost a different language from the painstaking scholar of Hornby parish in Lancashire. The volume is, indeed, a clever presentation of English history during these years (1688-1910), and is written

in Belloc's best style. But there is no similarity between it and Lingard's work. Lingard had not the same sweeping vision this young giant of English journalism possesses. He lacks the Belloc versatility, his wide-embracing gesture, and his fascinating military marshaling of fact upon fact like an army set in battle array. Perhaps the real value of this volume is the double introduction to Part One (1689-1815) and to Part Two (1815-1910). In describing the eighteenth century, Mr. Belloc gives us an admirable description of the growth of national development under the oligarchy, which saddled itself upon England from William of Orange's day down to within recent times. His history, therefore, is rather the story of the Prime Ministers than of the Kings of England.

There are many elements in the two centuries he has treated in his volume which have an unusual attraction for a writer with Belloc's training. The Marlborough and Wellington campaigns; the growth of the democratic spirit in England; the solution of the Irish Question; and the gradual extinction of the laws which disfranchised Catholics in the realm—all these subjects he treats with a comprehensive sympathy which prove him a student of wide reading, and a scholar of no weak grasp upon the influences which have fashioned the politics of England the past century or more. Of these questions, the Irish Question, which he has described with all the rich force of his Celtic mind, runs paramount all through the period, fashioning the politics of the day, and carrying in its arms defeat for one party and success for another.

It is a horrible picture he gives us of England's brutality towards Ireland. Scarcely anything more inhuman in those dark days of the famine could be imagined than the avowed attitude of a large section of English opinion. "There were to be found English politicians and English newspapers openly rejoicing in the famine as a means of getting rid of the wretched Irish Papists who had given so much trouble in the past. Cromwell's project of granting Ireland to the English Protestants was openly revived. The most influential of English newspapers spoke enthusiastically of the good time coming when a Catholic Celt would be as rare on the banks of the Liffey as a red man on the banks of the Manhattan. These foolish dreams were soon dissipated, but the language in which they were expressed was remembered in Ireland and is remembered still." No English writer of our times has a more thorough appreciation of the trend of international politics than Belloc, and it is this clear insight which makes his pages alive

with interest. With a power of description few of his contemporaries enjoy, he takes the reader from one difficult problem to another in English history with all the lucidity which has made his other historical works, and especially his lectures, so popular.

This new edition will no doubt arouse a renewed interest in the life and work of John Lingard. At this date it is unnecessary to review his *magnum opus*. It called forth a storm of criticism at its first appearance in 1819, strangely enough from Catholics as well as Protestants. Bishop Milner strongly disapproved it, going so far as to call it a bad book, but in a short while it gathered around itself a host of admirers, who have ever increased down to our own day, and who not only regard it as the standard work on English history, but who see in it a providential force which helped to bring justice to the Catholics of Great Britain and Ireland in 1829.

PRAGMATISM AND THE PROBLEM OF THE IDEA. By Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.

Not least among the merits of Father Driscoll's contributions to philosophy is timeliness. The questions in philosophy which he prefers to discuss are of to-day, the men whose opinions he challenges are living. When he sets his lance in rest he does not charge at tombstones. Accordingly, he is one of those who have made the Neo-Scholastic movement really move; move, that is, not in a closed circle, but in an increasing spiral.

The present volume is an admirable case in point. Pragmatism, Humanism, Voluntarism, Creation, Evolution are the topics; James, Dewey, Royce, Schiller, Bergson the thinkers—philosophers and systems of the present century.

The first three chapters are introductory and expository. Here the author's scholastic training shows itself in that clearness of analysis and exposition which makes of all his words a source of joy and relief to the harrassed student who is battling with the unsteady terminology and easy-going reasoning of much of our modern thought. Further help to clear understanding and general grasp is furnished in a succinct analysis of the whole work, in the manner with which students of his earlier works are already acquainted.

In what may be called the controversial part of the work, Father Driscoll is a courteous and generous foe. He gives the larger space to his adversary, is anxious that the system he is

criticizing shall be thoroughly stated, and, so far as possible, in the words of its defender. When it comes time for attack, he does not dally over trifles. He strikes few blows, but always aims at a vital spot.

Most of the reasoning, as might be expected in a work of this character, is based on facts and principles which belong to psychology and metaphysics. But the author knows how to land the speculations of philosophers with the practical consequences in everyday life, as may be seen in the paragraphs on pages 13, 14 and 15 which he epitomizes as follows: "Empirical Pragmatism harmful: it presents a philosophic basis for the modern Gospel of Success; is subversive of morality; and leads to disastrous consequences."

MAKERS OF MODERN MEDICINE. By James J. Walsh, Ph.D. **THE POPES AND SCIENCE.** By James J. Walsh, Ph.D. New York: Fordham University Press. Each $2.00 net.

It is a pleasure for us to announce the publication of the third edition of Dr. James J. Walsh's well-known work, *Makers of Modern Medicine*. The present edition is entitled, "The Catholic University Edition," and includes a new life of Rudolph Virchow, to whom Dr. Walsh acknowledges a special and enduring indebtedness.

The Fordham University Press has also issued the Notre Dame edition of the same Dr. Walsh's *The Popes and Science*. The edition is well printed and tastefully presented. It contains a number of new appendices which makes readily accessible apologetic information.

ETHICS IN SERVICE. By William Howard Taft, LL.D. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. $1.00 net.

These five lectures of Mr. Taft delivered a year ago before the Senior class of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale, treat of the history of law, legal ethics, the power of the President, and the new democracy of the initiative, referendum and recall. Like all of Mr. Taft's utterances, they are valuable for their suggestiveness and conservatism. In his opinion the present movement for a purer and more direct democracy is clearly an ineffective method of securing wise legislation, good official agents, or even a real expression of the people's will.

Mr. Taft is most outspoken in his denunciation of factionalism in politics, of the eugenic reformers who would arrange marriages as they would breed horses, of those moderns who decry all reticence in matters of sex hygiene, and the reformers who would look upon a prison "as a rest cure or a summer hotel."

JOHN BANNISTER TABB, THE PRIEST-POET. By M. S. Pine. Baltimore: Mundes-Thomsen Press. $1.00.

Just six years after his death, this first memorial in book form to the Rev. John Bannister Tabb, the noted lyric poet, has been brought out by the Georgetown Visitation Academy. Most of Father Tabb's admirers, both at home and abroad, have too long been constrained to draw the picture of their philosopher and friend from sparsely scattered hints in his own writings; they will be glad to find in this little volume sufficient biographical data to enable them to see him somewhat in *propria persona,* although the anecdotal interest is lacking, which his former pupils might desire and expect.

A considerable portion of the book is devoted to copious excerpts from the various collections of lyrics, and to a detailed critical appreciation of their literary form and content, which is at once the fruit of the author's own love of God and nature as seen through the eyes of the priest and poet, and the result of long effort to encourage, through these crystal gems, youth's awakening perception of the beautiful.

The author has been particularly happy in tracing through all the quotations that delicate spirituality which informs all of Father Tabb's serious work—a point of view, essential though it be, which the unguided lay reader would be apt to miss.

Reprints of the eulogy delivered at the funeral by the Rev. D. J. Connor, and of a sermon on the Assumption by Father Tabb, lend the book added value. The proceeds derived from its sale will be devoted to the creation of a memorial scholarship at St. Charles' College, where for thirty-five years Father Tabb consecrated his rare gifts to the preparation of young men for the priesthood.

SKETCHES IN POLAND. By Frances Delanoy Little. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.50 net.

Miss Little, an English artist, has written a most charming volume of impressions on Poland before the Great War. She

journeyed through its principal cities—Cracow, Lwow, Warsaw and Danzig—sketching by the way some of its most characteristic scenes. She mingled freely with every class, and made many friends by her hearty sympathy with sorrowful Poland, oppressed so unjustly by the robber countries who deprived her of the right even to exist. The author hopes that the end of the present war will see Poland again an independent nation.

THE WOOING OF A RECLUSE. By Gregory Marword. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $1.35 net.

This volume is made up of a series of letters from a transplanted Easterner in the wilds of Arizona to a certain "Pandora" of New York, in whom he has more than a brotherly interest—though exceedingly shy in showing it.

The letters contain for the most part long descriptions of the author's detailed, everyday life among the cowpunchers. Many of the scenic effects are full of beautiful color and of vivid word pictures of the outlook from a Far West ranch. Underneath the apparent contentment of a free life in the open, the homesick magnet of the civilized East is always felt.

What encouragement this restrained wooing receives, one is only able to judge from the references to Pandora's letters, and these references are most noncommittal. The corduroyed and flannel-shirted recluse occasionally "drops into poetry," and shows the trend of his poetic taste in both his own compositions and selections from the classics: altogether he seems a serious-minded young man, who is watching the clock until someone shall call him home.

He feels himself drawn alternately toward California and New York, but the reader is glad to find that at the very last minute he decides against California, and goes to say in person what his letters have hidden for so many months.

THE HEART OF A MAN. By Richard A. Maher. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.35 net.

Father Maher's excellent novel first appeared in the pages of *The Ecclesiastical Review,* under the title of *Socialism or Faith.* The story deals with the labor troubles of a small mill town, due to the absolute slavery of the workers to a heartless, unscrupulous mill owner who treats them as machines and not men. The hero is at first attracted towards Socialism as the one remedy of modern industrial evils, but in the long run his faith conquers, especially as

its lessons are driven home by the genial and strong personality of Dean Driscoll.

The characters of John Sargent the mill owner, Jim Lloyd the hero, Fathers Lynch, Huetter and Driscoll are all well drawn, and the description of the strike is most vivid and realistic. There is, however, a little too much speech-making, which mars the artistic effect of the story.

THE BENT TWIG. By Dorothy Canfield. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.35 net.

We have here the story of the influence upon a young woman of her bringing-up, which was of the plain-living and high-thinking order. Its hold upon her is so enduring that although she swings away from it, during a period of vicissitudes and experiences, she makes a final choice of a life that accords with its precepts. The book has a claim to attention in the fact that although its tone is by no means unsophisticated and its philosophy is entirely secular, yet it consistently maintains a note that is wholesome and earnest. The style is fluent and clear; but the interest fluctuates and is not sufficient for the length; it is often lost in the discursive talk about many subjects: there is too much discussion and didacticism. From the literary standpoint, these defects preclude a more distinguished position for the novel than otherwise might be accorded to it.

THE MAGIC OF JEWELS AND CHARMS. By George Frederick Kunz, Ph.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $5.00 net.

A mass of material gathered from the histories, traditions and customs of many lands and peoples is compiled and entertainingly set forth in this book. The pages are crowded with a variety of information, descriptions and anecdotes regarding special stones and the legends and superstitions connected with them. Various forms of belief and practice are also touched on: a chapter is devoted to the consideration of "Angels and Ministers of Grace," and another to the "Religious Use of Various Stones." The product connotes enormous research. Dr. Kunz has gone far afield to collect the substance of this volume—unnecessarily so, in one instance, where greater accuracy could have been obtained by consulting any one of a numerous class of his fellow-citizens; for his version of the virtues, form and usage of the Catholic rosary

concludes with the remarkable statement that "the ten smaller beads serve to numerate the paternosters, while the large bead is passed through the fingers when a credo has been recited."

The book is carefully and beautifully made, and has many illustrations, some in color. The general content is indexed, and the references to authors are given in the numerous foot-notes.

FOUNTAINS OF PAPAL ROME. By Mrs. Charles MacVeagh. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

This special study of a salient feature of Rome is very well done. Mrs. MacVeagh, in her introduction, says: "The fountains of Rome are in themselves title-pages to Roman history," and so they appear, as she describes each, giving an account of it and of whatever Pope commanded its erection. She is well versed in the popular, anecdotal history of the Popes, and quotes it confidently; but her attitude is never hostile or flippant, and she speaks with deep appreciation of the wise philanthropy of the pontiffs whose sympathy for the people led again and again to additions to the waters of the city. She has a keen sense of artistic values, her veneration for her subject is evident, and her literary faculty is such that in her early words on the charm of the Eternal City over the spirits of men, she contrives to say something that sounds fresh and new.

The book's make-up is excellent, and it is well and liberally illustrated.

FRANCE IN DANGER. By Paul Vergnet. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00 net.

This fervid warning was published in France in the autumn of 1913, at a time when Frenchmen were beginning to realize the meaning of that succession of startling incidents connected with Morocco which filled the years immediately preceding. On reading it now when the War has actually come upon France, one is compelled to admire the clear-sighted judgment of a writer whose prophecies, did we not know them to be genuinely such, might be suspected of having been made after the fact. For, with the exception of taking too seriously the loyalty of Italy to the Triple Alliance, M. Vergnet's forecast has been in every essential point borne out by the event. It is well worth reading, though its practical value is, from the nature of the case, considerably less than on its first appearance.

THE PENTECOST OF CALAMITY. By Owen Wister. New York: The Macmillan Co. 50 cents.

It is a stimulating bit of literature that Mr. Wister has given us in this brief record of his personal impressions of the present war. He shows us how the tongues of fire from the mighty wind of calamity have purified and ennobled those whom they have scorched, "the white-hot gleams of the Spirit" finding demonstration in countless glorious deeds and words. What he relates is from his own experience and observation, and is added weight of testimony to the great spiritual awakening that has already brought awe and thanksgiving to the hearts that remained faithful to God during the dark years of indifference and animosity to His Church. He tells us that he has heard Belgians bless the martyrdom of their nation, saying: "Do not talk of our sufferings; talk of our glory. We have found ourselves."

The author's conclusions are all in favor of the Allies, though his tone is calm, and his presentation of the case against Germany is not inspired by prejudice. He has seen and heard much, so much that admiration is due to the discrimination that results in such small compass. The little volume is absorbingly interesting. The effect is of an eyewitness with fine, trained powers of expression, telling just the sort of thing that the thinking, feeling listener wishes most to hear.

ECONOMIC ASPECTS OF THE WAR. By Edwin J. Clapp. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.50 net.

Mr. Clapp, formerly expert adviser of the Port of Boston, and now Professor of Economics in New York University, gives a detailed, unprejudiced account of the economic effects of the war in the United States. He calls attention to Great Britain's modifications of the Declaration of London in the form of Orders in Council, and to the unjust and autocratic proceedings of her prize courts, with the inevitable harmful result upon our neutral rights with regard to imports and exports. It is, in fact, a volume which helps the man in the street to understand the protests our Government has already sent to Great Britain. We have been prevented, he says, from shipping non-contraband to Germany and from receiving any goods from Germany at all, in defiance of our right to enjoy such trade via neutral countries, even if Great Britain were to establish that her blockade of German ports is effective.

In discussing the manufacture of arms for the Allies, our

author states: "That it is to our present commercial and military interest so to continue, and that it is our duty as a neutral to do so." But he suggests that if Great Britain refuse us the right to trade unhindered with Germany and the neutral states of Europe, that we lay an embargo upon the exportation of arms.

TALKS ABOUT POETS AND POETRY. By Rev. J. J. Malone. Melbourne: William P. Linehan. 75 cents.

This is a small volume of appreciative and discriminating criticism, very agreeable to read. It comprises two lectures, on Adam Lindsay Gordon and Henry Kendall respectively, an essay on Oliver Goldsmith and one on "Anthologies of Irish Verse." The author tells us that the lectures were delivered twenty-three years ago, and are now reprinted, in their original form, at the request of some friends, a very fortunate suggestion. It is a pleasure to follow what Father Malone has to say about these two "pioneer poets" of Australia, and the selections that he quotes will create a desire for closer acquaintance in those readers to whom the authors are only names. The two remaining essays are equally illuminating and enjoyable, that on "Anthologies" having a special interest in these days of the Celtic revival, for it is largely a beautiful and fervent exposition of Irish mysticism and the poetry of Irish faith.

THE SHEPHERD OF MY SOUL. By Rev. Charles J. Callan, O.P. Baltimore: John Murphy Co. $1.00.

With poetic instinct springing from sound Scriptural insight, Father Callan beautifully traces the analogy between the Oriental shepherd life and Christ's dealings with the soul, and in this portrayal gives us a well-balanced view of the relation of the soul to God, a thorough knowledge of human nature, with a generous compassion for its many inherent weaknesses, and a most gentle yet persuasive insistence on the basic truths of the spiritual life, the source of all deep, sensible and tender piety.

The subject is handled in a manner most complete and enlightening, the main theme being the strong, constant, personal love that our Blessed Lord has for each individual soul, and the outpouring of this love and tender solicitude in the providential care which an Omniscient and Omnipotent God alone can exercise.

The book touches with gentle firmness the main springs of our spiritual and religious life, rousing faith and arousing to a loving, confiding trust in the Shepherd of our souls.

SOME NEW SOURCES FOR THE LIFE OF BLESSED AGNES OF BOHEMIA. By Walter W. Seton, M.A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00 net.

As Mr. Seton says in his introduction: "Blessed Agnes of Bohemia is a figure but slightly known in Franciscan story. Buried in the folios of the *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists under the date March 6th, her life story has been scarcely remembered." Born in 1205 and dying in 1282, after thirty years spent in the world and forty-six in the Order of St. Clare, Blessed Agnes was a contemporary of both St. Francis and St. Clare. She was descended from King Wenceslas the Holy who died in 935, and was first cousin of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. The Emperor Frederick II. first sought her in marriage for his son, and then later for himself. Her father was Premsyl Ottacar I., King of Bohemia, and her mother Constantia, the sister of Andreas II., King of Hungary.

Her life breathes the atmosphere of the early days of the Order in all its freshness, naïveté and austerity. The prime importance of her life lies in the contribution it makes to our knowledge of the intricate negotiations with the Holy See, which led up to the final confirmation of the Rule of St. Clare by Innocent IV. on August 9, 1253.

Mr. Seton has published two ancient texts of the legend of Blessed Agnes: a fourteenth-century Latin version, written by Sister Katherin Hofmenin of Nürnberg, and a fifteenth-century German version, derived from the original Latin through some unknown intermediary.

In a most scholarly introduction, he discusses all the manuscript sources of the legend, the question of authorship, the chronology of Blessed Agnes, the letters and blessing of St. Clare.

BEGINNINGS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE. By C. L. Becker.
UNION AND DEMOCRACY. By A. Johnson.
EXPANSION AND CONFLICT. By William E. Dodd.
THE NEW NATION. By F. L. Paxson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $6.00 net.

These four volumes of American history cover the entire period from the earliest days of the country up to the present European War. They show a noticeable uniformity of style and point of view, which gives the impression that they were written by a single

author. The special worth of these volumes is that they are thorough, yet concise, and all of them give evidence of a power of critical estimate too often absent in American histories.

The clear analysis by Professor Becker of the causes of the Revolutionary War in his chapter on "The Winning of Independence," shows conclusively the necessity of American freedom and national independence. With equal skill is told the story of America's struggle for a stable and centralized government from 1800 until the beginning of the Civil War, in the volumes entitled *Union and Democracy* and *Expansion and Conflict.*

Professor Paxson has very carefully and thoroughly chronicled contemporaneous events, but he could not go very far in the domain of history, for the merits of what he treats are still obscured by personal prejudice and proximity. The passage of time is absolutely necessary for right historical perspective. This does not of course detract from the worth of Professor Paxson's volume to present-day students.

The series is altogether admirable, and if introduced into our schools would give pupils a thoroughly comprehensive view of the birth and growth of our country.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN IRISH JUDGE. By M. M'D. Bodkin, K.C. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50.

One of the most entertaining books we have read for a long time is Judge Bodkin's *Recollections.* It is full of anecdotes of the men that made history in England and Ireland in the nineteenth century, and contains an almost inexhaustible fund of good stories. We follow the Judge through his school life with the Christian Brothers, his college days with the Jesuits at Tullabeg, his work on *The Freeman's Journal* in Dublin, his experiences at the bar, on the bench and in Parliament, meeting with Parnell, Davitt, Gladstone, Dillon, O'Brien, Chamberlain, Justin McCarthy, Labouchère, Russell, Fathers Burke and Healy and many others. Among the good stories is a delightful one of Father Healy:

> Judge Keogh stopped Father Healy one day and said to him: "Father, I have a crow to pluck with you."
>
> "Let it be a turkey, and I will be with you at six P. M.," said Father Healy.
>
> "All right," said the Judge, "but I must have the crow too."
>
> "Then," said Father Healy, "I hope it will be a crow without caws."

DEAD SOULS. By Nikolai Gogol. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $1.25 net.

Stephen Graham has published an excellent translation of that masterpiece of Russian literature, Gogol's *Dead Souls.* The hero of the book, Tchichikof, conceives a brilliant plan of getting rich quickly. Every Russian possesses a number of serfs or souls. Every ten years a revision of the census lists takes place, and the owner has to pay a toll tax on every soul who had died in the interval. These lists are not looked at during the time of revision. Tchichikof's scheme was to purchase thousands of these dead souls, draw up deeds of sale, and then mortgage these souls at a bank in Petrograd or Moscow. In this way he hoped to make enough money to purchase living serfs or souls of his own.

Like Don Quixote, Gil Blass or Mr. Pickwick, our hero travels all over Russia, and introduces us to every type of man or woman, noble or serf. A most consummate rascal like Falstaff or Tartuffe, he never despairs when his villainy is unmasked, but starts anew to make another fortune in a new field.

Most of his types are Little Russian, for Gogol came from the South. He knew well the vices of the small landowners, the corruption of official life, and the sad conditions of the serfs of his day. He is rightly styled the creator of Russian realism.

CLEMENCIA'S CRISIS. By Edith Ogden Harrison. Chicago: A. C. McClurg Co. $1.25.

A "prejudiced and creed-ridden" grandmother persuades Clemencia to take a vow to become a nun, and a certain Lieutenant Barrington determines to free this beautiful Spanish heroine from this "spiritual slavery." Poor Clemencia has really a very strenuous time of it, for she has to conquer a most domineering and obstinate old lady, defeat the villainy of a most consummate libertine of a cousin, and fight against the wiles of a most ardent lover, armed with psychic and physical gifts too numerous to mention. It is altogether a story of much ado about nothing.

LETTERS ON AN ELK HUNT. By Elinore Pruitt Stewart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.00 net.

These fourteen letters describe in most entertaining fashion life in the wilds of Wyoming. The book is full of good character drawing, descriptions of scenery, and tales of the trials and thrills of the pioneer cattle stampedes, elk hunting and the like.

MEDITATIONS FOR LAYFOLK. By Very Rev. Bede Jarrett, O.P. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.10 net.

"It is felt," says Father Jarrett, "that a book of meditation for layfolk is a necessity of our times. The older volumes that remain to us of the faith and piety of our fathers seem to have become forgotten, and it is suggested that the reason for this lies rather in the manner than in the matter of their composition. For it is obvious that the more practical books of this kind are, just the more quickly do they become out of date. The very appeal that they make is due to the freshness of their ideas and the common understanding they display of contemporary life. Hence it was that the meditations of Challoner and of Wiseman had such an astonishing success, precisely because they adapted to the changing times unchanging principles. Now, because what is the novelty of one age is the platitude of the next, they have lost their effect."

These one hundred and fifty meditations are written for the men and women of the twentieth century, and are certainly adapted to present-day conditions. The variety of the subject matter—doctrinal, moral, devotional and social in turn—is most attractive, and the simplicity and directness of Father Jarrett's style will win him many readers.

Among titles chosen at random, we have: *War, The Loneliness of Sin, Freedom in Religion, Originality, Private Property, Political Violence, Criticism, The Holy Ghost, Christ in Heaven, Pride in Faith, Decision, Mistakes.*

Father Jarrett claims that the actual form of the meditation must be left to the particular fashion of each individual. Still on page one a method is suggested which has been found of service by a layman of much experience.

THE LORD MY LIGHT. By Joseph Rickaby, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. $2.00 net.

Father Rickaby's Oxford and Cambridge Conferences (1897-1901) have just been republished in one large volume. The author has reshaped them a little, adding here and retrenching there to suit the needs of a much wider audience. As he says in his preface: "They are not difficult reading; still they are addressed rather to the better than to the less well educated. They aim at removing current prejudices and misconceptions concerning the Catholic Church, and at instructing the layman on points of theology that he ought to know."

REFLECTIONS OF A NON-COMBATANT. By M. D. Petre. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 75 cents net.

Although the title in itself does not justify the expectation of anything comforting or sobering in these *Reflections,* still it is only natural in these sad days to look for that element in such a book. A tone of calm philosophic detachment may well be reserved for the future when the stern realities of war will have been mellowed by time. Just now such an attitude grates—we might almost say irritates. And when, in addition, a subordinate place is given to the few supernatural conditions grudgingly admitted, we are tempted to wonder why the book was written and what purpose it is intended to serve. It is not a volume likely to cheer the suffering heart nor to strengthen the weary hand. Rather its tendency seems to be toward begetting a cynical acquiescence in the sad moral decadence which has been so startingly evidenced in the present conflict. Take, for example, such passages as the following:

> A great mistake is made when we fail to recognize that a philosophy may be sound as applied to its own object, though its principles be immoral and detestable when moved into another sphere. Machiavellism is sound as regards the ends to which it was directed; and it is an error to term it immoral, as exercised in its own domain, because that domain admits of neither moral nor immoral principles of action.
>
> War is, in its true essence, a trial of brute force, with none of the varnish and gilding which is added to it by a gentlemanly code of sport and honor. Diplomacy is, in its true essence, a war of wits, which should be untouched by moral considerations.

If there be an underlying element of truth in these statements, it is certainly not the element that needs insistence now, when moral considerations appear to be in no peril of over-emphasis.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE. By Felix Adler. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 75 cents net.

Mr. Adler agrees with the Catholic Church in denouncing divorce, but he wishes men to reject it on rational and not on dogmatic grounds. Catholics are wont to quote the words of our Saviour in the nineteenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." "But this use of dogmatic authority," says Mr. Adler, "is resented by the modern spirit of liberty."

Mr. Adler may talk very grandiloquently of the honor and high breeding of the ethical culturist who will not permit himself to have recourse to what the laws permit in matters of divorce, but we doubt whether the reasons he adduces will hold good in time of stress and temptation.

THE CHANGING DRAMA. By Archibald Henderson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

This discussion of the tendencies and changes of the drama for the past sixty years, the author claims to be unique, inasmuch as it deals with the drama "as a great movement, exhibiting the evolutional growth of the human spirit and the enlargement of the domain of æsthetics." The book is spoiled by an excessive use of meaningless scientific formulas, and by the writer's pagan views. As "a modern pragmatic man" he is ever talking of the new evolutionary morality which repudiates all the old standards, and knows no definite dogmatic teaching.

THE IRISH ABROAD. By Elliot O'Donnell. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

The writer tells us his volume "deals with the Irishman out of Ireland in the broadest sense—that is to say, it deals with him in England, Scotland, Wales, France, Spain and the British Colonies, anywhere, indeed, saving in his own country." Most of the book reads like a directory or telephone book, and among the lists of prominent Irish scholars, soldiers or clerics, names are included of most mediocre abilities, and men omitted immeasurably their superiors. It is news to us that St. Cuthbert and St. Boniface were Irishmen, and we take issue also with the author in his strictures upon the gallant Irishmen who fought for Pius IX. in 1860.

THE HARBOR. By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.40.

The Harbor is a thesis novel, preaching the gospel of revolt to the discontented worker of to-day, and promising him a great future of happiness under the social régime of a new order which is to be built on the ruins of our present stupendous failure. The book is occasionally very coarse, and its tone throughout utterly irreligious. The hero's conversion from the creed of efficiency to the creed of world brotherhood is far too sudden and too improbable.

THE FUTURE OF US BOYS. Edited in the Words of Grown Ups by a Friend. Boston: Babson's Statistical Organization.

This brochure, of which we may safely assume Mr. Babson to be the author, or compiler, is partly an expression of sound sense, and in part a curiosity of "efficiency" literature. The author, as spokesman for "us boys," presents a reasonable plea for concurrent school and industrial education, that boys may thus be enabled to find the occupation for which they are best suited. He blames fathers severely for insisting upon a "gentleman's" education for the sons of workmen. Manual labor should be elevated in the social scale by proper recognition of its importance; and character should be the supreme consideration, taking precedence of proficiency in earning promotion and rewards. These are some of the points in his argument for an idealized democracy which, he admits, requires that a "tremendous readjustment" take place before it can be realized. It is in the suggestion of means of readjustment that he is most astray. A shadowy approximation of the value of self-knowledge, in the formation of character, leads him to advocate "personal bookkeeping," not, however, by the boy himself. "Of course none of us boys will want to bother about any such system of personal bookkeeping. On the other hand, we see no reason why father cannot have one of his clerks do this as well as some of the other things." Apparently, there is to be no auditor except the unerring discretion of the public. The Carnegie hero medals are mentioned as conducive to "making manliness popular." The author quotes: "Is there any reason why righteousness cannot be subsidized as well as shipping?" He has some perception of the difficulties of the plan; of its dangers he is strangely oblivious. One is inclined to wonder from what angle he has viewed life, since neither experience nor observation has taught him that the righteousness which exceeds that of the Scribes and Pharisees finds none of its standards and few of its opportunities in the market-place; and for its rewards looks beyond even a Carnegie medal to a mystical crown received from the Father Who seeth in secret.

THE CATHOLIC'S READY ANSWER. By Rev. M. P. Hill, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers. $2.00.

Father Hill at first intended to publish a translation of the well-known controversial treatise of the German Jesuit, Rev. F. X. Brors, entitled *Modern A.B.C.* But he soon perceived that he would have to adapt this work to meet the requirements of

polemics in English-speaking countries. He therefore practically rewrote the volume, adding a number of topics—Christian Science, Theosophy, Pragmatism, etc.—which had been passed over in the original work. While the book is chiefly polemical in its scope, the writer does not strictly confine himself to controversy, but "endeavors to inculcate right notions of individual duty," especially as bearing on situations in which conscientious persons often find themselves in the very complex life of the present day. This is particularly the case in his articles on mixed marriages, divorce, education and the labor question.

Father Hill answers in a clear and popular manner about a hundred of the average difficulties met every day by the earnest seeker after the truth. It is an excellent book for the prospective convert. Our one regret is that its price precludes its distribution in large quantities.

ABUSED RUSSIA. By C. C. Young. New York: The Devin-Adair Co. $1.35.

Any book that will serve to dissipate, in ever so slight a degree, the ignorance concerning Russia which prevailed here and in England until very recently, ought to be greeted with a hearty welcome; hence we are glad to recommend Dr. Young's contribution. Not that it is especially noteworthy among the great works on Russia. It is in reality only a hearty tribute to a great and much misunderstood people from one who is Russian in training and in sympathy, if not in race. There are numerous good and interesting illustrations. But what authority has the Doctor for the spelling "danceuse," which occurs at least twice?

POPULAR SERMONS ON THE CATECHISM. From the German of A. Hubert Bamberg. Edited by Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. Volume II. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50 net.

We highly commend this second volume of Father Bamberg's *Popular Sermons on the Catechism.* These sixty sermons on the commandments of God, the precepts of the Church, the seven capital sins, and the theological virtues are especially valuable to teachers in our Sunday-schools, who are anxious to give the children more than the dry bones of mere catechetical question and answer. It makes a good companion volume to the author's first volume on the Apostles' Creed.

CIVILIZATION AND CULTURE. By Ernest R. Hull, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 35 cents.

In these days of loose thinking, when everyone is speaking of progress, civilization and culture, it is good for Catholics to have an accurate idea of the meaning of these much-abused terms. Father Hull defines civilization as "the reign of law in the three departments of government, police and personal conduct of manners." He gives the minimum of culture without which civilization is practically impossible as: "Enough *mental* culture to make the framing of wise laws possible in the three departments of government, police and manners; enough *ethical* culture to insure the carrying out of those laws when framed; enough *technical* culture to enable men to earn their own living, and to produce the necessaries and conveniences of life."

The many interesting chapters of this volume discuss the power of the press, the abuse of the arts, the ethics of war, the necessity of religion and the supremacy of conscience.

STREET-LAND. By Philip Davis. Assisted by Grace Knoll. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.35 net.

This interesting volume is the result of five years of daily supervision over three thousand street workers of school age, and of many thousand juvenile street idlers of all ages. The author, Mr. Davis, was formerly Supervisor of Licensed Minors of the Boston School Board, and is now Director of the Civic Service House, Boston.

He discusses the influence of the street upon the children of to-day, its allurements, its vices, its hazards, its various employments, and its night life. The book will prove helpful to priest, social worker and teacher.

PRACTICAL ENGLISH PRONUNCIATION. By Lyle Spencer, Ph.D. Menesha, Wis.: Banta Publishing Co.

This handy little volume imparts much more information than its title would lead one to expect.

The work is very practical, evidently that of a teacher as well as a theorist, but we must take exception to the very puerile parody given as an example on page forty-five: "To eat is human; to sleep, divine." There are such other defects as accents omitted on French words; examples printed under the caption "Wrong," and repeated as "Right," for the sake of a comma which would never

be missed; and a loss in their historic significance by depriving the words Roman and Arabic of capitals when used to denote numerals, but these are minor, and do not rob the work of its general usefulness.

HOW BELGIUM SAVED EUROPE. By Dr. Charles Sarolea. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.00 net.

As the title suggests, Dr. Sarolea (whom Catholic readers may remember for his study of Newman) here puts forth a plea for the sympathy and support of the civilized world in behalf of brave and heroic little Belgium. Speaking with the authority of an eye-witness, he writes with an eloquent sincerity that will go far to carry conviction. The style is so graceful that the book reads more like a novel than a simple record of fact. After discounting for its being a presentation of only one side, it is a valuable contribution to the cause of the nation that saved its life by losing it. The whole story—diplomatic and military—is told, and told well; besides there is an excellent character sketch of King Albert. Altogether, this is a book far and above the rank and file of war books. It is really worth while.

FOURTEEN EUCHARISTIC TRIDUA. By Rev. Lambert Nolle, O.S.B. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00 net.

Father Nolle has written a series of fifty sermons on the Holy Eucharist. They are addressed chiefly to children preparing for their First Communion, and centre about incidents of Old and New Testament history. This book will prove helpful both to priests and lay catechists.

THROUGH A DARTMOOR WINDOW. By Beatrice Chase. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.50 net.

These sketches of life on Dartmoor convey a most agreeable atmosphere. They are not connected by any plot, but the same characters move back and forth through these Devon people among whom Miss Chase lives, evidently on the happiest and most friendly terms. She would share her friendships with us, and as she discloses them her cordial appreciation of her neighbors' kindness and honesty, her sympathetic understanding of their ways and views, and the gentle humor with which she depicts their peculiarities, make very pleasant reading. The interest is almost entirely human: there is little description of her scenic environment.

Some illustrations from photographs, however, make us feel that the author has exercised a self-restraint that is quite unnecessary, for what she does tell us gives us a wish for more.

The book has not exactly the qualities that spell permanence; but it deserves, and will probably achieve, a popularity less transient than the usual.

THE SILENCE OF SEBASTIAN. By Anna T. Sadlier. Notre Dame, Ind.: The Ave Maria Press. $1.25 net.

This sane, interesting Catholic novel, whose mystery is engrossing and well-sustained, goes to prove that a good story can be woven without the objectionable strands of intrigue and divorce that so commonly mar the best sellers of to-day.

The well-knit and carefully developed plot, indicates that the author worked with a creative purpose, instead of letting her story grow like Topsy. The hero, although heroic in fortitude, is very human in his big mistakes.

IN FATHER GABRIEL'S GARDEN. By Elsa Schmidt. New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents.

Not only the exquisite blooms of nature, but beautiful blossoms of virtue found place in the good Father's garden. There for Annette and Lucie and their happy companions, he unfolded the charming legends of flowerland in order to cultivate in his First-Communion class flowers of the soul to adorn them for their heavenly Guest.

THE ONE I KNEW THE BEST OF ALL. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

An old favorite is here presented for new consideration in a reprint, to which is added a foreword written especially for it by the author. The lapse of twenty-two years since the book's first appearance has not in the least diminished its attractiveness. Its re-publication at this season, in a form cheaper than the original, should prove well advised.

THE BELGIAN COOK-BOOK. Edited by Mrs. Brian Luck. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00 net.

This book presents a group of recipes collected from Belgian refugees in the United Kingdom. Its claim to consideration, however, does not rest upon this fact, nor is it a device to raise money

for any relief fund. Its appeal is in the renown of the Belgian housewives, before the war, for their good tables and thrifty management. The editor recommends these recipes for the use of the enterprising housewife whose means necessitate economy.

THE BURDEN OF HONOUR. By Christine Faber. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cents.

The "burden" is a duty undertaken by a noble girl, for the sake of others, in the fulfillment of which her honor is involved and her happiness for many years sacrificed. The tragedy is deep, the strokes of fate unrelieved: indeed, the gray stone mansion of the tale might be twin to that "House of Seven Gables," were it not that sorrow to a good Catholic can never be quite without hope. However, the clouds lift and permit the sun of happiness to shine forth.

SHALL I BE A DAILY COMMUNICANT? By Rev. F. Cassily, S.J. Chicago: The Loyola University Press. 10 cents.

In a score of chapters, Father Cassily makes an excellent commentary on the two Papal decrees of December 20, 1905, and August 8, 1910, on Frequent and Daily Communion. We are pleased to note that this little book has already reached its twenty-fourth thousand.

THE HOME OF THE BLIZZARD. By Sir Douglas Mawson. Two volumes. Philadelphia: J. P. Lippincott Co. $9.00.

Sir Douglas Mawson gives a most interesting account of his Australasian Antarctic Expedition of 1911-14. He describes in popular fashion the exploration of that unknown portion of the Antarctic continent which extends for some two thousand miles beyond the territory already gone over by Ross, Shackleton, Scott and Drygalski.

The expedition was notable in its successful mapping out of new country, the indefatigable labors of its scientists under the most trying conditions, and the many new facts it has gained for science. No one can read these two volumes and again question the spirit which has prompted so many daring men to explore the region about both Poles. The author promises further volumes addressed solely to specialists, but in these pages he makes his appeal to the man in the street. The average man is interested in reading of how one spends the nights of a bitter Arctic winter, how one

travels about in blizzards that cut one to the bone, and what are the habits of penguins and sea elephants. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.

MATILDE DI CANOSSA, by Leone Tondell (Rome: Ferrari. 1.25 *lire*). In these days of suffrage agitation and the political activity of women, there is hardly a more interesting historical figure than the Countess Matilda. She lived in strenuous times, and the events in which she took a prominent part have influenced history even to our own days. Henry IV. and the great Gregory were working out the relations of Church and State, and Matilda did her share in bringing about the rather striking triumph of the Church. All these stirring and romantic events are told graphically and sympathetically by the author. The word pictures he paints will long remain in the reader's memory.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS.

The latest numbers of *The Catholic Mind* published by the America Press are as follows:

The Church and the Sex Problem, by Rev. R. H. Tierney, S.J.; *The War's Lesson,* by Bishop O'Dwyer of Limerick; *Catholic Schools for Catholic Youth,* by Archbishop Ireland; *Temperance Against Prohibition,* by Henry Maurice; *The Papacy,* a Pastoral of Cardinal Mercier; *The Church and the Immigrant,* by Monsignor F. C. Kelley; *The Contemporary Drama,* by Rev. J. J. Daly, S.J.; *The Catholic School,* by Wm. D. Guthrie; *The Educative Influence of the Catholic Press,* by R. H. Tierney, S.J.; *The Church and Peace,* by Archbishop E. J. Hanna.

The Irish Messenger of Dublin have sent us:

The Women of France and the War, by Comtesse De Courson; *The Devotion of the First Fridays,* by Rev. Joseph MacDonald, S.J.; *Our Lady of Lourdes* and *How Eileen Learned to Keep House,* by E. Leahy; *Help for the Holy Souls, Raccolta of Indulgenced Prayers,* by Rev. Thomas MacDonald, C.C.; *Life of St. Columbanus,* by Rev. M. V. Ronan, C.C.; *A Boy's Choice, or a Dialogue on Vocations,* by Rev. Henry Davis; *Shall I Be a Priest?* by Rev. Wm. Doyle, S.J.; *The Church and Secular Education,* and *Is One Religion as Good as Another,* by Rev. Peter Finlay, S.J.

The Australian Catholic Truth Society of Melbourne have just issued *Catholicism and Peace,* by Rev. J. Keating, S.J.; *The Ethics of War,* by Rev. E. Masterson, S.J.; *Life of Pope Pius X.,* by M. A. S.; *Children's Early and Frequent Communion,* by Rev. J. Husslein, S.J.; *The Flaming Cross,* by Monsignor F. C. Kelley of Chicago.

The World Peace Foundation have published the documents that refer to the sinking of the *Wm. P. Frye* and the *Lusitania;* the cargo of the *Wilhelmina* in the British Prize Court; the attitude of the Central European Alliance toward American trade in munitions of war, and the arbitration engagements made by various nations from 1828 to 1914.

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith have published a pamphlet entitled *Echoes of the War,* which describes vividly the great need of the

foreign missions. Owing to the great war in Europe, many schools, orphanages and hospitals have been closed and many of the missions are on the verge of destitution. The Missionary Bishops of the world earnestly urge American Catholics to help them continue their work.

In his *Are Italy's Claims Justified?* the Rev. M. D. Krmpotic has written a strong indictment of Italy's claim to Istria, Dalmatia and the adjacent islands. He claims that historically and ethnographically they are purely Croatian countries, and have been so since the middle of the seventh century. The Italians in Dalmatia and its islands constitute only three per cent of the total population, and in Istria less than one-third.

Dr. Gustaf F. Steffen, of the University of Gothenberg, in his *Russia, Poland and the Ukraine,* has written a strong plea for the independence of the Ukrainians, who form thirty-two million of the one hundred and seventy-two million of the Russian Empire. He hopes that at the end of the war the Ukraine may become a free and self-governing state, as it was for many centuries.

Two interesting pamphlets on the Apostolate of the Laity have just been published: *Christian Manhood,* by Bishop Canevan of Pittsburgh (Catholic Truth Society), and *The Lay Apostolate,* by Dr. Mary A. Molloy, issued by the College of St. Teresa Winona, Minn.

Frederick Pustet & Co. have just issued a *Matrimonial Primer* by Rev. Andrew Klarmann (ten cents), which sets forth in clear and simple language the Catholic doctrine of the marriage state, its obligations, laws and privileges.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

Lettres du R. P. Lacordaire a des Jeunes Gens, compiled by Abbé Henri Perreyve (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 1 *fr.*). We recommend to our readers this new edition—the eighteenth of Father Lacordaire's well-known letters to young men. It breathes forth in every page the saintly Dominican's ardent love for the Church, and his marvelous power over the young men of his day.

Les Cruautés Allemandes, by Léon Maccas (Paris: Nouvelle Libraire Nationale. 3 *frs.* 50). Léon Maccas, of the University of Athens, has published a very bitter attack upon the German method of conducting war.

Alsace, Lorraine et France Reénane, by the Abbé Stephen Coubé (Paris: P. Lethielleux. 2 *frs.*). In this compact little volume of two hundred pages the Abbe Coubé describes in detail the historical basis of the French claim to Alsace-Lorraine.

L'Apostolat de la Jeunesse, by Abbé L. J. Brettonneau (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 2 *frs.*). The well-known editor of the *Croix de Touraine* has published in this volume thirty addresses to young men given in French schools and colleges during the past year. They deal entirely with stories of the war, and inculcate bravery, patriotism, patience, and love of God in times of trial.

La Sainte Eucharistic, by Abbé E. D. Hugon, O.P. (Paris: Pierre Téqui. 3 *frs.* 50). The Abbé Hugon is well known for his excellent dogmatic treatises on the Blessed Trinity, the Incarnation and the Redemption, which have already been noticed in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The present volume treats in detail of the Blessed Eucharist both as a sacrament and as a sacrifice. This scholarly work certainly merits an English translation.

Pierre Téqui of Paris has just published the seventh edition of the well-known treatise of the famous Oratorian, the Abbé Gratry, entitled *De la Connaissance de l'Âme,* in two volumes.

Recent Events.

The Editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD *wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.*

France.

There has been little change in the battle-line since the advance made at the end of September by the French and British. Preparations are doubtless being made on both sides for another active offensive. Recent rumors are afloat that the Germans are on the point of forestalling the Allies, and that they have brought to the front an enormous number of great guns with which they hope to overwhelm their Western opponents as they did their Eastern. It is now recognized by military authorities that it is on this Western front that the decisive battles must be fought. All the other campaigns are merely subsidiary, and so far as Great Britain is concerned should, in their opinion, be merely defensive. Success in France will bring in its train a successful issue of the war, while defeat elsewhere will, although unfortunate, not affect the ultimate result. Greater unity in the conduct of the campaign has been secured by the formation of a common War Council, and several visits have been paid to France by the Prime Minister of Great Britain and other members of his Cabinet. A change has recently been made in the British command, the effect of which, of course, is not yet seen. The new Minister of War has proved himself an opponent of the favoritism which has had hitherto a certain influence in the appointments of French officers. The wonderful success of the "Loan of Victory" has made manifest not merely the unanimity of the French people in support of the war, but the vast resources they have at their disposal. The first day's subscriptions is said to have amounted to five billions, and subscriptions for several weeks kept pouring in in such abundance as to embarrass the officials. The subscribers were largely people of small means, who had saved in the usual French way—a way which has made France for many years the souree of supply for the financial

needs of the Continent. The appeal recently made to the French people to place the gold in their possession at the service of the State, has resulted in raising the stock of gold in the Bank of France to the immense sum of a billion, which is, it is said, a world's record.

Italy.

Italy still holds towards Germany a somewhat anomalous position. While at war with Austria-Hungary, Germany's partner, she is nominally at peace with Austria-Hungary's ally, although diplomatic relations have been broken off. The veil is very thin, however, for it is known that Bavarians and Wurtemburgers have been opposed to the Italian forces in the Tyrol, and there is little reason to doubt that the submarines in the Mediterranean, although flying the Austrian flag, are in reality war vessels of the German navy. In yet another respect Italy is differentiated from her Allies, Great Britain, France and Russia. In the latter all parties are practically unanimous in support of the war, whereas in Italy there is a powerful section which was in favor of maintaining neutrality, of which Signor Giolitti is the influential representative. Moreover, the aspirations of Italy for certain districts on the east coast of the Adriatic do not in every respect coincide with the ambitions of the Slavs, of whom Serbia is the representative. For these reasons complete confidence was not entertained by some in the perseverance of Italy, especially as she had not signed the agreement made by Great Britain, France and Russia, not to conclude peace except by mutual consent. By her recent adherence, however, to this agreement these doubts have been removed, and Italy is now pledged not to make a separate peace, and has cast in her lot unreservedly with that of her Allies. As Japan has also just given in her adherence there are now five Great Powers pledged to the continuance of the conflict until a peace can be made which is agreeable to all.

The neutrality which Italy was unanimous in maintaining from the outbreak of the war unquestionably rendered a capital service to France, for had Italy joined in with Germany she could seriously have crippled the French operations by a concentration of troops on the French frontier. And if the progress made by the Italian army in its offensive movement against Austria has not been great, it has at all events met with no serious setback and has kept employed some three hundred thousand men who might have been

acting against Russia. The difficulty of the ground in the neighborhood of Goritzia is said to be as great as that on which British and French have been engaged in the peninsula of Gallipoli, while in the Trentino the scene of conflict has been on heights of between eight thousand and twelve thousand feet, while siege guns have been transported above the snow line.

The Balkans.

The prospects of the Allies in the Balkans are far from bright. The Serbians have been driven into Albania. Their would-be succorers, France and Great Britain, have been forced to abandon the country which they set out, all too late, to defend. The only hopes which they now entertain are that they may be able to hold and fortify Salonika, which is in Greek territory, making it a base for a future advance when reinforcements in sufficient strength have arrived. The Allies have come to the decision to continue the campaign; France, it is understood, being more in favor of this course than Great Britain. Italy, it is reported, has sent, or is on the point of sending, sixty thousand soldiers across the Adriatic to bring help to the Serbs by way of Albania, but this force cannot do much in the way of taking the offensive against the Powers now in possession of Serbian territory. No generous action in support of her neighbor can be expected from Rumania, the state which in the late Balkan Wars made her own selfish interests the sole guide of her conduct. Russia is pledged to the support of Serbia, and has had a large army in readiness for some weeks. How this army is to reach the scene of action, unless Rumania is won over, it is difficult to see. To force her way through Rumania would only result in giving another ally to the Central Powers. To transport it by sea seems to be beyond the capacity of the ships at Russia's disposal. The Allied Powers are pledged to the restoration to Serbia of her territory and independence. The redemption of this pledge, however, it would seem, depends upon a decisive victory in other fields of war, the most probable of which is France.

The unsatisfactory military situation is due to the want of foresight and of co-ordination in the diplomatic actions of the Powers. Upon the British Foreign Office the chief blame is to be cast, as is recognized even by political friends of Sir Edward Grey. As long ago as April it was known that Germany was preparing for the invasion of Serbia, and if military help was to be given

steps should have been taken at that time. The fact is that Sir Edward Grey could not bring himself to look upon it as possible that the King of Bulgaria would betray the cause of which he was by his position bound to be one of the chief defenders. To that cause he had sacrificed the religion of his children. To Russia was due the liberation of Bulgaria from the thraldom to Turkey, under which she had groaned for centuries. It seemed impossible that an act of perfidy almost without a precedent in the world's history was to be taken into account as one of the likely contingencies. Hence when Serbia, knowing better the type of man with whom she had to deal, proposed to attack Bulgaria a short time before she herself was attacked, Sir Edward Grey discouraged the proposal, the more so as special bonds existed between Great Britain and Bulgaria. Forty years ago the deeds committed by Ferdinand's present ally, Turkey, in Bulgaria were for that time the most heinous crimes that had stained the annals even of Turkey, although within the last few months they have been surpassed by the wholesale massacres of Armenians by the same ally. Mr. Gladstone roused to indignation by the atrocities of forty years ago stirred the country to its depths. Being at the time out of office he could not take practical steps; these, however, were taken by Russia with the full sympathy of all that was noblest and best in England. From that day to this Bulgaria has always acknowledged a debt of gratitude to Great Britain, recognizing that moral support, although not sufficient, is of high value. Sir Edward Grey failed to realize the change that had come over not so much the people of Bulgaria as its ruler, and therefore hesitated to give his approval to the strong measure proposed by Serbia. In this way the whole of the Balkan diplomacy has been conducted, hope being cherished of good results until the time for action had passed.

The fact is that well-wishers of the Balkan States must be classed as impracticable idealists. Nations which for any reason soever have allowed themselves to live for centuries in subjection to a conquering foe, have lost the tradition of freedom, and in a time of crisis are unwilling to take the necessary risk. A favorable opportunity was given in the first half of this year by the visit of General Pau to the sovereigns of the Balkan States, in order to induce them to form a confederation for common action in union with the Allies. This opportunity was the best that is likely to present itself, and no vision of what is to their own advantage

is now to be looked for. That the States in question have rulers of foreign birth or extraction, who have misled them and thwarted their best interests, may be a mitigating circumstance in the judgment which has to be passed upon these peoples, but so small a circumstance as this would not have stood in the way of a nation really deserving to be free. The fact, however, that Serbia and Montenegro have rulers of their own race rendered it easier for these States to rise to the opportunity, and there is scarcely any record of a more heroic stand against unparalleled odds than that which these two nations have made against the Teuton and the Bulgar.

The failure of Greece to prove herself worthy of a place among the noble nations deserving to rank with Belgium and Serbia, while disappointing is not surprising to those who remember her conduct in the war with Turkey in 1897. Then her army made her the laughing-stock of the world, and she had to be rescued from the consequences of her folly by the intervention of the Powers. Although bound by a treaty with Serbia to come to the latter's aid in the event of an attack by Bulgaria, not only has she broken this treaty, but has added to her offence by giving the cynical excuse that she was only bound to help Serbia in case she was attacked by Bulgaria; as, however, Germany and Austria-Hungary have joined with Bulgaria, on that account Greece is not bound. That is to say, in plain words, the greater the danger and the need, the less does she hold herself bound to give the help promised. The truth is that it is the fear of Germany that has taken control of King Constantine and of those who are now holding on to power in defiance of the Constitution. They have before their eyes the fate of Belgium, and are in dread lest the Germans would mete out to her a like measure of frightfulness, knowing well that in the event of hostilities with the Allies no such treatment would befall Greece at their hands.

It may be well to make as clear as is possible, with the knowledge of facts now available, the series of events which has led up to the complicated situation now existing, in which the British and French are on the point of fighting on Greek soil, with the enforced consent of its Sovereign, an army the Sovereign of which is believed to have a secret treaty with that very Sovereign in whose country the war is being waged. On September 21st, M. Venezelos, the Prime Minister of Greece, sent a request to France and Great Britain for the support of one hundred and fifty thousand

men. It must be remembered that Greece both theoretically and in practise up to the present time has been a really constitutional country, in which the King does not govern in person but through Ministers who represent the majority of the Parliament. The request thus made was that of a Prime Minister possessed of such a majority. On September 24th, this request was accepted. It was made by M. Venezelos on the occasion of the Bulgarian mobilization, in order that Greece might be able to give that help to Serbia which the treaty between the two countries required in the event of Serbia's being attacked by Bulgaria. The request of M. Venezelos was complied with, and Great Britain and France began at once to make preparations for their entry upon the new field of operations, which made for Great Britain the seventh of such fields; the rest being France, the Dardanelles, Egypt, Mesopotamia, East Africa and Cameroon.

Greece mobilized on the twenty-fourth in response to the Bulgarian mobilization. On the twenty-seventh, Sir Edward Grey threw cold water on Serbia's proposal to attack Bulgaria before the latter's mobilization was completed, declaring that all the political and diplomatic arguments were against such action. On the next day, speaking in Parliament, he promised to " our friends in the Balkans " all the support in our power, " without reserve and without qualification." This was interpreted to be a promise of direct military help to Serbia, but it was really meant, according to Sir Edward Grey, as a promise to Greece to support her in fulfilling her duties under the treaty with Serbia. On October 2d, twelve days after having made the request for help, M. Venezelos, for reasons of which various accounts have been given, made a formal protest against the landing of the Allies. On the fifth, King Constantine repudiated his Prime Minister, and the latter at once resigned. On the sixth, the Austro-Hungarians began their attack from the north. On the seventh, the first of the Allied troops began to land at Salonika. On the fourteenth, the new Ministry formed by M. Zaimis publicly refused to keep the treaty which had been made with Serbia in the case of her being attacked by Bulgaria, an event which had taken place on October 11th. What were the Allies to do? The State that asked them for assistance now refused to do the very thing for which it had sought help. They decided to prosecute the plan on which they had entered, and to give help to Serbia, although Greece had failed in her duty, nay even with the possibility that Greece might prove hostile,

and that the army which they had come to help might even join their enemies. These apprehensions were exaggerated, but there seems to have been serious talk of the internment of the Allied forces. It was, in fact, found necessary to bring home to the King that in the game he was playing for his own safety, the Teutons were not the only enemy he had to dread.

The sea power of the Allies has proved so far a sufficient deterrent, although it has not yet been brought into play. What is called the "blockade," by which Greece was brought to terms, was merely the suspending of the economic and commercial facilities which Greece had enjoyed at the hands of the Allies. The attempt made by Great Britain and France to succor Serbia in view of Greece's defection, and the late period at which preparations were begun, has proved totally inadequate, and Serbia now lies prostrate under the feet of the Teuton and Bulgar—to rise again in the event of a decisive victory of the Allies, who have pledged their faith to this heroic nation for the restoration to full independence. The Allies have made themselves secure at Salonika with the acquiescence of the Greeks, who have removed their force. Whether an attack will be made upon them by either the Teutons or the Bulgars is uncertain at the time these lines are being written.

Turkey.

The successful resistance which the Turks have offered shows that Turkey is not such a sick old man as has generally been believed. Of course the assistance rendered by German officers and engineers, together with the supply of munitions, has contributed very largely to this success. No one, however, denies the stubborn bravery of Turkish troops, especially behind fortifications, and they are praised by their enemies as being clean fighters. The failure of the British at the Dardanelles is due to the skillful work of German engineers in the construction of trenches and of fortifications on ground which commands every position of the Allies, and to the superiority in numbers of the Turks. The failure seems to be admitted. Sir Charles Munro, who has recently been sent to relieve Sir Ian Hamilton, is said to have recommended the evacuation of the peninsula. This, however, has not so far been carried into effect. A discussion is going on in England about the responsibility for making an attempt which has proved so costly both in lives and in treasure, and so impossible of accomplishment. It would be a mistake,

however, to think that it has had no good results. Undertaken as it was at the request of Russia, in order to divert troops from the Caucasus, it has had that effect, and has cemented the bonds between Great Britain and that Empire. It is possible that it has prevented, or at least deferred, a renewal of the attack on Egypt. A new attack, however, on the Suez Canal is anticipated. Rumors are abroad of the preparations that have been made for some time. A railway is said to have been built to carry water supplies.

When within a few miles of Bagdad the British have been driven back, and have had to withdraw to a place some eighty miles distant. The campaign in this region had been uniformly successful, although the Turks had at several places offered a keen resistance. One of the battles was fought at the place where tradition locates the Garden of Eden. Jerusalem itself is said to be one of the chief Turkish centres. As the war goes on the fighting draws nearer to Armageddon, spoken of in the Apocalypse, and situated on the southwest of the Plain of Esdraelon.

Persia. Persia has not escaped the efforts which have been made by Germany to bring other nations to her side. In fact, in some degree, it has become the scene of warfare. With their Allies, the Turks, the Germans have been operating against the British and the Russians within Persian territory. A series of attacks has been made on Consular officers. At Ispahan and Shiraz they have been shot at and wounded. Three hours were given to the British and Russian Consuls to leave Kermanshah by a German official who had two hundred men at his command. An effort was made to get the Shah to leave the capital in the company of the German and Turkish Ministers. In fact, had not Russia and Great Britain acted with decision, Persia might have have been led to act somewhat in the same way as Bulgaria. A warning given by the two Powers seems, however, to have had a salutary effect; a threatened advance of Russian troops being perhaps the more potent influence in inducing the Shah to renounce his purpose of abandoning the capital. Attention has been so much engrossed in the war that very little has been given to the purely internal affairs of the State. It still retains at least nominally a constitutional form of government. Meetings of the Mejliss continue to be held. A Cabinet and Ministers still wield the executive power. The country, however, has fallen into a state of chaos.

The gendarmerie which was the only force which had the least influence in maintaining order, recently revolted because its pay is in arrears.

China.

The Republic has come to an end in China by a vote, more or less free and uninfluenced, of the large majority of the Provinces. The Empire, with Yuan Shih-kai as the first Emperor of a new dynasty, has not yet been formally proclaimed; that event, however, contrary though it is to the advice tendered by Great Britain, France and Japan, will not long be deferred. It will be remembered that Yuan was never a believer in the fitness of China for the republican form of government, and before his election as President openly expressed his convictions. He accepted the office of President because it was pressed upon him and, truth to say, he has acted more as an absolute ruler than even as a constitutional monarch. The advice given by the Powers arose from their fear of the disturbances which they apprehended might arise on account of opposition to the change. They have been overruled, as Yuan feels sure that the desire for the change is practically unanimous.

Even China is not outside of the sphere of the German propaganda. It has even been made into a centre of efforts to influence public opinion in India against its British rulers. It is even asserted on fairly good authority that the German concessions at Shanghai and other places have been made into centres for the supply of arms and explosives to revolutionaries in India. Exports owned by German firms, it is said, are sent through Chinese firms to this country on which they are bought, the price finding a way to Germany. In various other ways Germany is deriving very large financial support from its agents in China—a thing which is very annoying to the Allied Powers, as they do not know how to find a remedy. The proposed seizure of the German concessions in China would be a too high-handed proceeding. A report that German Reserve officers have been engaged by the Chinese government has called forth a strong protest in Russia.

Japan.

Three years and a half after his accession to the throne, Yoshihito, the new Emperor of Japan, has been crowned with elaborate and ancient ceremonies. With a single exception, the Emperors

of Japan for over one thousand one hundred years have been crowned on the same spot. The present Emperor is the one hundred and twenty-third of the same dynasty. His ancestors have borne rule for more than two thousand years, forming an unbroken line, unique in the annals of the world. Hundreds of thousands witnessed the ceremonies, and the utmost enthusiasm was displayed. His majesty made a speech to his people, exhorting them to unity and patriotism and in praise of his predecessor. Among the honors conferred was the bestowal of the junior grade of fourth Court rank upon the shade of one of our fellow-countrymen—Lafcadio Hearn.

On October 19th, Japan gave her adhesion to the Declaration of September 5, 1914, between the United Kingdom, France and Russia, engaging not to conclude peace separately during the present war. By the terms of this declaration the Governments agree that when terms of peace come to be discussed, no one of the Allies will demand conditions of peace without the previous agreement of each of the other Allies. Japan's adhesion has since been followed by that of Italy. To Russia, Japan has furnished, and will continue to furnish, an ample supply of arms and munitions. She is capable of arming two-thirds of the Russian army. If it appeared desirable, Japan, according to the statement of the Foreign Minister, would send an army so strong that it would not incur any risk of defeat.

With Our Readers.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD has more than once called the attention of its readers to the worth and beauty of the poems of that Catholic singer, Lionel Johnson. They will be pleased to learn that The Macmillan Company has now republished his poems, which were out of print. Johnson is a poet that expressed most consistently and fully that spirit of joy, a reëcho of the prison song of St. Paul, "Rejoice in the Lord always, again I say, rejoice," which is uniquely Catholic in this world of sadness and despair. Lionel Johnson saw God in the world, and God victorious through His Divine Son, Jesus Christ, our Saviour. He is the singer of the victory of Christ reigning now and forever. And for him the real abiding union of the soul with the Living Christ, gave life and death and nature a new meaning of eternal joy. The struggle of the Christian soul here was, with Johnson, to use some words of Father Daly, on another subject, in a recent issue of *America:* "A blessed struggle and a sweet trial, and the sadness of it has no kinship with sorrow. For we know the heart can be expanded to receive larger and larger draughts of beauty by reason of that Divine principle of life within us, which we call the supernatural life of grace, growing in capacity and power with every good act, to be lost only by sin, to be changed at the last into the very light of God's glory in which we shall see and enjoy the Divine Lover of our soul face to face forever."

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THE republication of Lionel Johnson's poems will again draw attention to the importance of Irish literature, and particularly of Irish poetry. The day of Yeats is passing, has passed. Neither Yeats nor the followers of Yeats ever understood thoroughly the genius of the Irish people; hence they never could justly interpret it and for the same reason they can never be considered true representative Irish poets. Mr. J. M. Flood, writing in *The Irish Rosary,* gives the statement of Stopford Brooke, that there are three distinctive elements in modern Irish poetry: "nationality, religion and rebellion. Rebellion, the protest of the weak against the strong, independence against tutelage, the love of one's own land in her hour of sorrow and danger. In Ireland, religion has always been closely allied with nationality, and has undergone the same sufferings. The note of this poetry is nearly always Catholic, and Catholic with the pathos, the patience and the passion of persecution added to its religious fervor. Persecution has deepened its music into a cry." This critic finds that of the poets who have treated religious themes, Aubrey de Vere is first in "genius and achieve-

ment." Those whose appreciation is best worth having will, he thinks, always rate highly the work of Aubrey de Vere. De Vere is most successful in his sonnets, and Mr. Flood thinks that his "Sorrow" is one of the best sonnets ever written. For very honorable mention this critic selects Sir Samuel Ferguson, Denis Florence McCarthy (whose best work it must be remembered was that of translating); Katherine Tynan whose poetry "shows a deep and sincere feeling, and an intimate appreciation and love of the beauty of external nature, both perhaps derived from the influence which the most lovable amongst the Saints of the Church, the Poor Man of Assisi, has exercised upon her mind;" and Lionel Johnson, to whom is given an all too brief consideration, but of whom it is said that he "has written poems that recall the best work of de Vere." The new edition of Johnson's poems will be treated at length in a future issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

THE New York *Nation* in its review of the *Life* of the late Bishop Potter, speaking of the three parties in the Protestant Episcopal Church, "Low," "Broad" and "High," says "it was with the middle group that the Bishop naturally took his place. Officially he would identify himself with none of them, but rejoiced that his ecclesiastical fold could shelter alike the High Churchman suspected of the Romeward list, the good Evangelical, and the Latitudinarian poised upon the ragged edge of heresy. This impartiality, from which the Bishop would not willingly swerve in matters small or great, was simply illustrated in the response to an appeal from a young man who himself now wears the robes, but at the time in question was on the point of study for the ministry. He was hesitating between two divinity schools of different stripes, and earnestly sought the Bishop's advice to solve his problem. 'To which school should I go?' was the question, and the Bishop's characteristic reply, 'To whichever you please, my son, and God bless you.'"

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IT is notorious that Bishop Potter in this instance exemplified the Protestant Episcopal Church itself. The Protestant Episcopal Church is a congeries of widely different beliefs on the most important questions of Christian truth. A member of that Church may believe what he wishes. One member may accept apostolic succession and the validity of priestly orders, and another may deny both. Thus Dr. Barry, Rector of the Episcopal Church of St. Mary the Virgin, speaks of Dr. Reiland, Rector of the Episcopal Church of St. George: "Dr. Reiland would deny even the priesthood. He would denature the word. He would call the holy communion merely a memorial, and would deny everything that makes it worth while."

One member may believe matrimony to be a sacrament; another that it is simply a civil contract; one may believe in One, True Church; another in many churches that like his own are in a measure the true Church; one may believe in the Sacrament of Penance and another may emphatically deny it; one may believe in the Real Presence and the reservation of the sacrament and another may think it idolatry to worship the Host; one may accept the definite inspiration of Scripture; another may believe the Scriptures contain many errors; one may offer prayers for the dead, and another may deny the existence of a purgatory; one may believe in the Resurrection of Christ from the dead, and another, like Canon Streeter, may deny it with impunity.

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AS a Church the Protestant Episcopal Church is not sure what doctrines its members should hold. It has within it no authority that can define its doctrine and be able to enforce its decisions. If its bishops were to meet to-day, there would be no more possibility of harmony on fundamental questions than there has been in similar meetings in the past. If, perchance, there should be harmony on a particular question, the source of the harmony and the reason of accepting the decision would be the individual judgment of all participating. The belief in a Church, founded by Jesus Christ with definite authority to teach the whole world His definite Gospel, passed from the Episcopal Church when it renounced its allegiance to the Vicar of Christ and accepted the bondage of the State; the passing is further shown by the official acceptance of the title, "Protestant" Episcopal. Furthermore the Anglican Bishop of Oxford lately testified to the same loss of Catholic power and rightful Catholic claim. In the following quotation we pass over the interpretation put by Dr. Gore on the words he quotes from Scripture: his declaration that the Anglican Church has lost the power of a divinely-instituted Church is strong and clear enough: "I believe that if the Church of England is not to go to pieces, it must recover speedily, and not merely in some remote future, the power which it ought never to have suffered itself to lose, the power of binding or loosing with which Christ endowed His Church. These words 'binding' or 'loosing' and the sister words, 'remitting' or 'retaining sins,' describe nothing else than this—the power of the spiritual society as a whole, first in legislation and then in disciplinary action, through its divinely-appointed ministry, to assert itself over all its members and to claim their allegiance."

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ALL these facts are notorious. They must have their solemn import for those members of the Episcopal Church who call themselves members of the Catholic Party, and endeavor to console themselves with

the notion that they are in some way members of the Catholic Church. An appeal to their own Church would scarcely result in an official declaration of Catholic principles. For example, Dr. McKim, of Washington, states in *The Living Church,* December 18, 1915, "that the defeat of Dr. Manning's attempt in the last General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church to have the word 'Protestant' taken out, was generally recognized as a defeat of the party to which Dr. Manning belongs. And Dr. McKim seems quite certain of the mind of the Protestant Episcopal body. He is even defiant. "If the editor of *The Living Church* has any doubt about the present feeling of the Church let him introduce a resolution for the change of name at St. Louis and see what the result will be." Or, if we suppose that a meeting were held to-day of all the bishops of what they are pleased to include under the title Catholic Church, it is beyond question that their appeal would be denied; they would first be called upon to recognize and to submit to that See, obedience to which has been the test of Catholicism since the world knew Christianity.

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IN all truth as soon as a member of the Episcopal Church reflects on his assumption that he is a member of the Catholic Church, and asks himself the justification of it, he is unable to give anything like a satisfactory answer. Times without number have theories been formulated to support the contention of the Catholic Party in the Anglican and Episcopal Churches, but as soon as they are brought into the presence of facts they wither away. Why is the position of a member of the Episcopal Church more Catholic than that of a Baptist or Methodist or Presbyterian? The protest of those prominent officials and members of the Episcopal Church against the action of the Board of Missions that approved the sending of delegates to the Panama Congress is based on the supposition that they are more Catholic: that is, they are members of the true Church of Christ, and logically cannot affiliate with the religious work of Protestant Churches. How do they justify such a position? Just as often as they have attempted a justification, just so often have they failed.

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THE London *Tablet* recently spoke of two of the latest theories put forth in defence of such a "Catholic" claim on the part of Anglicans and Episcopalians. "The Catholic Faith," says the Rev. N. P. Williams, one of these defenders, "is what is taught by the majority of bishops." Would it be sufficient, then, for the majority of bishops to meet to-day and by vote determine the Catholic Faith? By no means: for it is difficult to-day to know what is the majority of bishops. It was easy, according to Mr. Williams, to learn this up to the year 1054, but in that year darkness came upon the

Church, the word of its Divine Founder failed, and we no longer have the sure test of old. "But, yes," continues this ingenious apologist, "we have the same test as of old. Whatever Church holds to-day what was held as Catholic truth before 1054 is a branch of the true Church. There are five such branches, the Roman, Eastern, Old Catholic, Anglican and Bulgarian. It follows from this theory that the Anglican or Episcopal Church is orthodox now because it was born after 1054. Born before that year it would have come "out of due time" and been heretical and schismatical.

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SUCH a theory "is, of course, nothing but an ingenious figment, made on purpose to cover, not the facts, but the Anglican interpretation of the facts. Somehow Anglicans, Romans, Easterns must be got in. It is impossible to make the consent of the majority of bishops *now* the test. That majority rejects the whole branch theory. The majority of bishops now teach the Papal theory. So you start by harking to the majority before 1054. This is utterly arbitrary, implying an essential change in the Church of Christ in that year; and it will not, in a dozen ways, cover Mr. Williams' own supposed facts. If till 1054 there was one great central block that was the Church, so that all who were not in communion with it were schismatics, all who taught otherwise than it taught were heretics; and if in 1054 there was no longer such a central block, then in that year the Church ceased to exist. Mr. Williams sees that the Church cannot cease to exist. So he thinks that we must admit that the central block goes on in both halves. This is the usual Anglican incapacity to argue without pre-supposing what they have to prove. We, too, say that the Church cannot cease to exist; but we conclude, since in this theory it would do so, that "the theory is wrong. Mr. Williams is also much too generous in giving us all the Church taught down to 1054. Some Anglicans admit the first three centuries, some the first six. The first eleven are impossible for them. The year 1054 brings us well past Thedore Studita, the formula of Hormisdas, Nicholas I., and so on. It would be impossible for anyone, with any knowledge at all of the documents, to deny that by the eleventh century the overwhelming majority of bishops taught the visible union of the Church under the supremacy of the Pope, taught that a body of Christians not in communion with the others is in a state of schism, denied from top to bottom the whole branch theory Mr. Williams is out to defend."

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MR. LACEY has still another theory in defence of the Catholic Party of Episcopalians, and that is, that no theory is needed. His theory, as *The Tablet* quotes from *The Church Times* of November 12, 1915,

is that it is a mistake to look for any "reasoned and coherent theory of the Church" at all. *The Tablet* continues its criticism: "No need to justify your position if you are an Anglican: no need to discuss anything. All you have to do is to call your own presuppositions facts and to rest on them. Only—could not the Mormon, the Hindu, the Unitarian, the Polytheist say just the same and with the same right?"

Mr. Lacey's position is "disingenuous to say the least. When he says he has no theory he does not speak the truth. He has one; he acts on it all the time: it is one that demands proof very insistently, because it is a theory that is denied by the overwhelming majority of Christians throughout the world. Mr. Lacey believes that he is a member of the Catholic Church, that the sect to which he belongs is part of the Church founded by Christ. That is theory. It is theory denied by most people. It is theory that needs proof in view of the fact that the Anglican sect is in schism with all other Churches, and yet does not claim to be the whole Church."....."All this playing with the pretense of having no theory, of despising consistency, is only a pose and a silly one. If a man really stuck to having no theory, refused all cogency in every argument, were consistently inconsistent, then at least we could have a certain respect for him. But no one ever is, because no one is a complete agnostic on every possible subject. All men use argument, and expect their opponent to be convinced by it, even those who argue against arguing."

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THERE is no Church in existence, under the name Protestant Episcopal, such as Dr. Manning describes in his article in *The Constructive Quarterly* for December, 1915. Some individuals of that Church profess the definite doctrines outlined in his picture; but the many others who differ with them will say that they represent the teachings of the Protestant Episcopal Church; and there is no voice that can authoritatively declare who is right and who is wrong.

It would be just as true to group together the innumerable sects of Protestantism with their divergent and contradictory doctrines, call them "The Evangelical Church," and speak of it as a definite organic unity, as it is to give this definite, authoritative, and dogmatic character to the Protestant Episcopal Church.

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THE same issue of *The Constructive Quarterly* contains another article, entitled *Evangelicanism in the Church of England*. The conditions which it describes prevail also in the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. It may help to show those who are looking for the true Catholic faith in the Episcopal Church, that they are asking water of a well which has long since run dry.

TO listen too absorbingly and constantly to the cry of humanitarianism in favor of convicts may make one deaf to the primal need of prison discipline. To fill one's ears with the alluring appeal of Christian unity may lead one to be less conscious of that primal duty of the individual, to which unity and all else is subordinate—his direct, individual, and eternal responsibility to God, Who made us, and Jesus Christ Who redeemed us. The unity supremely incumbent on every soul is its own unity with God through the truth of His Divine Son, Jesus Christ. He cannot ask others to follow unless he has first led the way. He cannot save others unless he has saved himself.

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THE Catholic Church has always looked at truth first and unity afterwards, because unity is born of truth, just as peace is born of holiness. There are no corporate conversions to the Catholic Church. Were we to suppose that to-day a thousand expressed a desire to accept the Catholic faith, their reception would be a matter of individual understanding and individual belief. It is the individual immortal soul that is of supreme importance to the Catholic Church. Her sole work is to lead that soul to God and eternal life. And so she pleads for every individual to make not man, nor men, but his own soul and God the one supreme consideration of his thought and action, the one demand to which all else must, if necessary, be sacrificed.

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MANY will recall the famous passage in the *Apologia* wherein Newman tells how he realized this truth after he became a Catholic. "Only this I know full well now, and did not know then, that the Catholic Church allows no image of any sort, material or immaterial, no dogmatic symbol, no rite, no sacrament, no Saint, not even the Blessed Virgin, to come between the soul and its Creator. It is face to face, *solus cum solo,* in all matters between man and his God. He alone creates; He alone has redeemed; before His awful eyes we go in death; in the vision of Him is our eternal beatitude."

And, after studying the *Exercises* of St. Ignatius, he wrote: "For here again, in a matter consisting in the purest and most direct acts of religion—in the intercourse between God and the soul, during a season of recollection, of repentance, of good resolution, of inquiry into vocation—the soul was *sola cum solo;* there was no cloud interposed between the creature and the Object of his faith and love. The command practically enforced was, 'My son, give Me thy heart.'"

BOOKS RECEIVED.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
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THE

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THE CATHOLIC VIEW IN MODERN FICTION.

BY MAY BATEMAN.

I.

A NEW literature is coming into being, a literature born of the war, though there may be no mention of war in it. But the great upheaval of our natures which the last eighteen months has wrought, has made havoc of their inessential parts, and with them the mannerisms, the insincerities, the trivial little poses of art too have shredded away. Just as in daily life we are come up against primitive fundamental needs, so that the world in general contains for us very much what it contained for the Crusaders of old (at once immeasurably less and immeasurably more than we have looked for of late years), so too in art—the individual man's efforts to create—we find a new simplicity and strength because simplicity and strength are in the air to-day. And simplicity and strength may be reckoned amongst the most effectual enemies of unfaith and materialism.

Men's thoughts have lifted to eternal truths all through the ages in the lean years of suffering and loss. With impermanent and transitory things dissolving before their eyes, they have hurled headlong through mists of doubt in the attempt to find firm footholds and clear views. If not here, elsewhere there must be something to satisfy the heart's craving. "In a desert land where there is no way and no water" we thirst for healing springs. Break through the conventional crust under which we conceal our better instincts, and which of us is really materialistic? The absurd accessories of artificial civilization which we heap about us; the

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symbols of wealth which we value not for their beauty but for what they represent—these are not the things we take to our hearts, in view, say, of Flying Death approaching us out of the drifting clouds.

To-day, with the winds of eternity blowing fast in upon our naked little souls, with our neighbors' souls, too, singularly bare to us in the new vision; conscious that with the passing of vast legions of heroic dead, there are passing too—but these into a lasting death—the wraiths of much we once thought precious, we find ourselves thrown back upon ourselves and out into the infinite. Heart-searching springs from this, and widening of channels of the soul formerly blocked. With the conditions of life so altered that now the writer of to-day scarcely knows if he regards it as a whole from the natural or the supernatural standpoint, he finds himself more in accord with the more mystical view which the Catholic novelist, by very nature of his training, has always held.

II.

That Catholic view—unworldly, we might say, in the wider significance of a term limited through misuse—crops out unmistakably in Catholic work, in the eyes of another Catholic at least. Here we are up against a paradox. For there is at once a subtlety and a directness in Catholic writing, which another of the same mind, if he has any pretensions to intelligence, cannot escape. The book in question may not allude even obscurely to any controversial matter, but the observant Catholic, like the Giant in *Jack and the Beanstalk,* will none the less "smell blood." For almost any psychological fiction grapples with the problem of what—for want of a better name—the world calls right and wrong. Upon points like these the Catholic view is practical and emphatic. In the Catholic novel, you find sin considered in its relation to a real God and not only an abstract Good, which is another matter. Even venial sins —left persistently unchecked—count under these conditions. In the non-Catholic novel, unless it is a character study of some particular sect or denomination, like Eden Philpott's *Old Delabole,* or Miss E. S. Stephens' *Sarah Eden,* you will find "God" does not come into the question except as an Abstract Being. In the non-Catholic novel the issues described are immediately emotional issues; or possibly the effect which given circumstances produce on persons indirectly concerned. The deepest significance of any sin is usually left unregarded.

That habit of mind which is part of the childhood's heritage of a born Catholic, and which penetrates him quickly or slowly as the case may be if he is a convert, helps him to grasp this deeper significance. Churches open from dawn till dusk, where the passer-by may drop in as naturally as he would to the house of his intimate friend; the practise of visiting the Blessed Sacrament; Exposition: the doctrine of Transubstantiation above all—these tend to bring to the mind of the Catholic a sense of the reality of Jesus Christ with His two Natures, Divine and Human, almost impossible to be realized by those of another faith. Consequently, if a writer, his psychology takes in the spiritual and mystical side as well as the material side of a problem or it would not be Catholic psychology at all. For he cannot describe anything which brings him up against the Catholic ideal without being instantly aware of it as an eternal factor, however far short its followers may fall from it.

It follows logically that given certain situations, the reader too must come upon it, willy-nilly. It is quite different to the non-Catholic ideal, as you will see directly you seriously compare similar situations as treated respectively by the Catholic and non-Catholic writer. Take the subject of love between a girl and a married man for instance. It is the motif of H. G. Wells' *Ann Veronica.* Now Mr. Wells is an acknowledged master of his art. He probes the human heart as deeply as he can. His characters do not stand still, they live and grow. Ann Veronica, in her own way, is as true to type as Kipps. She is essentially modern. She is "out for the best in life" (her life); she feels that its human fulfillment is of supreme importance. She "wants things" desperately; she is dissatisfied and restless, adventurous and gallant. When love comes upon her, it is real love, not its travesty; she is willing to brave any danger for it. It does not wholly blind her. She endured conflict of a sort. She sees the barriers between her and her natural completion; she feels real pain at the thought of hurting her father and aunt by allying her lot with Capes; she conceives that their "conventionality" will be outraged.....No more. Spiritually, she is like a bedridden child who, having all her life been accustomed to live in a basement, cannot—by force of circumstances—see any other view than whitewashed walls and cellars. When at last Capes and she can "dare to have children" and her relations come to visit her at her home and take pleasant interest in her salted almonds and iced marrons, she feels "the fight is

fought and won." Her only regret then is that "these common and secondary things" which now are theirs may make them forget "the time when they cared for nothing but the joy of one another." Capes epitomizes the gospel of this (withal) lovable little pagan in a phrase: "Find the thing you want to do most intensely, make sure that's it, and do it with all your might." (Yesterday, that was the rule of many who mistook this world's paper walls for prison bars.)

The Catholic novelist facing the same situation would have dealt with it differently. He might even conceivably have made Capes and Ann Veronica run to the same lengths. But he would not have glossed over the actual sin. And the mental conflict, relatively, would have been on a terrific scale. For civil war is the worst war of all. In the fight between human passion and the world's justification or condemnation, you have mental torment reaching a high pitch of intensity, but not the highest. But when you come face to face with the mystical and the natural parts of a man or woman at opposition in a life and death struggle, when every physical fibre is trying to grip and retain what the spiritual fibres will not loose, you have the whole tissue of being lacerated in agony to which no purely physical torment is comparable.

In Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's *One Poor Scruple* something like the same crisis arises. Lord Bellasis is an innocent divorcé and he loves Madge; Madge loves him. The divorcé—however innocent—is separated as finally from the Catholic woman who is free to marry as if he were still living with his wife. Mrs. Ward shows how every worldly consideration is in favor of the marriage. The law of the land would recognize it; between the lovers there is "only" the fact that no practising Catholic could enter into such a contract; that the "marriage" could not be solemnized in a Catholic church nor recognized by Catholics. Bellasis has been badly treated: in a way, happiness seems due to him. Madge yields and promises to marry him. Then comes the real pull between the natural and the supernatural view; try as she will she cannot lose her faith. You have this passionate cry over and over again in Catholic novels, a cry which must seem almost blasphemous to those accustomed to more plastic views. "I haven't lost the faith—I wish I could!" The fight is lifted upon higher realms.

The psychology of the Catholic novelist—however ill he may present it—impinges on a wider track than that which his friend, the non-Catholic novelist, treads.

III.

Take, for instance, that subject of religious vocation, with all its potentialities, which must be understood to be in the least adequately presented. As a proof of what can be done with it, you have only to take up Valentina Hawtrey's *In a Desert Land,* one of the strongest novels of the year. It traces the fortunes of a family of Hydes of Cobham from the reign of Edward II. to the present day. Vocation as a burning force tugging at the heart-strings, appears again and again in the annals of the race, only to be resisted and defied first by one member then another. Here you have a study new to the reading public, treated with deadly sincerity and a happy insight which relieves what would otherwise be almost too strenuous a theme, by a dozen caustic and characteristic touches. Miss Hawtrey's art is never obvious; you light almost by chance upon the real significance of the book, and after that you realize that it stands (a shadow of gloom? a ray of light?—accordingly as you look at it), in the background of the central pictures. It is there, to change the analogy, as the leading motif is in *Tristan and Isolde* —the same yet not the same in both the Love and the Death scenes. The acute ear hears it, the door of the heart in almost each case opens to it, but does not always remain open. In the fourteenth century Tom Hyde flings it back; a hundred and sixty years later, Jane Hyde resists it too; it re-appears in the story of Tony in 1718 and is again rejected, and ultimately, in the last generation, you find Eleanor Hyde of to-day answering it. Modern Eleanor says of herself, on the eve of entering an enclosed order of nuns, "The story of me ends almost at the beginning!" But her father answers, "On the contrary, your story will begin when you go."

They are a strange race these Hydes of Cobham, over whom some would say doom hovered, and some love. They are cursed by a taint of genius which made them know themselves too well. They have flashes of revelation and flashes of despair; they doubt themselves, and craving to be rid of self they still—the finest of them—just fall short of sacrificing self. Throughout the book the sharp tang of self-mockery in each successive instance cuts the soul clean adrift from that to which a mystical bond linked it; tragedy which in the case of Tom, the would-be friar turned jester in a fool's cap and bells, recalls in its bitterness another faithful portrait, *The Gadfly* in Mrs. Voynich's poignant study. But whereas in *The Gadfly* there was presented the tragedy of youth's disillusion because of another's sin, there is in Miss Hawtrey's

book an even subtler piece of artistry—the tragedy of a heart "knowing its own bitterness" turning upon itself its own sharpest sword because it realized where its failure led.

"There is absolutely nothing in heaven or earth that one cannot laugh at in some way or another, but to laugh at the wrong thing is a sin of commission and not to laugh at all is a sin of omission," said the first Eleanor Hyde, mother of Tom. But "I became a jester for fear of being laughed at," says Tom, the piteous fool with his broken heart, brought by chance to his own door and forced by his master to make quips and cranks before those who till now had hoped against hope for his return, "in honor," and who will not now recognize him. Jane too stands smiling with "the blast of laughter" shattering "the ideal which for one moment had been within her reach, of which for one moment she had believed herself capable." She, too, had resisted vocation, and to her too there came at the last the great simplicity of revelation. With her little feet sinking in the slushy wet of the marshes which drew her to her death, she knew that it "was not so much what she had done that was wrong, but what she was." Tony Hyde on the scaffold of Tyburn felt that too. "All his life ambition had stirred in him like an unborn child." He had lived his emotional life spectacularly; the really great moment which he had always coveted surely was here and now. And yet, when it came to the point, words were lacking. The surging crowd, caught up into that tremendous silence, and steadfastly regarding him—of what real account was it? What mattered in that final moment except just how his soul stood to God? The trappings were stripped; here was supreme simplicity. "As he looked round at the faces turned towards him he knew that he was going to say nothing." "He had come there not to speak but to die, and the difference was the difference between the written poem and the poem uttered in terms of life itself."

"Religion is as tragic as first love and drags us out into the void away from our dear homes," says Hilaire Belloc. That same sense of solution felt by Tony, the composure into which the heart's most poignant human passion ultimately resolves, shines too—but here transcendent—in the story of Mudo, the Boy Emperor, in John Ayscough's tender story of *Dromina*. (But when is John Ayscough not tender?) On the verge of ultimate tragedy leading to martyrdom, Mudo, with a choice before him and power in his grasp, sees why "ambition, by the perfect, should be counted a sin. No one, he surmised, had ever reached a goal of merely personal

ambition without loss to himself: no one, he had come to believe, can ever grasp a coveted distinction or 'greatness' without becoming smaller, meaner, less noble.....One could not sell the least part of oneself and not know that one was poorer.....Honor could only be attained by one who was indifferent to it....."

Monsignor Benson's *Conventionalists* and *A Winnowing* both have, as their central theme, the subject of vocation. And here, again, you come upon rebellion. When the call broke upon Algy in its overwhelming flood, so much stronger than he was that he felt his impotent strength give out before it, "he sat up, rebellious and despairing, telling himself that God had no mercy, that such a sacrifice was intolerable, complaining furiously that he who was so ready to give so much ought not to be asked to give all, demanding a little breathing-space. The conflict was upon him on a higher circle now of that mountain of God on which all men stand according to their stature.....His eyes were bright with pain and fear Ah, why could God not leave him alone?"

In the much disputed *Winnowing,* it is presented dramatically enough. A young husband is pronounced dead by two doctors; he lies with his crucifix in his hand; his widow is left alone with him. He and she are practising Catholics "of a respectably dead type." In other words, they always fulfill the strict letter of their religious obligations and no more. And face to face with her dead, Mary knows that Jack's "chance" to help himself is over.

> But that wasn't the only thing: I wanted him alive again .....I said to God, absolutely knowing and meaning what I said, that if Jack could only be alive again I'd offer myself entirely to Him forever, that I wouldn't shrink from anything .....I knew nothing about the Religious Life, about the rules for husband and wife and so on. But.....I included it in my mind though *I loathed the thought of it*[1].....I expressed it inside as deliberately as I possibly could.

The crucifix falls from Jack's fingers; he opens his eyes, and sits up. During that time of—shall we say suspended animation?—he too had had experiences. There came to him, amongst other items of knowledge on this new plane, that *"religion was true, not just in a pious sort of way, but solid, solid as a rock.....as real as tables and chairs, only very much more so."* He himself proposes that he and his wife should enter the Religious Life; the fulfillment of Mary's own vow, though that he does not then know. And she

[1] The italics are mine.

refuses; refuses absolutely, once and for all. He accepts her decision quietly enough; but he busies himself in such ways as are open to him; he builds a convent on the estate as refuge for a community of enclosed nuns, and so forth. Mary goes through a period of torment. And when finally she comes to him, and confesses her broken vow, and tells him how from the first she had known that what he wanted was right for both of them, and now is ready to do as he asked, she finds that in that period he has gone back interiorly to the very point from which her own prayer wrested him; that he means to "take up" all his old way of living, to live again, let us say, a precisely similar kind of life to that in which Mary once saw him visibly die. There is nothing for her to do but acquiesce: it was she who threw him back upon it. He leaves her after a time to go to South Africa; there he dies, and is buried. His widow enters an enclosed order of nuns, and the book ends with a deliberately and almost brutally crude account of the ceremony of reception which to Mary's friends seems grim and even terrible.

So much for the bald story, which the writer himself thought did not wholly make its point. But surely to anyone able to "sense" the Catholic view it is clear enough. The Catholic recognizes the value of vicarious sacrifice. "Absence," John Ayscough says in *Marotz,* "is a bridge along which love passes to and fro." The most intolerable sting of death, to the average man or woman, is the thought that now he or she can do nothing further for the beloved. But the Catholic knows that he can make each trivial action of his day, even each slight or severe pang of suffering, every lived or spoken prayer a separate link of the immortal chain which binds him to his dead. Again to quote John Ayscough: "The unseen presses even closer than the seen 'upon him,' so that the 'real' is less real than the unreal, and mystery is never doubt nor the unknown necessarily the impossible." This is the explanation of a hundred sacrifices which in the world's eyes are obscure; things which in reality are not sacrifices at all, but just the reaching out of love's hand over an abyss, or the laying down of a small gift before the Feet of Him Who gave us all.

A foreign contemporary writer said that all psychological fiction resolved itself into studies of the great factors, love and pain. The Catholic's view of love and pain is paradoxical enough; there are times when he is not sure which is which.

> Pain is one of those vast fundamental facts that must be scrutinized by the whole of man—his heart and his will and

> his experience—as well as by his head or not at all.....Pain is not an unhappy accident of life, not a piece of heartless carelessness, not a laboring struggle upwards on the part of an embryo God; but a part of life so august and far-reaching that since the Creator Himself can submit to it, it must fall under that Divine standard of Justice into which our own ideas of justice must some day be expanded. This makes the steps of the working out of the problem even perhaps more bewildering than before; yet for Christians it demonstrates the total sum worked out and "placarded".....before our eyes.

A view like this surely makes for sanity. It is finer, for instance, than the "bloodied yet unbowed" picture of Henley's "master of his fate." You cannot have unmitigated gloom in a book, however sad, with this behind it. Miss May Sinclair, amongst contemporary writers, has a peculiarly delicate sense of tragedy and fineness; the keynote of her work is high sacrifice. But the note of the sacrifice is often lost in a vague melody in such work as she has so far published: you long for the simplicity, the satisfaction of a resolved chord. (I do not think this criticism will apply to her future work.) Winnie, in *The Combined Maze;* Gwenda in *The Three Sisters*—there are two noble characters if ever characters were noble, and yet the reader puts both books down with a sense of emptiness and desolation. You feel that the writer herself is reaching out for something which she has not got. And Miss Sinclair's work is far above an ordinary level. She ignores the terrible convention of most publishers who demand with theatrical managers that the story must end "happily;" she is true to life which does not always give earthly laurels to its real heroes.

No novel defied the aforesaid convention more absolutely than Monsignor Benson's *None Other Gods.* Guiseley, the central point of interest, died in his attempt to save a squalid little soul which even the reader at times scarcely feels was worth saving. From time to time during the process there fell upon him successive blows: poverty, shame, injustice, disillusion, the desertion of Jenny (the girl he loved), physical pain, imprisonment, a cruel death ending, it seemed, "a climax of uselessness exactly where ordinary usefulness was about to begin." Yet those who saw the battered man die, and knew him to be less surrounded by peace, than become part of peace, divined a mystical completion in that broken disjointed life which at first sight looked so awry. "Was it not possible after all that another golden and perfect deed had been

done?" That Frank Guiseley, human failure, had attained in his short life the supreme goal to which all human life converges, but which so many of us fail to reach? We who have stood by our broken dead in the present war and seen splendid promise apparently thrown away, have learned from these unforgettable hours something both of human doubt and its immortal answer.

Frank Guiseley summed up the question of love and pain very simply, in a few words, in a diary he was asked to keep.

> When the series of things began that simply smashed me up .....I was getting to feel smaller and smaller.....But there was a little hard lump in the middle that would not break..... There were two things I held on to all this time—my religion and Jenny. I gave them turns so to speak.....Then came her letter.....Simply everything was altered. It was as if there wasn't any sun or moon or sky. Religion seemed no good at all.....It's either the background and foreground all in one or its a kind of game. It's either true or a pretense. Well, all this in a way taught me it was true. Things wouldn't have held together at all unless it was. It seemed to me for awhile that it was horrible that it was true.....and then .....it was like this: I saw suddenly that what had been wrong in me was that I had made myself the centre of things and God a kind of circumference. When He did or allowed things, I said "Why does He?" from my point of view. I set up my ideas of justice and love and so forth and then compared His with mine, not mine with His. And I suddenly saw.....that this was simply stupid.....When one once really sees that, there's no longer any puzzle about anything. One can simply never say "Why?" again.

IV.

Catholic writers, it will be seen, treat souls very much as surgeons treat bodies; practically and without sentimentality. "That flesh is mortifying: cut it out," is the point of view. All the clean dressings in the world will not change the fact that the flesh below is black and spreading danger. Whip off the dressings then, and slash straight at the corrupt part, no matter how deep you must put in the knife.

Looking at things as they are, and not necessarily as you would wish to have them, makes both for true perspective and a wide range of view. In Browning's *Ring and the Book* you have a

story told from Guido's standpoint, Pompilia's, Caponsacchi's, Half Rome, the Other Half Rome, etc., and the Pope's. In Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's remarkable study of *Horace Blake* you feel in turn with Kate, with Trix, with Stephen and again with a transformed Kate, when you are summing up what the real Horace Blake was. You have here a man of genius, once a Catholic—(a far finer study of a man who has fallen away from the faith than her Comte d'Etranges in *Out of Due Time*) who has for years blasphemed and insulted what he once adored (the more aptly, the more vehemently, because he once adored it), brought to a deathbed repentance almost impossible to believe sincere. Short of a miracle, how could that crust of hardness break? And the world does not believe in miracles. For such a man, at the eleventh hour, to "fling himself on God" could only have been the result of a spiritual cataclysm. You tread each step of the way to gradual comprehension that such things may be with Kate, the strong and tragic agnostic wife, who through love and humility does actually grasp the truth when certain professing Christians miss it. Catholics presumably recognize changes of heart, Kate knows; upheavals of nature wrought supernaturally through "conversion," but how is it that Stephen, not a Catholic, but a "good" man, surely if ever there was one, and most certainly a "professing Christian," doesn't?

> I was taught [says Kate] that there was no such thing as sin, but that there were noble characters and base characters. I never dreamt of the base elements being transmuted into the noblest. But why did you not understand? Why, when you read the horrible things I sent you as material for his Life, did not you, who had seen him near the end, say to me, "Both are true, the vileness and the nobility that came out of that awful cleansing?" I.....recognize as absolute truth from the evidence before me that there was.....a mysterious strengthening of the will—much peace, if at times a dark peace. But .....as you are a Christian, *why did you not understand?*

He began to realize now that he had never had a large enough scale for his work. Finally he said in despair: "It can only be understood.....however dimly, by opening windows into the Infinite."

Over and over again in Catholic fiction you have these views of phases and vital changes which cannot "be understood except by opening windows into the Infinite," as Stephen said. The spirit

lies, as it were, bruised between the stony reality of earth and the resistless force of the spirit. It shows clearly so in *The Waters of Twilight* by that brilliant writer, Father Martindale, and in all John Ayscough's novels, with their sympathy and charm. The *Waters of Twilight* cannot really be understood unless you grasp its mystical significance. It works out phase by phase the answer to the question each one of us, in his hour, asks himself: "What am I? What am I put here for?" The Catholic says, "There are two selves in you; two great potentialities. Man can dwindle down into the beast or be drawn up and out into—God." Then comes the mystery. All Existence can be linked into one: a supreme Unification between highest and lowest, God and creature, but only through stages, not immediately. Here on earth it can only be darkly initiated—although it is initiated vitally and substantially; later on there will be explicit consciousness. *The Waters of Twilight* tells of spiritual growth. The "I" who relates such story as it contains, is the soul which, owing to super-sensitiveness, is acutely conscious of itself and its human side, but still has "vision." Angela, the sister, has very human limitations, and is inclined rather continually to rehearse her plan of what life ought to be rather than to take part in it as it is. Landisfarne, "Dolly," is the soul in which long-established grace has triumphed so serenely that he is not conscious of it normally any more than the healthy body really is conscious of itself. When he lay dead

> Dolly.....was the centre and focus of the place.....Dolly, pervasive yet enthroned: the real Dolly, himself at last, expanded and splendid and gloriously set free; understanding the world at last and understanding me; not asking for words any more; not having to rely.....on mysterious instincts and sympathies; but united with the centre and source of reality and thus of spirit and of knowledge, and involving me in his immense new sweep of power and presence.....

Odo and Angela both have to be "broken" before they can be re-created or spiritualized; Charles has to go through a lengthier process, the slow dissolving of "self," before room can be made "for the living Christ to force His brilliant way in." For

> the act of faith to which you assent isn't only a deliberate assent of your mere intellect to a proposition on all fours with everyday propositions. Grace must come in to help you to want to assent, and to assent to a proposition made to you

> not on human evidence merely. Unless grace comes in, belief's impossible: even with it, it may be terribly difficult. Lots of people don't realize that for certain temperaments or casts of mind, it may be life-long torture to believe. The soul may conquer, but to the end the wounds may hurt and even bleed.

The work of all these novelists (with the exception of Miss Hawtrey) whom I have cited is known distinctively as Catholic work, just as Hilaire Belloc's work is, and Katharine Tynan's, and Alice Dease's to take three different classes of writers. But the texture of the Catholic mind shows very clearly in the supremely uncontroversial work of Philip Gibbs, to give another example out of a hundred instances which leap to the mind. In his *Master of Life,* to quote one instance only, you have Pearl Lavington, a woman "pure with Celtic purity" (the strictest of all purity), dragged through the divorce court by a dissolute husband in a trumped-up case, which goes against her. Very simply she refuses to marry the man—equally guiltless—with whom her name has been disgracefully coupled. "I am still a married woman." More than this, though she loves him—it went against her that she admitted as much to a court which could only read guilt into that word—she sends him away to marry somebody else. *"Because I must stay lonely I do not ask you to bankrupt your hopes of all that Nature means to men."* A piece of folly, this from the world's standpoint, only to be accounted for in followers of the initial "foolishness of the Cross!"

It has been said of foreign schools of literature, that "hidebound conventions" do not bind their exponents; that the French, the Italian, the Spanish writer sifts motive more than we do as a rule, and in any case is out rather to show life as it is than to give the public what it wants. The description applies, aptly enough, to the work of Catholic authors, also, of British nationality. The Catholic view is neither nebulous nor evasive, and it cannot be satisfied. It has something in common with patriotism. Challenge it in the open and you come upon it—full. Strong and insistent, you meet it in contemporary literature. But for that matter, where is it not in its eternal youth and its deep age? unalterable, inviolate, springing from the soil a man treads, one with the breath of the countryside; at once cold and austere and warm and infinitely human; the eternal paradox still glowing with that same white light with which it shone in the first centuries and will shine forever.

SALONIKI: WHERE ST. PAUL PREACHED.

BY ELBRIDGE COLBY.

IN the city of Saloniki, they will pretend to show you where St. Paul preached. For we all know that this town, so old that no one can really tell its age, this town called by the French *Salonique,* by the Greeks Θεσσαλονικὴ and by us Saloniki—that this was the first important stopping place for St. Paul the Apostle when he crossed to the head of the Ægean Sea and began to spread the true faith in ancient Greece. And afterwards he was able to say in his First Epistle to the Thessalonians ii. 1: "For yourselves know, brethren, our entrance in unto you, that it was not in vain."

At the northern end of the Ægean Sea, situated at the head of a huge bay, sprawling along the waterfront, lies the city of St. Paul. The European section of the town reaches by the edge of the sea in a southeasterly direction from the place where the notorious White Tower stands. The older part of the city extends along the curving shore in the opposite direction towards the tanks of the Standard Oil Company. The European section is but a narrow strip of houses; the older part mounts the high hill which rises inland, mounts and mounts as the houses grow smaller, the streets narrower and steeper, the alleys more tortuous and more dirty, until we reach the wall of the ancient citadel. This was the original site, and the town, as a matter of fact, instead of mounting has descended slowly until it touched the blue of the beautiful Ægean. Standing on this high ground, we see nearby an antique church, and observe far in the distance across the broad harbor the mountains of Greece. Here, face to face with Olympus on the far horizon, fearless of the old gods who had ruled so long, the loquacious guide said the most important words of the afternoon: "Here St. Paul preached."

> Paul and Silas, having passed by Amphipolis and Apollonia, came to Thessalonica, where there was a synagogue of Jews.
>
> And Paul according to his custom went in unto them; and for three sabbath-days he reasoned with them out of the scriptures:
>
> Declaring and insinuating that the Christ was to suffer, and

to rise again from the dead; and that this is Jesus Christ, Whom I preach to you.

And some of them believed, and were associated to Paul and Silas, and of those that served God and of the Gentiles a great multitude, and of noble women not a few.

But the Jews moved with envy, and taking unto them some wicked men of the vulgar sort, and making a tumult, set the city in an uproar: and besetting Jason's house, sought to bring them out unto the people.

And not finding them, they drew Jason and certain brethren to the rulers of the city, crying: They that set the city in an uproar are come hither also.

Whom Jason hath received, and these all do contrary to the decrees of Cesar, saying that there is another king, Jesus.

And they stirred up the people, and the rulers of the city hearing these things.

And having taken satisfaction of Jason, and of the rest, they let them go.[1]

I have stood on the Areopagus and seen the afternoon sun light the glorious relics of the Athenian Acropolis, the hill on which so many broken marble pediments and fallen columns mark the place where pagan antiquity raised its numerous monuments and saw them shattered. I have seen where, at the foot of the Sacred Way, St. Paul took his stand and told the crowds who were accustomed to ascend: "Men of Athens, I perceive that in all things you are too superstitious!" There where the ruins of Hellenic worship overlook the simple spot which St. Paul trod, I thought of the intellectual curiosity which leads thousands up the high hill, and of the depth of religious feeling which has stirred in the hearts of similar thousands when they have recognized the little mound on which the Apostle proclaimed the personality of the Unknown God. One is a matter of the head, culture; the other of the heart, religion. But never, not even by the side of the Acropolis, have I been so much impressed with the fact of Christianity transforming the world as when on that sunny day I looked over the blue Ægean to Olympus, the mountain home of the gods of Greece, looked down upon the Moslem minarets and Eastern churches of the cosmopolitan city of Saloniki, and heard those words: "Here St. Paul preached."

Saloniki has had a strange history. Under its first name, Therma, it was unimportant. Cassander made it a large and

[1] Acts xvii. 1-9.

flourishing city, and renamed it Thessalonica in honor of his wife, the daughter of Philip and sister of Alexander the Great. In 1423 the town, always a commercial prize, was sold to the Venetians; but it fell into the hands of the Turks under Murad II. in 1430. It was only in 1912, when the conquering Greeks entered, that many of the finest mosques were reconverted into Christian churches. The central portion of the Turkish stronghold still remains by the water front, and still bears the name of The White Tower. The lower ramparts have been destroyed and a park surrounds the single round tower, from the top of whose castellated walls hundreds of Christian bodies hung in times past. This pile of masonry has seen many amazing sights. It was not far away that King George of Greece was assassinated; a small shrine, a stone by the roadside, and an armed guard mark the spot. It was in this town that the Hebrew "Moslems" gave the principal impetus to the Young Turk Movement. It was here that the dethroned Sultan was imprisoned in a large chateau, with the small allowance of wives—was it fifty? It was up the avenue leading from this Tower that the Greeks and Bulgarians fought along the streets, from barrack to barrack, from hospital to hospital, in 1913. And well might they be desirous of possession, for Saloniki is the most important port of the Balkan peninsula; it has been coveted by Austria, by Bulgaria, by Greece, by Serbia, and now by Germany. It is the easy and natural outlet for Macedonia, Thessaly, and through the valley of the Vardar for Serbia. The Serbo-Greek alliance provides for a Serbian government dock and transportation of materials in bond, and makes this a Serbian military inlet. I went down around the quays and found a portion specially fenced in—"Serbian government warehouses," I was told. And there I saw countless cases of goods destined for Serbia, military shipments as well as Red Cross material.

Saloniki is really a rather interesting and very cosmopolitan seaport, there are in the roadstead French, Italian, English, Dutch and Greek liners, from the huge *Messageries* to the interesting little fishing craft and island trading boats. True, there are now also transports and hospital ships, and the eyes of all the world are turned in this direction. But it is not only in the hour of political, diplomatic or military crises that Saloniki presents strange details. I had my shoes mended the other day at a "shop" which was merely a hole in the wall—three feet one way and four the other—and there are many such. I saw a horse in a small store early

one morning treading his blindfold way about a central post, grinding meal between two primitive stones. I saw a man cleaning light cotton, and arranging it for bed quilts and comforters with a bent bit of wood and a steel wire in the shape of a large bow, which he manipulated by light blows so cleverly as to make the fluffy material settle or fly at will. I saw a donkey loaded with charcoal, with his master riding on top and carrying a great umbrella against the sun. I met a herd of sheep being driven through the street—and some were black like the people. I climbed the hot hill, past the dirty and unalluring homes of the poorer Turks, to the old citadel and the modern prison; and found some guns on the tower which had been taken from the Turks and the Bulgarians in 1912 and 1913. There was a boy in one shop cleaning pans by swirling them in wet sand with his bare feet, while his body twisted and turned in remarkable gymnastics. In another place the smell of dye-kettles attracted me, and there, beyond, were many, many weaving machines in a big room, all run by Turkish girls, by old men and by boys. The machines required one hand for the shuttle, one to move the vertical frame, and both feet to shift the alternating threads, keeping a person—as we should say—completely occupied. If each did not work with his whole soul, he at least worked with his whole body. I rambled under police escort through the hideous "red light district," quaint and awful at night, hideous and dirty by day. I visited many cafés, and saw the mixed low life, the Turkish dancers; all in what was once one of the very best cities of the Mediterranean.

There were many curious costumes mingling in the passing multitude; sleek young Jews in European clothes wearing the red fez of Turkey; old Greek women with the headdress of their nation, green and yellow silk and a few beads, so that the whole resembled a parakeet; Turkish females in black, heavily veiled; a few turbans and occasionally a green one indicating the pilgrimage to Mecca; a Moslem priest with the curious fez of white and red; Greek patriarchs in black robes bearing strange tall, black hats; peasant regalia from the country surrounding, and even from, Serbia; British Red Cross units from Belgrade; Greek soldiers in khaki; Serbian officers laden with decorations; men from Epirus with white skull caps, white skirts, and huge pointed white shoes that had black tassels; Germans with their perpetual spectacles; and here and there a French Sister of St. Vincent de Paul. So, when I wanted diversion in this, the largest Jewish city of the

East, I simply left the central thoroughfares and strolled casually up the narrow back streets, between the queer houses with latticed windows, beneath the overhanging upper stories, and wandered about, looking into every yard and peering into every shop. Among the bazaars, under the arcades, everywhere, I found things a-plenty of human interest.

Of course, the proper thing to do was to go into a real mosque. This we did with much trepidation. We removed our shoes but not our hats; we passed by the place where the faithful wash their feet and marched over a flea-laden mat toward the entrance of the holy of holies. All outside of that was plain, severely plain. No furniture save the matting and a few prayer stools and two racks for the shoes; no color on the walls save a severe whitewash. At a small door, things changed. The corners of the arched ceiling began to be decorated with pale yellows, greens, blues and reds. Within was a flare of the same sunrise tints, the furniture about the walls was heavily draped and colored; the steep wooden stairs leading to the minaret were also elaborated.

The Greek churches are veritable wonders of gaudy over-decoration, from the impossible glass chandeliers to the crude tin halos, bands and sword hilts on more crudely painted portraits. It also seemed always necessary to spatter blue and white about for patriotism's sake, once to paint the date of the recapture of Saloniki quite conspicuously over the altar. The altars themselves were invariably hidden behind high screens, and there were only the pictures of the Madonna and little racks for devotional candles to give any taste of Christian familiarity. St. George, St. Demetrius, the innumerable smaller churches, and even St. Sophia—each told the same story. St. George, known for its curious circular form, had been a mosque; and so had St. Sophia. The exquisitely colored marbles and mosaics, the beautiful marble screen of St. Sophia, faded into insignificance when we found it was mostly painted plaster. But frequently there were architectural details that many a professional would be glad to have in his sketch book. Those which had been mosques still had the slender minaret mounting toward the sky, though that of St. Sophia, *mirabile dictu!* yet bears the star and crescent. However, everywhere the cross and the colors white and blue predominated. Beside some of the churches we found beautiful marbles with wonderful sculptured designs, discarded because they were not Christian. But, on the other hand, in spite of the obliteration

of many a saint's figure, the Moslems had left unmolested two noteworthy things: the tomb of St. Demetrius himself, which was allowed to remain in a secluded corner for many years, while the building itself was used as a mosque; and in St. Sophia—erected, so rumor says, by Justinian—there endured one of the most splendid pieces of mosaic work imaginable, the huge dome ornamented with enormous figures of the Blessed Virgin, two angels, and the twelve Apostles, with a glorious Christ and the inscription: "Men of Galilee, why stand you looking up to heaven? This Jesus, Who is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come as you have seen Him going into heaven."

When one had gazed on the old Eastern churches, had mused over the battered arch of Alexander, and had contemplated the crumbling old walls of the town, a walk down hill to the water front and towards the little open square, disclosed a different world entirely. Everyone was talking of the Bulgarian military, of the Austro-German offensive, of the strength and weakness of little Serbia. When one wearied of talking he might stroll to the edge of the quay and look at the French men-of-war, at the British torpedo boats, at the Allies' transports; or chat with British Tommies or A. S. C. officers; or watch mobilized Greek troops disembarking and marching toward their station. He might discuss the policy of Venezelos and the attitude of the King; he could listen to tales of Constantinople from men just arrived; try to figure out future events with the countless impatient journalists, or hear from them weird stories of cancelled passports and official taciturnity.

But the artificial excitement of the café terraces soon paled in its turn. And, then, after wandering among heretic mosques and schismatic Greek churches, after rubbing elbows with Spaniards and Moslems, Jews and Greeks, Italians and Bulgarians in the crowded streets, after all this I wandered back into the narrow alleys. I wandered aimlessly on and on, until I finally walked into the French church, and immediately felt transported into a completely different world, a world of peace and quiet. I was once more in communion with the Holy See at Rome. Behind the altar, in a place so arranged that the sunlight streamed in from an independent window above, there was an image of the Blessed Virgin, most tastefully placed. The sun shone full upon the figure, and the painted clouds behind appeared actually real. About this building centre the activities of a band of Fathers and a group of

Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, who bear a marvelous reputation in Saloniki for disinterested service to Bulgarian and Greek, to men and women and children of all nations who, in time of peace or in time of war, resident or refugee, have stood in need of assistance. When their work was recounted to me, I thought I heard the speech of St. Paul echoing in my ears: "For yourselves know, brethren, our entrance in unto you, that it was not in vain." And the church was still, and the permeating spirit of Christian sacrifice seemed placed in Saloniki to do a mighty work. The church was still, and the white purity of it brought me home once more.

DOMINUS TECUM.

BY BLANCHE M. KELLY.

"Daughter, I was in thine heart."—*Revelations of St. Catherine of Siena.*

WHERE were You, Lord, when 'mid my sore alarms,
Benighted in bleak ways, I groped and cried,
Before I found the shelter of Your arms?
I journeyed at Your side.

Where were You, Lord, when Sorrow climbed my stair
And many a wan-eyed vigil with me kept,
When I could find no solace anywhere?
I watched with You and wept.

Where were You, Lord, when Sin and I drew near
And smiled upon each other, set apart,
Before I turned with loathing and with fear?
I smiled within Your heart.

THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL.

(SILVER JUBILEE, 1892–1916.)

BY THOMAS MCMILLAN, C.S.P.

READING Circles among Catholics have had a potent influence in the diffusion of literature representing their own much neglected authors. A mature appreciation was developed, after school days, to follow prescribed courses of reading, especially in Church history, and kindred subjects so necessary to intelligent Catholics when required to give a reason for their belief. At all times there has been much home study among serious people, and individual effort for self-improvement. But the Reading Circle represented an organization of forces along Catholic lines to counteract the desultory and aimless search for knowledge. Many were found in need of advice and competent direction in regard to elective post-graduate studies. Volunteer leaders entered the field to provide this supervision, such as Margaret Sullivan of Chicago, and Katherine E. Conway of Boston, not to mention many others who gave valuable time and energy to this work. In some cases alumnæ societies had a representative of Alma Mater, like Sister M. Camper of Ottawa, to encourage and guide their explorations in the field of literature. At the present time inquiring minds may find a treasure house in *The Catholic Encyclopedia* with its detailed courses of reading.

One very definite result of these societies for intellectual advancement was that they had a local habitation, and a name generally selected from among the Catholic authors. They could be relied on to assist in the circulation of a good book, while opposing at all times the pernicious influence of evil and worthless publications. At their meetings local speakers were invited to discuss current topics, thus aiding the formation of public opinion on right lines. For the first time, in many places, Catholics realized that they were welcome to assist in suggesting books for the Public Library, and cheerful recognition awaited them as leaders in the movements for social betterment. It was a new experience to find that the local papers gave ample space for reports of their meetings.

While holding the office of Chancellor under Archbishop Ryan, the Right Rev. Monsignor James F. Loughlin, D.D., became the chief organizer of Reading Circles in Philadelphia. Mounted on his bicycle he would journey from place to place, often attending three meetings in one afternoon. His cheerful presence awakened enthusiasm. Church history was the favorite subject for his own lectures, though his wide range of learning well fitted him to answer all kinds of questions. In a very practical way he brought his stores of knowledge to the people. About the same time Warren E. Mosher, then residing at Youngstown, Ohio, was prominently engaged in the work of Reading Circles. His own varied experience convinced him of the value of systematic reading and he was eager to organize a nation-wide movement under the title of the Catholic Educational Union. From him came the proposal for a summer meeting, where learned teachers could meet with apt scholars under the blue sky, shaded by academic groves far removed from the busy marts of trade. He found opportunity to talk over the matter at a convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, of which Monsignor Loughlin was then president. The latter decided to invite discussion of the project by publishing a letter in *The Catholic Review*. As a result a meeting was held in New York City at the Catholic Club in the early spring of 1892, and it was decided to establish a Summer School under the direction of Catholic teachers whose ability would invite confidence, and whose piety would guarantee the safeguards of a well-regulated family.

While learning and piety were well represented at that first meeting of the founders of what is now legally called " The Catholic Summer School of America," no funds were on hand to meet the expenses. It was proposed to make an appeal for a contingent fund to defray the necessary outlay of the first session at New London, Connecticut, during a period of three weeks. Educators with large experience were found willing to offer their personal service, yet no one felt able to assume the payment of a possible deficit until Bishop McMahon, of Hartford, came to the rescue. Without his generous offer that first session could not have taken place, though as a matter of fact there was no deficit for anyone to pay. The expectations of the most sanguine were more than realized. From different parts of the country students came to welcome such a school, and to make willing sacrifices for its welfare. No millionaire appeared at that time, nor since, to donate the means that would provide the new enterprise an assured lease of life. The

session at New London was an experiment, but it proved that the Summer School deserved a place in the Catholic Educational System. Graduates from State Normal Schools never before had such an opportunity to learn the value of their Catholic heritage in literature and other subjects that could not be taught by the non-sectarian plan. They had also the opportunity to compare notes with their comrades in the faith who had received all their training in Catholic institutions. To meet the numerous inquiries on subjects not included in the lectures "The Question Box" was established. It was for the first time in active operation to serve as a referendum at the Summer School. It has been since then chiefly identified with missions to non-Catholics, because the Rev. Walter Elliott, C.S.P., went to New London to preach a sermon, and there saw the new device which he decided to use in his missionary trip through Michigan some time later.

Dr. John A. Mooney,[1] Professor George E. Hardy, and Superintendent John H. Haaren were zealous pioneers in the new movement. Warren E. Mosher, however, deserves the chief honor for his arduous service as Secretary at the first session, and afterwards as long as he lived.

George Parsons Lathrop, at one time editor of *The Atlantic Monthly,* and his devoted wife Rose, daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, were new converts when the Summer School came into existence. They worked most ardently for the session of 1892 at New London in conjunction with the resident pastor, Father Joynt, and the members of the local committee of arrangements. They attended the reception given to authors, and both read selections from their writings. At that reception the following statement was presented:

"The Catholic reading public has many obligations to fulfill towards our Catholic authors. Inasmuch as they belong to the household of the faith, they have a claim on our attention which should be cheerfully recognized. They are the exponents of the highest culture of mind and heart. Consequently we should study their writings and manifest our appreciation of their efforts. The Reading Circles can perform this duty in a public manner by the diffusion of their books, and by securing for them suitable recognition in public libraries. Many of the choice volumes of Catholic

[1] A notable article on the new Summer School by Dr. John A. Mooney was published July, 1892, in THE CATHOLIC WORLD. For many years the chief events of every session were recorded in the Reading Union Department of this magazine.—ED. C. W.

literature have been published in mutilated editions for circulation among non-Catholics. The authors who have fought the good fight and gone to their reward cannot protest against this vandalism of modern editors. Catholics of the present day, however, can and ought to make a vigorous appeal for common honesty, and endeavor to supply the great works of our Catholic authors just as they were written.

"During the four hundred years from the landing of Columbus to the present day, a work of great magnitude for the spiritual and temporal welfare of this Western Continent has been accomplished by Catholics. This epoch is to be regarded as the heroic age of American literature. The events which mark the development of the providential design in directing the nation-builders to establish a new home for Christian civilization, furnish abundant materials for the historian, the poet and the novelist. It remains for the Catholics of America to study reverently the heroic lives of their ancestors; to preserve the golden words they committed to writing. There is reason to hope that a new generation of writers will be encouraged to embellish with modern literary skill the chronicles of the valiant pioneers of the Catholic Church in the United States.

"Briefly stated, the object of the Catholic Summer School is to increase the facilities for busy people as well as for those of leisure to pursue lines of study in various departments of knowledge under the guidance of specialists. It is not intended to have the scope of the work limited to any class, but rather to establish an intellectual centre where anyone with serious purpose may come and find new incentives for self-improvement. All branches of human learning are to be considered in the light of Christian truth, according to Cardinal Newman's declaration: "Truth is the object of knowledge of whatever kind; and truth means facts and their relations. Religious truth is not only a portion, but a condition of knowledge. To blot it out is nothing short of unraveling the web of university teaching."

Brother Azarias described the educational scope of the Summer School as follows:

"To give from the most authoritative sources among our Catholic writers and thinkers the Catholic point of view on all the issues of the day in history, in literature, in philosophy, in political science, upon the economic problems that are agitating the world, upon the relations between science and religion; to state in the

clearest possible terms the principle underlying truth in each and all these subjects; to remove false assumptions and correct false statements; to pursue the calumnies and slanders uttered against our creed and our Church to their last lurking place. Our reading Catholics, in the busy round of their daily occupations, heedlessly snatch out of the secular journals and magazines undigested opinions upon important subjects, opinions hastily written and not infrequently erroneously expressed; men and events, theories and schemes and projects are discussed upon unsound principles and assumptions which the readers have but scant time to unravel and rectify; the poison of these false premises enter into their thinking, corrodes their reasoning, and unconsciously they accept as truth conclusions that are only distortions of truth. It is among the chief objects of the Summer School to supply antidotes for this poison. And therefore the ablest and best equipped among our Catholic leaders of thought, whether lay or clerical, are brought face to face with a cultured Catholic audience, and give their listeners the fruits of life-long studies in those departments of science or letters in which they have become eminent. They state in single lectures, or in courses of lectures, such principles and facts and methods as may afterwards be used and applied in one's reading for the detection of error and the discovery of truth. To achieve such work is the mission of the Catholic Summer School, and, therefore, does it in all propriety, and in all justice, take a place in our Catholic system of education."

During the sessions of 1892 and 1893 Brother Azarias rendered most valuable help to teachers. He was the pioneer in behalf of the Catholic claims in the history of education, perhaps the only one at that time able to disprove the one-sided narrative put forth in French and English by Compayre, who had the temerity to state that he feared no critic in America. It so happened that Brother Azarias had made extended researches in Paris, and had examined the original documents which were falsified by Compayre as the advocate of the secular school. His aim was to rob the Catholic Church of the glory which is her due for service in behalf of popular education. Professor Herbert B. Adams, of the Johns Hopkins University, in a report to the Commissioner of Education at Washington 1898-99, rendered a deserved tribute when he affirmed that Brother Azarias in his printed essays had " proved conclusively to American readers that the mediæval Church did not neglect either primary or popular education. All was given that

the times really needed or demanded. The rise of colleges and universities cannot be explained without reference to the cathedral and cloister schools of the Middle Ages. The gymnasia of modern Germany were based upon mediæval foundations, upon confiscation of the ancient religious endowments."

The second session (1893) of the Summer School was held at Plattsburg with the cordial coöperation of the Right Rev. Henry Gabriels, D.D., his Vicar-General, the Very Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, D.D., Judge John B. Riley, and many leading citizens of different denominations. By their assistance, under the direction of the Hon. Smith M. Weed, the option on the Armstrong farm—the present site of Cliff Haven—was secured by a contract with the Delaware and Hudson Railroad. It was found to be a most desirable location, containing four hundred and fifty acres, with a half mile front on Lake Champlain. Dr. Valentine Browne, President of the Board of Health at Yonkers, New York, prepared a report based on the vital statistics of that region, in which he stated that "Plattsburg ranks among the first in the Empire State in the very important matters of health and longevity."

The Regents of the University of the State of New York granted an absolute charter February 9, 1893, by virtue of which the Catholic Summer School received a legal existence as a corporation, under the laws of the State of New York, and was classified within the system of public instruction devoted to University Extension. By this charter from the Board of Regents many advantages were secured for students preparing for examinations, besides legal privileges which could be obtained in no other way. The names of the incorporators are here given:

Rev. James F. Loughlin, D.D., Rev. Patrick A. Halpin, George Parsons Lathrop, LL.D., Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D.D., Warren E. Mosher, A.M., Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, John H. Haaren, A.M., Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, Ph.D., George E. Hardy, Ph.D., John P. Brophy, LL.D., Brother Azarias, Rev. Francis P. Siegfried, William R. Claxton, Rev. Walter P. Gough, Rev. Thomas P. Joynt, Rev. John F. Mullany, LL.D., Jacques M. Mertens, John Byrne, Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, John D. Crimmins, John B. Riley, William J. Moran.

At a later date the following were elected Trustees: The indefatigable Brother Justin, the magnanimous Chancellor of Brooklyn, Rev. James H. Mitchell, Joseph W. Carroll, James McNamee, William H. Moffit of Brooklyn, Michael P. Harrity of Philadel-

phia, James K. McGuire of Syracuse, Judge J. J. Curran of Montreal, Rev. William O'Brien Pardow, S.J., Rev. Daniel J. Quinn, S.J., Rev. John D. Roach, John A. Sullivan, James Clarke, John Vinton Dahlgren, General Edward C. O'Brien, John A. Mooney, LL.D., of New York City, Thomas J. Gargan and the Right Rev. Monsignor W. P. McQuaid of Boston.

There was much discussion in the early days as to whether the Summer School represented a real need of the Catholic people, such as would insure stability. The approval given by Pope Leo XIII. had much to do with the settlement of the question in favor of permanency. It was most welcome to those who had undertaken the new movement amid many difficulties. His letter is here given:

To Our Venerable Brother Francis, Archbishop of Lepanto, Apostolic Delegate in the United States of North America, Washington, D. C.

VENERABLE BROTHER, HEALTH AND APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION:—It has recently been brought to Our knowledge that among the many movements so opportunely set on foot in the United States for the increase of religion, a Catholic Summer School, through the coöperation of clergy and laity, has been established on Lake Champlain, at Plattsburg, in the diocese of Ogdensburg. We have also learned that the school has been affiliated by the Board of Regents of the University of New York, and empowered to confer degrees upon those who follow its course of study. There were many reasons for the founding of a school of this kind; one affecting the good of religion, so that Catholics by their union of thought and pursuits may more effectively defend the Catholic Church, and induce Our brethren, who are separated from Us with regard to the Christian faith, to make their peace with her; another that, by means of lectures from learned teachers, the pursuit of the highest studies may be encouraged and promoted; finally, that through the principles laid down by Us in Our *Encyclical* on the condition of labor, and by their practical illustration and application, the peace and prosperity of the citizens may be secured. We are aware that bishops have been promoters of this school, because they saw in many ways notable benefits would result therefrom. Moved, nevertheless, by Our great desire that the best interests of the people of the United States may be furthered by the constant addition of new helps, We are pleased to give Our commendation to the Trustees of this Summer School, to exhort them not to depart from the task, which they have already begun, but to go forward in it with braver confidence. Since We have been informed, also, that in a short time the third annual session of the School will be held, and that bishops, priests and members of the laity will be present, We send to those who will attend Our heartiest greeting, praying God to bless their undertaking and purposes. We trust, Venerable Brother, that in this your aid will not be wanting, and that, by constant assistance, you will encourage these assemblies of Catholics, and see that the largest benefits accrue therefrom to religion and good citizenship. May the Apostolic Benediction, which We impart most

lovingly, be an earnest of the many heavenly blessings with which We pray the Almighty to reward your zeal, and that of the other bishops, priests and people.

LEO XIII.

Dated at Rome, June 15, 1894.

President McKinley, in the year 1897, gave the Summer School recognition as a national body on the assurance that its register showed names from about thirty States in the Union, and a considerable delegation from Canada. Cliff Haven was the scene of the only public reception he permitted during his first visit to Lake Champlain. Two years after he came again and delivered an impressive speech on the constitution and the flag. Among other distinguished visitors were President Taft, Vice-President Hobart, Vice-President Fairbanks, Admiral Schley, Judge Brewer, Speaker Cannon, and many prominent officials of New York and other States, including Theodore Roosevelt when he was Governor. An elaborate celebration was arranged in September, 1914, for the centennial of Commodore MacDonough's great victory on Lake Champlain. Through the efforts of its energetic Secretary, Charles Murray, to the Summer School was assigned a prominent part in this movement. It was fitting that the distinguished Chaplain of the *Maine,* the Very Rev. John P. Chidwick, D.D., acting as President of the Summer School, should welcome to Cliff Haven the Secretary of the Navy, Hon. Josephus Daniels. An original poem descriptive of the memorable naval battle, written by Judge J. Jerome Rooney, was rendered by K. Collins.

Archbishop Bonzano, the Apostolic Delegate at the present time, was recently a welcome visitor at the Summer School. His three predecessors in that exalted office likewise aided the good work there represented by their presence and words of advice before their elevation to the Sacred College. Cardinals Gibbons and Farley have given many proofs of abiding interest in every session, while Cardinals O'Connell and Gasquet hold a distinguished place for lecture courses. It is surely a notable record that no less than seven Cardinals, and many other prelates of high rank, have honored the Summer School by their attendance. Archbishop Corrigan became one of the first life members, and generously permitted the rector of his Cathedral, Right Rev. Monsignor M. J. Lavelle, V.G., to accept the office of president during a critical stage of the development at Cliff Haven, when the need of new cottages was

most urgent, and the lecture courses were extended over a period of ten weeks, involving a much larger expenditure than the early sessions lasting only three weeks. As a ready speaker and a most competent manager of the finances, the Right Rev. Monsignor D. J. McMahon, D.D., rendered invaluable service. The Buffalo Cottage, with its fifty spacious rooms, stands as the enduring monument of Bishop Colton's work. He was ably assisted by the Rev. J. McGrath. As President and Treasurer the Rev. D. J. Hickey, of Brooklyn, is fondly remembered for efficient administration. The first President, the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Altoona, Pennsylvania, by his lectures and writings has urged the necessity of fostering the reading habit, especially among the rising generation. It is not easy to designate adequately the continuous work performed by the Rev. John Talbot Smith, LL.D. He has earned distinction as dramatic critic, the benevolent director of the military camp for college boys, the most available substitute for absentee speakers, capable of giving thirty lectures without any seeming loss of vigor, and was quite reluctant to leave the sylvan solitude of his tent when presidential honors were thrust upon him.

While President of the Summer School, Bishop Conaty, of Los Angeles, was most devoted to its progress. He presided over a convention of Reading Circles representing New England, held April 8, 1894, in the hall of the Catholic Union at Boston. The committee in charge was as follows: Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, Mary Elizabeth Blake, Katherine E. Conway and Ellen A. McMahon. The delegates represented about six hundred enrolled members. Bishop Conaty expressed his gratification at the large attendance, and described the beginnings of the new intellectual activities among American Catholics. He urged the Catholics of New England to be sharers in the long-desired movement which must be rightly directed and utilized for faith and country. They should take a place in the vanguard and not lag behind other workers in the same field. In order to lead in the intellectual life they needed preparation, and the Reading Circles, combined with the Summer School, were means to this end. With great earnestness a prominent figure at all the meetings in the early days, the Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, then declared that many Catholics seemed content to live on the past intellectual glories of the Church, shutting their eyes to the palpable defects of the present day. He quoted Father Fulton's words on the gradual Catholic progress in Boston, and the way to promote it still further. He had no patience

with those who had money for everything but for good books. The Reading Circles could assist in making a paying public for Catholic authors.

In conjunction with Superintendent John Dwyer and others, the Rev. John D. Roach was most successful in organizing special lectures for the professional advancement of teachers. Want of space will not permit the mention of many other similar meetings, and the individual activities of the Summer School trustees in various places, by which the attendance at Cliff Haven was enlarged to about five hundred each day in July and one thousand in August.

The Winter School at New Orleans was largely promoted by the Rev. John F. Mullany, LL.D., of Syracuse, ever ready to give helpful service in favor of bringing university lectures to the people. He introduced the public celebration of the Feast of the Assumption at Cliff Haven, which, it is hoped, will long be perpetuated for its value as an object lesson in faith and piety. As the first Moderator of the Alumnæ Auxiliary Association, the Rev. James P. Kiernan, V.G., of Rochester, N. Y., displayed the varied gifts of his kindly nature. This organization was founded in 1897 by Helena T. Goesmann, of Amherst, to create a fund for lectures in history and literature, and to secure the active cöoperation of Catholic women representing various educational institutions. The Champlain Club has been the chief social auxiliary to the Summer School. Members and their families find great benefits by combining for the advancement of Catholic social interests. The silver jubilee year will witness the growth of a new organization of men known as the Champlain Assembly Association, with Dr. John J. Cronin as President. The young folks, whose first impressions were obtained while children at Cliff Haven, have also formed a society called the Junior Auxiliary, and elected Mary Mosher, President.

To promote the home feeling in the Summer School, the officials urged every visitor to be friendly, and exchange salutations without waiting for a formal introduction. Healthful recreation was provided by boating, bathing, golf, tennis, and an extensive programme of sports arranged by the late James E. Sullivan, the most active promoter of the Amateur Athletic Union. This department, especially the golf course, is now very fully developed under the competent supervision of George J. Gillespie. To make Cliff Haven more beautiful by the aid of flowers, plants

and well-kept lawns, has been a labor of love for Charles A. Webber.

Archbishop Ryan's genial personality was a powerful factor in the plans for sociability. In urging the unitive power of social and intellectual intercourse he said:

"In proportion to the excellence of the things in which men commune is the value of their friendship. You come here to communicate truth to each other. It is, as it were, the property of the firm, of which you are all members. You may read at home and come here to converse on the subject of your reading. Dr. Johnson has said that reading makes a full man, writing a correct man, and conversation a ready man, and we need readiness in this hurried age. Each of you comes with a store of acquired knowledge, and by conversing on the subjects you not only gain new ideas, but what is not less important, the old truths are more deeply impressed on one's memory. We need, too, in this age, such intellectual intercourse as will prepare us to meet the objections which are daily urged against religion, and to show the world practically that the Church is not opposed to truth in any sphere.

"I have always regarded it as a great misfortune to religion that some have so associated it with gloom that it becomes unamiable in the eyes of men, and especially of youth. Religion is bright and beautiful, and sanctifies our legitimate recreation, as well as the performance of our most serious acts. I have no sympathy with those who make it a moral strait-jacket, and try to crush out the joy of the young heart. No; enjoy life while you remain within the domain, and it is a very extensive and lovely one, on the confines of which the angels of conscience and religion stand and say thus far and no farther. Thus united, religiously, intellectually and socially, you will faithfully discharge your great mission, and may God bless with success your efforts."

During the twenty-five years from 1892 to 1916 the Summer School has been the centre of interest for a considerable number of people. All that attended in former years have retained a pleasant memory of the cordial social intercourse without any class distinctions, a real Christian democracy, such as Pope Leo XIII. described, together with the religious and intellectual advantages, and the cool invigorating air from the Adirondack Mountains, the highest of which, Mount Marcy, reaches an altitude above the clouds. In nearly every case the realization of what the Summer

School stands for is much more fully impressed by a visit to its home environment at Cliff Haven, than by a description given in print. The anticipation is far surpassed by the reality. What is needed now to make this year of silver jubilee memorable is a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together. In the past the chief strength has been in the coöperation of forces, especially the revenue derived from life members and from the annual reunions in New York City. The administration must appeal for funds needed to continue the work of the past, as well as to provide for the future. The chief benefactors thus far have been the men and the women who contributed to the movement from their varied experience, especially in educational work, without any hope of professional compensation. Each one is expected to be a volunteer, eager and willing to do loyal service in the cause of Christian truth. For every lecture the allowance of money is intended merely to cover necessary expenses. An endowment fund would make possible many lines of endeavor not yet attempted, and provide for the pressing need of revitalizing and reorganizing Catholic Reading Circles, which were the strongest promoters of the Summer School at the first session in New London.

THREE MEN OF THE BOIS.

BY WILL SCARLET.

JAVET was tall and thin. M. Valette was short and thin. M. Sellier was middle-sized and fat. All three were past the prime of life; and all three were old friends.

Not even Jacques, the garçon at the Café Poulette, who was supposed to know everything, could tell you how long ago it was since the three men began to spend their Sunday afternoons in the Bois. Of course, it was before the war; oh, very long before. They had discussed the Dreyfus affair together, and the assassination of President Carnot, and after that the Laws of Associations. Yes, they had discussed ever so many topics. Jacques knew that, for was he not their very special garçon and possessed of a very special ear for spirited conversation? And their conversation was always spirited. At the thought of their conversation, Jacques was wont to lick his very red lips with the tip of his very red tongue.

"Wonderful it is," he would tell you, "when the Sunday afternoon is fine and the three of them sit at the little iron table and sip something and talk. Ah, monsieur, how they talk! It is beautiful, always; for they never agree. M. Javet, you see, is a free-thinker and a Mason, and he has very strong ideas—like this. M. Valette is a clerical and he has very strong ideas—like that. And the dear M. Sellier is a retired wine merchant, and has but one idea—the idea he expresses when he says, as he always says, 'Well, it is difficult to see clearly; I do not know.'"

You would enjoy Jacques' marvelous facial play and his illuminating hand play, and the droll fashion in which he would throw his white apron over his head and waltz roguishly away from you after this frequently repeated speech. But the pleasure of meeting the incomparable Jacques will never be yours, unless indeed you should run across him in the next world, and find that though discarding his apron he has retained his infectious joy of living. For Jacques, poor chap, was done to death by a German shell at Traubach more than a year ago, and his place at the Café Poulette is inadequately filled by a putty-faced fellow, whose wife

would not let him enlist, and who has consumption and would not be taken away, and whose soul knows not the meaning of mirth.

Yes, Jacques is gone, and many of the little iron tables are gone, and more than one of the patrons are gone, and much of the shrubbery of the Bois has gone; but the three men remain. like the perennial plants across the driveway, a little dustier and a bit nearer unkempt than usual, and conveying in their manner an impression of earnestness, of sadness. Their faces have grown singularly aged during the year and more of war, but every Sunday afternoon they meet in the Bois, stroll for awhile, M. Sellier in the midst and the other two trying to gesticulate around his very material frame, and then have their quiet nip and smoke, and their usually far from quiet chat before the door of the Café Poulette. And of course they talk about the war. We all do in Paris, except the military men. For Sunday after Sunday through several months the gist of the three men's conversation was about like this:

M. Valette: "The Germans are pigs and barbarians."

M. Javet: "The Germans have a wrong philosophy of life."

M. Sellier: "The Germans? Well, it is difficult to see clearly; I do not know."

But one Sunday afternoon, cool but pleasant in October, M. Valette introduced a diversion. He came a little late, and planked a fat envelope down upon the little table.

"Some good is being done by this war," he announced.

"I beg to differ," said M. Javet promptly. "But what do you mean?"

M. Valette seated himself quickly, and his brown eyes danced with suppressed excitement. A glow of color came into his smooth-shaven, deep-graven face.

"This letter is from a friend of mine, a priest, at the front."

"Pah!" was all M. Javet said. And M. Sellier groaned—sympathetically to show his friendship for M. Javet, apologetically to show his friendship for M. Valette. Then he lit another cigarette and listened.

"My friend, the priest, sends me some good news. He tells me that in his regiment most of the men, whenever possible, say their morning and evening prayers in common. He tells me that he is busy in all his spare time hearing confessions—often the con-

fessions of men who have not approached the sacraments in years. He tells me that even the obdurate no longer scoff at religion; it is not fashionable, it seems."

"Well, well?" snapped M. Javet. "And when are you coming to the good that is being done by the war?"

"That is it, my friend, do you not see? The men are returning to the Church."

"So it would seem," put in the fat M. Sellier, timidly.

"Hold your tongue, Sellier, for you know nothing," said M. Javet, pulling desperately at his gray imperial. "Your news, Valette, would be very far from good if it were true."

"You imply—?"

"Most assuredly, I do. Was a priest never convicted of bearing false witness? Your clerical friend in the trenches—I suppose he is in the trenches—has allowed his preconceived notions to run away with his sense of observation. I know what war is and its effects. In war some men—foolish men—may pray a little more than usual; but all men swear a great deal more than usual. Pah!"

Jacques' unworthy successor now appeared with a tray and tinkling glasses.

"You are prejudiced, my dear Javet," began M. Valette, after a while. "Your unreasonable hatred of the Church keeps you from seeing things as they are."

M. Javet smiled his disdain and patted his thin gray head. M. Sellier smiled affably and remarked:

"There may be something in that. Now I—"

"Be silent, will you? You know nothing about it." This from M. Valette as he put the fat envelope in his pocket.

"Do not excite yourself," entreated M. Sellier, the perspiration breaking out on his round, bald head. "I was only going to say that I am hardly in a position to judge."

"It is foolishness to say that," declared M. Javet. "Every man is in a position to judge. And I as a man, and as a Frenchman, must tell you, my friends, that these stories, of men going back to the Church—I say stories, for I have heard something of it before—are exaggerated. Men and Frenchmen, don't do such things."

"Pah, my dear Javet, but you are a Freemason!"

"Pah, my dear Valette, but you are a Catholic!"

Both glared at each other and puffed away in silence. M.

Sellier pursed up his flabby mouth and leaned heavily on the table, his balled handkerchief to his cheek.

"For my part, gentlemen, I see the difficulties of your respective positions. Now, in the face of that, I think—"

"Hold your tongue, will you?" growled both the gentlemen in chorus.

And then M. Valette added: "Who cares what you think?"

So it was, with variations, every Sunday afternoon. M. Valette got letters from his friends at the front, and M. Javet got letters from *his* friends at the front; and many of the letters were read aloud, and all of the letters were vigorously discussed at the Café Poulette. One bleak January afternoon, when the three old men had the interior of the café all to themselves, M. Sellier pulled out a letter from a neighbor at the front; but his two friends gruffly told him that his correspondent knew nothing whatever, and forced him to put it back in his breast pocket unopened. M. Sellier did so; and then paid for the drinks.

"Well," said M. Javet, "there can be no doubt that some of our soldiers, half-crazed, of course, by the horrors of war, are calling themselves Catholics again. But they are very, very few."

"Pardon me if I contradict you," M. Valette hastened to say, making his favorite argumentative gesture, which consisted of closing the fingers of his right hand very tight and holding the thumb stiffly aloft, and moving his right arm rapidly up and down from the elbow. "Even a Freemason must occasionally admit facts. Conversions? What else do we hear? What else do *you* hear? What else is the burden of every letter you receive from your own son in Flanders? What else was the news Maxim sent you a week ago from the prison camp at Altengrabou? Ah, yes! Many, many Frenchmen are returning to the one true Fold. But I fear their conversion in many cases will not be permanent."

M. Sellier nodded his approval.

"Yes, that sounds very likely. I once knew a man who—"

"Sellier!" snapped M. Javet, rapping with his palm like a chairman calling a meeting to order. "Why do you go on so foolishly? Always you try to say something flippant."

"Have a cigarette, if you please," pleaded Sellier, holding out his case to both his friends. "And here are the matches, Valette."

M. Javet puffed vigorously for a moment. His small eyes narrowed more than ever.

"I don't like what you said just now, Valette. You fear the conversions will not be permanent? Pah! What makes you think that?"

"I am surprised, my dear Javet, that you do not find my reasons perfectly obvious. You claim to know what war is, do you not? Well, then. Under the stress of excitement and danger and privation, men make good resolutions. But when the war is over—and some time or other it must be over—and the troops return and many of them disband and the Bois is full of life and splendor as in the old days—ah, then!"

"What nonsense! Do you suppose our soldiers are children? Do you suppose they have the heads of chickens on their shoulders, Valette? When they make up their minds—why, they make up their minds."

"Many of them, I maintain, will not make up their minds permanently. And more than that: Though I am a practical Catholic and very proud of my faith, and while I realize the power and the sweetness of the religious spirit, yet I fear, sometimes, very much; yes, I fear."

"You fear what?" queried Javet.

"Not the Germans?" queried Sellier, who straightway received such a withering fire of sharp looks from his two friends that he pretended not to have said anything at all, and stared absorbingly at the naughty cupids airing themselves on the frescoed ceiling.

"What I fear, gentlemen, is this," M. Valette resumed. "Many fine Catholics have gone to the front. Will they be fine Catholics when they return?"

"Why should they be otherwise?" M. Javet laughed. "Fools once, fools always, you know."

"You are partly right, for once," M. Valette admitted, bitterly. "They may return fools, and fools they will be if they lose their faith; and they may stay fools. I greatly fear it."

"Your fear is absolutely groundless. Do you think men change like the wind?"

"But conditions make men change, fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be. You, Javet, who profess to know so much about army life, must admit that war presents a totally new set of conditions, creates for Catholic and free-thinker alike a completely new environment."

"Be sensible, my friend, I implore you. Indeed, I admit

nothing of the kind. War creates no environment, neither does peace. Every man makes his own environment."

"Absurd!" said M. Valette.

"Not at all!" said M. Javet.

"Let me think," said M. Sellier, his eyes on the ceiling. "Now, of course, a good deal could be said on both sides. But, really, it seems to me—"

"But, really, it seems to me," interjected M. Javet, icily, "that you have forgotten to give the waiter his little tip."

And so it kept on, with variations, for many more Sunday afternoons. The three old men arrived together, nobody knew whence. If the day was pleasant, they walked for a while, and then took the same old seats outside the Café Poulette. If the day was unpleasant they eliminated the promenade along the Bois, and spent an additional hour and several additional francs inside the Café Poulette. Every Sunday, inside the café or outside, the Catholic and the Freemason crossed swords and locked horns, and did all the other exciting things that verbal fighters are supposed to do; from time to time both of them turned on the retired wine merchant and metaphorically beat him flat to the ground, and did their best to keep him from even saying that he was in doubt about things. Every Sunday they smoked many cigarettes and drank a few small glasses, and finally rose up three of the best friends that ever lived, and strolled down the Bois homeward arm in arm.

Momentous things had been happening, meanwhile, in France and elsewhere in the world, and the three men of the Bois were aware of them. Many of those things they somehow did not care to discuss; but they could not refrain from thinking of them. Often a deep silence would fall on the trio at the out-of-doors table when a party of those everlasting American tourists passed by—tourists, even during war time, the men with preposterous checked caps and no walking sticks, and the women with purposeless questions and thick-soled shoes—and the old men, each quite to himself, would wonder why on earth such people wanted to be in Europe at such a time, and what on earth would happen if the United States should join the Allies. Sometimes a wounded soldier would go limping by, like as not humming merrily a tune that suggested other joys than those of war, and the old men would fall into another silent meditation. They would think of what nobody in Paris speaks about, but everybody knows—the long, low dark trains that steam slowly in every few nights with

their burden of wounded soldiers; and, with all other Parisians, the three old men thought it was a good thing that the trains did come in at night, otherwise the rest of the people might find out how very many brave lads were impaling themselves on German bullets and bruising themselves against fragments of bursted German shells. And, besides, there were always a few corpses on those ghost hospital trains.

Only once did the three old men vary their weekly programme. That was the day when by tacit consent they turned their steps toward the Hôtel des Invalides, where they joined the throng of spectators around the seventy-sevens, the captured German guns. It was not a silent throng, but the three friends were silent. And silent they remained as they gazed on the grim German aëroplanes, a taube and an Aviatik, marked with mighty black crosses—catafalques with wings.

The next Sunday the garçon at the Café Poulette had almost given up hope, when M. Sellier arrived, alone. M. Sellier looked carefully about at the little iron tables, but everyone of them was deserted; the day was chilly and cloudy, and the few patrons of the Café Poulette were within. M. Sellier entered, looked about anxiously, then sat down perplexed.

"They have not arrived? Oh, well. Later, perhaps. So, so."

And later, considerably later, they did come, though not together. Soon the trio gathered about a cosy table, and Jacques' successor brought them tiny glasses with a great display. It was not a cheerful party. And there was very little talk, and that little perfunctory, and mostly due to M. Sellier's raptures over not having missed his friends. Finally, M. Javet cleared his throat.

"My dear Sellier, you are a confirmed chatterer. Be silent, will you? I have something to say."

He paused long, fumbling for words.

"Yesterday I received a letter, a long letter, from my son in Flanders. He is well and has been twice decorated for bravery. But that is not the portion of the contents I desire to call to your attention. What will interest you mainly is this: My son announces to me, after mature consideration, he realizes that, while I meant well in inspiring him during his youth with anti-religious sentiment, I nevertheless made a vital mistake, and that it is his intention to rectify that mistake. He says further that he is under instruction, and is to be received into the Church next month."

Nobody said anything for a long time. At length, after

scrutinizing the countenances of the others, M. Sellier rolled his round eyes, smiled nervously and remarked:

"That is most extraordinary, to be sure!"

M. Javet turned on him with a growl of relief.

"What an idiot you are, my dear Sellier! It is not extraordinary at all. Have I not said here, over and over again, that a Frenchman never changes his mind?"

"But your son—" began M. Sellier, feebly; then swallowed audibly and nervously clapped his hands.

"My son is a hero and I am proud of him. He is of the sinews of beautiful France. He did not change his mind."

"No?" queried M. Sellier, thoroughly perplexed.

"No, no, no, no! A thousand times no! *I* tried to change his mind. *I* tried to form his mind. But, you see, his ancestors were Catholics, religion is in his blood, and he has come nobly to recognize the fact. That proves," the excited father continued, swerving his attention directly to M. Valette, whom all the while he had been covertly studying, "that what I said once about environment is right."

"You are absurd, my friend," protested M. Valette, warmly, his fingers closing and his thumb rising as of yore. "It proves that what I said is right. I maintained that environment effects men most vitally, did I not?"

"I neither affirm nor deny," announced the logical Freemason. "But go on."

"Well, then, your excellent son has become a Catholic because he was subjected to a change of environment—he has seen things as they are at the front. Had he remained here in Paris, the notion of conversion would never have entered into his mind."

"You are altogether wrong, Valette! To begin with, there has been no conversion, no change; my son has been a religious person, at heart, all the time, though for a time unconsciously. And had he remained in Paris, the same thing would have occurred."

M. Valette drained his glass and curled his thin lips in an ironic smile.

"Extremely probable, my dear Javet. It would be the most likely thing in the world, to be sure, that under your wise guidance and with your conservative counsel and inspired by your heroic example, your son would turn to the Catholic Church as the only source of happiness and truth."

The tones were so freighted with meaning, that the sense of the speaker was fully grasped, even by M. Sellier, who forgot himself completely, and sat back in his chair and clapped his fat hands on his capacious waistcoat and roared aloud. It was some time before he brought himself to the stage where he could wipe his eyes and, between chuckles, say repeatedly:

"Ha, ha! But that covers the ground thoroughly. Oh, dear me!"

"Well," asked M. Javet of M. Valette, "why don't you laugh out loud too? It will be your opportunity. You think that my guidance, my advice and my example would be obstacles in the way of my son's entrance into the Church, don't you? Of course. How do you know but that I might be more of an aid than anything else?"

"Why, Javet, are you not a Mason and a free-thinker and an anti-clerical and a believer in—"

"Oh, tush, tush, my friend. Why must you bandy words? Giving a man the name of a thing does not make him that thing. I am open to conviction."

"You mean—"

"Just this: That I am thinking seriously of returning to the Church for various reasons, but among them a great desire of showing two old idiots the truth of certain propositions that I have in their presence, and in the face of their opposition repeatedly maintained."

"For instance?" suggested M. Valette, completely unnerved.

"For instance, that man makes his own environment. By your arguments during many years, Valette, you have tried to keep alive in me the spirit of irreligion."

"The good God forbid!"

"It is so, none the less, for you should know that to fight me makes me all the more tenacious. You have always fought me about religion. That should have confirmed me in my liberal beliefs. But what I am—thanks to my ancestors—has made me triumph over the environment you have made for me. You see? Very well."

The two old friends slowly leaned toward each other and solemnly touched glasses—empty, but no matter for that. The retired wine merchant waved frantically for the garçon, secured that person's attention, then turned to his friends with tears in his eyes.

"I feel awed and humble, very humble indeed, in this hour

of triumph. Please do not attempt to offer me, gentlemen, either your congratulations or your thanks."

His auditors looked wonderingly at him and at each other.

"For years and years," M. Sellier went on, "I have had two great desires in life: One was to see my good friend, M. Javet, a practising Christian; the other was to see you both in perfect harmony about something. Both my wishes have come true this day, and both—though I say it who perhaps should remain silent—through my patience in listening to your arguments and my tact in guiding the conversation."

M. Sellier nodded the garçon to come on with the clinking tray, and smiled benevolently on all the world. But his old friends did not smile. They even ignored the peace offerings which the unworthy successor of Jacques put under their dilated nostrils. M. Javet, his fists clenched, his imperial bristling, his eyebrows almost tied into double-bow knots, was the first to speak:

"Stupid that you are! You take upon yourself the credit for bringing me into the Catholic Church? Take care: I am not in it yet; and if I ever do get in it, it will be none of your doing!"

"And stupid that you are, again!" exclaimed M. Valette. "What an affront to my intelligence even to imagine that my dear Javet and I could be in perfect harmony about anything!"

M. Sellier slowly rubbed his moist hand across his heated brow. Suddenly he lowered it and pointed a weakly accusing finger.

"But you are in harmony. Do you not both believe in the necessity of the Catholic religion—eh?" he asked triumphantly, springing noisily to his feet. "Eh? But I have you both there, have I not—eh?"

The other two exchanged commiserating glances.

"Sit down, my good Sellier, and be quiet," said M. Javet. "We are very far from being in harmony. We have merely secured a common ground on which to carry on further disputes."

"I don't put it just that way," M. Valette supplemented, "but—"

And he shrugged his shoulders in grudging assent.

The light of triumph faded from M. Sellier's eyes. His lower jaw dropped. Gripping the table, like a very old man, he sank into his chair.

"Well," he said, partly to himself, "I suppose you are both right. It is difficult to see clearly. I cannot tell....."

PUTTING AN END TO SKEPTICISM.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

III.

IT was the proud boast of Kant in the introduction to the *Critique of Pure Reason*,[1] that he had put an end to skepticism for all time to come. Having compelled reason to analyze its own limitations and determine the uses to which it may rightfully be put, he had forced the skeptic to admit that knowledge is really possible of attainment within certain well-defined and controlling bounds.

Kant's millennial view of the Critical Philosophy and its future effects was not shared by his contemporaries. It seemed to them that the matter of preventing the recurrence of skepticism could not be so easily arranged, as Kant evidently thought it could, by the simple expedient of enlarging the sphere of belief and contracting the sphere of knowledge. To take the chronic differences of opinion, nay, flat contradictions, appearing in the history of philosophy, and transfer them from the column of the knowable to that of the believed, solved nothing, settled nothing, even though the transfer had a whole new philosophy, and a critical one at that, to support it. The nature of human opinion could not be changed, nor its contradictory character cured once for all, merely by classifying its differences in a new and unheard-of way. A critical philosophy calculated to bring about the consummation Kant so devoutly wished should have no loose joints or loopholes in its armor. Did Kant's new Criticism answer this requirement? Hardly. It began with one unknowable reality and ended with another; it was like all skepticism: "negation arrested in mid-career." The more probable effect of the unknowable which constituted its alpha and omega would be an invitation to the skeptic to ply his trade anew. To say that an absolute reality exists, and then to deny that we can ever know anything about its nature—what else is this, they queried, but to sow the seed of a new kind of skepticism, instead of laying the axe to the root of the whole matter and clearing its fungous growth completely away?

[1] *Kritik der reinen Vernunft.* Hartenstein's edition (1867), p. 25.

So that Kant's contemporaries, without inquiring whether he was right or wrong in conceiving external reality as a huge inscrutable blank, seriously doubted the expediency of retaining such an unknowable as the preface and conclusion of a philosophy professing to be anti-skeptical in temper. It was not the way, they thought, to put a seal upon the lips of doubters, or a foil upon their swords; quite the contrary. And the settling of this question of expediency in the negative had more to do with the disappearance of external reality from the categories of modern philosophy than any other cause. Such a notion seemed a barrier to the full and final overthrow of skepticism and was sacrificed on the altar of this ambitious hope and dream. In fact, from Kant's day to our own, if we except the professedly agnostic systems of Sir William Hamilton, Dean Mansel, and Herbert Spencer, the skepticism of modern thought has resulted in no small measure from a desire to avoid skepticism, the purpose defeating its attainment by the methods employed and presumptions entertained, as the reader may see for himself from the brief historical survey that follows.

Kant lived to see his favorite unknowable swept away by a stormy, impetuous youth named Fichte, and took part himself in the bitter controversies to which the latter's views gave rise. Fichte claimed that the notion of external reality was useless and proved the point to his own satisfaction, at least. How could you ever deduce thought from being? he queried. How would you account for ethics and æsthetics—the good, the true, and the beautiful; and where would you find an explanation of conscience, if Being is the ultimate reality? Whence would spiritual activity be derived, on such a supposition? And how could religion ever have drawn from so dry a fount as Being's the peace and comfort, piety and love, with which it comes to us sweetly laden, a spicy breath of Araby the blest to a world of strife and struggle? Avast and avaunt! The notion is a hollow shell. You see, Fichte had the empty idea of reality in contradistinction to the full; it was the *indefinite,* not the Infinite; and so, like Kant before, and Hegel after him, his wrong notion led him on. Being comes from thought, he argued, not thought from being. The world can be constructed out of self-consciousness, without any aid from experience, without any material furnished from without. A creative faculty exists within us, producing the world of matter and the world of spirit by one and the same synthetic act. This creative faculty is the

universal *Ego* or self-consciousness, from which ours is derived; though just how this all-embracing self ever became splintered off into human individuals passes understanding, said Fichte, unless the reason of it was to make morality possible by furnishing "the material of duty in the forms of sense."

Why should we appeal to reality or any outside determinant, he urged, if reality itself is but a creature of consciousness, an offspring of thought, a child of mind? If the spirit produces our abstract knowledge—and Kant said it could and did—what is to hinder it from producing our concrete knowledge as well? Why continue regarding objects as alien and foreign things lying out there over against us and determining our powers of knowing this way and that? Why not extend Kant's theory of the creativeness of Thought to the visible world about us, and make that, too, a brilliant instance of the mind's productive power? The doctrine of Immanence, the theory that reality is within consciousness and nothing at all without, thus became the first article in the creed of those who would be forever quit of skepticism; and this immanence doctrine, as we shall show later in a special article devoted to the subject, produced more real skepticism in turn than any other cause, principle, or assumption in recent or ancient times.

The subjective idealism proposed by Fichte as a means of bringing the skeptic to terms won but few adherents, and the names of these are "writ in water." Schelling and Hegel, two students who worked together privately before being appointed to professorial posts at Jena, came to the joint conclusion that it would be much more feasible to admit the *identity* of the subjective and objective worlds than to say that the latter was constructed by the former. It seemed too much like making the universe out of the stuff of dreams. Thought implied something to think about, they said, and for this reason the existence of a non-personal world must be admitted, to furnish the basis or vehicle through which spiritual forces reveal themselves to conscious mind, their simultaneous counterpart. Otherwise it would be impossible for Thought ever to start moving. Objective idealism thus displaced subjective, and the movement to overthrow skepticism took a new and more ingenious turn. Hegel, in fact, had not been long exchanging reflections with Schelling, when he felt the ways dividing. The latter did not think it necessary to prove the thesis that the world of mind and the world of matter are one. He thought that the identity of the two might be postulated—to use Hegel's phrase—"like a shot

from a pistol." Proof was what the thesis stood most in need of, as Hegel saw the situation; proof so vigorously logical in form, it would be past disputing and instantly compel assent.

Manifestly the logic of identity would never do for Hegel's coercive purpose. The view of Kant, Fichte and Schelling, that you can advance logically through the field of concepts only by going from the same to the same, is a law of conceptual thought too sterile to be seriously entertained. "The so-called maxim of identity," Hegel wrote, "is supposed to be accepted by the consciousness of everyone. But the language which such a law demands, 'a planet is a planet, magnetism is magnetism, mind is mind,' deserves to be called silliness. No mind either speaks or thinks or forms conceptions in accordance with this law, and no existence of any kind whatever conforms to it. We must never view identity as abstract identity, to the exclusion of all difference. That is the touchstone for distinguishing all bad philosophy from what alone deserves the name of philosophy. If thinking were no more than registering abstract identities, it would be a most superfluous performance. Things and concepts are identical with themselves only in so far as at the same time they involve distinction."[2]

The logic Hegel wanted was one which would not only allow, but compel Thought to advance from the different to the different. The reason of the choice is all too plain. Hegel was out to catch the skeptic in a logical net, and would not be content until he found a law of Thought that applied with iron-clad necessity and clock-like regularity to all circumstances, past, present, and to come. There would be no escaping this time. The perennial appeal of the skeptic was to history. As soon as you drew his attention to this system of philosophy or that, he drew yours away immediately, pointing with scorn to the plentiful crop of contradictions which the history of philosophy had yielded. To history, therefore, Hegel wished to go. He would meet the skeptic on his chosen ground, beard the lion in his den, and drive him out of his favorite lair, not with a private theory—Kant, Fichte and Schelling tried that method to no avail—but with a necessary law of thought behind him to force the assent of doubters and stop their cavilling.

By the masterly stroke of admitting and proving that Contradiction is the essential law of thought, life, reality, nature, art, science, religion, statecraft and history, Hegel imagined he could cut the very ground from under the skeptic's feet and leave him,

[2] Hegel's *Smaller Logic*, Wallace's translation, pp. 184, 185.

like Archimedes, not knowing where to stand with his lever to tilt the world. He would prove to him that wherever you look in history, there is first a position laid down, then its denial, and after that the reconciliation of the two opposites in a higher idea embracing both; and after that again, the breaking-up of the reconciling idea into its warring component elements. Thesis, antithesis, synthesis, he would say to him, behold the triads which forever keep the giddy world a-moving. Contradiction a sign that reason is defective? Nay, a proof that it is highly efficient, never at a standstill, but forever marching on. "Dialectic is the universal and irresistible power before which nothing can stay—*Summum jus, summa injuria*—to drive an abstract right to excess is to commit injustice—Extreme anarchy and extreme despotism lead to one another—Pride comes before a fall. Too much wit outwits itself. Joy brings tears, melancholy a sardonic smile."[3]

"Once catch well the knack of this scheme of thought," writes Professor James, "and you are lucky if you ever get away from it. It is all you can see. Let anyone pronounce anything, and your feeling of a contradiction being implied becomes a habit, almost a motor habit in some persons who symbolize by a stereotyped gesture the position, sublation, and final reinstatement involved. If you say 'two' or 'many,' your speech bewrayeth you, for the very name collects them into one. If you express doubt, your expression contradicts its content, for the doubt itself is not doubted but affirmed. If you say 'disorder,' what is that but a certain bad kind of order? If you say 'indetermination,' you are determining just *that*. If you say 'Nothing but the unexpected happens,' the unexpected becomes what you expect. If you say 'All things are relative,' to what is the all of them itself relative? If you say 'no more,' there is already more, namely, the region in which more is sought, but no more is found—to know a limit as such is consequently already to have got beyond it—and so forth, throughout as many examples as one cares to cite."[4]

Hegel had indeed made good his escape from the paralyzing principle of identity, with its "things in themselves," its "empty forms of thought and sense," its "pure reason," its "schematized categories," and its worse than hollow "unknowables." "Concepts

[3] Hegel's *Smaller Logic*, Wallace's translation, p. 128. Quoted by Professor James, *Hibbert Journal, Hegel and His Method*, October, 1908, p. 68.

[4] *Hegel and His Method*. By William James, *Hibbert Journal*, October, 1908, p. 69.

were not in his eyes the static self-contained things that previous logicians had supposed, but were germinative and passed beyond themselves into each other by what he called their immanent dialectic. In ignoring each other as they do, they virtually exclude each other, he thought, and thus in a manner introduce each other."[5] And because of this passing into each other, they were related by a relation of self-completion. It was by this admission of their relatedness that he hoped to break down Kant's deadening logic of identity, and in its stead, nay on its ruins, to build up a dialectic logic which would force the whole muttering brood of skeptics to keep the peace. The law of the succession of opposites—that was the knotted cord with which he would whip the doubters till they cried for mercy.

By making the contradictions of history move, by mating every concept with its opposite, by starting philosophy at zero and raising it subsequently to what temperature he pleased, Hegel believed he was inaugurating an era in which the skeptics would wait patiently for the next great contradiction to come, knowing that a still greater synthesis would surely follow in its wake. Once the idea gained credence, that the whole history of the world, with all its error, crime, debauchery, innocence and virtue, could be written out under the single category of Development; could be shown to conform to the single law that opposite succeeds opposite unfailingly everywhere, progress would take on the appearance of a thing inevitable—bound to occur in our own despite; the future would be observed brewing in the past; contradictions would be diagnosed as the growing pains of the cosmos; one opinion would come to be regarded as good as another; error would appear as the advance agent of truth; wrong as the signal that right was coming—and crime as the introductory bow of innocence and virtue. What could the skeptic rejoin when he saw the contradictory history of philosophy thus cleverly turned into a contradictory philosophy of history? Would not his discomfiture be complete? Alas! poor Yorick, I knew him well, and 'twas I that felled him foully at a stroke. He should have known, daft wight, that

> The obligation of our blood forbids
> A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.

Hegel's philosophy was moulded by a special purpose—the

[5] *Ibid.*, p. 66.

refutation of skepticism—and that threw his entire system out of gear. The well-known law of association—that the objects of thought often suggest their opposites—was extended from psychology to metaphysics, and made to mean that things are always generating their negatives, and irresistibly moving on. Clearly this is a fact not proven. Regress and stagnation mark the course of human history fully as much as does advance, which is never steady, but in curves of billowy cadence, and with troughs and crests. There is nothing in the way of fact to suggest the Hegelian theory of indefinite, continuous, inevitable, necessary progress,[6] that theory resting on the groundless supposition that a fatal law of conceptual thought compels the admission of a forward movement without cease. The succession of opposites is neither a true nor adequate description of the world's development. Universal transformism is a myth. Things grow by perfecting their identity, not by losing it, as is plainly to be seen. By his method of deducing everything out of a supposedly *necessary* relation of opposition prevailing between concepts, Hegel lost that balancing contact with experience which an inductive method brings, and took for his guidance the counter principle that truth is a "reeling Bacchante, drunk in every limb." The fallacy of trying to make Thought creative was never seen to worse advantage. A hard-headed individual, named Krug, got into the history of philosophy by challenging Hegel to deduce the moon, a horse, a rose, or at least the pen with which said Krug was writing. And Hegel's sarcastic rejoinder that science had more important business on hand than the deduction of Mr. Krug's pen, shows that the query touched the sore spot in the whole system.

Living and writing before the experimental sciences had poured their accuracies into the lap of scholarship, personally having but scant reverence for the same, and much preferring romantic imagination to the inconvenience of research, Hegel did not see the fallacy and futility of building philosophy from the top down instead of from the bottom up. His speculative ardor would undergo considerable cooling, could he now revisit the scenes of his former labors and behold what the despised scientists had accomplished since he left, by means of the slower but surer principle of induction. Croce would tell him how much of his system was dead, how little living.[7] And could he have met the

[6] See *Evolution and Progress*, THE CATHOLIC WORLD, May, June, July, 1915.

[7] *Ciò che è vivo e ciò che è morto nella filosofia di Hegel.* Benedetto Croce.

late Professor James, the latter surely would not lose the occasion to remind him of "his abominable vocabulary, calling what completes a thing its 'negation,' for example; his systematic refusal to let you know whether he is talking logic or physics or psychology; his deliberately adopted ambiguity and vagueness, in short; things that make his present-day readers wish to tear their hair—or his—out in desperation. Like Byron's corsair, he leaves 'a name to other times, linked with one virtue and a thousand crimes.'"[8]

Hegel was no more successful in proving the succession of opposites a necessary conceptual law, than in establishing it as a fatal law of history. His grandiose attempt to show that the intellect is exclusively engaged in synthesizing contradictions reveals an extreme confusion at the bottom of his thought, that discounts more than ninety per cent of his thinking. His lordly ambition to crush the skeptic prevented him from seeing that concepts do not always pass over into their "others"—far from it!—but up and on to their larger and connected "likes." An example will help to illustrate the fallacious course into which his plan betrayed him. Take the relation of the two concepts—art and philosophy. The relation is simple enough, and even if one happened to be an idealist, it could be explained without the least reference to contradiction. Art implies philosophy as a wider embracing unity, and philosophy includes art as the greater enwraps the less. The logic is the logic of inclusion and implication rather than that of exclusion, rivalry and opposition. Examine any of our concrete concepts, and you will find that they point beyond themselves, not to their negating opposites, but to the larger likes which include them within their encircling fold. The individual points beyond itself to the family, and the family to civil society and the State; art points beyond itself to philosophy, and the latter to the still greater reaches of religion. In fact, all our concrete concepts have degrees and grades; they are not accompanied by a row of ciphers; self-transcending by nature, they mate, not with their opposites, but with larger, more inclusive unities. It is only when we take these graded concrete concepts, and throw them up into the abstract, that they become contradictory in appearance, as State and individual, religion and art, knowledge and action. This was the trap into which Hegel fell. He considered the oppositional abstract concepts, and forgot the scales of re-

[8] *Hegel and His Method, Hibbert Journal,* October, 1908, p. 64.

lated being which concrete concepts all reveal; and so he was enabled speciously to prove that the synthesis of contradictions is the sole labor congenial to the human spirit; a position which we have just shown can be refuted even on idealistic grounds, on the theory, namely, that truth is a self-cohering whole, in conformity with no reality but itself.

There is a more drastic refutation still, and that is to consider the whole Kantian, Hegelian mode of overthrowing skepticism wrong and inefficient; a sham battle, and not a real encounter; with a good deal of religious prepossession at its back, and no genuine desire to see the problem solved, but rather that its solution should be postponed indefinitely. The pivotal assumption in Hegel's system is that the historically disputed propositions of philosophy are partly true and partly false; and that to overcome their oppositions, to reconcile their partial truth and falsehood, recourse must be had to a wider synthesis embracing the contradictory propositions themselves and making peace between them, somewhat after the fashion—agreeably inane—of the present promoters of Church unity, who would have us admit, unresolved, the whole seething mass of sectarian differences nestling within the bosom of a divided Christendom, and go hide our heads, and hold our speech, in charity forevermore, at the wonderful "unity in difference" that had been effected. Suppose we deny this pivotal assumption of all idealism, and assert instead, that every contradicted proposition in the history of philosophy is decomposable or resolvable into two, one of which is false, the other true—what would be left for Hegel's triads to accomplish? Nothing. They would enter at once into their eternal rest, and truth would have a past as well as a future, it would not be ever coming, but already come. The true, the effective way to refute skepticism is not by imagining a big clearing-house in the shape of some vague, empty, and general formula, into which the whole mass of discordant contradictions can be poured; the only honest, worthy way is to do the reconciliation work *ourselves,* by breaking up every contradicted proposition, into the true and false elements which it contains. The right method is analysis not synthesis; to sift, resolve, winnow, discriminate, instead of promiscuously confusing, as Hegel did, as idealists still most vainly persist in doing.

We were speaking, a few paragraphs back, of the motherly, productive relation existing between religion, philosophy, and art.

Notice now what becomes of this living, connected relationship when Hegel sophisticates it with his galloping triads of thesis, antithesis, and synthesis, letting loose these three favorite philosophical dogs of war to tear it limb from limb. Art becomes the thesis; religion the antithesis; philosophy the synthesis. This makes religion the negation of art, and converts religion and art into two exclusive and contradictory abstractions, clamoring for just such a philosophy as Hegel's to effect their complete rejoining. How good of the world at large to work itself up in the direction of one particular brand of philosophy and to advertise Hegel's impressionistic wares! Yet who in his sober senses would take the positive continuity and productive relationship existing between religion on the one hand and art and philosophy on the other, and read into it an illustration of the synthesis of contradictions? Hegel overdrove his triadic hobby-horse until it ran pitiably lame. He invented contradictions to prove that contradiction is the law of life, the sole and single way appointed for the world's developing. In his undisciplined desire to strike the skeptic dumb, he overlooked the most effective portion of the truth in delivering the stroke.

He did not see that "the passing of concepts beyond themselves" is due to the idea of Being—the primordial element inhering in them all, and enabling each to burst its bounds of selfhood and go join its many mates. Working with the category of oppositional Development as his sole philosophical stock in trade, he recorded the passing and left the permanent unnoticed; mistook inclusions for oppositions, solidarity for strife, falsehood for partial truth. There is more than alteration going on in the worlds of mind and matter. Only by supposing that such a law of alteration was fatally everywhere at work could Hegel whitewash the sordid crimes of history, rationalize the irrational, make the ugly beautiful in prospect, deify contradiction, and throw truth into the never-ending stream of variation. His dialectical method, when applied to the history of Christianity, was responsible for such antitheses as would divide the Pauline, Petrine, and Johannine elements into three movements pressing in directions counter. Some good folk still living and writing and imagining are evidently not aware that we have a concrete concept of Christianity large enough to include the saintly labors of Peter, Paul, and John; and that if we make our analyses complete at the start, the oppositions are seen to be nothing else than the gross mistaking of our own logi-

cal methods, divisions, and devices, for real distinctions in things and disruptive movements in history.

The best proof that Hegel was wrong is the fact that the more wary idealists of the day do not follow him, preferring the logic of implication to that of contradiction, and declaring that Hegel in his maturer days really abandoned the latter for the former. The fact of the matter is that neither suffices for the gigantic task assigned. The old Hegelian logic of opposition and the new Hegelian logic of implication owe their invention to the defective analysis of analysis, inherited from Kant. A frank recognition of the all too patent fact that Thought can analyze the essential *relations* of every subject as well as its formal *inclusions* would sweep them both away as unnecessary recourses. It would put an end also to the sleight-of-hand, legerdemain sort of logic which draws the ocean from a drop of dew, a mountain from a molehill, and so interprets the fact of "unity in difference" as to make the "unity" everything and the "differences" next to nothing. It is true that reality has degrees and grades, in the sense that the universe is a system of interrelated, interacting things, differing as star from star in magnitude and quality; but the phrase is false when made to mean that the grades and degrees of reality all exist within the bosom of a single organism—the universe—out of which they spring as so many differing appearances of the one and only whole. When will philosophers make their analysis of analysis complete, recognize the spontaneously synthetic activity of the intellect, and cease pursuing the idle policy of first refunding all difference into some general unity, and then drawing them forth therefrom by deductive logic, as if the process represented history and describe the *actual* course of the world's development?

Professor Santyana, of Harvard University, writing of a "well-known philosophy of philosophy" that takes itself altogether too seriously, and seeks to impose its views by a coercive logic that does not coerce, has the following comment to make upon its structure and value: "It would maintain that human thought is an absolute thing, that it existed and developed on its own internal principles and resources, without any environment. What this philosophy starts from and calls knowledge is, according to its description, not knowledge at all, but only absolute imagination, a self-generated experience expressing no prior existence and regarding no external object, either material or ideal. Such absolute imagination, since its development could not be af-

fected by anything outside (there being nothing outside), would evidently require all those variations and ingredients which I have called heresies; they would all express its initial pregnancy more or less completely, and would be taken up and carried on in the next phase of its life. All the parts of orthodoxy might thus, in isolation, be called heretical, while the sum total and infinite life of heresy would be orthodoxy, or rather would be reality itself. We are in a world of romantic soliloquy, peopled by subjective lights and subjective assurances; and it is easy to see how well such a discovery might serve Protestant theologians to justify their past and idealize their future."[9]

Leaving the days of absolutism for our own immediate times, we find that the pulse of another dialectic has already begun to beat. Hegel's triads no longer grind out the cosmos in their milling rounds. His attempt to rationalize history has been superseded by an attempt to derationalize it hind and fore. Romanticism is in open revolt against the rationalism to which Hegel sought to wed it. The doctrine of fatalistic alteration is no longer regarded as a law of Thought, but of life, environment, and experience. The new dialectic beats from percept to percept, not from concept to concept, as the old dialectic did; and the reason for the change is the same as heretofore—a refutation of skepticism. Environment being the new mobilization centre around which the thoughts of men are gathering, everything has undergone reëxpression in its terms. Knowledge is a means of *controlling* our surroundings, of manipulating our experience, not an end in itself. The particular, not the general, the finite, not the infinite, is its end and aim. The test of an idea is the fact that "it works;" of truth, that it brings emotional satisfaction and consequences of a practical sort. Intellectual values as such are in the main discarded. The new principles of utility, adaptation to environment, control of experience have crowded out all recognition of knowledge for its own sake. To know is to adapt oneself to one's environment; and truth depends on the successful performance of this sole appointed task.

Man, they tell us, was always an artisan, from the day he fashioned a coat of skins for himself out of the hides of beasts and drew from flint the friendly spark that warmed him, to the present busy hour when the invasion of the air has meant the sub-

[9] *Philosophical Heresy.* By George Santyana. *Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Methods,* vol. xii., no. 21, p. 566.

duing of the last of the hostile elements that defied his sovereignty. Concepts have been fashioned by him, like all things else, as practical instruments of action, as tools with which to work on stubborn nature. Concepts exist for acting, not for knowing. They are convenient symbols of the things we need not know but simply touch and use. In a word, they are symbols of the practical, not stars of knowledge, or little lamps of light to things unseen. And do you desire a refutation of skepticism, an explanation of the myriad contradictions with which the path of human thought through history is beset? The pragmatist will tell you that his instrumental theory of thought, his functional theory of knowledge explains the fact most readily and affords the best preventive. Just as your ways are not like your grandfather's, times, conditions, and purposes having changed, so has it been with human thought—its course is one of constant variation. Go to Darwin if you want real light thrown on the contradictions of history. Hegel muddled the solution, by leaving out the great explanatory factor of adaptation, and by taking Thought only into account. His coherence theory of truth is a madman's dream. The world is the result of accident, not the slow unfolding of a plan. There are no two things or persons alike in its whole expansive breadth of bosom. Life is the thing; and it is moving on in dialectic strides Hegel never witnessed in his dreaming, he who imagined that men were made for knowing, when the fact of the matter is that the life-process which upheaved their environment, upheaved them also along with it or a little after, for the sole sake of shaping them to its blind and variant coursings. We are makers of reality; it is pliant to the touch of human purpose, responsive to our needs, plastic to the satisfaction of our aims; a great field of opportunity to be exploited in our own behalf; a mine of practical possibilities unending. Out upon all metaphysics! Let us make the Reformation complete!

The elements of fact must be sifted from the elements of speculation in this garish world-view. Is the variation of percepts a *necessary* law of life any more than Hegel's doctrine of the variation of concepts is a necessary law of Thought? Is the fatalism of our concrete knowledge any more apparent or demonstrable than the fatalism of our abstract notions? Who can prove, who has ever proved, that our knowledge grows by transformation? that the old in it is forever passing over into the new so thoroughly, it leaves not a wrack of its former self behind?

Does not our knowledge of facts grow by accretion and addition, by the assimilation of old elements to new, and not by the complete transformation of the former into the latter, as evolutionists allege? And if so, why not read the facts as they stand, instead of putting them under the distorting glass of an unproven theory? Suppose we were to grant that the test of an idea is its successful working; and of truth, that it floods the consciousness with emotional satisfaction, a sense of harmonious adaptation to the world about. Suppose, furthermore, that the functional or instrumental theory of knowledge, as it is called, should be conceded; and the fact acknowledged that man had been an artisan from first to last. How would you prove that any of these statements is *exclusively* true, which is the point evolutionists must establish, or their theory is in the air.

Are any of these views commensurate with history? Are they not, rather, undue simplifications of the complex nature of man, undue reductions of his stature, half-truths and quarter-truths loudly laying pretensions to be the whole? Does not history reveal man as a *curious* being, with scientific interests, intellectual desires, and love of the search of wisdom for its own sake, without thought of the material returns to be got from the searching? Why is this chapter of light stricken out from the pages of history, and a chapter of blind endeavor interpolated in its stead? Has man had no theoretical interests from the beginning, has he none now? Would the nineteenth century gentlemen read themselves back into the race that went before, and forwards into the race that is to come after? Is the skeptic to receive his final quietus, by being told that throughout the course of history, man has not only lacked the ability to *acquire* knowledge, he never even had the desire to *seek* it? The answer shows that the pragmatists of the present consider skepticism a native-born disposition of the human spirit. Professional skeptics have never put forth any such untoward claim in the entire history of philosophy, their contention all along having been that man has the desire, but not the ability, to know himself and the world about him with certainty. It is the unenviable distinction of the pragmatist and "modernist" view, that for downright radicalism and agnosticism it is without competitor or peer, surpassing even skepticism itself in skepticism, and affording the sole indubitable instance of "transformation."

A reaction from all this evolutionistic speculation began some years ago in a movement—still in its incipiency—called the "New

Realism."[10] It has not as yet lived up to its name and title fully, insisting so much on the reality of the world of objects, as practically to deny the distinct existence and *produced* character of human ideas, not to mention the problem of accounting for the existence of error, which this denial has created. But it is vigorously asserting the thesis that knowledge grows by accretion, not by transformation; and it is attempting the refutation of skepticism, not by inventing some vague and hospitable synthesis to house and harbor truth and error—as if these two were Siamese twins that knew no parting—but by the more practical, sincere, and efficient method of winnowing the chaff of philosophy from its wheat. The advice they hold out to their contemporaries is to drop the metaphysical subterfuges in vogue and return to the logical method of analyzing all propositions, however old they be, or however much disputed. You will then find, they tell them, that old propositions are neither transformed nor transformable into new; but are either to be rejected outright as false, or analyzed into two or more propositions, one of which is to be accepted as true, the other or others repudiated as false. The growth of truth will then appear distinct and separable from the growth of error, and we shall be done with the idle shibboleth that all propositions are partly false and partly true; nay, we shall disown as unworthy the attempt of a century to weave the erroneous into the very fabric and texture of verity itself. Truth will be seen to have a past as well as a present and future. Its youth is no crime, neither is its age. To refute skepticism, we are not obliged to rationalize all error, as did Hegel, or to derationalize all truth and make it practical, as is the fashion of the pragmatists —two desperate recourses which leave confusion worse confounded, and overthrow the skeptic by the dire and disastrous course of having philosophers in a body go over to his camp and there make common cause ingloriously with the enemy. There is a middle course; and so far as skepticism is based on intellectual grounds, and not built up out of attitudes of will or temperamental judgments that throw reason to the winds, it is the only one that meets the situation squarely or holds out any promise of redeeming it to truth.

[10] *The Program and First Platform of Six Realists. Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Methods,* vol. vii., no. 15, pp. 393 ff. *Realism as a Polemic and Program of Reform.* By Ralph Barton Perry. *Op. cit.,* vol. vii., no. 13, pp. 337 ff.; no. 14, pp. 365 ff.

This proposal of the New Realists is like a returning breath of scholasticism and its "academic circles," though it would be vain to imagine that the reaction portends a second Spring. But at any rate, the defiant challenge flung down to the old Hegelism and the new Darwinism will have its effect, in clearing the atmosphere and bringing matters to a head. The ringing contention of the New Realists, that the way to combat skepticism is to resolve the historic contradictions of philosophy, and not to refer their origin to some colorless Absolute, neither mental nor physical by nature, but betwixt and between—this contention is a welcome voice in the wilderness of sophistication, and a decided relief from the evolutionistic cry that Thought and things are moving irresistibly on, "from the different to the different," in unhalting strides. The analytic method, a Catholic need hardly be told, is the one which the Church has followed in her clearing pathway through the years. And the children of liberty, light, and love may well be glad they are not in the toils of that philosophy which, Chesterton charges, "has substituted an idea of fatalistic alteration for the freedom of the mediæval soul seeking truth."

LIONEL JOHNSON.

BY JOYCE KILMER.

THE year 1915 has been, in the United States, a time of great glory for the poet. The number of books of verse published has been phenomenally large, and several volumes, notably Mr. Robert Frost's *North of Boston* and the American edition of Rupert Brooke's *Collected Poems,* have passed through several editions. But the year's most important book of poetry is not the work of a living author. It is the work of a young man who prematurely went to his tragic death in October, 1902. Through the intelligent enterprise of The Macmillan Company it is now possible to obtain in one volume the Collected Poems of Lionel Johnson.

To those who are so fortunate as already to know Lionel Johnson's poetry, this is good news indeed. During the poet's lifetime, two volumes were published—*Poems* in 1895 and *Ireland and Other Poems* in 1897. These books, in all their dignity of hand-made paper and rubricated title-pages, soon became expensive rarities sought eagerly by the bibliophile. They were not reprinted, and Lionel Johnson was known to most lovers of poetry only by occasional quotations made by such discerning anthologists as Mr. Burton E. Stevenson, and by the sympathetic appreciations contributed to English and American magazines by Miss Louise Imogen Guiney and Miss Katherine Brégy.

A few years ago a number of Lionel Johnson's essays and book reviews were published by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley, under the title *Post Liminium.* The book is full of sound scholarship, keen æsthetic understanding, and rich and wholesome humor. And there is never any possibility of mistaking Lionel Johnson's point of view; in all matters of religion, art, economics and politics, as well as in all matters of faith and morals, his point of view was obviously and unhesitatingly Catholic. But prose was not Lionel Johnson's favorite medium; he might, indeed, had he lived longer, have come to rank as a critic with Matthew Arnold or Sainte Beuve, but his most important contribution to literature was his poetry, and it is as a poet, as a Catholic poet, that he must be judged.

I have mentioned the fact that some of his poems have been in-

cluded in the anthologies. In one instance, the editor of an anthology unintentionally did Lionel Johnson a grave injustice. He entrusted the task of writing an introduction to Lionel Johnson's poem to Mr. William Butler Yeats. And Mr. Yeats wrote: "He has made a world full of all delights and golden vestures, and murmured Latin, and incense clouds, and autumn winds, and dead leaves, where one wanders remembering martyrdoms and courtesies that the world has forgotten."

This is very beautiful indeed. It is also the rankest nonsense that even Mr. Yeats ever wrote. Lionel Johnson was, it is true, a convert to Catholicism. But in spite of Mr. William Butler Yeats' expert opinion, a convert to Catholicism is not a person who wanders about weeping over autumn winds and dead leaves, murmuring Latin and snuffing incense. It happened that Lionel Johnson was a scholar and a gentleman, a thoroughly wholesome, vivacious and humorous person, and although he was born in London, he was full of genuine Celtic mirth and courage. He hoped and wrote and worked for the day when Ireland, the land of his ancestors, should again be a free and independent nation. He was, in fact, a Catholic and an Irishman. And neither one of these titles belongs by rights to Mr. Yeats. No one can deny that Mr. Yeats has in his time done splendid service to the cause of poetry; he has written some of the most nobly beautiful lyrics and poetic dramas in our language. But his truest admirers must regret that he made this widely circulated and grossly untrue estimate of one of the most thoroughly masculine personalities in modern English letters.

In considering that brief and tumultuous period in English literature which is sometimes called the Æsthetic Renaissance of the Nineties, it is inevitable that three figures should stand out with particular vividness. They are Lionel Johnson, Aubrey Beardsley and Ernest Dowson—a great poet, a brilliant but unbalanced illustrator, and another poet, who wrote a great deal of rubbish, and about four poems which are genuine and important contributions to English literature. What is the bond between these three men? Why should they be grouped together?

They might be grouped together because they all three were creative artists whose careers, so far as the world knows, ended with the nineteenth century. They might be grouped together because they were animated by the same feeling, a violent reaction against the hideous scientific dogmatism, the deadly materialism, of

the much-vaunted Victorian era. And they might be grouped together because all three were artists, seekers after that real but elusive thing called beauty, a thing which they found at last only when they had made their submission to her who is the mother of all learning, all culture and all the arts, the Catholic Church. And yet, although the fact of their conversion establishes a real and noble connection between these three men of genius, their characters and talents differ greatly. Only one of them was directly inspired through a considerable period of years by his Catholic Faith. The other two became Catholics towards the end of their artistic career, too late for the Faith to give to their work that purity and strength which are the guarantees of immortality. But one of them found his Faith almost as soon as he found his genius, celebrated it in poems of enduring beauty, and left the world a precious heritage of song. That man was Lionel Johnson.

In his *The Eighteen Nineties,* Mr. Holbrook Jackson has pointed out the significance of the revival of æstheticism which took place in the closing years of the nineteenth century, and has shown that it was symptomatic of a sort of idealistic revolt. Now, idealism surely is desirable, and it is perhaps unjust for us to judge a literary and artistic movement by its most bizarre and artificial features. The eccentricities of *The Savoy* and *The Yellow Book* do not, it may be, indicate clearly the essential motives of the young writers who were endeavoring to bring about a renaissance of idealism in dull, materialistic, " scientific " Victorian London. But it is inevitable that the most sensational aspects of a literary movement should be most generally observed and longest remembered. And it is unquestionably true that one real value of the cult of peacocks and green carnations, of artificial paganism, and sophisticated loveliness, is that it furnishes a splendidly contrasting background for the white genius of Lionel Johnson.

This aristocratic and wealthy young Oxford graduate might so easily have become an æsthetic and nothing more! His environment, many of his friendships, even his discipleship, as it may be called, to Walter Pater might naturally be expected to cause him to develop into a mere *dilettant,* interested only in delicate and superficial beauty, having, by way of moral code, an earnest desire to live up to his blue china. Instead, what was this friend of Theodore Peters (of Renaissance cloak fame) and Hubert Crackenthorpe? He was a sound and accomplished scholar, writing Latin hymns that for their grace and authentic ecclesiastical style might

stand beside those of Adam of St. Victor or of St. Bernard himself. Nor was he less deft in his manipulation of the style of the classical authors—see, for example, those graceful lines beginning: *"Valete, fas est, flores! vale, ver!"* And this, remember, was at a time when Latin was most absolutely a dead language to most young English poets, whose attention was given entirely to the picturesque attractions of the Parisian *argot* beloved of the Decadents. In fact the atmosphere of the literary world in which he lived seems to have had no effect upon Lionel Johnson's mind and soul. He was "of the centre," not "of the movement." He gladly accepted the gracious traditions of English poetry. He followed the time-hallowed conventions of his craft as faithfully as did Tennyson. He had no desire to toss Milton's wreath either to Whitman or to Baudelaire. But these virtues are perhaps chiefly negative. Almost the same things might be said of many poets, of the late Stephen Phillips, for example, who certainly was an honest traditionalist, uninfluenced by decadence or æstheticism. But Lionel Johnson had also (what Stephen Phillips lacked) a great and beautiful philosophy. And his philosophy was true. He was so fortunate as to hold the Catholic Faith. This Faith inspired his best poems, shines through them and makes them, as the word is used, immortal.

Of course Lionel Johnson was not exclusively a devotional and religious poet. The theme which he sang with the most splendid passion and the most consummate art was the Catholic Church. This was the great influence of his life; it is to this that his poetry owes most of its enduring beauty. But there were other influences, there were other things which claimed, to a less degree, his devotion. One of these was Ireland, and another was England. Lionel Johnson's chivalrous loyalty to Ireland was not without its quaint humor. He was descended from the soldier who savagely put down the insurrection of 1798. But he by no means shared his ancestor's views in Irish matters; he was an enthusiastic advocate of Irish freedom and a devoted lover of everything Irish.

Although he hailed with delight the revival of ancient Celtic customs and the ancient Celtic language, Lionel Johnson was far from being what we have come to call a neo-Celt. He did not spend his time in writing elaborately annotated chants in praise of Cuchullain and Deidre and Ængus, and other creatures of legend; the attempt to reëstablish Ireland's ancient paganism seemed to him singularly unintelligent. He saw that the greatest glory of

Ireland is her fidelity to the Catholic Faith, a fidelity which countless cruel persecutions have only strengthened. And so when he wrote of *Ireland's Dead* he did not see them entering into some Ossianic land of dead warriors. Instead, he wrote:

> For their loyal love, nought less,
> Than the stress of death, sufficed:
> Now with Christ, in blessedness,
> Triumph they, imparadised.

Similarly, in what is generally considered to be his greatest poem, the majestic and passionate *Ireland,* his most joyous vision is that of the "Bright souls of Saints, glad choirs of intercession from the Gael," and he concludes with this splendid prayer:

> O Rose! O Lily! O Lady full of grace!
> O Mary Mother! O Mary Maid! hear thou.
> Glory of Angels! Pity, and turn thy face,
> Praying thy Son, even as we pray thee now,
> For thy dear sake to set thine Ireland free:
> Pray thou thy little Child!
> Ah! who can help her, but in mercy He?
> Pray then, pray thou for Ireland, Mother mild!
> O Heart of Mary! pray the Sacred Heart:
> His, at Whose word depart
> Sorrows and hates, home to Hell's waste and wild.

When Lionel Johnson wrote of England, it was chiefly Cornwall that attracted him; Cornwall, that most Celtic land, where visitors from other parts of England are called "foreigners." This affection shows in the three beautiful stanzas called *Cornwall,* in the sonnet to that great, and as yet, unappreciated poet, Hawker of Morwenstow, and in those lines of severe loveliness to which he gave the title *Dead.* Nor can *A Cornish Night* be forgotten. But he was sensitive to all the appeal of the English countryside; how wholesome and heartening is the wind that blows through *In England!* In reading it we understand what Miss Louise Imogen Guiney meant when she wrote of him: "He was a tower of wholesomeness in the Decadence which his short life spanned." Here are six stanzas, with an exquisite picture in everyone:

> Heaped with a sweet hayload,
> Curved, yellow wagons pass
> Slow down the high-hedged road;
> I watch them from the grass;

A pleasant village noise
  Breaks the still air: and all
The summer spirit joys,
  Before the first leaves fall.

Red wreckage of the rose,
  Over a gusty lawn:
While in the orchard close,
  Fruits redden to their dawn.

September's wintering air,
  When fruits and flowers have fled
From mountain valleys bare,
  Save rowan berries red.

These joys, and such as these,
  Are England's and are mine:
Within the English seas,
  My days have been divine.

Oh! Hellas lies far hence,
  Far the blue Sical sea:
But England's excellence
  Is more than they to me.

Nor was Lionel Johnson blind to the subtle appeals of London, that most prosaic and poetic of all cities. He loved London, and knew London almost as intimately as did his favorite Charles Lamb. Of course most of his contemporaries also wrote about London, but they, like John Davidson, were attracted chiefly by the city's most cruel and sordid phase. Lionel Johnson, however, with his generous sympathies and his true historical perspective, seemed to comprehend London, to see through its superficial and ephemeral characteristics into its very soul, and it is the soul of London, I think, that he expressed in his poem *In London Town.* And while his writings about London are under consideration, it will not do to fail to mention a poem inspired by one of London's monuments—the statue of King Charles at Charing Cross. These noble stanzas are as august a memorial of that " fair and fatal King " as is Van Dyke's portrait.

But Lionel Johnson's purely secular poems are best when his Catholic Faith, seemingly without his willing it, unexpectedly shines out in a splendor of radiant phrases. And of all his poems, those which constitute his most important contribution to literature, are those which are directly the fruits of his religious

experiences. The lovely memory of Cardinal Newman has never been honored more appropriately than in the second part of *In Falmouth Harbor. A Burden of Easter Vigil, The Precept of Silence, Mystic and Cavalier, Enthusiasts,* the third part of *Visions, Our Lady of the May,* the *Carols,* and the series of four poems called *Christmas*—if Lionel Johnson had written only these, he would still deserve a place among those whom all lovers of poetry must delight to honor. He was not so great a poet as Francis Thompson. He never wrote a poem which will stand comparison with *The Hound of Heaven* or the *Orient Ode.* But the sum of the beauty in all his work is great, and his poetry is, on the whole, more companionable than that of Francis Thompson; it is more human, more personal, more intimate.

And to at least two of Lionel Johnson's poems, the adjective "great" may, by every sound critical standard, safely be applied. One of these is *The Dark Angel,* a masterly study of the psychology of temptation, written in stanzas that glow with feeling, that are the direct and passionate utterance of the poet's soul, and yet are as polished and accurate as if their author's only purpose had been to make a thing of beauty. The other is *The Martyrum Candidatus,* a poem which may without question be given its place in any anthology which contains *Burning Babe, The Kings,* and Crashaw's *Hymn to Saint Teresa.* It has seemed to me that these brave and beautiful lines, which have for their inspiration the love of God, and echo with their chiming syllables the hoof-beats of horses bearing knights to God's battles, might serve as a fitting epitaph for the accomplished scholar, the true poet, the noble and kindly Catholic gentleman who wrote them.

Ah, see the fair chivalry come, the companions of Christ!
White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, the Knights of God!
They, for their Lord and their Lover who sacrificed
All, save the sweetness of treading, where He first trod!

These through the darkness of death, the dominion of night,
Swept, and they woke in white places at morning tide:
They saw with their eyes, and sang for joy of the sight,
They saw with their eyes the Eyes of the Crucified.

Now, whithersoever He goeth, with Him they go:
White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, oh fair to see!
They ride, where the Rivers of Paradise flash and flow,
White Horsemen, with Christ their Captain: forever He!

THE ADVENTURE AT THE BLACK DOG.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

LORD FRANCIS and Lord Henry were twin brothers. In babyhood they had been so alike that their nurse had pretended to distinguish them by putting on them bows of different-colored ribbon as their mother, Lady Eskdale, had pretended to discover a crease in Henry's ear which differentiated Francis from Henry. But the ribbons got changed about so much and the crease in the ear disappeared during an illness of Lady Eskdale's, which had taken her away from the nursery for some time. Lady Eskdale never would acknowledge that she did not know her boys one from the other, but it was the general belief that she did not, founded perhaps on Lord Eskdale's remark that it was providential there was Lord Wharfe, the eldest son, else there might have been a grave miscarriage of justice in the succession.

Lord Francis and Lord Henry had the same nurse, the same governess, the same tutor, the same preparatory school. They went to Eton, where inevitably they were known as the Heavenly Twins, and to Christ Church. Both elected to enter the army, and saw service in the same regiment. They were both fair-skinned, golden-haired young men, and ought to have been chubby with their skin and hair, but they were both rather thin and somewhat anxious looking, with honest gray eyes that had a mist of dreams in them. They had very fine eyes, and someone said of them that they had the eyes of Don Quixote. Lord Eskdale, who had a manner of secret enjoyment of his two serious sons, for they were very serious, had answered the speaker that Francis and Henry seemed to him as like as possible to their own brace of Irish terriers, Tim and Terry, who accompanied their masters everywhere it was possible. Lord Eskdale added that the cause of the anxiety in the expression of the twins was the fact that they had been mixed up at birth and their uncertainty as to which was which. In the war Henry received at last a distinguishing mark from Francis in the tiny fragment of a shell, which had struck him in the right cheek, narrowly escaping his eye. It had left a scar after its removal which, without being seriously dis-

figuring, was yet likely to differentiate the two brothers for the time to come. Lady Eskdale had talked of electrolysis to remove the scar, and the twins had looked at each other, while Lord Henry answered that he liked his scar, and Lord Eskdale who was present chuckled quietly to himself.

In due time the twins, having done their share of soldiering with credit to themselves, decided on a career of politics. They were returned for two divisions of the same county in the conservative interest—at least they called themselves Conservatives—but they were something in the nature of free lances. Party whips and party leaders complained that they could not be quite certain of Lord Francis and Lord Henry. There was always the Don Quixote that looked out of their eyes to be counted with. Opportunism was a word not to be found in their vocabulary. They had a narrow vision for the thing they called straight and honest. When they saw it they went at it head down like a pair of golden young bulls. As they were both orators of a fiery kind, both strangely attractive personalities, both transparently honest, and, moreover, were called the Heavenly Twins by the man in the street, they were somewhat dangerous and unreliable as cogs in the party machine. After a time they came to make a little party of their own in the House, an embarrassing party, and yet one on which the harassed party leaders and officials must smile. For that was the luck of Lord Henry and Lord Francis. They had been smiled at from their solemn babyhood, and the smile was a tolerant, even a tender smile.

The twins were still inseparable, and had rooms in the same house in Jermyn Street. They had the same tastes and pursuits. Both were great fishermen. They had a common taste for and knowledge of Chinese porcelain. It could not be said that these common tastes explained their liking for each other's society, for they talked little. When the House was not sitting they went off on walking tours together. People told humorous stories of encountering Lord Francis and Lord Henry in out-of-the-world places walking along, two gaunt figures, swinging their arms as they went, their sole luggage an infinitesimal knapsack strapped over the shoulders of each. One humorist meeting them by moonlight on a wild fell where a gibbet had stood, swore that he heard the clanking of the chains before he discovered in the apparitions Lord Francis and Lord Henry.

They were marked out for eccentric bachelorhood, according

to their friends. Only once had either been known to express appreciation for feminine beauty, and that was when Lord Henry, his attention being called to Millicent Erskine, one of the beauties of the season, had turned to his brother and said: "A good face for stained glass, Francis, don't you think?—if there were a little more soul in it." And Francis had answered without enthusiasm that she might do if she looked more serious.

It was another thing about the twins, that they had a profound interest in religions. They had passed through many stages, and looked in at many creeds, before arriving at the extreme High Church opinions which were theirs when they met Miss Erskine.

Their mother had begun to be a little anxious about them. She was afraid that they might enter the Church—they had strong opinions on the celibacy of the clergy—while she was very glad that they had arrived at being good churchmen. Their unorthodoxy had often troubled her.

"I wish one or the other of them would marry," she said tearfully to Lord Eskdale, "I believe if one married the other would."

"They might want to marry the same woman," Lord Eskdale replied. Adding, "Not that I see any sign of it. They are cut out for celibacy. The Church or an Oxford donship should have been their career, only—oddly enough—they seem to be making their way in politics. Mr. Moncton complimented me the other day on my younger sons. 'Their transparent honesty counts,' he said: 'upon my word, the Ministry may stand by your two just men, although we never can be quite sure of the point of view."

It was the Long Vacation, and the two brothers were on a walking tour in the North of England. They had been visiting the French cathedrals, doing some walking where it was possible, and had come back with their thirst for exercise unslaked. They had got as far north as Cumberland, and had entered a very wild and lonely region of fells and moorland, with gray mountains in the distance. They then had a lunch of bread and cheese at a farmhouse, and secured some hard-boiled eggs to take with them in case of accident. As both were seasoned travelers, their plan was to walk on till they found a meal or a bed. Four or five hours walking should bring them to Smale, where was a comfortable and honest inn, its name the Cosy Travelers, kept by one Simon Bunyan.

"Simon will do ye well," the farmer had assured them at a farm not far back. "Tell him John Roope o' the Pithead Farm sent ye."

"Gin a wide berth to the Black Dog," said Mrs. Roope, who had been rather fascinated by the politeness of her queer visitors, whom in her own mind she had put down as young Methodist ministers. "The Black Dog'll be no place for you, even if you was to come to it dead tired. Slapin' out would be better."

"They'll have no business with the Black Dog unless they were to get a mile or two out of their way," said her husband, adding, to himself, "there be rum stories told of the Black Dog for sure."

It was some hours later and the brothers were sitting by the roadside, eating the last of the hard-boiled eggs and looking away to where the mists had enveloped Scawfell in a clinging white blanket, that Lord Henry broke silence with: "I wonder what was the matter with the Black Dog."

"If the wind were to change," said Lord Francis, "that mist would come down on us in no time."

"The moon rises late to-night," said the other brother getting to his feet, "and it will be dark in an hour's time. We'd better be looking for the Cosy Travelers and Simon Bunyan."

Before they could turn about a puff of wind blew in their faces. Neither spoke, though each said in his own mind that the wind had changed. It blew again as they turned about, leaving Scawfell behind them, and this time it was in their backs. Presently there was rain in the wind. Glancing behind them they saw the wind and the rain bearing down on them in a thick mist. A few minutes more and they were enveloped in it. The rain was very penetrating. They were soon wet through, the rain dripping from their ragged moustaches and the straight colorless fair hair, which fell in wisps on the foreheads of the brothers, who wore no hats on their walking tours. They kept on doggedly, while the mist pressed on them ghostly and cold, only changing in density as the dusk came on and was followed by the night.

The country they were walking through was much the same as that which they had left behind at the Pithead Farm. They seemed in the midst of moors, over which sheep grazed with some wild-looking cattle. All the afternoon they had seen no sign of human life beyond a shepherd, with his dog, driving the sheep. There must be farmsteads, they had thought, tucked away in those creases and folds of the fells. The larks had sprung up by them

and around them as they walked: and sometimes they had come to a pool: or the singing of a little stream had been sweet as the song of the larks. Once they had looked over the edge of a pit and seen the water, inky black below. Apparently those disused pits were not uncommon. As the night thickened about those soaked travelers, each thought of the water giving a black reflection of the sky half way down the shaft, and their feet felt for the road, while the water squished in their boots.

Never was such a clinging wet mist. Lord Henry and Lord Francis never complained or grumbled. That would have been something quite beyond their code of manners. But when they had run up against a stone like the side of a small house, and discovered by feeling it that it was only a stone, they halted for a discussion of what had best be done.

"We're off the road," Lord Francis said.

"I know."

"How long?"

"An hour or more. I felt the grass under my feet. No use lighting a match. The rain would put it out."

"I don't mind but for the pits. It would be a nasty ending. Why didn't you say when you knew we had left the road?"

"What was the use. I knew you knew it."

"The mist may rise and the moon is due at twelve o'clock. Shall we stay where we are till then?"

"There is a bit of shelter here. And something is rubbing against my legs, a dog or a lamb or a kid."

"It has been rubbing against mine. It is a dog."

They sat down in the shelter of the great stone that was like the wall of a shepherd's hut, and the wet animal sidled in between them and settled itself with a shake and a sigh. The rain seemed to drift by them without reaching them, although that comfort was hardly felt, so soaked were they with rain. Both brothers sat with their knees up to their chins, their arms clasping their knees, and rested their chins on their knees. In that uncomfortable position they must have dozed. They awoke to a dark sky with minute points of silver in its sable blackness—stars. They were very stiff and cold, except where the dog lay between them, a little furnace of living heat.

The dog barked with a subdued cheerfulness, sprang up and fawned upon the brothers as they got to their feet. He ran a little way and came back, rubbing himself against their legs as

before. They were very stiff. Progression was hardly possible; and the weight of the soaked clothes hung about them. Their hands were numb with cold. Neither said anything to the other. They had a way of knowing what was in each other's minds. It was necessary to go forward, to move briskly if they were not to suffer a bad chill. Each had a small flask of brandy in his knapsack. They were too numbed to unclasp the straps.

They moved forward, stumbling heavily. The rain was over, and the stars shone out of a clear sky. The air was full of the music of streams, increased by the heavy rain and running noisily. There was still intense darkness, for the moon had not yet risen. The minute points of silver helped them not at all, although it was cheerful to see them. And the dog kept running backwards and forwards, evidently guiding them somewhere.

"I wonder," said Lord Francis breaking silence at last, "I wonder if it will be the Cosy Travelers or the Black Dog."

"Can't afford to choose," said Lord Henry, and sprawled; he had fallen over a sheep, which ran away bleating into the darkness, awaking a hundred answering bleats.

"Stupid brute!" said Lord Henry getting to his feet. "Didn't know they slept like that!"

"Not hurt?" asked Lord Francis.

"No, fell soft. Worse for the sheep. What's that?"

"Yes; what's that? Hammerin'?" The twins always dropped the final "g."

There was a hammering and a blur of light in front of them —a lit pane. They went towards it. The dog which had been so eager stayed with them now, cowering, it seemed, against their legs. They came up against a half-glass door wet with rain. Sweeping away the drops with their hands, they looked through a smeared pane into a sort of shed or outhouse. In the shed a man was employed doing some carpentry—an odd hour of the night to do it. They could see the long white boards. One or two stood by the wall. The man was bending over the thing he was making, between them and it. He had stopped hammering and was doing something else.

Lord Francis swept the rain from the pane and looked closer.

"Makin' a coffin," he said.

"Thought so," returned Lord Henry. "Horrid shape; isn't it? Why be so particular. It might look like a box and be no worse."

They tapped at the pane. The man never moved from his stooping position.

They knocked again, louder this time.

"Deaf," said Lord Henry.

"As a stone," said Lord Francis.

The dog which had been whining and scratching uttered a sharp, impatient yelp. The man seemed to hear. He straightened himself and turned round. Yes; it was a coffin he was making. It was complete, all but the lid—the hideous shape that hangs between man and the sun in the skies. He turned about and saw. A queer expression came into his face. He was a squat, misshapen creature—a Caliban. His arms were too long for his body. His head was set low between his shoulders. He came towards the door and opened it to admit the brothers. With an air of stealthy eagerness he drew them in. The dog had bounded in as soon as the door was opened, and was fawning on the uncouth figure.

"Can we have a lodgin' for the night?" Lord Francis asked.

"It looks honest, brother," said Lord Henry, "but it is a dummy. It can't answer questions."

"It" did look honest. There was a curious gentleness about the indeterminate features. A queer smile lit up the face like an illumination.

"It is glad to see us," said Lord Francis.

The door was closed behind them and locked. The dumb man had put his finger on the lip for silence. He disappeared for a moment and brought back something—a slate and pencil—which he handed to Lord Francis.

"We want food, a fire to dry our clothes, and beds for the night," he wrote and handed it back to the dumb man, who nodded his head and smiled, the smile transforming the ugly face wonderfully.

He wrote rapidly on the slate and handed it back.

"Be very quiet. The Black Dog don't want to put up folk. I won't turn ye out."

When they had read it he rubbed out the message and put away the slate. Then he stooped and began to untie Lord Henry's shoe-strings.

"He means we are to walk in our stockin's," said Lord Francis.

"So it *is* the Black Dog!" said Lord Henry, stooping to take off his own boots.

The dumb man opened a door and seemed to listen, but of course he could not hear. The action was purely mechanical. Through the partly open door they caught sight of the red glow of a fire—a most welcome sight. The dumb man took down the ship's lantern from its hook, and led them with the same stealthy air into the room beyond, which they found was a kitchen. Their wet clothes began to steam in the heat. The dumb man put on a log very quietly, then signified that they should take off their outer garments and hang them on the big screen by the fire.

Creeping about—always with the air of listening, although his ears must have been sealed—he brought them food—cold beef and cheese and bread and butter and a bottle of wine covered with cobwebs, which must have lain a long time in the cellar. It was good old port, and it restored the vitality of the chilly travelers as nothing else could have done. They drank their bottle of wine and they ate tremendously, and the warmth came back to the numbed bodies, and the clogged thoughts of the two travelers began to move again. They drew their chairs closer to the fire, or rather they lifted them. The odd stealthiness of the dumb man had somehow imparted itself to them.

"Did you notice what he had stickin' out of his pocket?" said Lord Francis.

"A knife," returned Lord Henry. "Not meant for us."

"Glad to have us here," said Lord Francis, and proceeded to fill one of the churchwarden pipes the dumb man had laid on the table with a jar of tobacco.

The benevolent eyes watched them while they talked, and there was intelligence in them. When Lord Francis said that, the dumb man nodded his head and a queer pleased smile beamed on his face.

"I believe the poor beggar hears some," Lord Henry said, and proceeded to fill his pipe.

When they had smoked their pipes through and were pleasantly warm and lazy, the dumb man signified that it was time they should go to bed. He shook his head violently when Lord Henry proceeded to take the lamp. They were to go to bed in the dark. There was moonlight in the house—as they went up the stairs, creeping single file—enough to guide them. They seemed to hold their breath as they went up the stairs and through a door which closed softly behind them, along a corridor, down a cross-corridor. An arched wooden door gave entrance to their bedroom, which was a yawning pit of blackness. The dumb man pushed them

through the doorway. Somewhere in the house a door slammed. Evidently he heard it, for he scurried off along the corridor, leaving them in the dark room.

"Craves wary walking," said Lord Francis standing in the darkness.

"No bolt to the door," muttered Lord Henry, as though the walls had ears.

"Must be windows somewhere," whispered Lord Francis. "Bed in the middle of the room, anyhow."

"Dashed door opens out," said Lord Henry. "Can't barricade it."

"Not afraid?" asked Lord Francis.

"Sinister hole; but the dummy's straight. Let us get to bed," Lord Henry said, disdaining to answer the question which indeed was a purely rhetorical one. They had been together in too many queer places and tight corners not to be aware of each other's spirit.

They went to bed behind the closed doors, and going to bed one of their odd adventures befell them, for jumping into bed at the same moment they gripped each other, thinking that the bed was already occupied by someone who had attacked them. They rolled round and round the room in grips before each got his breath sufficiently to call out.

"There's a fellow in my bed already, and he's gone for me."

Then they recognized each other and stood apart to laugh quietly.

"Lucky you spoke!" they said in a breath; and again: "This would be a nice story for the clubs and the newspapers."

There was a little light in the room now. In the tussle Lord Francis' foot had caught in a heavy curtain and pulled it apart. A line of light came between closed shutters, over which the curtains had been drawn.

Lord Francis was nursing his foot. The curtain had caught his toenail and wrenched it painfully. He was sitting on the bed.

Lord Henry very stealthily unbarred and turned a shutter. The white moonlight streamed into the room, and fell on the drawn curtains of an alcove at one side of the room. Lord Francis was looking that way. Lord Henry came and sat down beside him.

"Hate pitch-blackness," he said. "Like a dungeon."

"Or a grave," said Lord Francis.

They turned into bed and slept like tired travelers.

They awoke to the crowing of a cock and a stealthy knock. The gray dawn was in the room. It was very cold. The wind was blowing in through a broken pane of the window. As they opened their sleepy eyes they saw the dumb man in the room. He had laid their dry clothes on the bed. He was suggesting to them that they should be up and going, laying an eager hand on the bedclothes to drag them from them, pointing towards the door.

"Seems in a deuce of a hurry," said Lord Francis, putting a foot out of bed.

"Only four o'clock," grumbled Lord Henry, "and I could have slept round the clock."

"However they got up, made a hasty toilet, and were putting on their coats when the dumb man again appeared in the doorway. By this time the dawn was reddening in the east. He made signs to them they were to come quickly. They were stocking-footed as they had been last night. He led them downstairs, now and again going before to reconnoitre. In one of these pauses Lord Francis said to Lord Henry:

"You saw what was in the bed, brother."

"Yes; I wondered if you did."

They went on downstairs, holding their breath as they passed by the long ranges of closed doors down the straight intersecting corridors. The place was unexpectedly spacious. It was very old, with beams in the roof and the doors, latched, of strong oak, each one arched to a point. The little windows of the one corridor looked on a courtyard. Apparently at one time the Black Dog had been a place of consideration; but now grass had grown between the stones of the courtyard, and a miscellaneous collection of lumber lay about. At last they reached the foot of the stairs and were in the kitchen. It was yet but half light, but in the kitchen there was a rosy glow from the great fireplace; the table was spread generously. But neither brother noticed the table. Oddly enough each was aware, in all the strange circumstances, of his stocking feet. For there was a lady standing by the table—a young lady and beautiful, not less beautiful, because she was very pale and evidently oppressed by grief. Her large eyes were most piteous. They were very large and very gentle, beautiful dark eyes in a small delicate face. Something was wound round the masses of her dark head that had the color of a rose in it. It was really a scarf of black and rose color, and the long ends floated behind her or would have floated if she walked.

Lord Francis and Lord Henry had the same thought at the same moment of a face eclipsed now but capable of an ardent passion; of a rose by the little ear. They were not sure about the rose. Lord Francis thought it something more burning—a scarlet camelia, perhaps, an azalea, a magnolia flower. There was no flower there. Perhaps the color in the scarf deceived them; perhaps it was the red of her lips or the cheeks that glowed as they looked at her, or the brooding passion of her eyes drowned in tears.

"I have lost my father," she said as piteous as a child. "He was taken ill as we crossed the moor, and two days ago he died in this dreadful place. The poor dumb man here has watched over me. My father's and mother's prayers have sent you to my assistance, for indeed I do not think I am safe here. Will you let me travel with you to a place of safety."

It was the most fortunate thing in the world that the two brothers were linguists. They assured her solemnly in her own tongue that they were her servants.

"I have been frightened since my father left me," she said. "Only for this poor Gregory, who slept like a dog at my door, I believe they would have murdered me. Our Lady of the Pillar sent him to my aid, and lest he should fail through physical weariness, for he has not slept for many nights, she has sent me you."

Suddenly she looked at them with an entrancing confidence in her gaze, and she said:

"Let us be going now. You are two strange gentlemen, señores, but Our Lady of the Pillar has sent you, and I feel that you are, as my brothers, kind and good."

"Yes, let us be going," said Lord Francis and Lord Henry in a dazed way. And then each turned to the other and said the same thing.

"Do you, brother, see the lady to a place of safety. I will remain to bury the dead and see that no harm befalls the dumb man."

Before they could wrangle over it the door opening outward to the kitchen was pushed back, and a woman appeared in the doorway. She was a terrible woman. Hers was such a face as may come to one between sleeping and waking. It was a large white face, and so small were the eyes and so insignificant the features that it suggested a wall of dull, greenish flesh without eyes. She looked at them, and there was a baleful spark which corrected that first impression.

For an instant she looked at them, and the brothers confessed to each other afterwards that for the moment they feared her. She was so unlike a woman, so villainous with the hideous face above the flat bosom, that she excited a strange horror in their breasts. She looked for a second, then drew the bolts towards her, and they heard the bolts go. The girl between them—they had drawn intuitively to each side of her—sobbed with sheer terror. The dumb man had disappeared.

"We had better go," said Lord Francis, "else the tigress will fetch her mate."

"No time for boots or breakfast," said Lord Henry, going out stocking-footed. The Spanish lady went between them, one brother going before and one behind to shield her.

The mist had lifted and the morning was bright. They struck out over the moor on the dumb side of the house, that is to say, the side which showed only a dirty white wall without a window. For a time they went warily, watching over their shoulders as they went. The brothers hardly knew what they feared, but the face of the woman had given them a grue as they said to each other later.

They had not gone very far when they heard footsteps running, and turning round in alarm they saw that it was Gregory, the dumb man, who came, uttering queer calls to them as he ran. When they recognized him they waited and saw that he carried their boots, together with something which he handed to the lady, whom by this time they knew to be Doña Teresa de Salvador. The something was a belt which was to be carried round a man's body, and contained a good store of notes and gold, for Don Dominguez del Salvador had been traveling with his daughter when the strange fate had befallen him of dying at the Black Dog, and how that came about would make this story too long to tell. They begged him by gestures to go with them, and Doña Teresa talked on her fingers to him, translating their urgent pleadings, but he only shook his head.

"He says that Beanish of the Black Dog gave him a shelter when no one else would. He will go back, though he hates Mrs. Beanish. You saw her. You can believe she is wicked. It is only since my father died that I have noticed the woman to fear her. She nursed my father as though she did not mean to rob and murder us. Gregory will go. He has saved me. Now he is going back to face the Beanishes. He will go—let us hurry

till we find the police or somebody to return with us to the inn. The Black Dog has hidden its wickedness long enough. And there is my father unburied."

It was some hours before they found anything but a lonely farmhouse, for the girl was exhausted with grief and fear, and neither brother would leave her. But at last as it was coming on again to evening they reached a little town, with a justice of the peace and a couple of policemen among its inhabitants. Leaving Doña Teresa in safe keeping they returned the way they had come, but this time in a carriage with a pair of swift horses, and the police coming behind with a reënforcement of game-keepers and the like, who were in Sir Robert Cope's employment. He, a ruddy-faced, cheerful man, was all eagerness about the Black Dog and the dead man in the bed, his stiff hand stretched out as though in appeal, the dummy, the bad character of the place, the lonely situation and the facility for putting away dead men or women in the many abandoned pits of the moor.

Lord Henry and Lord Francis said very little; Sir Robert ever afterwards called them the stock-fishes. They didn't speak even when the flames shot up against the sky as they crossed a rise of the moor, and came in sight of the Black Dog just sinking into ashes. There had been a red light in the sky visible for some time, so perhaps they were prepared for the sight that so startled the others. Nothing was found in the ruins—the fire had been very complete—except a few bones among the ashes. Who had lit the funeral pyre, who had persisted in it, the secrets of the house were forever mysteries. So the Black Dog and its evil reputation passed into a country tale.

And Doña Teresa was cast upon the hospitality of the Eskdales, and since she belonged to a noble Spanish family, and had a considerable fortune, it was not displeasing to her hosts and kind friends when Lord Wharfe, who had been flirting so long that people began to think of him as a confirmed bachelor, began to pay attentions to the beautiful Spaniard, who was only the more beautiful for the pensive sadness which lay on her beauty since her sad and terrible experiences.

Wharfe was a slim dandy with a small neat face and a golden moustache, utterly unlike Lord Francis and Lord Henry, who were at home at Uske for the Long Vacation, and went about together once more, united to Tim and Terry, dogs and masters looking about as disconsolate a quartet as could be imagined.

Wharfe's suit seemed to progress well enough. If Doña Teresa was absent-minded, that was no more than was to be expected. If her eyes had something in them as they rested on the twins, which was not there for Lord Warfe, that was nothing wonderful, seeing her memories of their chivalry towards her when they rescued her from the Black Dog. No one could say the twins did not give their brother a fair field, for they kept away and stood apart, only looking so lean and wistful that somehow their mother's heart was hurt for them. Wharfe had his fair field and came to his brothers with a rueful laugh.

"She won't have me," he said. "Go in and win, one of you dunderheads. You are both to your necks in love for her. Toss up to see which will go in first."

The story went that Lord Francis and Lord Henry proposed to Doña Teresa in the same breath: that she looked from one to the other, laughed, blushed like a rose, wept a little, and finally held out her hand to Lord Henry. Wharfe said it was the scar on Lord Henry's cheek decided it. She had something positive to know him by.

In any case the partnership of the Heavenly Twins was dissolved.

THE STIRRING OF THE NEST.

BY M. E. BUHLER.

(Deut. xxxii. 15.)

HIGH in the fir tree's swinging top
  Upon the utmost mountain crest,
Full in the strength of wind and sun,
  God builds for us His Eagle's nest.

He tends us through the helpless days
  Of infancy all creatures know;
He feeds and keeps us warm and dry,
  And careth for us while we grow.

But when the eaglet wings have reached
  The appointed time for sunward quest,
With stern and loving providence
  The Eagle stirreth up the nest.

There is no comfort left for us
  In the old home where we were born,
And all disconsolate we cling
  To upturned nest and twig and thorn.

O Bird of Heaven, fluttering o'er
  Our feeble wings to show the way,
Give courage to our hearts to soar
  To thine empyrean void and gray!

* * *

Lo, we have flown! A sudden mist
  Comes o'er our reeling brains; we call
On Thy Great Name, and under us
  Thy pinions sweep lest we should fall.

Thou bearest us upon Thy wings;
  Thou takest us and teachest might;
Till in our eagle hearts hath grown
  The courage for the sunward flight.

THE CENTENARY OF THE OBLATES.

BY R. F. O'CONNOR.

ALTHOUGH not generally known, Sir Rowland Blennerhassett[1] vouched for the fact that when Victor Hugo in *Les Miserables* drew a pen portrait of an ideal Christian bishop in the character of Monsignor Myriel, he had before his mind's eye Monsignor Charles Joseph Eugene de Mazenod, Bishop of Marseilles. The prelate who touched the hand of the convict Valjean was not, therefore, a purely fictional creation of the French poet. But it is not as an ideal bishop that Monsignor de Mazenod claims our special attention here, but rather as the founder of a religious order. His purview, as well as the sphere of his wide influence and fruitful labors, far exceeded the limits of a diocese. But first he thought only to effect a religious renovation in Languedoc after the spiritual desolation consequent upon the French Revolution. That volcanic upheaval had not only overthrown the monarchy of a thousand years, involving Church and state in the common ruin; but the doctrines of Voltaire and Paine, permeating downwards from highest to lowest, had sapped the foundation of belief among the people and destroyed the influence of the clergy. Napoleon I., it is true, had sought to evolve order out of this chaos, and had

[1]The late Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, Inspector of Reformatory and Industrial Schools in Ireland, in his official report in 1891 of the schools for boys at Philipstown, King's County, and Gleneree, County Wicklow, says: "They are managed by the Oblate Fathers, a religious Congregation which ought to be particularly well fitted to deal with criminals, if it remains true to the spirit of its founder, Monsignor de Mazenod, sometime Bishop of Marseilles, who died in 1861. Had this remarkable man lived before the *Divina Commedia* was adumbrated, he would surely have had his place in the *Paradiso*—perhaps in the company of those two of whom we read in the eleventh canto:

'.....one, seraphic all
In fervency; for wisdom upon earth
The other, splendour of cherubic light.'

.....The figure of Charles de Mazenod was present to the mind of Victor Hugo when, in the opening chapters of *Les Miserables,* he drew his famous picture of the ideal Christian bishop, and told how Monsignor Myriel dealt with the crime and ingratitude, and touched the heart of the convict Valjean." Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, a well-known Catholic scholar, was intimately acquainted with distinguished men, at home and abroad, and doubtless had his information direct from the author.

proclaimed the restoration of public worship, but only with the sinister design of establishing Cæsarism or the subjection of the Church to the state. Such was the state of things when de Mazenod entered St. Sulpice in October, 1808, animated by a desire to devote himself in the most absolute manner to the service of the Church and the salvation of souls.

> I saw the Church threatened with a most cruel persecution. It was thought that the Emperor was bent on establishing a schismatical Church. I felt in myself the courage to surmount every obstacle, and to face every danger. The idea that perhaps a great many would apostatize if the Emperor set up a patriarch independent of the Holy See afflicted me beyond measure, and made me long to devote myself in their stead, braving the tyrannical persecutor. I felt my own courage rising higher and higher as I thought of the weakness which I feared some would show.

That devotion to the Holy See and inflexible adherence to ecclesiastical discipline which was so marked a feature of his whole life, early displayed itself. In order to avoid receiving ordination at the hands of Cardinal Maury, Napoleon's nominee, who ruled the see of Paris as a kind of vicar capitular, he went to Amiens, where he was raised to the priesthood by Monsignor de Mandolx on December 21, 1811. After a year at St. Sulpice, as one of a staff of directors striving to continue the work of the Sulpicians, arbitrarily suppressed by Napoleon, he went to Aix. There he and a few other priests began, humbly but hopefully, to do what they could to repair the ravages wrought by the Revolution. The initial idea, which then took shape, was the formation of a small community of home missioners, for the evangelization of the peasantry of Provence, using the local dialect as the most direct and effective way of reaching their understanding and touching their hearts. A dilapidated house became their base of operations. One lamp, placed at the threshold, afforded light to the three occupants when they rose or retired, and a wooden plank, laid upon two casks, served as their dining table. They were first known as the "missioners of Provence." On January 25, 1816, the Abbé de Mazenod and his first co-worker, the Abbé Tempier, took up their abode in an old convent of Carmelite nuns, recovered from its lay possessors. The Oblates date their foundation from that event. The date, the Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, was

auspicious and appropriate for de Mazenod, who, like the Apostle of the Gentiles, was a "chosen vessel," a "preacher of truth."

At that time Father de Mazenod and his little band of missioners did not yet bear the name by which they are now so widely known. They had, however, begun to call themselves Oblates of St. Charles, but this title already belonging to a Milanese Congregation since the sixteenth century, was discarded, with the approval of Pope Leo XII., for that of Oblates of Our Lady Immaculate. The title was an inspiration. Writing a few days later, de Mazenod said:

> Oblates of Mary! Why, the name is a passport for heaven! How is it that we did not think of it sooner? What a glory and what a consolation to be consecrated to Mary in such a special manner! Oblates of Mary! How sweet a name!

When he went to Rome to solicit approbation for his Institute, the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries warned him not to expect success, plainly intimating that their own vote and influence would be adverse. Nothing daunted, he turned to the Blessed Virgin, invoking her "in the name of her Immaculate Conception" to obtain this favor; and when, contrary to human expectation, it was granted, he made a pilgrimage of thanksgiving to the Casa Santa in Loreto. He always attributed to her intercession the development of his work, and in gratitude the new congregation devoted itself to the restoration of the ruined sanctuaries of Our Lady of France, including the celebrated shrine of Notre Dame de la Garde, whose beautiful statue overlooking the city and harbor of Marseilles was planned, begun and almost finished by Father de Mazenod.

Devotion to Our Lady was with him a life-long attraction. It began in childhood, increased in depth and intensity as time went on, and when he closed his eyes in death—the last words of the *Salve Regina*—*"O dulcis Virgo Maria!"*—sounded in his ears and soothed his departing spirit. As a child he recited daily the *Little Office* of the Blessed Virgin, and on Saturdays slept on the floor as an act of mortification for her sake. On entering the seminary of St. Sulpice he consecrated his life to Our Lady, whom he made the guardian of his vocation, and of the purity of his heart. It was on a Feast of the Assumption that he received the vivid conviction that God meant to do great things in him and through him. To this event he always alluded in language

purposely obscure, but it is conjectured that Our Lady appeared to him. The humble mission house at Aix was placed under her protection, and he instilled into his young companions so tender a love of the Queen of Heaven that the young missioners following the theological course at the Grand Seminary at Aix went to and fro in the streets with their rosaries in their hands. All the public exercises, whether in his chapel at Aix or on missions, were closed by the ejaculation: "Praised be Jesus Christ and Mary ever Immaculate!" repeated three times by all present. His missioners greeted one another with the ejaculation, *Laudetur Jesus Christus,* with the response, *Et Maria Immaculata.* In General Chapter it was decreed that all the Oblates should wear as a special emblem of their consecration to Mary Immaculate a large white scapular, to be received on the day of his perpetual oblation by each professed member. To this investiture the Church granted the indulgences of the Mount Carmel scapular. In the crypt of the sanctuary of Notre Dame des Lumieres, where the miraculous statue of the Blessed Virgin is preserved, the founder blessed and invested his brethren with the first scapulars of the Immaculate Conception: his own he received at the hands of Father Tempier. "It was in a celebrated sanctuary of Our Lady that we first put on her white habit" he loved to say.

On the day he was enthroned as Bishop of Marseilles, he laid his pontifical vestments at the feet of Our Lady in the great hall of the episcopal palace, and there robed himself in token of his desire to remain always the servant of Mary Immaculate. Every day, despite his numerous occupations, he recited the fifteen decades of the Rosary and made a visit to the Lady Chapel; fasting on the eves of her festivals, which he observed with special devotion, and requiring even the poorest churches to have an altar in her honor. When Pius IX. especially invited him to Rome to take part in the deliberations preparatory to the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, he obeyed the summons with a joyful heart. "We were going," wrote his traveling companion, to assist at the triumph of our Blessed Mother: it seemed to us we were going to a family feast." To his great consolation, among the notes to the Bull of definition, were found the Apostolic Letters which approved the Oblate Congregation as one proof of the constant belief of the Roman Church regarding the Immaculate Conception. Then—as later—when Papal Infallibility was defined, there were "inopportunists" who hoped to delay the

definition. This opposition de Mazenod combated with his usual weapons, fasting and prayer. When the dogma was promulgated in St. Peter's, he was enraptured. "I forgot for the moment," he said, "that this world is a place of exile." "The founder of the Congregation of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate," writes Father Baffie, "will take a place in the history of the Church amongst the most illustrious servants of Mary."[2]

To Monsignor de Mazenod's mind the missionary life must actually reproduce the life of the first Apostles. He belonged to the school of the saints. From the moment he began, with Father Tempier, to lead the community life, and practise the evangelical counsels, he aimed at sanctity; filled with the desire of attaining to perfection and of drawing others into the narrow way. After the ordination of the Oblate Father Guibert (afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Paris) he wrote:

> May God bless our religious family! It seems to me that in asking God to send us men like him who has just been ordained, we are asking all that is needed by us. Holy priests! these are our riches.

Of another Oblate he wrote:

> I am just come from assisting our angelical Father Courtès while he offered up the most holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the first time. Oh, my friend, how I wish that you had been present! You would have shared the kind of ecstasy of all those whose devotion had drawn them to our sanctuary. Your soul would have been raised up to God in the love of Him Who is infinitely lovable. Tears fell, or, to speak more correctly, streamed from all eyes.
>
> The sacred fire which burned upon the altar, and which was so efficaciously fed by the angel who offered the Sacrifice, kindled us and set us on fire with divine love.

He warned those who appeared to be growing lax: "We have taken the resolution to rid ourselves of all who do not aim at perfection." "Let us be saints" was his constant cry. He led the way; he practised what he preached; he lived and died as one. And the cause of the beatification of one of his subjects, Father Albini, called "the apostle of Corsica," is now before the Congregation of Rites.

[2] *Bishop de Mazenod: His Inner Life and Virtues.* By the Very Rev. Eugene de Baffie, O.M.I.

In the preface to his constitution he wrote referring to the state of the Church in France at the close of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries.

> The spectacle of these sorrowful calamities has much affected the hearts of many priests who, longing for the glory of God, and burning with love for the Church, have resolved to devote their lives to the conquest of souls. They are firmly convinced that if priests could be formed fired with zeal for the salvation of souls, disdaining their own personal interests, and solidly pious —in a word, truly apostolic men, firmly convinced of the necessity of sanctifying themselves, and of laboring, as far as they are able, for the sanctification of their brethren—a well-founded hope might be conceived of soon bringing back those who have strayed away from the practice of religion, which they had too long forgotten. I remain convinced after the reading of our rules, that we of all men are the most unworthy of the favors of heaven if we are not penetrated with a gratitude capable of inspiring heroism in response to the graces which God has bestowed upon us.....Our direct, principal, and I may say, only end, is the very same which our Lord Jesus Christ proposed to Himself in coming into this world; the same end which He gave to His Apostles, to whom, without doubt, He taught the most perfect way. Therefore our congregation recognizes no other founder than Jesus Christ, and no other fathers than the Apostles.

On the festival of All Saints, 1818, after the rules had been drawn up and the first General Chapter held, half a dozen priests and three younger clerics publicly pronounced their vows and on February 17, 1826, Leo XII. signed the document which gave canonical existence to the new Congregation styled therein, *Missionarii Oblati Sanctissimæ et Immaculatæ Virginis Mariæ.*

Cardinal Barnabo called Monsignor de Mazenod "the most Roman of all the French bishops and the most French of all the Roman bishops." Attachment to the Holy See was one of his most distinguishing characteristics. Anything that savored of schism or revolt or opposition to the Roman Curia was abhorrent to him.

He had anticipated the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception, he was also a staunch infallibilist long before Papal Infallibility was declared *de fide,* and the general belief crystallized

into the Vatican decree. From the commencement of his ministry at Aix he openly professed his faith in the Infallibility of the Pope when, as supreme teacher, he defines any essential doctrine inherent in the *corpus* of revealed truth. To do this in the face of still dominant Gallicanism was risking much. He later made it obligatory on all Oblates to declare on all occasions their belief in Papal Infallibility. In 1848 he made public profession before the people of his diocese of his firm belief in this doctrine. "Your Holiness might have decided everything without even consulting the Episcopate," he wrote to Pius IX., a few days before the definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. It is not surprising that the Pope should have wished to keep a prelate so thoroughly Roman within his immediate *entourage;* that Leo XII., who was much impressed by him, wished to retain him in Rome and raise him to the Cardinalate; and that Pius IX. had determined to call him within the Sacred College. From their predecessors, Pius VIII. and Gregory XVI., he also received proof of good will on several occasions.

After the Papal approval of the congregation its progress was rapid. Inside of four years its founder was projecting its establishment in Savoy, Nice, Sardinia, Corsica and Africa. Consumed with the thirst for souls, his zeal knew no bounds. No obstacles deterred him. He wrote to a Jesuit friend:

> Desiring to labor only for the glory of God and the salvation of souls purchased by the Precious Blood of Jesus Christ, I have such confidence that I am afraid of nothing—not even of the danger which threatens those who consecrate their lives to the reform of morality and discipline in the country for which you plead.

The African mission specially attracted him. "To preserve the colony you ought to found a bishopric in Algeria," he said to Louis Philippe. "But let the bishop be a really apostolic man—one who will identify himself with that country, and make it his home, and never dream of so-called promotion." Algeria has since known such an apostle in Cardinal Lavigerie.

De Mazenod's view of the apostolate was broad; to laity as well as clergy he appealed that each might be an apostle in their own sphere.

> When you find an opportunity of speaking on behalf of

> truth and right [he said] let no such opportunity go by you unused. You must sometimes speak boldly and forcibly, at other times with great gentleness and caution; but at all times with true charity, and with an evident affectionate interest in those whom you address.

His own desire to be "spent" in the service of souls was insatiable; like St. Paul, he would willingly become anathema for the brethren. This was the spirit that he infused into his order to be preserved and transmitted. The *pusillus grex* in Languedoc has now grown into a numerous *familia*. To-day it may literally be said of the Oblates: "Their sound has gone forth unto the ends of the earth." The sphere of their missionary apostolate extends from Scotland to the Antipodes, from the banks of the St. Lawrence to the Pacific Ocean, and from Lake Superior to the Arctic regions: an Oblate bishop having an episcopal jurisdiction which geographically reaches to the North Pole.

I WILL WORK THY WILL.

BY GLADYS HAZELL.

CHRIST-CHILD, deep at my heart,
Lie still.
I will work Thy will:
Utterly,
Faithfully,
Bear my part.
Christ-Child, deep at my heart,
Lie still.

Soon, soon, Thou shalt come to birth!
Lie still:
I will work Thy will.
Though agony
Shattering me
Beat me to earth,
Thou, Christ, from the deep of my heart
Shalt have birth!

TRANSMIGRATION.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

Chapter III.

POLLY wondered a little as she heard her Cousin Jim whistling up the steps and into the vestibule.

"Do you think you could get me a little lunch?" he said by the way of greeting; "I can't remember, but I don't believe I've had anything to eat to-day."

"No breakfast!" she exclaimed jumping down from the table and forgetting her own grievance; "I'll get you some coffee right away. When people don't eat breakfast do they have breakfast or lunch or dinner at five o'clock?"

"Well that's too much for me; it sounds like a conundrum," he said, playfully pulling one of the long straight plaits. "What a conventional housekeeper you will make Pollikins. You must have been reading the menus in ladies' magazines. Coffee is always a safe proposition, breakfast or lunch or dinner. It's bad for the nerves but good for the spirits—coffee, Pollikins, and bread and butter."

"I'll bring it in the library; Miss Anne Marbury is there."

"Miss Anne!"

"Yes," said the child nodding solemnly, "but she only came to get her pictures."

"What pictures?"

"Photographs. Maybe she will let you keep them if you ask her."

He had turned towards the library with a lover's feverish eagerness. Polly looked after him bewildered by his haste. With a child's mercurial temperament she experienced a sudden revulsion of feeling for Miss Anne, sharper because of the unadulterated devotion that had gone before.

Miss Anne was seated at a desk in one end of the long room busily writing. Behind her was a wide window-sill full of growing plants, broad-leaved palms, rare exotics; a background that seemed to have been studied with great care to offset her brilliant beauty. Half way across the long room Jim Thompson paused uncertain, for the first time in his life, how to interrupt her. Somehow his present virile plans seemed to lose their practicability in this girl's presence. Her pen hesitated, she looked up, and then rose from her chair with a little startled exclamation:

"Why how long have you been there, Jim?"

"Just a moment, and you?"

"About half an hour," she instinctively glanced at the jeweled watch on her wrist, "I was writing you a little note to explain."

"What? Is there anything left to explain?" his voice sounded tired and far away.

"Well—you see I wanted all my photographs. I didn't want the newspapers to get them."

"The newspapers?"

"To publish them you know. Since our engagement was announced I was afraid they might drag me into this."

"*This?* Go on, what would you call it?"

His cold questioning manner confused her. She had to acknowledge that the note she had mailed him yesterday would necessarily alter his attitude, but it hurt her vanity to believe that he could accept the situation with such apparent calmness. In thinking it all over yesterday and planning a first interview—because there must, of course, be a first—she had hoped for and half feared a fiery scene full of regrets and invectives. To hope and fear simultaneously seemed quite consistent under the circumstances, and now the hour for the interview had arrived, the stage setting was all that the most fastidious could desire, her love loomed tall and strong and miserable beside her and she—she had taken the cruel precaution to put on the colored gown that he admired most and a hat fresh from a French milliner. With a woman's strange clearness of vision she seemed quite capable of viewing the whole affair objectively. Then she looked up and saw the white haggardness of the face above her and she said: "Call it—oh, I don't know—I wouldn't call it anything, but they might, you know, drag me in."

"Couldn't you have trusted me that far?"

"Perhaps, I don't know. Men never consider trifles."

"I don't consider your pictures trifles."

"But I want them all back anyhow. Please give me the big one on the mantel—I can't reach it—give it to me and then I'll go." She wanted to end the disappointing interview, though the objective viewpoint was rapidly being blurred.

Without a remonstrance he lifted the picture from the high carved mantel. "I'm afraid that I'll have to take it out of the frame," he said.

"No, leave it as it is," she interrupted him impatiently, "the frame is very pretty, and I'd like to keep it. I haven't one that fits."

"But—but I don't believe I can," he began reluctantly as he busied himself with the small clamps that held the back of the frame in place. "I hope you won't think me too much of a cad for mentioning it, but you see the frame is very valuable. When you gave me the picture it seemed to me that I couldn't find an appropriate frame, so I had this one made to order by an Italian goldsmith. The

work is very unique and intricate, and the stones around the rim are real. I don't believe I have the right to give it away. It seems to me that, since my affairs have passed into the hands of a receiver, I am in honor bound to leave the valuables in the house untouched."

She stared at him a moment bewildered. Never before had a question of conscience intruded itself between them. It was a new phase more intimate than any confidence they had yet shared.

"Then don't touch it," she forced a little laugh. "Men's scruples are always amusing. Of course the stupid appraiser will never guess at its real value. Give me the picture and let me go."

He put his hand flat down upon the unframed photograph. "Give me the note you were writing."

"I have torn it up."

"Was it anything like the one I got this morning?"

"Perhaps. You see I really hadn't written more than a line."

"But, Anne dear, surely you don't mean that this is the end?" His tone was wistful now.

"Why yes, of course," she seemed almost indifferent to the effect of her words, "I can't—can't go on with an engagement when things are so changed."

His face showed pitifully white against the dark shelves of books. "I didn't think that the main object had changed," he said with a feeble attempt at a smile. "Weren't you going to marry me, or was it the house and the horses?"

"Don't, don't talk that way, Jim. It's all dreadful. Why the papers say your liabilities are several million. We can't get married on nothing at all."

"Wouldn't you be willing to begin with me?"

"Begin?" she repeated vaguely.

"I had a plan," he said with the courage of a man who goes on even when he is afraid. "I believe if the estate is wisely managed it may possibly pay all my creditors; I may pull out honestly with—nothing. Forced sales may wipe out my own fortune, and the disgrace and publicity will have to be borne—that's my punishment. The question is will you share it? I've been wondering if it would be fair to ask you this and—well to tell you the truth, I couldn't decide, so I asked Mrs. Maxen, and she told me to come to you and, of course, I came, because it was the advice I was longing for her to give me all the time. We can go out West where nobody knows us, and we can begin life all over again."

"But where?"

"Oh, anywhere; the world is so big we can lose ourselves. Perhaps we can go to some little mining town. I've muscle enough left to shovel coal."

"Coal! Why, Jim, you really don't mean to *shovel*. Mrs. Maxen has filled you with all sorts of quixotic ideas. I think she is a very strange woman and too old-fashioned to understand. I—I couldn't marry a coal-heaver in overalls."

He laughed mirthlessly at her dismay. All the way home Mrs. Maxen's word had repeated themselves insistently, filling him with fresh enthusiasm. To live again; to begin again when he had madly dreamed that all was ended. Heretofore he had never felt the impelling good of necessity. He had always had money. His keenness, his power to inspire confidence, his business judgment had added to his fortune, he had never worked with his body like his fellows for food, for shelter, for rough clothing. He felt the quickening of the healthful instinct, dormant in most men of his class, to return to a more primitive existence and grapple physically with material things, to triumph over the impediments that wise mother nature sets as snares to strengthen her sons.

"Overalls might be more appropriate than a Tuxedo," he said.

"But shovelling is such dirty work," she went on. And for the first time since he had known her he blamed her for her literal comprehension.

"Well, if digging is so distasteful, carpentering might be cleaner; some sort of a job so I could take care of you."

"But without your money, Jim?"

"I can make more."

"How?"

"Somehow. Other men make money."

"I know, but they start free. They don't have the papers prejudicing public opinion against them. No one will trust you. They will never trust you."

"I think they will," he said with a confidence she could not share. "I'll make them."

"I—I don't believe it, and if you do, it will be after years of struggle. Oh, I can't stand it."

(The interview was ignited, but the objective viewpoint had failed her.)

"We will have to stand it. Heavens! Mrs. Maxen was right, we are all weaklings. We can't stand the blast. We've been shut up in hothouses too long."

From the drawing-room on the other side of the house came a sudden crash of tempestuous music; Ted was playing a love song from one of the grand operas, a veritable wail of despairing devotion. It was a boyish trick done with the cruel thoughtlessness of youth, but the power in the accompaniment showed the trained skill of an artist.

"Ted!" exclaimed Anne, glad of any kind of diversion to relieve the situation. What makes him play a dirge like that? Has—has his money gone too?"

"Gone! I don't know. He will get no income until the estate is settled."

"What will he do?"

"Work," he replied almost fiercely.

"But what can he do?"

"He will have to learn like the rest of us. I can't regret Ted's losses. I don't want him to grow up like I did, good-for-nothing. I've shielded him too long."

"He might play at concerts," she said without much interest, but striving for the first time in their acquaintance to distract his mind from herself.

"He will first have to learn to stand on his own legs."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that he has been coddled, and coddling kills the best that is in men and women. Mistaken charity is one of the greatest vices in the world."

"You are so strange to-day, I cannot understand you."

"I never understood myself. I feel to-day that I am getting acquainted with—an enemy."

"I'm sure I tried to understand you," she interrupted him, "but the papers have been calling you such dreadful names I hardly know what to believe."

He had moved from her side without reasoning. It was his soul that craved disenchantment.

"You don't know what to believe," he repeated. "Do—do you doubt my honesty?"

"Oh, I don't know," she cried burying her face in her hands. "The papers say such horrid things."

"And you believe the papers?"

"Oh, I don't know. No one will believe you meant well. The temptation—"

"Temptation!"

"Yes, to go on spending other people's money. Of course you meant to give it back, but—"

"Good heavens, Anne, do you take me for a common thief?"

"No, no," she said wildly, "I suppose men do that sort of thing in business all the time. You meant to pay it back; I am sure you must have meant to pay it back."

There was a fierceness about his quiet as he went to her and took both hands in his. There was no affection in his attitude; it was but a demand for a closer hearing.

"Listen to me, Anne, I'll try to put myself right in your eyes, though God pity the man who has to ask faith from those who love him. My affairs, I acknowledge, are so tangled that I doubt if I shall ever see a penny of the estate after the creditors and the lawyers are through with it. My investments for others turned out poorly, my own money will have to make up the deficit. But at present my affairs have passed out of my own hands, a trustee was appointed a week ago. I am a poor man with my living to make. I will go away to some other city and start again. Are you going to refuse to go with me?"

"How can we live? How can we live on nothing at all?"

"Oh, it may mean cooking and dishwashing and digging for a little while. One can't expect to step from bankruptcy to all the luxuries of a hotel."

"I can't be poor," she cried hysterically, "I can't, and I won't."

He bit his under lip until the blood came. "Do you mean that if I had been a poor man you never would have promised to marry me?"

The scorn in his tone roused her to sudden anger. "No I wouldn't," she said.

"You mean you never loved me?"

"I don't know," she said again helplessly. "I wouldn't have loved any poor man. I certainly would never work for one. Patching his clothes, cooking his meals—I couldn't—I wouldn't."

"Then this is the end—the end of the beginning," he said enigmatically, and turning quickly, as if he feared the appeal of her beauty, he left her standing among the flowers while he passed out into the mocking glory of the sunset.

Chapter IV.

For hours Jim Thompson walked aimlessly up and down the streets of the small town. As his anger cooled certain vapory facts congealed into form. Why should he have been angered by Anne's attitude when his mind had been fully prepared for it? He had acted upon Mrs. Maxen's suggestion because he was so sure of Anne's refusal. Perhaps if he had felt that she had the sacrificial spirit he would have hesitated to ask her to share his present plans. The question was but a test, but the scene that had followed had been more cruel than he had counted on. After all it was too much to expect of any woman, voluntary poverty, banishment, a name disgraced. Mrs. Maxen might have accepted such a position willingly. Perhaps she had in her young days, when her husband's invalidism

made so many demands upon her strength, and she had taken him out West to live in some inaccessible mountain bungalow so that be could breathe more freely. Yes, he remembered the whole story now. All her friends had declared that journey "mere madness." Why should Marie Canfield martyr herself to soothe a hypochondriac's nerves? Let him breathe out his useless asthmatic little life in his own bedchamber, said the commiserating neighbors. His wife should not be called upon to endure all sorts of hardships to humor imaginary whims. But Mrs. Maxen had continued her packing, undismayed by her friends' counsel or advice. But then, Mrs. Maxen was different from the girls of to-day, certainly different from Anne. Perhaps it was her religion; she was a Catholic, and Catholicism preached sacrifice, pain, suffering. Yes, Catholicism preached a meaning into all sorts of unpleasant things. And he had once been a Catholic himself. Perhaps that was what Mrs. Maxen meant when she said: "God only knows how far you have fallen from the best that was once yours." Memory was playing strange tricks with him to-night—he began to think of his mother in a vivid way he had not thought for years.

She had been a Catholic, too, as indifferent to the things of this world as Mrs. Maxen. The first time he had penetrated this peculiarity was the day be broke the big vase in the library, and his nurse had assured him he would be spanked for "bustin' such a valuable," but when he had tremblingly confessed the enormity to his mother—it had not occurred to him to lie—she had put her arms about him and said: "Never mind, Jimsy, I have long suspected that there were too many ornaments in this house to gather dust." And on another occasion, when he carelessly upset an ink bottle over her fresh white gown, she had gone smiling to her room to change it, saying: "I can't punish for accidents. Clothes are a nuisance, anyhow. Nuns in habits are happier than they know." No wonder, then, that he found her companionship so delightful, a little tiresome sometimes when she prayed too long in churches. Churches were so convenient in Rome, and they spent part of each year in Italy. The first time they had gone abroad he was very small, so small that when he sat in a pew his knees did not crook at the right place, either his legs were too short or the seat was too wide, perhaps it was a little of both, and in the churches where there were no pews, chairs were not much better. To be perched gives one such a sense of helplessness, and babyhood and the contemplation of one's shoes, as an amusement, has its limitations. But the next time he went to Rome he was older and churches were not so uninteresting; there were pictures on the walls and ceilings, sometimes on the floor, and he began to make a study of angels because they seemed to be his con-

temporaries smiling a cheerful welcome; he wondered a little at their gayety under adverse circumstances, for some of them had neither arms nor legs, and a wing stuck on either side of one's neck could hardly be a comfortable appendage, but perhaps the rest of them were behind clouds. Clouds must be more comfortable than clothes, especially when one's mother insisted upon buying kilts instead of pants and jackets. The next time he was in Rome pants and jackets had become accustomed realities, and the city was more interesting than the angel's anatomical deficiencies. His mother had told him all about Romulus and Remus and the Christian martyrs and the lions and Nero's fiddle and the catacombs. She had a certain genius for creating stories for children, for she did not hamper herself by attention to historical sequence, but when mere facts seemed unilluminating she introduced fancies of her own. She had one habit, however, that her son found very objectionable—for he was just old enough now to cling to the conventions with the uncompromising tenacity of extreme youth—she had a passion for paupers. She used to sit down on the church steps beside them, and ask them all sorts of odd questions about their babies, their husbands, their homes, and when she was quite sure of their addresses she would say cheerfully: "Now, Jimsy, we'll investigate."

Of course, "investigating" was preferable to having one's mother sitting on the church steps where someone might possibly mistake her for a beggar, even if she did have on a silk dress. Some charitable near-sighted lady might come along—the experiment had always seemed to him dangerous. Investigating was safer, much more sensible, for while his mother went into the house to look at the sick people and the babies, he stayed outside and played with the other children. He could chatter Italian as well as he could English, and these dirty worshipful children were so willing to follow his lead in every game he introduced. Certainly humility had never been one of his virtues; he had always enjoyed a sense of superiority.

One day coming home from one of these expeditions his mother had told him that it was time for him to make his First Communion. He did not know at all what this meant, but he was not encouraged when she said she would send him to a young student at the American College to be "instructed."

"We helped him in his school days and he is very grateful and has promised to give you some of his leisure time," she said.

He was sure he did not want "leisure time," he had plenty of his own to spare, but he had always respected his mother's wishes, so he made no protest against the gratuity, and four different days he had gone to the American College to learn his Catechism. He found it very difficult, the only fact that mitigated the misery of the first

four lessons was the promise of the rosy-cheeked student to teach him to pitch a curved ball. So he struggled with the long-worded answers to the mysterious questions, his mind somewhat distracted by his eagerness for the reward to begin.

But the lessons had ended abruptly. One day his mother could not come for him, so the rosy-cheeked student had good-humoredly walked home with him. The next day his mother was still sick, and the fat old doctor had blown his nose very noisily and nodded his head, and written out one telegram and one cable message before leaving the house. And so his big sister had come from the convent in Paris where she was being educated, and his father had come all the way from America, but not in time, for when he arrived there was no word of welcome or reproof on the still white lips for the young husband who had not always been kind.

Then came the misty memory of the funeral. Priests in black vestments, candles, incense, a Mass in Latin, prayers in Italian and then the despairing realization that his mother was his no more. Somebody told him that she had gone to heaven, but heaven seemed so remote. It seemed disloyal of her to leave him, she had never left him before. He did not want to go away from Rome—the place seemed to hold her presence. He could not explain this to his father, for the impression was so intangible he did not know how to put it into words and, with a child's quick perception, he felt that his father would have little patience with such phantasies, and so his childhood ended and a new epoch had begun.

America again—boarding school, unsympathetic masters, a battle for place among the other boys in the classroom, on the athletic field, handicapped at first by his mother's gentle training and his former remoteness from his fellows, but winning out at last by sheer force of mind and muscle. College life; prodigious victories and leadership in athletic sports, a troop of adoring followers who wondered that he could combine mentality with such physical force, for he had ended as honor man of his class. Then followed a few mad dissipations, nothing very serious or sensual, but foolishly inane and financially expensive. Then the business world, success, honor, confidence and then! Why should he think of all these things to-night? Had his visit to Mrs. Maxen roused all these old, old memories, or was his brain so tired that it sought relief in retrospection? His present was so full of problems, but if his past had been divided into epochs, definite epochs, each one so different from the one that had gone before, why could he not begin again? His boyhood had been so different from his childhood; his young manhood so different from his college life that it seemed difficult to trace the same identity. Suppose he could begin again with the benefit of his experience and

without the deep shadow of his background. How could he lose himself in a world? What way lay open to him that would not appear cowardly? If he fled secretly he would brand himself as a fugitive from justice, and he had done nothing absolutely dishonest. If some of his legitimate speculations had proved unfortunate he was not willing to convict himself of fraudulence by flight.

On and on he walked in the quivering half lights of the town. At last his mind seemed incapable of rational plans or vain imagination. Instinctively he turned his face homewards. He must sleep —sleep somewhere, and in the morning he would be calmer, better prepared to map out a fresh future.

As he went on his way the familiar objects of the street seemed to possess an inexplicable interest; a broken lamp post claimed his attention, he stopped to listen to some ragged urchins cursing on the corner, and he patted the head of a muddy mongrel who rubbed itself against him as if for protection. He was dimly aware that the streets were less crowded now, some of the poorer homes were already shuttered and darkened for the night, the theatre-goers had reached their places of amusement, the business neighborhood seemed deserted until the clash of fire-bells sounded a welcome distraction. He remembered, with a certain grim sense of satisfaction, that he had been one of a "respected body of citizens" to object to the still alarm, for until the last year the town had boasted only a voluntary fire company, and the majority of the committee had reasoned that such reservists might be useful in times of disaster.

The group of urchins on the corner began to whoop joyfully, then stopped to listen long enough to determine the direction of the fire. "Gineral alarm! Gineral alarm," they shouted. "must be a great one!" A crowd gathered quickly. It was a dull part of the evening, and men and women hurried from their homes to welcome any distraction from domestic drudgery.

Jim Thompson followed the crowd not purposely, but because it was streaming his way. A friendly stranger apoplectic in his haste exchanged some breathless remarks with him.

"Magnificent animals," he said as the fire horses passed them, their strong necks straining in their speed. "Afraid the fire will be out before I get there—legs don't carry me as fast as when I was a small shaver. We're getting up in the swell part of town now. I'm glad to say that fire and death ain't any respecters of persons. Looks like a lot of smoke; fire must have been burnin' some time before they turned on the alarm. Some folks ain't got the sense they was born with—I'm getting winded. You don't seem anxious to get there."

"I was walking this way."

"I never miss a fire when I can get there," he said as if he

were seeking commendation. "Good Lord! that *is* a fire," he exclaimed as they turned a corner that brought the house into view. "Glad I didn't have my run for nothing. I wonder—I wonder if there is anybody upstairs."

Jim Thompson pushed him aside. "Why—why it's my house," he said, with the startling calm with which most men face a crisis. "Don't you see it's my house?"

But even as he spoke the scene seemed as unreal to him as some forced melodrama in a cinematograph, the flames seemed flattened against the black sky. Why, he had been standing in his own library but a moment ago—a moment—no, it must have been hours, and Anne was with him—no, Anne had gone—she had been too angry to stay—and Ted? Was that crackling, sizzling sound but another phase of Ted's mad music? Where was Polly? Did she play no part in this nightmare of destruction? He had expected harrowing dreams after such a day. But he was roused to reality by shrill voices in the crowd screaming:

"It's Jim Thompson's house."

"It's a judgment come upon him."

"They say his nephew is inside."

"He'll be burned to ashes."

"Good Lord, look at them flames licking the roof."

With a strength and a fierceness that heeded no resistance, Jim Thompson broke through the crowd. A policeman raised his club threateningly. "Stand back—stand back if ye value yer head."

"It's *my house*." The words opened the way for him.

"Lord, Mr. Thompson, I didn't know yer. House is so old it's goin' like tinder—must have been built a hundred years ago."

"Yes—yes of course," his voice seemed to fall calm and even. "Where—where are the children?"

"Safe long ago."

"No—no we're not," cried Polly hysterically, rushing towards him and falling weakly into his arms. "Ted went back, I saw him go—he went back to get his violin."

"He can't, miss," said a big fireman. "I tell you he can't, miss, I searched every room."

"Oh, he went back, Cousin Jim—I'm sure he went back. No one will believe me. I can't find him anywhere. The house was burning some time before they thought there was any real danger, and they ran in and out bringing out the things, and Ted followed them. I'm sure he did *not* come back."

"I'll go and see."

The policeman laid a detaining hand upon his arm. "You can't, Mr. Thompson, that fire's fairly eatin' up the house."

Jim Thompson pushed him impatiently aside.

"I must go and find him—I *must* go if Ted is inside."

He left Polly, trembling, in the arms of some woman in the crowd, while he hurried towards the directing voice that was urging on the men, and for the moment he himself took command. Ladders were brought to the back of the house; firemen scrambled over the ivy hung wall with its guard of broken glass; policemen shouted to keep back the crowd; Jim Thompson was working with all his strength, lifting ladders to the busy men in the garden, and strangely enough through it all he was vaguely conscious of a primitive exhilaration in the danger. It was he who first mounted the newly-placed ladder and ordered the men to stand back. "I know the house—it's my place."

The window that he entered was free from fire, but it was in a wing of the house, and the glass reflected the glare. It was like going into "torment" someone said. A young fireman made haste to follow him, but just at that moment fire broke from the window directly below the one against which the ladder rested, and the young fellow fell back blinded by the smoke and the sudden heavy stream of the hose. There was a wild shout from the crowd.

"Tell him to come out. The boy's here. Tell him to come out."

"Good God, the walls are shaking."

"Come back—come back!"

"Tell him to come back."

Through the shattered window Jim Thompson heard the cries. He had passed through the hall and into Ted's room. He tried to return, to retrace his steps, but the window was barred with flame. Choking, gasping in the smoke he groped his way down a narrow passage-way that led to the servant's quarters. Here the wall had been built in a small angle to admit more light to the hall and the bathroom. This part of the house seemed free from fire, but the smoke was everywhere—the smothering, deadening odor of smoke. Desperately he pushed open a window, a rush of air revived him, but he saw with dismay that the flames were creeping from the lower windows, curling upwards with serpentine malevolence. No one saw him. The small force of firemen and the eyes of the crowd were focused upon the other side of the house, watching with terrified expectancy the place he had entered. Still unobserved he crept out of the bathroom window and took hold of the ledge to let himself down, trying to find some support for his feet on the window shutter below him, but the flames crept about him, and with a cry he let himself go—falling—falling—and then consciousness of the world was gone. He lay quite still, hidden by the tall bushes of his own garden hedge while the crowd waited for him, men hushed

with awe, while frantic women prayed aloud. Burned, beaten back at every turn the firemen hunted for him, until at the command of their chief they fell back with the other spectators to watch the roof cave in; a shower of meteoric light was hurled at the pale stars, and the firemen turned their powerful streams of water on the ruins that seemed to be breaking into fresh blaze.

In the first dim light of the dawn Jim Thompson was roused by the sound of voices. A man was saying:

"That place is still as hot as ——. What's the use of looking for a dead man there? There ain't much difference between a body and a sofa when they're both burned to a cinder. I tell you he's cremated all right."

"There's some folks say it was time for Jim Thompson to die."

"Maybe they won't talk so much now that he's dead and the same as buried."

"Dead and the same as buried."

The warm blood filled his body, he moved with a new desire, a new impulse. He was stiffened by the cold, and his face was tingling with a burning pain, but his body was unharmed, and the world declared him dead. Why should he return? To whom should he return? Anne had refused to share his poverty—his future. Why should he return? He rose cautiously, and stared at the smouldering débris of his home. There were some weary watchers guarding the streets, some stragglers left from the crowd that had witnessed the fire, and who were waiting for the first grewsome sight of his body. He knew he could pass through the garden unnoticed, for a foot path had been made all around the house, and part of the ivied wall was down; in the dim light no one would recognize him. He stooped and picked up his hat and pressed out the dents in the stiff felt, then instinctively he pulled out his watch. The crystal was broken, and as he opened the case bits of the glass fell out. It was almost too dark to see the hands. He held it to his ear for a moment. It had stopped—time had stopped for him. He could begin his life again with no record of a past. He was freed from his background. Over there in the gloom they were hunting for his body. He was dead—*dead*—but the faint eastern light of the morning promised a resurrection.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

New Books.

HIGH LIGHTS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: The Century Co. $3.00.

This volume does not relate all the great episodes and turning points of the early days of the French Revolution. It presents the story of a few of the most dramatic and important. The meeting of the States General, or the National Assembly, in which that body defeated the King and compelled him to bow to its authority; the flight of the royal family to Varennes, their capture and return to Paris, the storming of the Tuileries; the battle of Valmy; the execution of Louis XVI.; and the fall of the French monarchy. Between each of the chapters is a brief synopsis of the trend of affairs from the preceding to the subsequent event. This plan has permitted the author to dilate with picturesque detail on his chosen topics; and at the same time to provide the reader with not insufficient information, or reminders, of the general course of those momentous days. Repeating an oft-told tale, the author cannot be expected to furnish any fresh information on the matter in hand; and the volume is one of pleasant reading rather than a grave historical study; its quality will be brought out fully by comparing it with the corresponding chapters of Carlyle.

On one topic, indeed, which has proved a source of acute controversy and contradictory theories, M. Belloc offers a novel view of his own, that is, the retreat of the Prussian infantry which decided the battle of Valmy, and saved the young republic. He rejects the explanation that Brunswick, being in sympathy with the Revolutionary forces, did not press the charge. "To talk like that is to misunderstand the whole psychology of soldiery; more, in such an action it is to misunderstand the whole psychology of men. Brunswick could not have recalled the charge without good cause on such a day and with such men about him as the King of Prussia, the emigrant princes and commanders." Nor, he continues, was it that officers lost their heads, or suddenly doubted the *morale* of their men who had advanced in steady ranks for six hundred yards in face of the French artillery fire, and, when they did retreat, returned in good order. Having visited the battlefield in autumn, after the rains, and walked over the same ground over which the invaders advanced, M. Belloc found at the beginning of the slope up which

the advance led a well-concealed marsh virtually impassable to men under fire. Nothing more mysterious than mud "lost the Kings and the aristocracies of Europe their throw against the French democracy."

The chapter on the fall of the French monarchy offers the author an opportunity to analyze the character of Lafayette; which he holds to be different from both of the traditional ones: "one is that of a hero; the other that of a pale figure bringing treason; and certainly a prig." Lafayette was of the Stoic mould, thinks M. Belloc, and one of those characters whose great glory lies in this, "that though their intellects may not have had the strength to grasp transcendental things or to perceive the complexity of the material with which a politician must deal, yet an unswerving determination to do what their rule tells them is discoverable throughout their lives." The book is handsomely bound and profusely illustrated from old paintings and plates.

THE CIVILIZATION OF BABYLONIA AND ASSYRIA. Its remains, language, history, religion, commerce, law, art and literature. By Morris Jastrow, Jr., Ph.D., LL.D., Professor in the University of Pennsylvania, with map and one hundred and sixty-four illustrations. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $6.00 net.

In this excellent work Professor Jastrow sums up for English readers the most important results of Assyriology. He has sifted carefully and grouped together the immense amount of information which the monuments of the Tigris-Euphrates Valley have yielded to science, and has covered within the compass of eight chapters the whole range of Babylonian Assyrian civilization.

The first chapter, "Excavations of Babylonian and Assyrian Sites," is a fascinating story of the labors of a long series of explorers from the heroic days of Rich, Botta and Layard, to the present time. Chapter II. contains an extensive account of the deciphering of cuneiform script, and tells us what famous scholars in Europe and America have contributed to this arduous task. Chapter III. is a comprehensive summary of the political history of Babylonia and Assyria, covering a period of over three thousand years. It carries us back to the fourth millenium before Christ, describes the unification of the city states in the Euphrates Valley under the rule of the city state of Babylon, the rise of the kingdom of Assyria and its various fortunes, and the final overthrow of

Babylonian power and influence by Cyrus in 539 B. C. The next two chapters treat of the religion of the Babylonians and the Assyrians under the headings of "Gods, Cults and Temples," a subject in which Professor Jastrow is a world-wide authority. Herein we get a thorough insight into the religious ideas and practises of those ancient peoples, and we learn how the temple was for them the centre of national life, culture and progress. Chapter VI. is devoted to a study of "Law and Commerce." If one may be allowed a choice among so many excellent things, this chapter, we believe, is the gem of the book. Of course, the matter is not new, but the presentation of it is the most instructive we have read. The author gives a detailed, logical and accurate analysis of the Code of Hammurabi, the oldest law book in the world, and shows that it remained a standard for succeeding ages and shaped all subsequent legislation. Then he passes to the question of commerce, and explains very minutely the different kinds of contracts, and the general way in which they were drawn up, duly attested, and sealed, so as to conform to the requirements of the law. Chapters VII. and VIII. treat respectively of art and literature, and are of special interest to students of architecture and of Semitic languages. The many specimens, translated from the original sources, are a conclusive proof of the manifold literary activity of the Babylonians and the Assyrians.

A most valuable feature of the book is the large number of beautiful illustrations, one hundred and sixty-four in all. They have been selected with great care and judgment, and throw considerable light on the topics with which they are connected. In fact they are an education in themselves, and will prove especially interesting to those who have not had an opportunity to visit a museum of Babylonian antiquities.

The book has been written primarily for the general public; but the student, who intends to specialize in Oriental literature, will derive much help from its perusal, for it is the first attempt to condense such a vast subject within the limits of an ordinary size volume, and to summarize, with clearness and precision, the definite results which scholars have achieved in the field of Assyriology.

PARSIVAL. By Gerhard Hauptman. Authorized Translation by Oakley Williams. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.00.

This is not a retelling of the Wagner music-drama, but an excellent recasting—simple yet full of mystical suggestion—of the

Parsival legend in general. It is the sort of volume which should open up new vistas of wonder and delight to the modern child, while conjuring old vistas of even greater significance to the adult who may, perhaps, have the good fortune to read it aloud.

The author wisely avoids the more intricate mediæval complexities of the Parsival-Galahad legend, and rejects entirely the elaborate recent symbolism of the Kundry episode. He pictures Parsival as the forest-bred son of Heartache and the King of Amfortas—the knight-errant who vainly and none-too-patiently seeks the Holy Grail—the lover who weds and deserts the fair Blanche-fleur—and finally, the humble Bearer of Burdens, who parts from his late-found son, Lohengrin, to rule over the mystic kingdom of Salvator, bearing upon his head " the crown of joy and sorrow of the Grail."

Gerhard Hauptman has long been known as a master of poetic and suggestive prose, and the " Englishing " of the present volume is excellently done. It is not possible to be lucid, it is only possible to be luminous in dealing with so profound and mysterious a subject as the Holy Grail legend. But it would be difficult to place in the hands of young readers a more satisfactory introduction to one of the greatest themes of Christian romance than this little book affords.

THE FREELANDS. By John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

It has sometimes been possible, of late, to treat work by Mr. Galsworthy as negligible, but this attitude is not appropriate to *The Freelands.* The book is to be reckoned with were it only on account of the surpassing excellence of its workmanship; and though the material upon which this is exercised is gloomy, baffling and ironic—the soil most congenial to the author's peculiar mentality—yet the groundwork is of truth that cannot be dismissed.

Robert Tryst, a farm laborer on the estate of Sir Gerald Malloring, is a widower with young children. He wishes to marry his deceased wife's sister. This Lady Malloring's scruples will not allow her to countenance, nor will she permit the woman to live in Tryst's cottage, unmarried. Tryst is warned that if he persists he will be evicted. Lady Malloring's attitude is hotly resented by her neighbor Kirsteen, wife of Tod Freeland, whose children, Derek and Sheila, become active in inciting the laborers to revolt. Tryst is evicted: an epileptic, he misunderstands Derek's advice,

revenges himself by arson, is sentenced to three years in jail, and commits suicide as he is being taken to prison. Around this theme, with another similar, though secondary instance of conscientious despotism, Mr. Galsworthy has written a novel which is at once a plea for liberty, an arraignment of existing land conditions in England, an interesting study of character, an idyllic love story, and from every point of view a work of art. Its construction is admirably cohesive: every character that steps upon the stage, every scene and situation depicted there, lies within the radius of the light that centres on the obscure tragedy of Tryst, the laborer. It is natural to use the terms of the stage, for Mr. Galsworthy has even more markedly than usual employed the methods of the dramatist. Never does he speak in his own person, and if we feel that certain sentiments are his, it is only because they are uttered by characters whom he makes attractive to us. We quickly feel the charm of Felix Freeland, the *littérateur,* who for the benefit of his brother Stanley, the prosperous manufacturer and neighbor of the Mallorings, draws a contrasting picture of the daily life of the landowner and that of the tenant, over whom he assumes a natural superiority extending even to ruling his conduct in matters not bearing upon the relations of landlord and tenant. That this superiority is inherent, that it is not altogether arbitrary and artificial, Felix scouts in words that have a lasting bite, all the deeper for their temperate calm; and he adds: "I, who do not believe in revolution from the bottom, the more believe that it is up to us in honor to revolutionize things from the top."

It is the firebrand Kirsteen who dominates the book. In few words, but ineffaceably, Mr. Galsworthy has drawn the dark-haired, blue-clad woman, her calm exterior veiling a flaming furnace of rebellion, watching her son and daughter as they recklessly put into practise the doctrines they have absorbed from her, while the placid Tod, steadfastly devoted to her, declines to attempt interference. And when after the final catastrophe she is confronted with failure and disaster, Derek half-mad with self-reproach, haunted by the dead man and repudiated by the laborers he has organized into revolt, she retracts nothing, but reiterates her inborn hatred of oppression and fever of rebellion and her conviction that it is not all in vain. Hers are the last words of the book: "The world is changing, Felix—changing."

The novel is continuously interesting, with many touches of beauty and subtlety, as well as of piercing pathos; the characteriza-

tion is vital. The four Freeland brothers are four distinct types, each representing a point of view. The love of Derek and Nedda, Felix's daughter, supplies a sweetness that relieves the otherwise intolerable sadness, the hopeless sadness of wrong done by those who desire to do right. Penetrating and comprehensive as Mr. Galsworthy's mind is, it is strange that at no time in this work does he seem to have grasped one plain fact: that the merging of responsibility into tyranny is not a growth rooted in inherited lands and traditions, but the by-product of authority in whatever form. Even the Kirsteens of the earth can hardly conceive a society without some form of organized administration. One wonders if their vision of change pictures a world freed from what is perhaps of all human temptations the most insidious and the most nearly universal. It is needless to say of a heroine so plainly beloved by Mr. Galsworthy that she is emancipated from religion. A full understanding and a more reasonable hope might result from closer acquaintance with the Faith that has never proclaimed equality nor ceased to prescribe humility.

THE ALHAMBRA. By Washington Irving. Edited by Edward K. Robinson. New York: Ginn & Co. 45 cents.

This reprint of Irving's revised edition of 1851 has been further abridged by the present editor, on grounds of general suitability and in order to attain smaller compass. The work has been done with discretion, and results in an attractive volume, well printed on good paper, with many charming illustrations and decorative drawings, yet of an easy and convenient size.

THE LIFE OF LORD STRATHCONA AND MOUNT ROYAL. By Beckles Wilson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. Two Volumes. $6.50 net.

The biography which fills these two handsome volumes is a painstaking and devoted piece of work. The author has gathered material from many sources, much of it in the form of letters, to give to the world as complete and clear a view as possible of the celebrated High Commissioner of Canada, to whom, more than any other one person, that country owes "her material prosperity and much of her political temper." Mr. Wilson expresses the hope that his narrative will dispel some of the mystery surrounding Lord Strathcona's antecedents and some of his most notable actions, but he tells us also that it was the eminent man's

fixed habit to keep everything personal from the light of publicity. It is for this reason, no doubt, that the record of his life's activities and achievements impresses one as being primarily a book of reference, notwithstanding the promise of romance in the career of Donald A. Smith to the winning of a picturesque title. Many speeches are quoted, and many letters given in full whose contents could have been condensed to advantage; but there are lacking the intimate touches of characterization that constitute the charm of biography and create an interest for the casual reader.

THE A-B-C OF NATIONAL DEFENCE. By J. W. Muller. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.00 net.

The title of this book is apt and significant. It is a concise, clear statement of the essentials in a plan for the defence of our country, written for the use and comprehension of the laity. In accomplishing this the author has been very successful: he makes mention of our weaknesses, explaining them and how they should be remedied, bringing to our attention the fact that the War Department has long known the needs of both Army and Navy and has sought to have them supplied. He attacks the present system of army posts, and likens the result, in the event of sudden mobilization, to the dumping in a mass of "all the parts of a mammoth and immensely complicated engine to be assembled in deadly haste by men who never in their lives have tried to assemble such an engine, and who never have seen such an engine completely assembled and working."

The book covers many points in a surprisingly small compass. Everything is made plain, no obscure technicalities are employed, and the subject is presented so tersely and forcibly that it is interesting apart from the instruction conveyed.

THE MORTAL GODS AND OTHER PLAYS. By Olive Tilford Dargan. $1.50.

PATH FLOWER AND OTHER VERSES. By Olive Tilford Dargan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

It spells glory for the swift hand of the poet, rather than the tardy hand of the reviewer, when two substantial volumes from the same contemporary pen beckon reproachfully from the editorial book-shelf. And these two of Mrs. Dargan's making are sufficiently ambitious as well as sufficiently dissimilar. In *The Mortal Gods* we find three poetic dramas: the strange medley of Modernism and

antiquity which gives title to the book; a five-act comedy in classic vein called *A Son of Hermes;* and a rather vague drama of the early Crusades entitled *Kidmir.* The plays are evidently not designed for stage use, belonging rather to the literate school of "closet drama." All three contain dramatic situations and highly felicitous passages, yet none of them shows sustained strength in structure or execution.

The lyrics of the second volume are another story. Here one finds Mrs. Dargan's own indubitable *métier*—preëminently in such exquisitely singing matter as the opening poem, *Path Flower,* with its vivid conjuring of the sentient spring woodland: the wide-awake, curious woodland—

> At foot each tiny blade grew big
> And taller grew to hear,
> And every leaf on every twig
> Was like a little ear—

into which the dream-led city child strayed like a starling. There are poets of clear vision and clear singing—and poets, again, of the stormy avalanche or fiery torrent; and betimes there are poets who wish to be *both.* Mrs. Dargan is so radiantly charming in such poems as the one quoted that one half regrets the pseudo-Thompsonian intricacies of *Magdalen to Her Poet* or the somewhat strained contrasts of *Little Daughters.*

A ROSARY OF MYSTERY PLAYS. Translated from the Middle English of the originals into our Mother Tongue by Margaret S. Mooney. Albany, N. Y.: Frank H. Evory & Co. Cloth, 75 cents; paper, 40 cents.

In this interesting volume, Mrs. Mooney has translated fifteen plays from the celebrated York Cycle of Mysteries, as performed by the various Crafts Guilds during the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The scenes selected illustrate with naïve mediæval realism the joyful, sorrowful and glorious mysteries of the Holy Rosary. Over and above this they illustrate for the student of literature the development of modern drama out of the liturgical offices of the Church, while providing the student of human nature with a very valuable insight into the mediæval temper toward both divine and secular things. It was a work well worth the doing, and Mrs. Mooney deserves all support for her worthy accomplishment of it.

The present volume is dedicated by its translator to the "Teach-

ing Orders of Men and Women throughout the English-speaking World," and its introduction gives an admirably succinct history of religious drama in England. Yet it should not be considered merely as a textbook or a literary curiosity. We have had revivals of Greek tragedy and experiments in the "modern" miracle play, and Catholic amateurs would do a really contributive work in bringing what Mrs. Mooney calls the "buried treasure of mediæval drama" back to the appreciation of modern audiences. A few of the subjects embodied in this "Rosary" of Mystery Plays may be considered too sacred for performances outside the cloister; but there seems absolutely no reason why, under the auspices of Catholic college or convent, many of them should not be most successfully impersonated—possibly in celebration of the various feasts which they commemorate. Didactic as it is, and "edifying as it is," this old religious drama carries an inalienably human appeal—an appeal never fully realized until it is *acted*. But even the reader of these York plays will be richly repaid.

MARY'S MEADOW PAPERS. By Mrs. Armel O'Connor. London: Alston Rivers, Ltd. $1.25.

Mary's Meadow has been rightly styled "the sanctuary for the cultivation in domestic life of Franciscan virtues.....the little home where the ideals of an unworldly life are to be realized, and where Betty, the adopted daughter, is to be trained to be a saint."

Most mothers would be interested in the development of Betty. From her earliest days her mother teaches her to thank God for everything—especially for the things she did not like. It is rather interesting to hear this precocious child whispering the Latin words *Deo Gratias,* when a cloud of dust blows in her eyes or a loose tooth begins to ache. She plays "the obedience game by asking her mother permission to pick up the bits on the floor, to fold up her nightie, to hang up her dressing gown, to dust the chairs, to play with her doll and to draw on her slate." The "artless finance" of Mary's Meadow consists in trying to give instead of trying to get. Even Betty laughs when her mother says, "Thank you for lending me your hat last summer," as her mother hands the needed headdress to a stranger at the door. When mother scolds a beggar at the gate Betty cries out quite shocked, "O Mummy, how can you say that about Our Lord?" Betty's motto, like her mother's, is "that one cannot be too kind."

THE STORY OF JULIA PAGE. By Kathleen Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35 net.

In some respects this latest novel by Mrs. Norris is an advance over all her previous work: its theme is more important and the handling more assured and direct. It is a study of a woman's life retrieved from grave error by force of character and personality, instead of the expedient to which novels on similar subjects have accustomed us—the use of complaisant circumstance to smooth away difficulties that have grown past the author's powers. Julia Page is introduced to us from the beginning of her life, in tawdry, slatternly environments; we see her grow to girlhood, under-bred, untaught, but blessed with an appreciation of better things, a keen brain, and will power. Chance brings her into contact with more refined conditions, and reveals to her what is her standing in the eyes of the people whom she would fain resemble. She determines to rise, and discovers, as she expresses it, that "there's some queer rule that makes you rise if you want to rise, if only you don't compromise." At the end of the book we take leave of her, a woman of poise and charm, admired by the same people whose severe criticism, accidentally overheard, had first roused her native energy to disprove their strictures. The transformation is achieved naturally and reasonably, and we are shown the workings of Julia's mind as she progresses consistently and without compromise, always realizing it is she that must change, not her outward conditions.

The first false note is struck when Dr. Studdiford offers himself in marriage, and she confesses to him the real character of her relations with her earlier lover, Mark. This should not be, as it is, a revelation to the reader also: it gives an air of unreality to the scenes in which Mark has figured. Again, Studdiford is not convincingly drawn, and his cowardly desertion of Julia after months of marriage does not ring true; it is as though it were interpolated in order to provide Julia with another trial and character test. These errors of construction detract from the strength of the book. A still more vital weakness, however, is that Julia's problem is treated almost wholly from the standpoint of taste and intelligence; the religious and Catholic element is carefully subordinated though perfectly distinct. This is not compatible with Julia's earnestness and thoughtfulness, which would make the spiritual factor supreme, if considered at all. Had Mrs. Norris dwelt upon this more frankly and fully she would possibly have

narrowed the appeal of the novel, but she would have unquestionably added immensely to its artistic value.

There is much that is exceptionally good. Many of the scenes and characters, especially those connected with Julia's youth, are portrayed with photographic clearness and veracity; there are touches of poignant realism, and we see most of what occurs as it reacts upon Julia, whose mind is generally open to us; indeed, at the last when reunited to her husband, her thoughts are disclosed so intimately as to give an odd sense of intrusion. It is much to have a solution provided that is entirely from within, and to have this subject treated with rational hopefulness, a tone that is neither artificial nor morbid. It is not in disparagement of the present work that these criticisms are made. The unique merits and power of the book make one regret the greater book that might have been.

WHITE EAGLE. By Mary T. Waggaman. Notre Dame, Ind.: The Ave Maria Press. 75 cents.

Every American boy with good red blood in his veins will admire Don Carruther, or White Eagle, the hero of Mrs. Waggaman's delightful story. Don, the child of a wayward New Yorker and a Western Indian maid, has at their death been left in charge of a rough, ignorant but kindly-hearted old mountaineer, Big Seth. The boy grows up strong, sturdy, manly—able to ride a bucking bronco, to face unflinchingly a mountain lion, and to climb for hours over steep mountain passes.

His grandfather, an Eastern millionaire, learns of his existence through a letter sent him by one of Big Seth's pals, a fugitive from justice known as Lone Jack. He goes West incognito, learns to love White Eagle, especially when he compares him with his molly-coddle, heartless and self-seeking cousins.

After some stirring adventures, in which old Stephen Carruther, the Napoleon of Wall Street, figures as an escaped bandit, all ends happily, and White Eagle comes to his own.

TRAVELS IN ALASKA. By John Muir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

This graphic record of John Muir's explorations in Southeastern Alaska has been edited from the author's manuscript notes by his friend, Mrs. Marion Randall Parsons. It tells in vivid and picturesque language the story of the famous naturalist's careful

exploration of the glaciers of Alaska, in his three voyages of 1879, 1880 and 1890.

One marvels at the enthusiasm which enabled John Muir to endure the most extraordinary hardships without a murmur. He thought nothing of canoeing through the Alexander Archipelago for nearly a thousand miles, traveling whole days and nights on the treacherous ice, oblivious of rain and storm, fording icy streams, or crossing shaky ice bridges, or sleeping in the open on a bed of rocks or ice after a meal of only crackers and tea.

This interesting volume tells of the character and habits of the Alaskan Indian tribes, such as the Stickeens, Takus, Hoonas, Chilcats and Auks. It describes with scientific accuracy the fauna and flora of the country, and abounds in the most beautiful descriptions of the natural beauties of our Northwestern wonderland.

PLASHERS MEAD. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: Harper & Brothers. $1.50.

Plashers Mead is an unusual sort of title; but then it belongs to a novel quite out of the ordinary. There is something both striking and delightful in the way this love story is told, although the incidents are trivial enough, and the persons more like ordinary living folk than the principals of most modern fiction. But with a sure hand and delicate touch, a remarkable sense of color, and a gift of imagination all his own, the author weaves page after page of lyrical prose into a tapestry that leaves the critic without opportunity for disparagement.

A little more, however, and we shall begin to think of Mr. Mackenzie as prone to see the sad features of life. Behind the recurrent scenes in which he depicts the delights of love, the graceful things of nature, the music of the woods and the charm of bud and blossom, there is always a clouded background. The romance is scarcely under way when we realize that it can have no happy ending, and begin to prepare for the disaster which duly comes. And we close the book reflecting on certain serious things that have to do with life and love and selfishness and passion and two dispositions which ill accord. The author does not lecture, nor even explain. He draws outlines, combines colors, sounds chords, and then leaves us to draw such conclusions as we please—one of them necessarily being that he is a highly gifted artist, with a keen vision and a sense of proportion not spoiled by his rare ability to spiritualize the commonplace and suggest the ethereal. Among the truths his readers

are led to reflect upon is this, that a perfectly honorable love may yet be so self-centred as to demoralize a stainless soul—not a bad lesson to be conveyed to the people who will be thrilled with the romantic charm of this idyll.

THE SECRET BEQUEST. By Christian Reid. Notre Dame, Ind: The Ave Maria Press.

This story for girls tells of a fortune bequeathed to Honora Trezevant by her cousin, Mr. Chisholm, who has disinherited his grandnephew, Bernard Chisholm, for the reason that the young man has become a Catholic. The "secret bequest" is the dead man's wish, expressed in a letter to Honora, that she will if possible reclaim Bernard from the error of his ways, and that the two may marry. How the meeting of the young people leads to love, and how the outcome is Honora's conversion to Bernard's faith, and her voluntary surrender of the fortune into the hands of Mr. Chisholm's executor, to be disposed of according to what he knows of the testator's wishes, all this is told in the pleasant and fluent manner characteristic of this popular author, who gives us a foreshadowing of the dénouement in the opening chapter, which presents the heroine sitting, at dusk, in "the large basilica-like church of the Paulists in New York," attracted by some influence not yet understood by her.

THE PASSSIONATE CRIME. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.30 net.

This somewhat lurid title suggests an unpleasant quality from which the book is conspicuously free. It is, as the sub-title calls it, "a tale of faerie," the story of a poet, Anthony Sorel, who found himself in the hills of Ireland a shelter, where he would live as a solitary in high communion with his ideals; of a woman who invaded his solitude and won his love, to meet her death at his hands because she had shattered his cherished ideal of love; of an old man, Malachi, himself a solitary, to whom the region of faerie is the only real world, who alone knows the story and tells it to the author. It is a singular book, written with power, of modern times but enacted in a realm of pure fantasy, commingling worldly shrewdness and Irish mysticism. The characters of Father Nolan, the wise, witty priest, the woman Anna, and of Malachi are exceptionally well done; and the wild, free play of fancy and brilliant, vivid bits of description give the work a unique character and interest.

JERUSALEM. By Selma Lägerlof. Translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanston Howard. With an introduction by H. G. Leach. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.35 net.

Selma Lägerlof, the well-known Swedish writer, is the only woman winner of the Nobel Prize in literature. She is to-day the most popular writer in Scandinavia, and is everywhere acknowledged as a classic.

Jerusalem deals with the history of a peasant family of the province of Dalecarlia, the Ingmarsons of Ingmar Farm. It portrays every type of the simple Swedish peasant-farmer, schoolmaster, shopkeeper, innkeeper and minister. The story is full of dramatic incidents—for example, the elder Ingmar's meeting at the prison door the girl for whose infanticide he was responsible, and his bringing her home in defiance of all the conventions. Another dramatic incident is the auction scene, wherein the younger Ingmar meanly renounces his beloved, and marries the daughter of a wealthy farmer in order to pay off a mortgage on his estate and keep it in the family. The novel ends with the description of a religious pilgrimage to Jerusalem led by a crazy fanatic from Chicago, who induces many of the peasants to sell their homes and emigrate in a body to the Holy Land. The last words of the story represent the children at the railway station whimpering and crying, "We don't want to go to Jerusalem. We want to go home."

BESIDE THE BLACK WATER. By Norreys Jephson O'Conor. New York: John Lane Co. $1.00 net.

"Ireland herself, with her stretches of wonderful landscape, her storied past, and potential future" is the chief motif of these expressive verses. Most worthy of mention is the sonnet "Ireland Revisited," "The Fairy Bride," and "Summer Morning."

THE FAMOUS CITIES OF IRELAND. By Stephen Gwynn. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

In 1906 Mr. Gwynn published *The Fair Hills of Ireland,* promising at some future date to describe in detail the characteristics of some of the chief cities of Ireland. In the present volume he has fulfilled his promise, and in most entertaining fashion writes about the history, spirit and development of merry Cork, gallant Limerick, reposeful Wexford, money-making Belfast, domineering Dublin, and six other Irish cities.

He writes with a great love for Ireland, though he does not always succeed in writing from the pure Irish viewpoint. He is most honest, however, in showing forth in good classic English style the injustice, cruelty and dishonesty of English rule in Ireland since the days of Henry II.

ITALY IN ARMS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Clinton Scollard. New York: Gomme & Marshall. 75 cents.

This slender volume of Mr. Scollard's musical verse is reminiscent of Rome, Venice, Padua and the Italian Lakes. In rich beautiful imagery, Mr. Scollard paints "the ruby fire" of a Venetian sunset, the pool of Garda "inwrought with burnished gold," Varenna's snowy white cascade on Lake Como, Malcesine

> Where the mountains seem to listen, looming height on looming height;

the Ponale Road,

> To where Lake Ledro like a jewel lies,
> Its liquid sapphire girt with emerald.

THE INQUISITION. A Critical and Historical Study of the Coercive Power of the Church. By E. Vacandard. Translated from the second edition by Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P. New Edition. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Paper, 50 cents net.

It is good to know that the circulation of Father Conway's translation of *l'Inquisition* has been extensive enough to justify a second edition. The scholarly treatment accorded this most vexed point of controversy and the careful, attractive rendering given by the English translator, make it so easy for the world to get at the exact facts of the case, that there will no longer be any excuse for the Protestant who repeats old calumnies, nor for the Catholic who is ignorant of just what should be said in reply. For though this little volume does not attempt an exhaustive history of the Inquisition, it does present a viewpoint and expose principles which will be sufficient for the instruction of the intelligent reader.

FOR GREATER THINGS. By Rev. W. T. Kane, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder. 50 cents net.

Father Kane has written a graphic account of the life of St. Stanislaus Kostka. It is a life of a most human and lovable boy, a true "citizen of heaven, who lived here amongst us, kindly and companionable indeed, during eighteen years of exile."

THE SACRAMENTS. By Rev. J. Pohle, D.D. Translated from the fifth German edition by Arthur Preuss. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.50 net.

B. Herder of St. Louis has just published another volume of the Pohle-Preuss series of dogmatic textbooks. It treats of the Sacraments in general, and of the Sacraments of Baptism and Confirmation in particular. We commend this book highly to the Catholic laity whose ignorance of Latin prevents them from consulting the Latin manuals used in our seminaries.

SERMONS, DOCTRINAL AND MORAL. By Rt. Rev. Thaddeus Hogan. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.50.

These sermons are doubtless a collection out of many instructions and discourses given by this zealous pastor during the long and fruitful years of his ministry.

Varied in character and purpose, some devotional, others explanatory and even controversial, they are forceful and timely, the consistent utterance of one who has in a marked degree the ever-present sense of a teacher with authority, of one whose main intent is to bring home to his hearers the reasonableness and the living power of Catholic truth. One almost infers that the preacher was conscious of the presence of non-Catholics in his audience, so many of the sermons are specially adapted to their needs and state of mind, such as those on Indifferentism, Freedom to Choose One's Religion, Catholic Education, Marriage, and kindred topics.

The book is excellently set up and does credit to the publishers.

POPULAR SERMONS ON THE CATECHISM. From the German of Rev. A. H. Bamberg. Edited by Herbert Thurston, S.J. Volume III. New York: Benziger Brothers. $1.50 net.

The third and last volume of Father Bamberg's sermons treats of Prayer, Grace and the Sacraments. It is of equal merit with the other volumes, which we have highly praised in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. Simple, clear-cut, logical and abounding in illustration, they will be welcomed by both priest and Sunday-school teacher.

THE CATHOLIC FAITH. By Rev. Ferreol Girardey, C.SS.R. St. Louis: B. Herder. 15 cents.

This little pamphlet of one hundred pages contains a number of the author's articles on faith and the Church, which appeared

some time ago in *The Ligourian,* a periodical published by the Redemptorist Fathers of Oconomowoc, Wisconsin. They aim at making the Catholic realize the value of the gift of faith, and suggest to non-Catholics reasons for embracing it.

HOMILIES ON ALL THE SUNDAY GOSPELS. By Rev. G. Finco. Translated from the second Italian edition by Rt. Rev. E. M. Dunne, D.D. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00 net.

In his preface to this series of sermons on the Sunday Gospels, Bishop Dunne of Peoria rightly praises Father Finco for his simplicity and brevity—"two qualities which every clergyman having the pastoral care of souls might do well to cultivate." The translation is excellent.

LIFE OF BLESSED MARGARET MARY. Translated from the French of Monsignor Bougaud. By a Visitandine of Baltimore. New York: Benziger Brothers. 75 cents net.

It is over forty years since Monsignor Bougaud, Bishop of Laval, wrote this simple and touching account of the life of Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque. He intended it as a sequel to the history of St. Chantal, for, as he well says, "a biography of the one illumines and perfects that of the other." This volume gives an excellent account of the revelations of the Sacred Heart, and the origin and development of this preëminently Catholic devotion. An appendix of some forty pages gives us the genealogy of Blessed Margaret Mary, notes regarding her family, the names of the religious in the convent of Paray from 1671 to 1690, and the three decrees on the virtues, on the miracles, and of beatification.

DOGMATIC SERIES. By Roderick MacEachen. Wheeling, West Virginia: Catholic Book Co. 5 vols. $2.00 net.

This *Dogmatic Series* form the promising beginning of a Catholic Library of fifty volumes. The chief doctrines of Catholic Faith are herein set forth with clearness, simplicity and an attractiveness of style which should win for these volumes a place in Catholic homes. Catholic dogma as the sure basis of Catholic life is a thesis so dear to the Catholic heart, that one does not wonder at the warm welcome accorded by Cardinal Gibbons in his preface to these little books, whose mission is to "bring home to the people in a most pleasing style the treasures of faith."

FATHER TIM'S TALKS. By Rev. C. D. McEnniry, C.SS.R. St. Louis: B. Herder. 75 cents net.

In a series of simple, homely talks with Catholics, good and bad, young and old, Father Tim Casey manages to drive home many a useful lesson, and give many an excellent instruction on points of Catholic doctrine and practice. He tells his hearers about devotion to the Sacred Heart and the Blessed Virgin; he discusses the ethics of war and the folly of teaching sex hygiene in the schools; he brings out the reasons for the pre-nuptial promises in mixed marriages, the blessings of a nuptial Mass, and insists on the necessity of religious education.

Every priest who read these talks as they appeared in *The Liguorian* the past two years will welcome them now in book form.

THE LIFE OF ST. MONICA. By F. A. Forbes. St. Louis: B. Herder. 30 cents net.

We are glad to recommend to our readers this excellent series entitled *Standard Bearers of the Faith.* Mr. Forbes has already written the lives of St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Colomba, and St. Catherine of Siena. His fourth volume, *The Life of St. Monica,* is a simple, clear-cut and attractive portrait of the mother of St. Augustine. Her perfect life won both her worldly husband and his jealous mother to the Faith, and her constancy in prayer gave the Church the saint that moulded in great part the mind of Western Christendom. The volume is simply but beautifully written.

THE ENGLISH CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By Paul Thureau-Dangan, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie Française. Revised and re-edited from a Translation by the late Wilfred Wilberforce. Two volumes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $11.00 net.

This work when published in French in 1889, at once took a high rank in the large body of literature which has grown up around the Oxford Movement, its conspicuous figures and its results, without and within the Catholic Church. The scope of it is not to relate the story of the "Second Spring," but chiefly to trace the revival and expansion of Catholic ideas, doctrines and ceremony in the Established Church of England, from its beginnings down to the period of dissension and struggle which the Parliamentary Commission, closed in 1906, was vainly appointed to settle.

After a brief historical review of the Established Church

from the times of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, followed by an introductory picture of the position of English Catholics in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the author starts from Keble's sermon on " National Apostasy," and traces the spread of the Movement as Newman became its leader. He follows the workings of Newman's mind, his difficulties, internal and external, till his conversion in 1845. A brief chapter, covering the years 1845-1847, describes the attitude taken by the Catholic world and its leaders towards Newman and his fellow-converts; another, relating the concurrent course of events in the Church which they had left, the chief interest centres around Pusey and Manning. The march of events marked by the conversions of Wilberforce, Allies and, finally, of Manning, following upon the " Papal Aggression " storm, occupies the last chapter of the first volume.

The second volume deals with domestic Catholic affairs as they converge chiefly around Newman and Manning, till the death of the two Cardinals closed the epoch that opened with Tractarianism. The author, however, does not lay down his pen here. As he had followed carefully the affairs of Anglicanism in its home, after Manning's departure, so he continues in four ample chapters to chronicle its fortunes, and the fortunes of Ritualism down to 1906.

In his introduction the distinguished Academician modestly observes that, as a foreigner, he has been handicapped in the accomplishment of his task. If so, he has, we think, brilliantly overcome this drawback. It has, in fact, enabled him to impart to his study the quality of objectiveness in a higher degree than is to be found in many of the biographies and other sources upon which he has drawn. These, in many instances, have been written by persons who stood a little too near to the events and personages whom they portray; so that, inevitably, their viewpoints and prejudices have frequently twisted their judgments.

The materials have been selected with an admirable sense of proportion and put together in just perspective. The temper towards Anglicanism is uniformly kindly, though the gravity of its errors is nowise condoned. The author deprecates the severity of Catholics who consider it a danger more serious than outright Protestantism; regarding it as an underhand counterfeit, suspecting it as a diabolical snare: " Unfortunate and unjust words that have been too often repeated, and have contributed in no small degree to alienate from the true Church souls that have been rapidly

approaching it." He believes: "The daily growing imitations of Catholicism may in some cases put a momentary check on conversion; but their ultimate effect will be to familiarize souls with Roman practices, devotions and dogmas, and thus to create habits, arouse desires and awaken spiritual appetites that the Catholic Church alone can satisfy." As for the Movement itself, far from showing a return to the principle of authority, it is rather a manifestation of the principle of private judgment. For: "Each clergyman who has modified, and sometimes completely changed, the dogmatic teaching or the ceremonial of his Church, has done so by his own will—I had almost written by his own fancy—acting according to his individual views, without authority, and often against the wishes of his bishop."

In a closing discussion of the future of Ritualism, the author asks whether the pressure of its Protestant antagonists will lead to a general or a considerable return of the present-day Ritualists to Rome. He hesitates to prognosticate, and confines himself to repeating the answer of Cardinal Newman to Father Walworth: *Spero fore.*

THE SEQUEL TO CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION. The Story of the English Catholics continued down to the re-establishment of their Hierarchy in 1850. By the Right Rev. Monsignor Bernard Ward, F.R.Hist.S. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. Two volumes. $6.00 net.

These volumes form a worthy sequel to *The Dawn of the Catholic Revival in England* and *The Eve of Catholic Emancipation;* and bring to a successful close the arduous task undertaken by the author, of writing the history of English Catholicism from 1780 till the re-establishement of the Hierarchy. For most readers this last contribution will possess more interest than the earlier works; for, of course, the activity of English Catholicism in these later years became immeasurably larger, and more varied, the leading personalities more numerous, the interests wider, and the course of affairs more closely connected with the present day. The generous scale of the work allows the author to trace the history of events, and the doings of individuals, with satisfying detail. The reader who looks for brilliant pages or purple patches will be disappointed; but he will find, in compensation, evidence, on the part of the author, of a conscientious, careful purpose to present a full and exact record of men and events; and a good deal of matter

hitherto unpublished; notably, for example, a chapter dealing with the movement to establish diplomatic relations between England and the Holy See in 1835. Throughout the work the central figure is Cardinal Wiseman, whose important rôle and far-reaching influence Monsignor Ward adequately presents, although, to borrow his own words, Wiseman "necessarily appears in a somewhat different light in cold history from that which he assumes at the hands of a biographer with whom he is the central figure." The "old Catholics," as a body, are defended against the charges of Gallicanism that have been so plentifully laid against them. Among the minor actors on the scene who receive considerable yet not excessive notice, are Pugin, Lucas, the missionary Fathers, Dominic, Gentili and Ignatius Spencer. There is a brief account of the Oxford Movement; the author excuses himself from dwelling to a greater length on a subject upon which so much has been published already. He explains why the alleged coldness of the born Catholic towards the Oxford converts was not without some reasonable grounds. One potent influence in the Catholic revival which has been accorded but a passing reference by some other writers who have treated the matter, is here emphasized: that is, the Irish famine, and the consequent immigration of Irish Catholics into England. To this subject a chapter is devoted which closes as follows: "They remained and still remain amongst us to give numbers and importance to our Catholic congregations, and their presence has contributed more than any other cause to the progress of Catholicism in this country." The last volume closes with an account of Wiseman's Pastoral from the Flaminian Gate, "this pastoral which records the realization of Wiseman's life-long hopes (and) is, nevertheless, admitted to have been the greatest practical mistake he ever made."

The work has numerous interesting illustrations; and each volume contains an excellent index.

THE BOOK OF MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE. By Arthur Elson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50 net.

As the author tells us, this book has been planned with a view of placing before the general reader the main facts that will enable him to appreciate music intelligently. After a brief introduction on the history of music in general, the author discusses the lives and compositions of the great composers from the days of Bach, the various musical forms, the use and history of the

different instruments, and special topics such as orchestration, conducting, acoustics, how to read music, etc. The book is well printed, beautifully illustrated, and provided with appendices containing a list of important musical terms, an excellent bibliography, and suggestions for students.

METHODS OF TEACHING IN HIGH SCHOOLS. By Samuel Chester Parker. New York: Ginn & Co. $1.50.

Professor Parker of the University of Chicago tells us in his opening chapter that the purpose of this textbook is to introduce students to a study of the principles which underlie instruction in high school subjects. Hence the work is concerned primarily with the work of classroom teachers, and only incidentally with the curriculum and organization of high schools.

While there are many books on methods of teaching viewed from the standpoint of elementary schools, very little has been written on high school methods in general. For the most part educators in the past have been writing books on the teaching of English, history, mathematics, and the sciences in high schools, but have paid little attention to the subject of general methods.

The main topics discussed in this well-ordered and scientific treatise are the purposes of high school instruction, economy in classroom management, the selection and arrangement of subject matter, reflective thinking, training in expression, supervised study, the use of books, the art of questioning, the testing of teaching, and the like. We recommend this book to the students of our colleges and normal schools who are looking forward to positions as teachers in high schools.

PRINCIPLES OF SECONDARY EDUCATION. Edited by Paul Monroe. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.90.

The purpose of this volume is to furnish the student a body of fact and opinion that through study and discussion he may acquire some knowledge of the entire field of secondary education, its purposes and its problems. The editor himself contributes the two opening chapters on the meaning and history of secondary education. Professor Farrington of Columbia discusses European systems of secondary schools; Professor Cubberly of Stamford University treats of the state systems of high schools; Professor Baker and Knapp of Columbia write on English literature. Other topics discussed are: the high school systems of the United States, the

organization of the high school, English literature, the classical languages, modern languages, the natural sciences, mathematics, the social sciences, the fine arts and music, vocational education and athletics. These subjects are all treated by specialists, so that the prospective teacher will have before him the conclusions that represent in the editor's mind the best thought and practice in the entire field of secondary education.

We cannot agree with Professor Whipple of Cornell who, speaking of the psychology and hygiene of adolescence, strongly advocates the teaching of sex hygiene in our schools. Nor can we commend Dr. Sisson's chapter on moral and religious education, which advocates a religion independent of a creed, and a vague, indefinite morality devoid of both basis and sanction.

AMERICAN THOUGHT. By Woodbridge Riley, Ph.D. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

Professor Riley of Vassar College has written a brief historical sketch of the various schools of philosophy which have flourished in America from the seventeenth century. In his foreword he writes: "We, as a country, have been told that we have no philosophy, that we do but reflect the speculations of other lands. This is not wholly true. We have had philosophers, original thinkers who, though their influence may not have reached abroad, were makers of history at home."

We hardly think the learned professor has proved his point, for the various systems he discusses—Puritanism, Early Idealism, Deism, Materialism, Realism and Evolutionism—can all be traced to German, French, English or Scotch sources. New England Transcendentalism and Pragmatism may perhaps be properly termed American products.

We were rather surprised to note the author's utter misconception of the scholastic idea of substance in his discussion of Samuel Johnson's Idealism, his failure to grasp the return to scholasticism in the teachings of the New Realism, and his utter ignoring of so eminent a philosopher and original thinker as Orestes Brownson.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By C. J. Keyser, LL.D. New Haven, Conn.: Yale University Press. 75 cents net.

Dr. Keyser, Professor of Mathematics in Columbia University, has just published in book form an address which he delivered a

year ago before the Phi Beta Alumni in New York City. He tells us himself "that the major emphasis of his address falls upon the great function of idealization regarded in the light of what mathematicians call the method or the process of limits. His thesis is that this process in the domain of reason indicates the reality and the nature of a domain beyond reason which is the ultimate permanent grounds of religious emotions." The professor unfortunately shows himself incompetent to discuss in any adequate manner the relations of religion and science, when he defines religion as "primarily, essentially, and ultimately an emotion, or, if you prefer, a complex of emotions.....In its essential nature religion does not belong to the rational domain, it does not pertain to the field of logic."

A STUDENT'S HISTORY OF EDUCATION. By Frank P. Graves. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25.

Professor Graves of the University of Pennsylvania has just published a brief compendium of the history of education. He tells us himself that the present work is not a mere condensation of his well-known three-volume *History of Education,* but that it has been largely re-written from another viewpoint. For example, he lays special stress upon educational institutions and practices, rather than theories that did not find embodiment in the times. More than one-half of his material deals with the last two centuries because, as he rightly says, "present problems in education can best be analyzed through a knowledge of the practices developed in modern times." Considerable space has been given to the discussion of American education, particular emphasis being given to the rise and development of the American public school.

Chapter IV. of Part I., on the education of the early Christians, is a most unfair and inadequate treatment of this important subject. With dogmatic assurance the professor tells us "that Christianity's appeal.....was to the instinctive promptings and emotions, rather than to the intellect." We are also informed that the early apologists "mingled stoicism with the teachings of Jesus," that Origen was probably excommunicated for heresy; that Biblical inspiration and church ceremonies were borrowed from the Greek mysteries; that the Bishop of Rome was recognized as Pope in the year 445.

In discussing the Middle Ages, the professor loves to talk of

the " uncritical and superstitious works produced in the monasteries, and the hostility to true science and the development of individualism due to the rigid orthodoxy of the monastic schools." The acceptance of a divine revelation on the authority of a divine teaching Church, he styles the bondage of the human spirit to ecclesiasticism.

THE NEW BARNES SPELLING BOOK. By Edward Mandel, Principal Public School No. 188B, Manhattan. New York: The A. S. Barnes Co.

Mr. Mandel makes a new departure in the spelling book which he has just presented to the public. He acts boldly upon the principle that the way to teach a child how to spell correctly is to teach him how to spell the names of things familiar. And so we have here lists of words that correspond to things within the child's ordinary environment, and not lists of words chosen for some intrinsic fitness of their own. If the aim of the teacher of spelling is the correct use of the tools of written expression of thought, then Mr. Mandel is acting upon a sound principle: and that such should be the aim of the scientific teacher, there can be little doubt. The phonic work contained in the lessons and the language text make the book useful for classes of the " C " grade.

PAMPHLET PUBLICATIONS

The United States Bureau of Education has just issued the *School System of Ontario,* by Harold W. Foght; *The Extension of Public Education,* by C. A. Perry; and a study of the *Public Schools of the Southern Appalachian Mountains,* by Norman Frost.

The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace has sent us its Year Book for 1915, which contains the reports of the executive committee, the secretary, and the directors of the three divisions of intercourse and education, economics and history, and international law. The division of Intercourse and Education have published Robert Bacon's account of his trip to South America in the summer and autumn of 1913, for the purpose of developing friendship with the South American countries.

The Bureau of American Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution have just issued an introduction to the study of the *Maya Hieroglyphs,* by S. G. Morley.

The America Press' latest pamphlets are: *Mexico's Social Problem,* by a Mexican lawyer; *Woman's Suffrage,* by Martha Moore Avery; *Reading and Character,* by James J. Daly, S.J.

Rev. Anthony Lucchetti, S.J., has published in Genoa a brief English life of Blessed Maria Victoria de Fornari Strata.

Professor E. R. Shepherd of Columbia University has gathered together all the documents published during the present war regarding the protection of neutral rights at sea. In a brief introduction he points out that both Great

Britain and Germany have committed violations of international law, and that the United States has protested against these violations directly on its own behalf and indirectly on behalf of other neutrals.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

La Charité, by the Abbé M. A. Janvier, O.P. Two volumes. (Paris: P. Lethielleux. 4 *frs.* each.) These two volumes contain the Lenten Discourses which the Abbé Janvier delivered at Notre Dame, in Paris, during 1914 and 1915. Volume I. treats of the Nature and Object of Charity, while Volume II. treats of its effects. The subjects of the various conferences are: The Love of God, the Love of Self, the Love of Neighbor, the Love of One's Country, the Love of the Church, Joy, Interior Peace, Social Peace, International Peace, Mercy, and Almsgiving.

The Abbé Janvier, who has preached the Lenten Sermons at Notre Dame the past thirteen years, is the worthy successor of Lacordaire, Monsabré and D'Hulst. He is without question the best pulpit orator in contemporary France.

L'Intérêt de la France et l'Intégrité de l'Autriche-Hongrie, by Georges Vielmont (Paris: G. Beauchesne. 2 *frs.* 50). This volume gives a fairly accurate account of the ancient rivalry between France and Austria. The author is quite sure of the utter destruction of the Dual Empire, and of the building up of a new kingdom of Bohemia as a buffer State.

Sur Quoi le Kaiser ne Comptait pas, by Antonio B. de la Rica. Translated and adapted from the Spanish by Christian de L'Isle. (Paris: P. Lethielleux. 1 *fr.*) This interesting volume attempts to answer the accusation of the enemies of France that she is a country eaten up with corruption—immoral, skeptical, selfish—and therefore unable to meet an enemy of the calibre of Germany on equal terms. It is the gossipy, chatty book of a literary man, who gathers his impressions from his own experiences with people at home, and with the soldiers on the firing line.

Le Sens de la Mort, by Paul Bourget (Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie. 3 *frs.* 50). This thesis novel of Paul Bourget answers the question: What is the meaning of death? A consummate artist, Bourget paints in most vivid contrast the unbelieving doctor Ortegue, dying by his own hand, and the devout Christian soldier Lieutenant Le Gallic, dying of his wounds for France, and offering up his death for the conversion of his cousin, the doctor's agnostic wife. All throughout the volume we see how science and faith view in different light the problems of sickness and death, the love of country and the love of wife and husband. As the author well says: "Death has no meaning if it is merely an end; it has a meaning if it is a sacrifice."

Le Miracle de la Marne et Sainte Geneviève, by Abbé Stèphen Coubé (Paris: P. Lethielleux. 0.60). The Abbé Coubé has published three sermons on St. Geneviève, which he delivered in the church of St. Stephen, Paris, last September. In a brief preface he discusses the authenticity of the "Miracle de la Marne."

We have received from Bloud & Gay, Paris, the following four pamphlets: *Zeppelins,* by Georges Besançon; *Submarines,* by G. Blanchon; *Notre "75,"* by Francis Marre; *Trench Warfare,* by Francis Marre. Price, 0.60 each.

Armand Colin, of Paris, has just published *The German Mind and the War,* by E. Durkheim, and *From the Congress of Vienna to the War of 1914,* by C. Seignobos.

Le Belgique et la France, by Abbé Stèphen Coubé (Paris: P. Lethielleux. 0.60). In this brochure, the Abbé Coubé describes the close bond of friendship which for centuries has united France and Belgium.

Recent Events.

Progress of the War.

The success which has attended the efforts of the so-called Austrian submarines in the Mediterranean, has served to throw into relief the complete failure of the German effort to starve Great Britain by submarine attacks upon British commerce in the "danger zone." So complete has been this failure, that it may with confidence be anticipated that only time is required to bring about equally satisfactory results in the new scene of conflict. Nor would the complete domination of the enemy in the Mediterranean, even if attainable, be a serious inconvenience to Great Britain, although something of an annoyance.

In view of recent British reverses in the Balkans and on the Tigris, it is well not to forget her successes and the strength of her position. So great, indeed, is this strength that even if her Allies, France, Russia and Italy, were to make a separate peace with Germany—an event of which there is not the most remote probability—not only would she not be weakened either in power or in resolution, but would be made even stronger. The most serious of the burdens which Great Britain has at the present time to bear is the financing not only of her own colonies—as they were formerly called—but that of her Allies. Of the vast loans which have been raised, nearly one-third has been devoted to this purpose. No less a sum than nearly two thousand millions of dollars have been spent in this way, and further sums will under existing conditions be required. Then again, in the event of such a peace being made, the men now serving in France would be recalled for military service in Great Britain, if that were necessary, or, a thing more likely, to devote themselves to industrial occupations. This would enable Great Britain, by resuming manufacturing and exports, to restore the balance of trade which has since the war been against her, involving a loss which has been the most serious drain on her resources. This course could easily be taken, for the services of the returning soldiers would not be required for Great Britain's own defence, as that has already been fully provided for, even in the event of an attempted invasion.

Although such an attempt would be an act of madness, and one which need not seriously be contemplated, these are days in which even acts of madness have to be guarded against. In the early days of the struggle such an attempt might have had some prospect of success, but those days are now past. The fleet is far stronger than it was at the beginning. In fact, the building programme is now so complete that ship builders who hitherto have been exclusively engaged on work for the navy, have now begun to build ships for merchandise and commerce. The German fleet is indeed still in being, but, so far as can be ascertained, quite unwilling to enter into the conflict so ardently desired by the British navy. Assertions have indeed been made that it has looked in vain for its enemy in the North Sea. Possibly this is the case. As that sea contains some eight hundred square miles, the two fleets might have been roaming about without meeting. But as a matter of fact, since the battle on the Dogger Bank in which the *Blücher* was sunk, no opportunity has been met with for a more decisive contest. Over the Baltic, too, the German fleet has been deprived by British submarines of the degree of control it once possessed. British sea power has so completely established its supremacy that nothing that Germany has been able to do on the continents of either Europe or Asia has endangered that supremacy. If continued it is only a question of time when Germany will have to surrender to British terms; terms which have been repeatedly and clearly announced as including the restoration of Belgium and Serbia and the destruction of Prussian militarism. The commerce of Germany which has from the beginning of the war been completely paralyzed, will so remain unless the German fleet hazards a conflict with the British, by which it is outnumbered by more than two to one. The unsuccessful effort made by Germany to seize Calais as a base of operation on England, when she was relatively much stronger, is so unlikely to succeed that few hopes are still entertained in this direction.

As for the Zeppelins, they have had no military result of the least importance, and so many accidents have befallen them that they have became almost as fatal to their crews as to the enemy. No air raid over London has taken place since October 13th. Subsequent attempts have indeed been made. During December last London repulsed twelve Zeppelin raids, chiefly by means of a large fleet of aëroplanes. The elaborate precautions that have been taken have, in the judgment of military men, made London

practically as safe from this pest as the efforts of the navy have rendered Great Britain's shores secure from attacks by the submarines. While Germany is in possession of French, Russian and Serbian territory no German has set foot on British, except as a prisoner. On the contrary, Germany has been stripped of possessions far more extensive, if measured by square miles, than the whole of the German Empire in Europe.

This bare enumeration of facts is made not in a spirit of boastfulness, but as a reason for justifying the firm determination which now exists in England—notwithstanding recent untoward events—to persevere to the end. Recent visitors declare that that determination is not only not shaken, but is more fixed and resolute than it was at the beginning. The easy-going attitude of Great Britain during the first year of the war injured her reputation among neutrals. Even the *Temps* and other French papers felt called upon to give utterance to criticism which was meant to be friendly. Foot-ball, horse-racing, and other amusements made them ask the question whether England would ever wake up. Now all is seen to be changed. To-day London streets are full of soldiers, who have become part and parcel of the national life. From being a purely naval power, Great Britain has now an army able to cope with those of the continent. The measure of compulsion which is now being carried through Parliament, is no indication of hesitation on the part of the people about carrying on the war to a successful conclusion. So far as there is division, it is only as to the means. In the eyes of a minority, the success of the voluntary system has been so great that anything like conscription is looked upon as indefensible. Even the majority would have hesitated to support the qualified conscription which has been introduced, had it not been that Mr. Asquith had given a pledge that if any noteworthy number of unmarried men did not enroll themselves under the Derby scheme, measures would have to be taken to enforce the claim of the nation on their service, before that which it had upon married men and fathers of families. It was in reliance upon this pledge that the married men as a body enrolled, while it was found that some six hundred thousand of unmarried had held back. It thus became Mr. Asquith's duty to keep faith with the married men.

The mobilization of British industries for war purposes is almost complete. Factory after factory is working day and night, seven days a week, employing men and women in the making of shells. The Government has under its control more than two thou-

sand munition factories. In fact, it may be said that almost the entire industrial output of the country is now under Government control. The whole North country is one vast arsenal. Persons competent to judge, declare that no more striking example of national energy directed, consolidated and centralized under direct Government control has ever existed. Employer and employee have alike become the servants of the State. There can no longer be any doubt that England has at last as a whole bent her back to her task. There are, of course, individuals here and there who hold back. It would be strange if none were found among a population of forty-five millions. Strange to say, fault is found with the Government itself. The delay in making cotton contraband, weakness in the enforcement of the blockade, permission to export to neutral countries certain articles useful to the enemy, have made more or less widespread the feeling that the Government is not strong enough in its general conduct of the war. The recent reorganization of the General Staff, or rather its re-creation, is in response to this demand. It would, however, be unjust to attribute the resignation of the British Commander-in-Chief to the same reason. Nothing but complete satisfaction is expressed at the way in which he has conducted the campaign, and there is no room for doubt that the reason alleged was the real reason.

No important change has taken place in the battle line in France and Flanders. The Allies have made no attempt to break through since September. They have, however, rendered their positions practically impregnable, as is proved by the recent failure of the Germans to break through on a narrow front where they massed a force of fifty thousand men, including the Prussian Guard, under the command, it was reported, of Field Marshal von Mackensen. The strength of the Allied position is largely due to an elaborately constructed system of trenches. At a section recently visited by a newspaper correspondent, on a front of just over ten miles, slightly over two hundred and thirty-four miles of trenches had been constructed. To make certainty still more secure, another forty-six miles of other trenches are being dug, so that there will be in that neighborhood two hundred and eighty miles of trenches on ten miles front. Elsewhere a certain division has two hundred and fifty miles of trenches, and a certain army corps has four hundred and fifty miles. These facts form the basis for an estimate that there are twenty miles of trenches to every mile of front, so that

between Switzerland and the North Sea the French, British and Belgian armies have at least ten thousand miles of trenches.

As to the defenders of these trenches, neutrals who visit France testify to the undaunted spirit and determination which is everywhere manifested. The utmost confidence is felt that the enemy would be driven out, although how and when no one could say. There is no sign of wearying; France is as resolute as in the eighteenth century.

The change in the command of the British forces had been preceded by an enlargement of the powers of General Joffre. He has been made Generalissimo of all the French forces acting in Europe, so that he is now supreme director of the armies not only in France but at Saloniki. General Castelnau has been appointed Chief of the Staff, while still retaining the command of a group of armies. This has not prevented his paying a visit to the French army of the East. All these changes are with the view to greater unity of action, and to prevent the frittering away of the strength of the Allies. The same object was had in view in the formation of a common Allied Staff.

It is generally recognized that the decisive conflict will be in France, and that reverses which take place elsewhere, however mortifying they may be, will not affect the ultimate issue to any serious extent, although they will undoubtedly modify in some degree the terms of peace. The unwonted spectacle of British Ministers of State paying visits to Paris to take part in councils of war, testifies to their determination to unify their plans both in the way of carrying on the war and in the taking of diplomatic action. Its first result was the determination to retain Saloniki and in the concession made by Greece of a free hand in the surrounding district.

The Loan of Victory was not only a great success in itself, but was a manifestation of the determination of all classes to prosecute the war to a successful issue, and of their confidence in the attainment of that result. All classes, from the highest to the lowest, contributed. The number of small subscribers shows that the financial mobilization of the whole country has been accomplished. No fewer than two million people are estimated to have participated, thereby more than realizing the expectations of the Government. Perhaps an even more gratifying feature is the fact that subscriptions were received from many foreign countries, Switzerland, Holland, Norway and Sweden, as well as our own. In London no

less a sum than one hundred and twenty millions was subscribed. This is a demonstration of the most practical kind of the confidence in French success, which is felt throughout the world. Another testimony is the fact that the gold reserve of the Bank of France is now the largest ever before attained by any bank of the world. This is due to the response made last May to the appeal of the Government for the exchange for notes of the gold in the people's possession.

While on the Western front things remain still *in statu quo,* the threatened German offensive having so far failed, on the Eastern front Russia has already given signs of that wonderful recuperative power for which she is distinguished. The Germans have failed to make any progress in the neighborhood of Riga or Dvinsk, while farther South the Austrians have been pushed back a considerable distance. Nothing, however, has taken place of decisive importance, not enough even to influence Rumania. The determination of the Tsar is still unshaken. "Rest assured," he said recently in an address to one of the Russian armies, "I will not make peace before we have forced the last of the enemy out of the limits of the mother country, and not otherwise than with the consent of our Allies, to whom we are bound not by paper, but by sincere friendship and ties of blood." This declaration sets at rest some rumors of a separate peace which had been put into circulation. Like other countries, perhaps even more than in other countries, Germany has her agents and sympathizers, and in Russia these belong, to a large extent, to the higher circles. Since the time of Peter the Great, Russia has been dependent upon her nearest neighbor in various ways, and until the present Kaiser took upon himself the personal control of German affairs, it had been a cardinal point of Germany's foreign policy to stand well with Russia. There are, too, a large number of German settlers in Russian territory. Hence a powerful German influence exists in Russia, and this is being used to secure for Germany an early and separate peace. The Tsar's words show that they have failed again, as they have failed once before.

This is the more worthy of note as there is good reason to believe that Russia is the scene of serious political agitation. For about a month a very strict censorship suppressed all information about internal affairs. The two thousand cabled messages which had been held up when released indicated the existence of very great internal difficulties. The meeting of the Duma, so much de-

sired by the people, had been indefinitely postponed. So-called Monarchist conferences in various cities had demanded the withdrawal of constitutional guarantees. Reactionaries were making themselves heard in denunciation of virtually everybody and everything in Russia outside their own ranks as revolutionaries, including public men, students, the educated classes generally and the larger cities. To these difficulties has been added the necessity of taking military action in yet another place. In Persia, Turks and Germans have for sometime been coöperating with deserters from the Persian gendarmerie in the perpetration of divers outrages, and in the collection of arms and munitions of war. So threatening had these efforts become that Russia had to send an army into Persia. It has had some degree of success, although not by any means complete, if the news just received of the capture of Kermanshah by the Turks is true. As it was by Turkish regular troops that Kermanshah has been taken, the consequence will be that still another country, Persia, will be involved in the war, unless, and this is quite possible, on account of its utter weakness a merely passive attitude is adopted.

The British forces, after the defeat of the attempt to take Bagdad, are now on the defensive at Kut-el-Amara, and according to recent rumors are in danger of being surrounded. A relieving army from the south which, it is said, includes the Indian troops recently removed from France, may have arrived, as has so often been the case with the Allies in the present war, too late to be of service. The most recent report, however, is that Russia is advancing along a hundred mile front in the Caucasus. This, it is hoped, will cause a diversion of the Turkish forces towards the north, and be in this way of service to the British. The attempt on Egypt which has been so well advertised shows as yet no sign of development, nor does it excite any great degree of apprehension among the British. Experts admit that it is now possible, after the opening of the way for Germany through Bulgaria, to send as many as four army corps to take part in this effort with some three hundred and fifty thousand Turks. But the British have had ample time for preparation, and in this case they have the support of the navy.

The united forces of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Turkey and Bulgaria have succeeded in overcoming all resistance in Serbia. There is now in no part of the country any opposition—for the time being. The Franco-British forces arrived too late to effect

a junction with the Serbians, and were forced to retire into Greece, where at Saloniki they have decided upon a definite stand, to make of it, to use the words of Count Reventlow, a fortified gate of invasion into the Balkan Peninsula. Greece has more or less unwillingly consented to give to the Allies a zone for free military action. Saloniki is easily defended, and is said to have been rendered impregnable. No attack so far has been made, but it is thought that one is impending. One question to be settled is who is to make it. The Germans are not sufficiently numerous, having had to withdraw troops as a safeguard against the possible entry of Rumania into the war. Moreover, in the recent attempted offensive against France there were, it is said, troops that had been serving in Serbia. If Bulgarians were to cross the Greek frontier, so strong is the feeling of hatred borne towards them by the Greeks, that it would no longer be in the power of King Constantine to hold back his people from war with Bulgaria, which they look upon as their hereditary enemy. Hence it is possible that the task will be intrusted to the Turks.

Although the Serbians were unable to defend their territory from the attacks of an overwhelming number of assailants, yet even over this small but heroic nation the victory is far from complete. Although many changes have taken place in the conduct of war the old principles of warfare are unchanged, of which one is that it is not the possession of fortresses or territory that is essential, so long as the army remains in being. Germany is already beginning to find out that her campaign against Russia has failed, because the Russian armies were not dispersed. Even little Serbia has preserved her army, and will be ready to offer one hundred thousand men within two months time for a new offensive against the enemy. That Italy did not offer a more effectual resistance to the Austrian attack on Montenegro has caused surprise, especially because the possession of the port of Cattaro was for her a matter of importance. Not of supreme importance, indeed, for Avlona is the door of the Adriatic, and this is now in the possession of Italy. Montenegro, after a resistance which has lasted for a year and a half, yielded to the Central Powers and agreed to sign a treaty of peace. Reports that reach us just as we write this state, however, that Montenegro found the terms too severe; that she has rejected them, and is to continue fighting.

British arms have met with many reverses; some consolation, however, is to be found in the fact that in one case, at all events,

the failure has been brilliant. The landing at Gallipoli is said to have been the accomplishment of a deed hitherto looked upon as impossible, so exposed were the beaches and so numerous the opponents. The campaign was carried on under the greatest of difficulties. Every yard held by the Allies was commanded by the enemy's guns, while the assailants were far outnumbered by the defenders. Up to December 11th the casualties had been 25,279 dead, 74,881 wounded and 12,501 missing, making a total number of 112,661, in addition to an unusually formidable sick list. Various battleships also had been lost, and an incredible amount of money spent, with nothing to show for it, except the record of the heroism of the soldiers and sailors, notably of the Australians and New Zealanders. In fact, the Dardanelles expedition for faulty inception and blundering execution must be reckoned as the most monumental failure British arms have ever met with. When evacuation was at last decided upon, it was carried out so skillfully as practically to have entailed no loss. The departure was, of course, quite naturally proclaimed by the Turks to have been a great victory. In the presence of his Parliament the Sultan prostrated himself in humble gratitude to God for the careful watch which He had taken over his people.

Italy, although the only one of the foes of the Central Powers whose forces are carrying the war entirely in the enemy's country, has not for many months made any appreciable progress. By landing an army in Albania, she has entered upon a new campaign in support of the Serbians and Montenegrins. East Africa is the only colony left in German hands, and has so far resisted every attack which the British have been able to make. A new expedition is now being undertaken, consisting largely of volunteers from South Africa, many of them Boers who fought against the British in 1898.

With Our Readers.

IF one were to declare that the gardener need not concern himself about the life of the seed which he plants in the ground; nor its care and nourishment, he would be regarded as a lunatic by the rest of men. Yet self-appointed leaders of thought to-day may declare, amid the approving applause of their audience, that it makes no difference whether the soul of the young child is alive or not with truth and principle and doctrine. No care need be taken of its intellectual and spiritual life, no care of its growth—it will, like Topsy, just grow; and the more it is left to itself the more beautiful will be its flowering. We all know this is nonsense with regard to the vegetable and animal kingdoms; we all know it is nonsense with the whole kingdom of man—when there is question of a natural science, like arithmetic or geography or literature or music; yet many will not admit it in a matter that is a far more exact and definite and important science than any of these—the science of conduct. Conduct springs from belief, and of belief also is character born. Conduct is only belief or the denial of belief in action. A Christian country will have Christian standards; a Christian country that is losing its dogmatic faith will more and more approach pagan standards. Divorce; decline of the birth-rate; love of pleasure; disrespect for law and the rights of others are the result not of economic conditions, but of the loss of Christian faith, of the loss of belief in Christ's teachings and Christ's commandments.

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THE comparative statistics of Catholic and Protestant countries prove the fact most conclusively. The grave evil of the day is that the questioning and denial of principles is the accepted thing. Self-expression is the god to be worshipped. Restraint, forbearance, resignation, asceticism, are out of date.

The European War is teaching the serious ones of the world a different lesson, but in our own country the same sophomoric irresponsibility; the same unconcern about the personal and eternal relations of the soul to God, of the creature to the Creator, are showing themselves in book, magazine, newspaper. The past is flouted; the validity of reason is denied; the present is a plaything which mood and fancy are to direct as they may, so long as novelty and experiment control the helm.

It is well to be progressive; it is better to be wise. From yesterday we will learn the wisdom that will guide us to-day. The man who will not learn from his fathers writes himself down as a fool. And it is surely time for the children of earth to know that those

printed organs that promise an entirely new and changed earth because of their novel preachings, are but mocking the hopes of humankind.

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DR. FOERSTER, professor at the University of Munich, who is not a Catholic and whose works have been reviewed in THE CATHOLIC WORLD, wrote:

"As the result of long experience, theoretical and practical in the difficult work of character training, I have been led to realize the deep meaning and the profound pedagogical wisdom of the Christian method of caring for souls, and to appreciate, through my own experience, the value of the old truths."

Another non-Catholic, Sir Thomas Clouston, of the University of Edinburgh, writes in his recent talk on *Mental Diseases*: "It is strange that the physiological inductions of the old Catholic Church as to the dietetic management of the *nisus generativus* and its volitional control have been so neglected by modern physicians, founded as they were on the experiences of the terrific conflict with nature that was implied in the early Christian theory, that sexual desire was more or less of the devil, and should be eradicated by all men who wished to attain a high religious ideal, and on the experiences of the later rule of priestly celibacy. My own belief is that the Catholic view of repression and eradication being, for the sake of argument, granted, almost every rule of the Church as to food and fasting and every practice of the monastic orders, and every conventual regulation, is a correct physiological principle."

THE purpose of the Conference on Unity held by fifteen of the Protestant denominations at Garden City, Long Island, New York, from January 4th to January 6th, 1916, was to prepare a programme for a future World Congress on "Faith and Order." While unity is the ultimate aim of those who promote the Congress, it is confessedly far-off: and indeed there is at present no common understanding of what the unity aimed at really means or involves. The immediate and only tangible purpose at present is for the different Protestant denominations to meet and hold discussion, "with a view to ascertain whether the doctrines of faith and order, which they severally embody, stand in the way of an organic union of Christendom, and if they do, in what manner and to what extent they are susceptible of explanation and adjustment whereby such obstacles may be removed from the way of unity." The Garden City Conference was participated in by representatives of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Baptist, the Lutheran, the Congregational, the Moravian, the Disciples of Christ

and the Church of England in Canada. All that the Conference accomplished, beyond the promotion of good will among its members, was the passing of a resolution that they would meet again to state publicly wherein they differ on matters of Christian faith and discipline. In so far as good will and a sympathetic understanding of other's views and the reasons thereof are promoted by these conferences, they will have the good wishes of every Catholic. The discussions must bring home to the souls of many participating therein how utterly different from the divine, definite and integral Truth of Jesus Christ is the changeable, compromising and mutually contradictory teachings of the Protestant Churches of to-day. Earnest consideration of how the division, protest and denial of Protestant Churches for the past three hundred years have made Christian truth a laughing stock of thoughtful men, ought surely to be an efficacious means of leading to an acceptance of that Unity which, from the beginning to this day, has been the only Unity known of Christendom—unity through the See of Peter.

To those who, at Garden City, came together to consider the differences with regard to doctrine and discipline that distinguish the Protestant sects, the Holy Father presented kindly yet clearly the one foundation upon which Christian unity must be built: belief in and acceptance of the authority of the representative of Christ on earth, of the one to whom all men have been given over to be fed, who is the source and cause of the unity of the Church.

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THE following letter from Cardinal Gasparri was read at the opening of the Conference:

Your project of an international convention of all who believe in Jesus Christ as God and Saviour, to accomplish the speedy fulfillment of the final prayer of the Lord, that all may be one, I have, in obedience to your request, submitted to the Most Holy Father. I need not here describe the affection with which I saw the august Pontiff kindled for you. For you well know that the plans of the Roman Pontiffs, their cares and their labors, have always been specially directed to the end that the sole and unique Church, which Jesus Christ ordained and sanctified with His divine Blood, should be most zealously guarded and maintained, whole, pure, and ever abounding in love, and that it should both let its light shine and open wide its door for all who rejoice in the name of man and who desire to gain holiness upon earth and eternal happiness in heaven.

The august Pontiff, therefore, was pleased with your project of examining in a sincere spirit, and without prejudice, the essential form of the Church, "or the inner essence of the Church," and he earnestly hopes that, under the spell of its native beauty, you may settle all disputes and work with prosperous issue, to the end that the mystical Body of Christ be no longer suffered to be rent and torn, but that by harmony and coöperation of men's minds, and likewise by the concern of their wills, unity of faith and communion may at last prevail throughout the world of men.

Thanking you, then, that you have thought well to request the aid and support of the Roman Pontiff in expediting your worthy project, His Holiness expresses his earnest desire that the end may answer your expectations, and he asks the same of Christ Jesus with fervent prayers, all the more because with the voice of Christ Himself sounding before and bidding him, he knows that he himself, as the one to whom all men have been given over to be fed, is the source and cause of the unity of the Church.

To a request for permission to give this letter publicity, His Eminence replied in part:

The august Pontiff, therefore, kindly permits that copies of my letter which, though a faithful, are yet but a faint, portrait of the pontifical love, shall be sent to all to whose welfare and peace you believe they will contribute.

It is a pleasure to repeat the encouragement that the aid and earnest prayers of the Roman Pontiff will never be lacking to anyone who, having freed himself from prejudiced opinions, with a true and sincere will strives with all his strength that the unity of faith and fellowship instituted by Christ and built upon Peter may be restored, and that all who are enrolled in the name of Christian may betake themselves to the bosom of the one most loving Church, and may be joined and associated as members with Christ the Head.

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THE Conference decided that the chief practical questions to be considered with regard to Church unity might be summarized as follows:

1. A clergy so authenticated that without violations of the principles of any, their standing may be regarded as regular by them all.

2. Complete intercommunion of believers upon some agreed principle and orderly method.

3. Sufficient administrative coördination to enable Churches without loss of desirable home rule, to act as a whole.

If one were to assume simply the attitude of a student of institutions, he would find no promise of organic unity or the possibility of it in these considerations. An organic body is a body in which there is the one principle of life, and that principle of life directs all its members. In the Church, Christ is the Head and we are the members. And that Mystical Body of Christ must have its true and exact representation before men. Christ must live sensibly before men as He lived once in His human body, and walked among them and preached and did the works which no other man ever did. For He must be seen and known of men, if He is to be the Principle of His Own organic life to them and in them. So He said Himself that His Church would be as a city set upon a mountain top; as a candle in its candle stick; as a rock immovable—a Church which all men could see and hear; so visible and so audible that they who refused to hear it should be held by all others as anathema.

He has made His Church visible; He has appointed His representative who, reigning since His Ascension into heaven, reigns still

and will reign until the end, the source of organic unity, of organic life to the visible Church of Christ. "For behold I am with you all days even to the consummation and the end."

This is essentially the Christian and the Catholic view of the Church of Christ. Unity visible because of unity invisible; the life of truth for the salvation of all, common to all; kept the same and undefiled because of the possession of Christ's divine protection through His representative on earth.

Christian faith means, therefore, the acceptance of the revealed truth which Christ gave to His Church, on the authority of the Church. The authority is humanly real to us: it is visible; it is active; it is independent of us—else it would have no meaning for us: else it would be our servant rather than our master; we would be the judge, and there would be no question of bringing ourselves under its captivity.

It will be seen at once that true Christian faith lifts the soul beyond the ocean of human differences, of human debates, of human discussions. Such faith depends not on human learning; nor Biblical lore; nor erudite philosophy; nor human necessities or expediency; nor civil power, nor love of country; no—Christian faith is above and beyond all things human as God is above them. It places the same obligation upon the rich and the poor; the learned and the simple. It is the acceptance of the full revelation of Jesus Christ through the authority that Christ has commissioned to keep it intact before the world. They who heard Christ speak, heard Him speak simply as a man. Many walked away and heard Him no more. They who remained, submitted their understanding to Him; accepted His word; believed the mystery on His authority. There was no one else to whom they might go; He alone had the words of eternal life. And in the history of our Christian era the same attitude characterizes the true Christian of to-day. The Church is seen by him as a human institution; at its head reigns a man, the Pope, the Bishop of Rome, the successor of St. Peter, who speaks with the authority of Christ, and the Christian accepts and believes, for there is no other authority in the world to whom he may go; this Voice alone has the words of eternal truth. And, accepting it, the Christian renews the life of faith in Christ and is made a member of that Body of which Christ Himself is the Head.

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THIS the Catholic idea, as it may be called, whether one accept it or not, does make for unity. Its process is evident, sensible, undeniable. The Protestant idea, whatever else it may lead to, does not and cannot of itself lead to unity at all. Of its very nature it leads to division. For if it has any characteristic it is the characteristic of individualism. Authority it never preaches, but always

denies. If asked for its vital principle of organic life it will answer: Christ. But Christ is one; and when asked how He can honestly reveal Himself not only in different but in mutually contradictory ways, Protestantism cannot answer. It must deny itself or deny the integrity of Christ; or ask human reason to stultify itself. It does not seek to do away with differences, for it knows not how they can be done away with; but it does seek now to have its divisions live together in harmony. It seeks harmony first and unity afterwards.

This attitude is directly opposed to Christ and to the words of Christ, for Christ said explicitly that fidelity to His teaching meant not peace but the sword. When He warned men that He, in the presence of the Eternal Father, would confess all those who confessed Him before men, and deny those who denied Him before men, He added: "Do not think that I came to send peace upon earth. I came not to send peace but the sword. For I came to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother, and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law. And a man's enemies shall be they of his own household. He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me, and he that loveth son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me. And he that taketh not up his cross, and followeth Me is not worthy of Me."

He that makes peace his foremost desire and aim is, therefore, false to Christ. To measure all things by the standard of peace at any price is to abandon all principle. If peace were the mission of the Church of Christ the world would never have known its greatest heroes; and life would be emptied of all the blessings that spell hope for humankind. And the severe words of Christ read us a lesson which is very much needed to-day—truth alone, with the sacrifices and the sufferings loyalty to it entails, gives birth to peace; and that warfare in the cause of truth will never cease so long as this world exists. But evidently the peace of the world is of more value to Protestantism than the cause of eternal life through truth with Christ. It is not to be wondered at, then, that one of the Protestant bishops at the Garden City Conference said: "I am convinced that this movement will be not only for the union of the Church, but for the peace of the world."

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AND among all the considerations that are subsequently to come up for argument, there is to be no mention of the question: Did Christ reveal a definite faith that all men are bound to accept? And it is understood that no Protestant sect is to be asked to give up its particular tenets. The clergy of each is to be so authenticated as to be regarded as regular by all; complete agreement is to be asked only on one agreed principle; administrative efficiency is to be promoted, but individual hegemony is to be retained. In other words, all are

not to be incorporated into a common, vital life; but each is to retain its own life, and all the others are to give it recognition. It is important with the importance of eternity to remember that, in big things as well as little, compromise is not unity.

THE following passage taken from Dr. Shanahan's article, *The Genesis of Kant's Criticism,* in the December, 1915, issue of THE CATHOLIC WORLD goes far to prove the author's fitness for his task, and—this is the reason we quote—reads us a well expressed and wise lesson of what criticism should mean to us not only in literature but also in life:

"The most effective kind of criticism, after all, is the sympathetic: putting oneself in another's place, peering out at the world through his mind's eye, and then, if need be, opening ours a little wider to gather in and garner the vision that he missed. The critic's vocation is not unlike the actor's: he should sympathetically become, for the time and occasion being, the character he would interpret and portray, whether he believe in him or no; and to bring about this psychological exchange of personality, the prime requisite is to discover the secret founts and central fires of that other's inspiration. Only by discovering these, and moving forwards from them with him whom we would impersonate, can we intelligently occupy his standpoint, feel the cross-currents of his mental life, experience the force of his logical temptations, and lay hold of the idea that presided over the destinies of his spirit and foreordained its ways. Criticism loses none of its force, nay it gains immeasurably by allying itself with this explorative sort of sympathy, which teaches us, as nothing else so well could, that the paths of error are sometimes easy and the ways of truth not always plain."

AS a result of the re-organization of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, a new National Council was created, which will hereafter have its headquarters in Washington, D. C. This Council will supervise the work of thirteen Metropolitan Councils throughout the United States. A new monthly magazine, entitled *The National Catholic Monthly Magazine,* is to succeed *The St. Vincent de Paul Quarterly* as the organ of the Society. It is announced that the first number will appear in January, 1917. The officers of the Society are: *President,* Thomas M. Mulry, New York: *Vice-Presidents,* Thomas G. Rapier, New Orleans; J. L. Hornsby, St. Louis; Richard C. Gannon, Chicago; John Rea, Philadelphia; Thomas W. Hynes, Brooklyn; James A. McMurry, Boston; *Secretary,* Edmond J. Butler, New York; *Treasurer,* Robert Biggs, Baltimore.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:

Chaff and Wheat. By F. P. Donnelly, S.J. 60 cents. *Moondyne Joe.* By J. B. O'Reilly. 75 cents. *Strength of Will.* By E. B. Barrett, S.J. $1.25. *The Life of Father De Smet, S.J.* By E. Laveille, S.J. $2.75.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:

The Invasion of America. By Julius Miller. $1.25 net.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:

The Romanticism of St. Francis. By Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. $2.00 net.

BRENTANO'S, New York:

One Way of Love. By Cuthbert Wright. $1.00.

DUFFIELD & Co., New York:

Songs of the Fields. By Francis Ledwidge. $1.25 net.

SILVER, BURDETT & Co., New York:

The Progressive Music Series. Book I. By H. Parker, O. McConathy, E. B. Birge and W. O. Messner.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:

Reading and Character. John Huss the Martyr. Pamphlets. 5 cents. *Pioneer Layman of North America.* By Rev. T. J. Campbell, S.J. $1.75.

MRS. M. F. GAVIN, 546 Broadway, New York:

Michael Freebern Gavin. Edited by his son.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:

The Dream of the Soldier Saint. By Leo H. Mullany, S.J. 10 cents.

THE FRANCISCAN MONASTERY OF ST. CLARE, Boston:

One Year with God. By Rev. Michael V. McDonough. $2.00.

WORLD PEACE FOUNDATION, Boston:

Preparedness—For What? By C. H. Levermore. Pamphlet.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:

Handbook of Ceremonies for Priests and Seminarians. By J. B. Müller, S.J. $1.00 net. *Organ Accompaniment to the Parish Hymnal.* Compiled by J. Otten. $2.00 net.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS, Chicago:

A Short History of Belgium. By Léon van der Essen, LL.D. $1.00 net.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:

Will They Never Come? By C. Clyde. *"A Little Child Shall Lead Them."* By J. Moy. Pamphlets. 5 cents.

DUCKWORTH & Co., London:

Form and Color. By Lisle March Phillips. *7 s. 6 d.*

BLOUD ET GAY, Paris:

L'Allemagne et Les Alliés devant la Conscience chrétienne. 3 *frs.* 60. *La Guerre Allemande et le Catholicisme.* Album No. 2. 1 *fr.* 20. *Le Soldat de 1914.* Par R. Doumic. *Le Général Galliéni.* Par G. Blanchon. *Le Roi Albert.* Par P. Nothomb. *Le Général Maunoury.* Par Miles. *L'Héroïque Serbie.* Par H. Lorin. *Le Général Pau.* Par G. Blanchon. *Le Général Joffre.* Par G. Blanchon. 0.60.

LIBRAIRIE ARMAND COLIN, Paris:

How Austria-Hungary Waged War in Serbia. By R. A. Reiss. 0.50. *German Theory and Practice of War.* By E. Lavisse and C. Andler. 0.50. *Le Groupe Socialiste du Reichstag et la Déclaration de Guerre.* Par P. G. la Ghesnais. 1 *fr.* 50. *The Violation by Germany of the Neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg.* By A. Weiss. 0.50. *German Atrocities from German Evidence.* By J. Bédier. *How Germany Seeks to Justify Her Atrocities.* By J. Bédlier. 0.50 each.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:

Nos Alliés du Ciel. Par Abbé S. Coubé. 3 *frs.* 50. *Exposition de la Morale Catholique.* Par M. A. Janvier. 4 *frs. La Guerre qui l'a voulue.* Par P. Dudon. 0.50. *Le Pape et la Guerre.* Par P. Dudon. 0.50. *Nos deux Patries.* Par Abbé A. d'Agnel. 1 *fr.* 70. *La Patrie.* Par M. A. Janvier. 1 *fr.* 10. *Notre Patriotisme.* Par Comte de Chabrol. 0.75. *Prisonnier des Allemands.* 1 *fr.* 50. *Un Catéchisme Pangermaniste a l'Usage du Soldat Allemand.* Par H. S. Chamberlain. 0.50.

PIERRE TEQUI, Paris:

Les Paroles de la Guerre. Par Monsignor Gauthey. 3 *frs.* 50. *La Guerre en Champagne.* Par Monsignor Tissier. 3 *frs.* 50.

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THE MYSTICAL BODY OF CHRIST.

BY L. E. BELLANTI, S.J.

WE have all heard of the pilgrim who walked over the Vosges to Rome. One day this man's thoughts kept running on the Church, and as he was a clever talker and fond of talking aloud to himself, in default of a larger audience, he broke forth in this strain: "The Church will have no philosophies—she will permit no comforts—the cry of the Martyrs is in her far voice—her eyes that see beyond the world present us heaven and hell to the confusion of our human reconciliations, our happy blending of good and evil things. By the Lord! I begin to think this intimate religion as tragic as a great love."

It is in an attempt to show that the living Church is worth such a love that these lines have been penned. For, first, the Church comes to us in the garb of Jesus Christ Himself, the Lover of the Ages; and again—in a sense yet to be unfolded—each one of us is absorbed into the Church, flesh of her body, living with her life; equally, truly, we are all one in Christ, yet wildly free to choose either heaven or hell; and so, for better or for worse, the glory and the tragedy of His Love go hand in hand.

This doctrine of our life in Christ, through our incorporation with Him in His Mystical Body, has lost some of its hold on the faithful in these latter days. A practical age, it is said, cannot be expected to attach a saving value to ideas that hover vaguely over

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the border-line of the speculative and the fantastic. The good sense of simple Catholics does not stand in need of a shadowy exposition of half-truths—still less does it hanker after a dubious initiation into the realms of mystical theology. Yet the doctrine of our Life in Christ is a fundamental truth of our faith; it rests on the firm basis of revelation; it is intimately connected with our service of God and with our outlook on the spiritual life, and though it may be open to anyone to refuse to consider the meaning of Incorporation with Christ, or to follow out this truth in its various implications, such an attitude would at least betoken some timidity and want of faith in God, seeing that, what He has revealed, and what the living voice of the Church commands, and what has been preached by the greatest Saints to simple and learned alike, cannot be a snare or a pitfall to us.

It will not be amiss to preface this discussion by a recapitulation of the main facts on which our life is built, both in the order of nature and in that of grace. Man is made up of body and soul. He is conscious of the gravitating tendency of the flesh and of the buoyant impulse of the spirit. He is aware of contradictory elements in his composition, of discordant principles at war within him. Yet all along there is a dominant conviction that he is a single unit, an individual, a person alone and apart; and that it is for him to rule his higher and lower natures, the beast and the bird of paradise that have been so astonishingly caged together in his clay. As St. Augustine once told his congregation at Hippo: it was free to them to be beasts or angels; beasts, if they followed the instincts of their blood; angels, if they guided their lives by the dictates of conscience. Moreover, from the very outset of his attempts at self analysis, man is faced by the inexplicable mystery of life. More actually than his reflection stares back at him through the mirror, he stares at the spiritual, indwelling substance of his soul, and finds himself compelled to bow down before the mystery which his own frame enshrines. "Now," he says quite simply and humbly, "if the energy I feel within me, if the light in my eyes and the thrill in my veins pass my understanding, if my natural life must be a mystery to me, how can I hope to measure or comprehend that life of grace of which Christ speaks, that divine Life which is His Life and which His Church imparts?" Heaven may "stand about us in our infancy," but certainly "shades of the prison-house" are not calculated to dispel the mysteries that gloom thicker with our growth; and the clearer our mental vision be-

comes, the more we see how true it is that "abyss calleth unto abyss." Yet, as Bishop Hedley has well said: "Though belief in a spiritual soul does not solve the problem of the supernatural, or take us out of the land of mystery, it enables us in some measure to understand how the God on Whom life and movement, intelligence and free-will all depend, has designed to use the mystery of life and spirit in the natural order as a starting-point for a scale of marvelous life whose lower end may be on earth, but the top of which is hidden in the heavens, far out of the sight of men or angels."[1]

Working up then to the first half of a great truth, we are led to admit a dualism in our nature. Not only are we, as men, made up of body and soul, but as Christians we live by a double life of nature and of grace. We have in fact two elements and live two lives. This is one side of our proposed equation or identity. Formulating the other side, which is its counterpart, we say that to every Christian the Church presents herself with a similar dualism in her nature. She bases the whole strength of her appeal for his allegiance and his love on the grounds of a common identity. She as much as says to him: "You have perhaps been used to think of me as a divinely ordered system, with a sevenfold hierarchy, and seven sacraments, and devotions, and a calendar of feasts and fasts, the guardian of God's revelation and the pledge of His continued presence among His children—and you are right —I am all this; but I am more. I am like yourself both body and spirit; like you I am an external organism, yet nourished by an inward and supernatural life; like you I am both human and divine."

It will be our primary purpose to justify the literary truth of these bold assertions, and then briefly to suggest something of their import. And though we are not going to concern ourselves with the subtleties of theologians or the fancies of poetry or the exuberances of devotion, we admit that the proofs of this doctrine would expand more genially in the pulpit than in the pages of a theological essay, and draw the mind on more easily to prayer than to literary exposition. St. Augustine, St. Cyril of Jerusalem and St. Anselm continually insisted upon these proofs of the Church's outward and inward life in their familiar homilies; while St. John Chrysostom ranges over every implication of this doctrine with a sublimity of thought and a simplicity of speech and

[1] *The Light of Life.* By the Right Rev. John Hedley, Bishop of Newport, p. 216.

occasional outbursts of spontaneous eloquence that leave our hearts burning within us. But why recall the Doctors of the Church when this truth is at the root of all spirituality and so dominates the mind and heart of St. Paul, that, without it, his inspired writings become furious exaggerations, wildly incoherent in the very intensity of their appeal. Our Lord Himself gathers up into this message of identity the moral teaching of His whole life and His last calm and collected prayer on earth is that this sweet mystery of union with Him may be verified in ourselves: "that we may all be one, as Thou Father in Me, and I in Thee."[2]

The significance of the statements in the Fourth Gospel and in the Pauline Epistles will not be grasped unless the two senses in which Our Lord speaks of Himself, and is spoken of by the Apostle, are carefully taken into account. Jesus Christ, Who was born of the Virgin Mary and lived and died for us, was true man and true God. As man He is in heaven and in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. As man He is the "physical" Christ—the "natural" Christ—(these labels are ugly but they conduce to clearness). He is still the same "physical" Christ when He comes to us under the image of the Vine, of which we are the branches, of the bridegroom forming one body with His elect bride the Church, of the Head of that body to which we belong as members, but with this difference: that here we form part of Himself, living with His Life, submerged in His Personality, identified with Him. Hence the importance of distinguishing between the "physical" and the "mystical" Christ.[3] The "physical" Christ took flesh from Mary's womb; the "mystical" Christ extended the benefits of His Incarnation and Humanity to our living bodies, summoning us all into one body of which He is the Head; the "physical" Christ died for us; the "mystical" Christ lives in us; the "physical" Christ reconciled us to His Eternal Father; the "mystical" Christ makes us one with Him. In a word, the "mystical" Christ is the absorption of the Church into Christ in such a way that the Church completes her Chief and is completed by Him. Further, the term "mystical" is not introduced here to cover a far-fetched metaphor or to detract from the living and vital functions of that body. It simply serves to stress the differences between the living body—which is Christ and His Church—and the physical body which was born of Mary, and is

[2] John xvii. 21.

[3] Father Prat, S.J., carefully works out this distinction, *La Théologie de S. Paul*, vol. i., p. 419.

born again on our altars at every Mass. The word "mystical" also denotes functions in the "mystical" Body which do not come under the category of sense, and so saves us from attempting to press the concrete aspect of the image. It equally forbids the other extreme view which would regard the bond that unites us to Christ as a mere moral tie. The familiar use of the terms body and members to denote any group of men bound together by some common purpose or interest or accidental circumstance—such as a club or parliament or confraternity—is very misleading in this connection. Between such a moral unit and the "mystical" Christ the difference is not merely one of degree, it is actually a difference of kind. The "mystical" Body of Christ is essentially different from all other so-called "bodies," in that it is a living body. Other "moral" bodies draw their "metaphorical" life from without. This real and living body—Christ's mystical Body, the living Church—draws its life from within. It lives with the life of Christ.

From the first throb of Our Lord's human life in Mary's womb, He has always been with the children of men. In due time He was born and grew in wisdom and age and grace, and in His growth we see the growth of that Vine with which we are later to be identified. We see the first outstretching of those frail tendrils which shall continue to spread further and yet further to the end of time. In this respect—to quote a favorite saying of Father Joseph Rickaby—"the Church is simply the extension of the Incarnation." Gradually Our Lord gathered together His Apostles and disciples—potential channels through which His inexhaustible Life would flow for the vivification of mankind. On the night before He died, we see these elect members present at the first Mass, in which Our Lord as Priest and Victim offers up the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and unites His members to Himself in the Communion of His Body and Blood. Now that He and His Church are one, He reveals that which He has effected. The deep calm of that solemn, post-communion hour is chosen by Himself to explain the change that elevates and transforms and identifies these faithful few with Himself. In describing this life we shall limit ourselves to Our Lord's words applying to them, as commentary, the inspired writings of St. Paul. To Paul, indeed, our identity with Christ was the supreme revelation, even as it was the first lesson that came to him from the lips of Christ. For the Apostle first learned that Christ and His Church were

one when amid a blinding flash Our Saviour said to him, "I am Jesus Whom thou persecutest."[4]

"I am the Vine; you the branches;" that is, "I"—no longer the "physical" but the "mystical" Christ—am the Church; "You" are the members of the Church. I am the living whole, and you are parts living with the life of the whole—vine-branches living with the Vine's life. This deep truth will be best expressed in Monsignor Benson's words:[5] "The branches are not an imitation of the Vine, or representatives of the Vine; they are not merely attached to it, as candles to a Christmas tree; they are its expression, its result, the sharers of its life. The two are in the most direct sense identical. The Vine gives unity to the branches, the branches give expression and effectiveness to the energy of the Vine; they are nothing without it; it remains merely a Divine idea without them." "He that abideth in Me and I in him, the same beareth much fruit, for without Me you can do nothing..... If anyone abide not in Me, he shall be cast forth as a branch and shall wither." The branches and the Vine grow together—one principle of life diffuses its vitalizing properties through root, stem, branch, leaf and tendril. Cut off the flow of sap and they wither even as the fig-tree withered under the curse of God. Briefly, the substance of Christ's teaching here is that organic union with Christ means life, severance death. St. Paul reaffirms this teaching under the image of Christ's mystical body—nor yet under a mere image, for in face of the inadequacies and limitations of human speech, it is the truest possible account of a supernatural fact. "We being many are one body in Christ, and all members one of another."[6] "As the body is one and hath many members and all the members of the body, many as they are, form one body, so also is it with Christ" (that is, with the Church which is Christ). To the Galatians he says, "You are all one"—one man—one person—"in Christ Jesus."[7] This then is the meaning of our Incorporation with Christ. Jesus Christ and we are one body. "He again is the Head of the Body, the Church,"[8] while we "are together, the Body of Christ and severally His members."[9]

[4] Acts ix. 5.

[5] *Christ in the Church.* By R. H. Benson, p. 12. The almost intuitive grasp of this vital doctrine of identity invests Monsignor Benson's work with a singular charm. It was indeed an essential element of his spiritual genius, seen at its best, perhaps, in such books as *Richard Raynal, Christ in the Church,* and *The Friendship of Christ.*

[6] Rom. xii. 5. [7] Gal. iii. 28. [8] Col. i. 18. [9] 1 Cor. xii. 27.

To Paul, (in Father Rickaby's words),[10] "the Incarnation is an alliance contracted, not with that soul and that body only which was united in the unity of one Person with the Word made flesh, but likewise with all mankind by their entrance into the Church, in which that Word has dwelt amongst us.[11] Hence "we are members of His Body, of His flesh, and of His bones,"[12] and He and we together form the Church. So, too, the Church is a living body, a warm, throbbing organism, pulsating with an intense vitality, composed of a variety of members with a diversity of structure and different functions, yet coördinated in their action by one common principle of movement and of life. In the Apostle's eyes it is the head that gives unity to the body, and adjusts and correlates the action of the parts. He insists on these relations between the members and the head, through which the body grows into "the full stature of Christ;"[13] in other words, from Christ our Head, "the whole body, nourished and knit together by means of the joints and ligaments, doth grow with a growth that is of God."[14] Consequently our dependence as members on Christ, our Head is absolute, for from the Head we derive our unity, our growth and development and the whole inflow of Divine vitality. Severed from the head the members are but mutilated fragments. The converse of this proposition is equally true in the sense that the Head as such cannot exist without its bodily complement, nor can the Incarnation of the Son of God attain its full significance without the "mystical" Body. Each, apart, is incomplete. How can the head—which focuses and defines all sensation and directs all movement—possibly exercise these vital acts unless it is subtantially united to an organism? Rather is it the principle that constitutes the organism's being, the centre and source of personality, the furnace radiating throughout the members the steady flow of conscious life. Even these bare outlines of Paul's doctrine of incorporation may enable us to see how closely the Apostle treads in his Master's footsteps. The sum of their teachings is one and the same. Organic union with Christ is life, its severance is death.

And "Jesus lifting up His eyes to heaven said: Holy Father

[10] *Notes on St. Paul.* By Joseph Rickaby, S.J., 1 Cor. vi. 15. The bold and striking reading in Eph. v. 30—derived from Gen. ii. 23—confirms and clinches our point. Though it is by no means impossible that St. Paul himself adapted the words of Genesis in this forcible way, the balance of evidence inclines one to regard them as an early gloss.

[11] John i. 14. [12] Eph. v. 30. [13] Eph. iv. 13. [14] Col. ii. 19.

keep them in Thy name whom Thou hast given Me that they may be one as We also are.....that they all may be one as Thou Father in Me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us.....that they may be one as We also are one. I in them and Thou in Me, that they may be made perfect in one.....that the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them and I in them." Our Lord's human body and soul are about to undergo the extremes of physical and mental anguish. No limb will be without its pain, no sense without its torture. Yet His prayer is not that His natural body may be saved the agony of ropes and scourges and thorns and shameful defilement, but that His Mystical Body may be spared; that His seamless garment may not be divided, that His members may not be torn from Him to be the prey of the devourer. He prays that His love, nay that He Himself, may be in them. His divine vision sees them in their untold variety of age and sex and character and condition, yet, transcending the differences of centuries and continents, He prays that they may all be one, "as Thou Father in Me and I in Thee." God the Father and God the Son are one God by virtue of the one nature of God. Even so must all Christians become, in some mysterious sense, sharers of that Divine nature, being "made perfect in one" by their elevation and absorption into the Divine Being. The secret of Christian perfection lies in this indescribable transformation. Its efficient cause is the sanctity of Christ operating towards the sanctification of His members. In His holiness they are made holy. "For them do I sanctify Myself that they also may be sanctified in truth.....and not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me." Far from being limited to His own immediate following, Our Lord's prayer embraces the believers and the converts of all ages. Moreover, the Apostles and their successors are to preach Christ to the nations, that so the Church may grow and develop to its full term and completion. The sum then of Christ's desires is that in spite of our diversity, union with Him should make us all one, that it should make us perfect in one, and that it should embrace all who may come to believe in Him; or—more briefly—Christ's prayer is that union with Him may lead to the assimilation of all human differences, the sanctification of human lives, and the salvation of mankind and as "*Cor Christi Cor Pauli est*" so, too, these effects follow, in the Apostle's teaching, as a natural consequence of our incorporation with Christ. Towards His members Our Lord feels an exquisite sympathy and

tenderness—such also in its measure should be the bond of fellow-feeling uniting the members among themselves in their union with Christ their Head. In the physical body how deftly the eyelid shields the eye, how firmly does the hand guard the head, and the foot save the body lest it stumble. "And the eye cannot say to the hand: I have no need of thee, or again the head to the feet, I have no need of you.....and if one member suffereth, all the members suffer therewith; if a member be honored all the members rejoice therewith."[15] Now, St. Paul goes on, "You are together the body of Christ and severally His members"......"I exhort you, therefore, I, the prisoner in the Lord, to walk worthily of the calling wherewith you were called.....careful to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace; one body and one Spirit as also ye were called in one hope.....one Lord, one faith, one baptism; one God and Father of all, Who is above all and throughout all and all in all."[16] So that "there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female. For you are all one in Christ Jesus."[17]

It is noteworthy that while driving home the lesson of our incorporation in Christ, the Apostle lays stress on the diversity of the members, the human differences of nation, sex and condition. Corresponding to this diversity of members is a diversity of functions, a different measure of gifts and graces, a variety of qualities and endowments whose harmonious combination goes to make up the beauty and glory of the Mystical Body, even as a similar variety of gifts and graces in the physical and moral order lends a distinct attractiveness to each personality. Almost invariably the Apostle is leading up to the familiar lesson of concord, with an obvious reference to the quarrelsome and litigious section of his audience. Let us have no sedition, no jealousies or divisions amongst us. If we are to work in harmony we must be content with our place in the divine organism. Incorporation into the harmonious commonwealth of the Mystical Body leads not only to the assimilation of human differences, but also to the sanctification of human lives. The Christ-life finds its natural outlet in the whole-hearted practice of the moral virtues. Once we are possessed of this life, "we shall be no longer children, nor tossed on the waves and carried around by every wind of doctrine..... Rather we shall hold the truth in charity and grow in all things into Him, Who is the Head, Christ. From Him the whole Body welded

[15] 1 Cor. xii. 21. [16] Eph. iv. 1 ff. [17] Gal. iii. 26-28.

and compacted together throughout every joint of the system—part working in harmony with part—from Him the Body draweth its increase into the building of itself in charity."[18] The first and negative consequence of this participation in the life of Christ is the avoidance of sin. By sin the loved member is torn asunder from the living body amid a horrible wrench of nerve and fibre and flesh and bone; by sin we not only inflict a grievous wound on the mystical Christ, we even "crucify again to ourselves the Son of God, making Him a mockery."[19] "Know you not that your bodies are members of Christ? Am I then to take the members of Christ and make them members of a harlot? God forbid."[20]

The avoidance of sin and the subjugation of our debased nature involves a continuous struggle, but our help is from within us. "I see another law in my members fighting against the law of my mind and captivating me in the law of sin that is in my members. Unhappy man that I am who shall deliver me from the body of this death? The grace of God by Jesus Christ Our Lord."[21] Though the Vulgate rendering is here inaccurate—for what the Apostle actually said was: "Thanks be to God through Our Lord Jesus Christ"[22]—yet it certainly conveys the general sense, as is clear from the words in the next verse but one, where St. Paul says: "The law of the spirit of life, in Christ Jesus, hath delivered thee from the law of sin and death."[23] Here then we have mention of the second and positive consequence of our incorporation with Christ, that is, the maintenance and increase of Divine Grace within us by the practice of Christian virtues. With what energy and frequency does the Apostle enforce this lesson! To the Corinthians he says: "You are not your own, for you have been bought at a price. Glorify God then in your body,"[24] that is, "glorify Him by showing forth your virtues as fruits of the Christ life within you." "I beseech you, therefore, brethren," he writes to the Romans, "by the mercy of God that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, pleasing unto God..... and be not conformed to this world;"[25] rather, mould your lives into the likeness of Christ in Whom you live. He exhorts the Colossians: "Strip off the old man with his practices and put on the new—put on then as God's elect, holy and well beloved, hearts of compassion, kindness, humility, meekness, long suffering..... But over all these put on charity, the bond that is of perfection.

[18] Eph. iv. 14-16 [19] Heb. vi. 6. [20] 1 Cor. vi. 15. [21] Rom. vii. 23-25.
[22] Rom. vii. 25. [23] Rom. viii. 2. [24] 1 Cor. vi. 20. [25] Rom. xii 1-2.

And in your hearts let the peace of God stand supreme, whereunto also ye are called as members of one body."[26]

From all this it is abundantly clear that to Paul, incorporation with Christ assimilates human differences, and leads to the sanctification of human lives. The growth of the Church, by which we mean not only the aggregation of new peoples into the fold, but also the development of organization and the more explicit unfolding of dogmatic and moral teachings, is a further consequence of this doctrine. Growth is essential to a living organism, in which every cell, while unfolding its own minute processes, contributes to the extension and development of the life of the whole. The individual Christian is a living cell in the Mystical Body of Christ. "In Him it hath pleased the Father that all the fullness should dwell, and through Him to reconcile all things to Himself."[27] This then is the explanation of the Church's missionary zeal. It is of her very nature to develop by the generation and absorption of new and living cells into her organism; their multiplication is her growth. Even in his own day, reflecting on the abundant fruits of the brief and checkered ministry, Paul could say to the Romans: "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of Christ. But I say: Have they not heard? Yes, verily, their sound hath gone forth into all the earth and their words unto the end of the whole world."[28]

Later on in the same epistle Paul speaks of this extension of the Church as a mystery or secret design of God's providence, and this secret design is further explained in the epistle sent from his Roman prison to the Ephesians: "Unto me," he says, "the least of all saints hath been given this same grace, to preach to the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ and to make clear what is the dispensation touching the mystery which from ages hath been hidden in God the Creator of all, in order that now through the Church be made known to the principalities and powers in heavenly places, the manifold wisdom of God."[29] These words come to the same thing. Briefly they denote the plan conceived by God from eternity, but revealed only in the Gospel, by which all men were to be saved—without distinction of race—by being identified with His well-beloved Son in the unity of the Mystical Body. This note of comprehensiveness in the Divine scheme of salvation is so fundamental to the Catholic mind that we find some difficulty in conceiving it as a mystery revealed only in

[26] Col. iii. 4-15. [27] Col. i. 19, 20. [28] Rom. x. 17, 18. [29] Eph. iii. 8-10.

these latter days to the Apostles. Yet when we consider what a death-blow was dealt to Jewish hopes and aspirations by this flinging wide of the portals and recall the furies of passion, the tireless persecutions, the various attempts made on the life of the Apostle of the Gentiles, this revolutionary aspect of the Gospel message stands out more clearly. The extension of salvation to all mankind is the keynote of Paul's ministry. It may be parabolically summed up in the Temple incident. Paul's arrest at Jerusalem and his subsequent captivity at Cæsarea and in Rome was in Jewish eyes justified on the count that he had violated the sanctity of the Temple by the introduction of a Gentile into its sacred precincts. He had not done that, but he had done something immeasurably more awful. He had opened the Church to the world.

In conclusion, it may be profitable to consider this doctrine of our incorporation with Christ from a more intimate and personal point of view. Christ's life on earth in the beauty of His visible manhood is over. Since that Easter morning when His living and glorious form rose from the tomb, further change or growth or external perfection are impossible to Him. "In a sense," as Monsignor Benson points out,[30] "we may close up with our Gospels the individual life of Christ and find in His words, 'It is consummated,' a proof that His human relations with men are over, His work of Redemption completed; but there is a sense in which that ending was but a beginning—an inauguration rather than a climax." For the Mystical Body which the Son of God fashioned in the womb of the Church, and of which He is the Head, is alive and growing with the growth of the ages, nor can it attain its full development till the end of time. He is indeed gone to His Father, but just as His physical body by its hypostatic union with the Word is in heaven and in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, so also is it united by a unique and organic bond to the members of His Mystical Body in heaven and on earth. Still we are one with Him in His human nature, and can recapitulate in Him the wonder and the tragedy of that human life, in all its rosary of mysteries joyful, sorrowful and glorious. And just as these mysteries are contained in the written Gospel as in the record of a past life, so also do they recur in the Church which is His living embodiment, as in the living Gospel and record of a present life.[31] Here "he looks through the lattice visible to all who have eyes—here he reproduces the events and crises of the life in Judea and in Galilee.

[30] *Christ in the Church.* By R. H. Benson, p. 9. [31] *Ibid.*, p. 11.

Here he works out and fills upon the canvas of the world's history that outline laid down two thousand years ago," flashing its every detail as through the myriad fragments of a shattered mirror in the life of each one of us. In us He is born, lives, suffers, dies and eternally rises again. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

Does this last point seem somewhat forced—a presentation—imaginative and devotional it is true but hopelessly idealistic—of a belief which cannot be taken too literally or indeed too seriously? Yet it is precisely on this point that St. Paul's testimony is most convincing. We were dead in sin; with Christ we were buried in the fount of baptism. With Him we rose again, living now with a glorified life; with Him or more truly in Him we are seated at the right hand of God the Father. For "God, Who is rich in mercy by reason of the great love wherewith He hath loved us, even when we were dead in our transgressions, brought us to *life* with Christ—by grace ye are saved—and *raised* us up and seated us in Christ Jesus in the heavenly places."[32] On the other hand, though we are raised from the dead and living in Christ, we are not yet wholly glorified, and Christ makes up by our sufferings what is wanting in His own Passion; for," to take Father Rickaby's explanation,[33] "there is a cross and a Passion in His Mystical Body which He must endure till the day of judgment, and this He portions out age by age among His friends." Receiving his portion with gladness St. Paul wrote: "Now I rejoice in my sufferings;.....and make up in my flesh what is lacking to the sufferings of Christ, on behalf of His Body which is the Church."[34] And in so far as we are identified with Him, we must always be "bearing about in our body the mortification of Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our mortal flesh."[35] Through each one of us Christ is daily and hourly coming into His own, and so entering more fully into the possession of His final heritage. Our sorrows are His sorrows; our joys His joys; the kindness done to us He takes as done to Himself; against our persecutors His voice rings out: "I am Jesus Whom thou persecutest." And after we have lived with His life and expressed in ourselves its joys and sorrows, we are also to be united with Him in His glory. To the Eternal Father He says: "The glory which Thou hast given Me, I have given to them;" to each one

[32] Eph. ii. 4-6.
[33] *Waters That Go Softly.* By Joseph Rickaby, S.J., p. 136.
[34] Col. i. 24.
[35] 2 Cor. iv. 10.

of us: "Have a good heart, it is I!" In hinting at this intimate recapitulation of the Christ-life in the life of every Christian, it has been impossible to do justice to the emphatic utterances of St. Paul.[36] Baldly summed up they state that with Christ we are *born* and *live* and *suffer;*[37] with Him we rehearse the mysteries of the *Crucifixion,*[38] *Death,*[39] *Burial,*[40] *Resurrection*[41] and *Ascension.*[42] We are to be *coheirs* with Him, to be *glorified* with Him,[43] *to reign* with Him, and with Him *to judge* the world.[44] These are sublime promises, but taken in their context they seem no more than the logical consequences of our Incorporation with Christ. Further, the mysteries of the Incarnation and Redemption, our own justification and sanctification, the full purpose of our life on earth, the operation of the Sacraments in the unity of the Mystical Body, and our communion with the souls in purgatory and the Saints in heaven, are in the light of this doctrine invested with a fuller meaning and take a clearer place in the Divine scheme.

In conclusion, it may well be asked how does all this correspond to the familiar teaching on actual and sanctifying grace as set down in our scholastic treatises? A full answer to such a question would involve large issues. This, however, may be at once admitted. Sanctifying grace holds the foremost place in the New Testament writings, and is, indeed, in the Apostle's eyes, that life which is communicated to the members by the Head and constitutes the Church, the Mystical Body of Christ. Comparatively speaking, actual grace occupies a less prominent position in Pauline theology. This proportion is not maintained in our scholastic treatises where —perhaps inevitably—the conflicting theories of rival schools on actual grace, the controversies on predestination, and the refutation of the heretical views of the reformers loom very large in the metaphysical landscape. While the Apostle's presentation of the doctrine is more concrete and suggestive, the theologians have chiefly devoted themselves to minute analysis and exact definition. Yet substantially the teaching on grace contained in the doctrine of our Incorporation with Christ is and always has been affirmed in every detail by scholastic theology. A summary comparison will make this clear. Briefly, we are taught that man is born in the state of sin. He becomes truly just by Baptism, or in the case of

[36] See for this Father Rickaby's *Notes on St. Paul, passim;* and especially on 1 Cor. vi. 2.

[37] Rom. vi. 3; Gal. ii. 20, etc. [38] Rom. vi. 6; Gal. ii. 19.

[39] 2 Tim. ii. 11. [40] Rom. vi. 4. [41] Eph. ii. 5; Col. ii. 13 and iii. 1.

[42] Eph. ii. 6. [43] Rom. viii. 17. [44] 2 Tim. ii. 12; 1 Cor. vi. 2.

actual sin by having recourse to the Sacrament of Penance. The formal cause of this justification is the justness of God communicated to man and permanently dwelling in his soul. *("Non qua Ipse justus est—sed qua nos justos facit.")* Though this birth or renewal or internal change is an instantaneous event, its effects remain, just as resuscitation to life is the miracle of an instant and yet the restored life is permanent. This permanent quality is known as sanctifying grace, which by its very nature is so opposed to sin that sanctifying grace and sin cannot by any possibility coexist. Sanctifying grace is best described in its effects. It establishes a unique bond of sympathy between the soul and God; it induces a likeness in the spiritual order, beautifying the human soul with the beauty of Christ; as it imparts a supernatural birth, so it involves a sonship by which we are admitted into the family of God; it makes us, in the language consecrated by an immemorial liturgy—partakers of the Divine nature of Him Who deigned to become a partaker of our humanity. Is not all this a recapitulation in detail of the teaching of St. Paul? Sin is death—sanctifying grace is the life of Christ within us. Life and death cannot by any possibility coexist. The life of Christ establishes a unique bond of sympathy between us and Christ; it makes us one with Him, beautiful with His beauty, transformed into His Own likeness, adopted into His mystical body by the extension of the Incarnation to our humanity. In this divine scheme the Sacraments stand forth as the main channels of a visible dispensation through which life is poured into the different members, while the Holy Eucharist sustains, augments and in Itself constitutes that Divine Life. We are apt—perhaps from our very familiarity with the definite scope of separate theological treatises—to regard these doctrines as more or less disjointed, or at any rate to miss their close connection. St. Paul saw in them aspects, implications, conclusions drawn from the one fundamental doctrine of our identification with Christ. To him, both in faith and in practice, the Christ-life sums up Christianity.

IMMANENCE AND RELIGION.

BY EDMUND T. SHANAHAN, S.T.D.

THERE was once a German philosopher by the name of Fichte. He is dead a hundred years. His views do not occupy the prominence of Kant's or Hegel's and his system may with truth be said to have perished with its author; but there was one idea in it destined to survive, under one form or another, in all the philosophies that came after—a goodly number, too, were these; and because this philosopher was the first to make modern use of the idea in question, the first to become entangled personally in its toils, he affords the best example in which to study the circumstances of its origin and the reasons that led to its proposal and adoption. When ideas have floated down stream for a century or more, gathering fresh impetus on the way, they are more apt to be accepted without question than diligently traced back to their original point of starting.

The idea to which we are referring is the idea of immanence —the doctrine that all reality is within consciousness and that nothing independent of consciousness exists. It has outlasted Fichte and his crumbled system of subjective idealism; it has become one of the permanent governing principles in nearly all post-Kantian thinking; the unlearning world of the learned accept it without question, without demur; no one has ever made the slightest attempt to prove that it was or could be exclusively true; and tyros play with it to their own destruction. Let us study the idea in its primary modern source and follow it down stream—there may be disillusionment for some, there surely will be spiritual profit for most of us, in the process.

How Fichte came to make this notion central and controlling is a story that will well repay the telling, it shows so clearly the arrogant spirit in which the thing was done. We must go back a bit to get perspective. The philosophers who succeeded Kant succeeded also to his problems; they regarded it as a duty devolved upon them to complete the synthesis of subject, idea, and object, which the founder of philosophical criticism had been unable to effect. Somehow, try as Kant would, these three refused to be

brought together; their antithesis could not successfully be broken down. Subject and object, spirit and matter, seemed by nature mutually exclusive and opposed, so much so that their reconcilement in some larger idea embracing both was a task to addle the wits of the most resourceful. Their externality each to each defied reduction, and Kant entered into his dotage no nearer a solution of the puzzle than he was when in his prime.

It must be confessed by all neutral observers that the problem had been rendered doubly difficult by the manner Kant went about its solving and by the notion of reality he happened to entertain. As a matter of fact, no such absolute opposition exists between subject and object as Kant imagined. These two, if we examine the concrete facts of perception, are actually in relation, and not cut off from intercourse, as Kant supposed; they come to us united in a spontaneous original synthesis which precedes reflection; we have but to look into the data which sensibility presents, to find subject and object in close relationship and communion; a condition confronts us, not a theory; and the real problem is first to recognize a synthesis already existing and then to sift subjective elements from objective by painstaking reflection and experiment.

Kant turned this concrete fact of synthesis into a problem of abstract possibility, and then all his troubles began. The conversion of the problem is not warranted by the facts of experience; it is a fiction created by the ambitious Cartesian method which seeks to make explanation the only kind of knowledge worth admitting. Kant followed this method of Descartes—it was then as now the badge and tessera of scholarship. Taking the abstract concepts of subject and object, mind and matter, thought and reality; setting these over against each other in non-communicating opposition; and suppressing all the relations that ply between them actually in the concrete, Kant asked himself how their contradiction could be overcome, their synthesis established, by reflection. He could discover no answer to the artificial problem which his method had thus created. The synthesis in question not having been originally established by reflection, quite naturally could not be rediscovered by this means; and Kant mistook the impotency of the Cartesian method for a constitutional disability of the mind itself, dogmatically assuming that if reflex thought could not reinvent the synthesis, it was idle to accept the spontaneous testimony of experience to its existence. The method he

employed put all direct, spontaneous knowledge out of court; it made *knowing* synonymous with *proving;* and any man who follows the method is bound to become a victim of its disabling limitations. Kant's was a conspicuous example of what happens when experience is made secondary to some theoretical way of studying or testing its deliverances.

Kant's difficulty was Fichte's opportunity, and he piled Pelion upon Ossa, so far as suppositions went, to bring mind and reality together in a vast and sweeping synthesis which would break down their apparent opposition and fuse them into one. Convinced that Kant had tried to draw the greater out of the less, and that this was the reason of his failure, Fichte decided to reverse the process and draw the less from the bosom of the greater. If thought could not be shown to come from being, why not turn the problem of synthesis round about, and prove that being came from thought? This change of procedure would yield the desired synthetic formula, overcome the opposition between the external world of objects and the inner world of mind, bring both under a single head and make one the offshoot of the other. Fichte worked at this reduction with so much speed of accomplishment, one may be sure that an image had more to do with his thinking than a thought.

He imagined a universal consciousness, a vast, illimitable, all-embosoming Self, in which the worlds are and the deep, and those broken lights called the minds of men. To such a consciousness, not individual like yours and mine, but universal and all-including, nothing would be external, everything would forever lie within. To imagine a consciousness of this impressive size takes us out of ourselves, he thought, and bids us hearken with bated breath to the throbbing dialectic of the world. Transmuted from human specks on the outer edges of reality into creatures grandiose who owe allegiance to no divinity but the moral law, we have a world of our own to live in and fashion as we will. The universal Subject posits the object, the universal Ego sets up the non-Ego of physical Nature to have something to work upon, something to keep its boundless activity perpetually astir. It starts counter-currents flowing, this immense and unfathomable Self; and in buffeting against their tides, in taking up arms against its own tumultuous sea of troubles, finds life, activity, employment, progress, for its timeless years. Identity has diversity in its bosom—contradictions to resolve, oppositions to overcome, problems to disentangle, storms to rouse and storms to quell unendingly. Self-Activity! Behold

the nature of the All-Enveloping, in which continents swim and humanity lives, moves, and has its being.

Kant's vexing synthesis is solved; his "thing-in-itself" has lost its isolated selfhood—the all-harboring consciousness has offered the hospice of the spirit to a being that stood so long without its portals. Immanence has laid the ghost of transcendence low. Externality no longed haunts or hinders. Philosophy has been effectively rid of the great spectre of Reality. It is now free to go forward without fear, there being nothing outside to which Thought need seek to conform its processes. Its sole correspondence is with itself. To all of which the reply is simple: Fichte, in his hurry to get his world-view off the presses, forgot to prove that the *imagination* is man's ultimate and final faculty, the sole pillar and ground of truth; a point that has to be established before philosophy can be identified with poetry or an impressionist's mental images set themselves up for absolute verity itself.

A more destructive principle, really, was never proposed, under the guise and for the purpose of a general constructive synthesis, than this imaginative and imaginary doctrine of Fichte's, that all reality is immanent in consciousness. One might almost write out the philosophies that followed—in their summary negations, at least—simply by consulting the principle and drawing up a list of the notions, over against which it stood in implacable opposition. Hardly a fine recommendation for a view professing reconcilement, that it should fulfill by destroying and by fulfilling destroy! The religious concepts foredoomed to extinction, once the view gained currency, will show the destructive nature of its spirit. The logic of the principle demanded the sacrifice of these, and the professional reconcilers were all logical, whatever else they may have been. It will take but a moment and may prove instructive to consider how many time-honored beliefs were to be condemned without a hearing, simply and solely because Fichte's "all-embracing" synthesis was too narrowly conceived to include them within its imaginative scheme of conciliation. Strange how men will cut truth down and refit it to their theories!

Logic—there is no difference between the true kind and the false, when it comes to exactions, error having its own laws of consistency no less than truth—logic certainly and clearly demanded, once the principle of immanence was adopted, that the world at large be shorn of its external relations, and all things in it of theirs. Could one wish for better proof of the kind of

"reconstruction" the principle was to furnish? Applied in the field of religion it meant that "God the Father, Creator of heaven and earth, and Jesus Christ, His only Son, Our Lord" were credal phrases not to be mentioned in scientific company save under one's breath. The very thought was to become offensive to pious ears of the new variety. It recalled pristine days when the race was simple, and the Absolute of Fichte's philosophy or of Hegel's had not yet come to correct such puerile Christian fancies. A Creator? How could there be one, when the world is an organic whole, having within itself "the promise and potency of all future life," as Tyndall, I think it was, delighted to affirm, and as modernists somewhat stalely have of late repeated. The theory of immanence demanding that the world be without relation to a Being beyond itself, how dare we longer speak of it as "created?" "Posited" is the word, *gesetzt!* You are not read in the books, and the great modern currents of thought are said to have left you unaffected, unless you exchange old styles of phrase for new, and temper the wind of doctrine to the shorn lambs of immanentism.

No longer, either, may Christ be designated as Lord, Son of God, and Saviour; such thoughts simply cannot live in the changed psychological climate of the times. The doctrine of immanence requires that Christ be merely Jesus, reduced to a man among men, and made wholly subject to the laws of space and time, His nature, person, mission, and deliverances all conditioned and determined by this pair of inescapable categories. There will be no such idea entertainable as the coming from another world to this; and the Incarnation, so far from appearing as a humiliation of the Divine or an "exalting of them that are of low degree," will appear rather—we have actually seen the statement printed—as the entering of God into the highest conceivable glory! This is *our* world, mind you, and there is none other beside; a supposition, by the way, which greatly increases our capacity for self-inflation, and hands us over, body and soul, to those "*oppositions* of false knowledge" whereof "the citizen of no mean city" once spoke—was it to us?—in solemn warning. We have begun to think pretty well of ourselves when it is a glory for God to have become one of us, and when the sinless One Himself, He who "bruised not the broken reed nor quenched the smoking flax" is represented as having a divinity slightly differing in degree from ours. In trying to know Him of Nazareth, would it not be an enlightening process to know ourselves first, stripped of all the guises and

disguises of imaginative philosophy, and with minds not method-bound, but free to see history as it is and things as they are?

The doctrine of immanence also demanded that the spirit of "other-worldliness" be rebuked; and sciolist and socialist—not all of these latter, but very many—would soon be plying busy pens against this most annoyingly persistent of distractions. Our relations are all in the present environment, they would tell us, and we might as well cease being distraught with the thoughts of a world to come. Revelation, too, was another notion that had to undergo considerable "reconstructing" before an orthodox immanentist could bestow upon it the dubious benefits of his favor. As a communication, an intercourse between a Supreme Being and the denizens of this only world that is, it would be declared to have no future standing in acceptance. How could there be a message from without to this closed system of a universe, this living ball rotating, this universal organism afloat, this ceaselessly unfolding germ? Revelation wore a strange appearance when it emerged from the hands of the new potters of truth, as "the interpretation of religious sentiment by men above the ordinary, like Socrates of Athens and Augustine of Tagaste." Somehow we could not recognize the original in the travesty, but that is all there is left of it in the imaginative philosophy of immanence. Grace, of course, was to be a thing of the past; one did not have to be a prophet to peer that distance into the future. The new Pelagians would set it down for a discouragement to self-reliance; and besides—why proffer "outside aid" to one who has such perfectibility within his very being, he stood in no need of having the fund increased? Self-saving, self-redeeming, with no further course to run after his tired spark of consciousness went back to sleep again in the embers of the great central fire—talk not to such a one, divine as he is by nature, of the things that "eye hath not seen, ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."

Looking over the situation in advance, and with the eyes of logic, as we have just tried to do, history when it comes will hardly be able to tell us more. Immanentism was to reinterpret religion, reality, knowledge, history, and life, doing away with all notions not amenable to the theory, and making the world and all things in it appear as they did to Johann Gottlieb Fichte when he wrote *A Critique of all Revelation*—the modest undertaking consumed only thirty-six days—in the midsummer in 1782. He drew upon his

"vision" for its composition, and ran up to Königsberg with the manuscript to get Kant's judgment upon it. Like all those who dream dreams, see visions, and report intuitional flashes, he thought philosophy was soliloquy and that his own private introspection had a public value; romantic imagination counting for more in his eyes than the steady sober reason of the world. His contention in the thirty-six days production above mentioned was in line with the idea of immanence, nay created by it. Miracles and revelations, so it ran, were only the sensible form which the moral order of the universe took, to get itself observed among those lowly primitive peoples, a benighted folk that had not the love of morality for its own pure sake, which Kant had championed. He won Kant's respect and good will, coming away delighted, it is said, and highly encouraged, at the thought that his first effort to apply the principle of immanence had met with the approval of no less distinguished a personage than the father and founder of philosophical criticism.

Enough has been said to acquaint the reader with the destructive spirit of this imagined and imaginary principle. No analysis of the facts of the religious consciousness, no inductive study of the history of religion guaranteed its truth or justified its application; it was a pure invention. Kant conceived ultimate realty as a featureless, static Absolute, out of which nothing could be got; Fichte conceived it as self-conscious and active, thereby making it, so he thought, the fecund source of all that is. By making an erroneous conception more erroneous still; by converting the abstract idea of being in general into the concrete image of a general consciousness, Fichte started the principle of immanence on its levelling, devastating career.

The whole history of the origin and application of this principle casts discredit upon its author and abettors. The fact that we can imagine a general consciousness including all objects is no proof that such a general consciousness exists. All the evidence of our actual experience reveals clearly that objects are both outside us and within; and this evidence cannot be circumvented or overthrown by imagining a situation in which nothing external to consciousness would exist. Mankind believes instinctively in the existence of a real world distinct from the ideas which the mind frames of it, and not dependent on these for its being and support. It is only after a long process of indoctrination that idealists themselves come to believe in the external world as a mere out-

post and dependency of mind; and then only by having recourse to the sophism that objects of consciousness and consciousness of objects mean one and the same thing—an illegitimate conversion of propositions for which no warrant can be found.

The great fallacy of idealists, says a recent critic,[1] results from a failure to punctuate their leading tenet properly. This tenet has it that "Reality cannot be thought as existing independently of thought." If you introduce punctuation into this unbroken sentence, he continues, it will resolve itself into two, one of which is a harmless truism, the other a proposition which no man can ever prove, for the simple reason that proof of it is impossible wherever he may look. Punctuate the sentence as follows: "Reality cannot be thought as existing, independently of thought," and you will then have the *banal* utterance that you cannot know the existence of objects without thinking about them. It would indeed be a portentous miracle if we could. Who will deny a proposition so plainly not to be gainsaid? Not even Arcesilaus himself! Punctuate the same sentence at a point still further on, and it will then read: "Reality cannot be thought as existing, independently of thought." Can anyone, he asks, establish this proposition, has anyone ever established it? No; and for the simple reason that we can and do, nay must think of reality, *"as existing independently of thought."* The critic quoted goes on to say that all idealists prove the first proposition, imagining that by doing so they have actually demonstrated the truth of the second. And since they cannot find the least support for their idealistic theory in the actual consciousness of mankind, they attempt to flank the evidence by appealing to an imaginary general consciousness which, being the consciousness of nobody in particular, can be made to mean and imply whatever this romanticist or that wants to say of it or draw forth from it.

Fichte himself lost all belief in a personal God soon after he had invented the Frankenstein of immanence. "The living and operative moral order," he says, "is itself God; we need no other God, we can comprehend no other. There is no reason for going outside that moral order, and assuming, as the result of an inference from the caused to its cause, that a particular being, the cause of that order, exists."[2] Because of this open profession

[1] *The Great Fallacy of Idealism.* By D. H. Macgregor. *Hibbert Journal,* July, 1906, p. 788.

[2] *History of Philosophy.* Ueberweg. Vol. ii., p. 210, English translation, Scribner's 1887.

of atheism, he came into conflict with his colleagues at Jena and was dismissed from the teaching staff, after much mutual recrimination in the public prints. Atheism had not yet become the academic privilege it is now. Kant filled his measure of disappointment to the full when he who had praised the ribbon-weaver's son so lavishly but seven short years before, now berated him roundly for his views, declaring that "the construction of the world out of self-consciousness, *without empirically given material,* produced on him a ghostly impression; and that Fichte's *Science of Knowledge* was only an ephemeral production."[3] In the work mentioned specifically by Kant, Fichte had tried to show that all religion is reducible to mere belief in the moral order of the world. In condemning this contention, Kant had withdrawn his previous approval. Knowing thoroughly what was toward, he refused his sanction.

The after history of the idea of immanence needs but a brief recounting; it is the same old story of ringing the changes on Kant's colorless, ineffable Absolute. Schelling, one of Fichte's colleagues on the professorial staff at Jena, what time the guns of Bonaparte awoke unaccustomed echoes in its shades, was not to be denied his romantic vision. As Fichte had chosen the Ego, Schelling took the non-Ego for his favorite intuition. Nature is Spirit asleep—asleep in the mountains, dreaming in the flowers, wide awake at last in man. Prior both to Nature and to Spirit, he said, is the Absolute, a sort of common ground or substrate out of which these two apparent opposites rise, and in whose stilling depths they make their peace again, eternally; an idea which crossed the ocean and became the "Oversoul" of Emerson's pages. The sage of Concord wrote reams on "the resolution of all into the Ever-blessed One," hiding his disbelief in a personal God by capitalizing a long and sonorous list of impersonal abstractions. The famous "Brook Farm Movement" rang with the idea. Theodore Parker, in the "old White Meeting House of West Roxbury," a stone's throw from the "Farm," preached and wrote on the unity of all religions in the "great unknowable" which constituted their common object; a doctrine that "rocked the steeples," in the parlance of the day, not all of them, but such only as were built to rock. Romantic transcendentalism had invaded New England and affected the social, philosophical, and religious undercurrents of the times.

[3] *Ibid.*, p. 207.

The third attempt at romanticizing philosophy was made by Hegel, and it outdid all others before or since in imaginative audacity. Taking Kant's immense blank, he endowed it with perpetual motion, made it move through error unto truth, through evil unto good, through cruelty to innocence, through crime to virtue and "the perfect day." All the wrong thinking and wrong doing of the world were thus caught up under the single idea of *Development* and lodged in the very nature of the Absolute itself. The dreadful thing about the conception was that it tried to prove itself a necessary law, the actual and only way by which progress could ever come. Karl Marx adopted the idea, and the economic theories of history began to grind out the whole course of things from man's single instinct of self-preservation. That was the fourth phase of the doctrine, and it is with us still. Who has read anything on the "social character of religion" as portrayed in recent literature, and not seen the grandiose idle effort to dress up a few abstractions with life and motion, so as to make everything come out of them—on paper? We are in the imaginative period of philosophy and should bear the fact in mind.

The fifth and latest attempt to romanticize the universe is the conjoint one of James and Bergson. Ultimate reality for them is of a practical nature; something never to be known, in the intellectual sense of this term, but forever to be used, shaped, changed, refashioned and adapted by the all-conquering intelligence of man, which is the tool that Nature has furnished for its own perpetual improvement. Romanticism has become more business-like in these practical times, but it is the same romanticism still, with the same fundamental conception of Reality as an unknowable blank, about which anything can be predicated, since one man's guess in its regard is as good as another's. It was in this atmosphere that "modernism" took its rise, seeking to introduce into Catholic and Christian thought the erroneous Kantian notion of ultimate reality, coupled with all the additionally false associations it had come to acquire in the course of a century. "Modernism" failed to secure a foothold among Catholic theologians. The years that saw its life saw also its death. And the reason was the following:

The traditional conception of God is not the empty notion of being in general. This notion, says St. Thomas, expresses the nature of nothing, neither the nature of God, nor the nature of things; it is just a common concept, with nothing specific corresponding. And that sage reflection disposes of all the im-

manentist philosophies as colossal misconstructions. The Christian doctrine of the Divine Immanence is of a higher, nobler, broader, more inspiring nature than the jumbling absolutist doctrine of the same; and because of these five superior qualities of its worth, it deserved a better fate than to be driven out of the minds of men by "independent" philosophers, who took neither the history of philosophy nor the history of theology into account, but tried to find everything—God included—within the hollow folds of their own unhistorical consciousness.

The Christian idea of God portrays the Creator as both immanent and transcendent. He is *in* the world, not *of* it; omnipresent without being identical, distinct without being distant or aloof. Infinitely divergent from the world by nature, He is intimately present in it none the less on this account as its primal source, upholding power, and final goal; acting in all His creatures without cease; giving them not only power and being, but the substance of their actions as well; trusting them with the execution of His Providence; working it out through their coöperation and allowing its fulfillment to remain largely in their hands; submitting His purpose to individual intelligences, passing His power through created wills, that His world might be a world of real persons, not of conscious automata that went through their puppet paces in the years; giving them dominion over their choices and leaving them free to seek their own good apart, or His along with it; and, in case the latter were their election, offering them a divine destiny over and above the human, which would make them likest God and fill in the poverty of their own deficient nature with the infinite riches of His, in a perfect life unending.

This noble conception of God, which gives to human life a meaning far more sacred than any other ever will or can, was forced out of the minds of philosophers when Fichte and Hegel fallaciously identified the consciousness of development with the development of consciousness; this unpardonable confusion engendering the false idea that if you describe the world's *growth,* you have thereby accounted fully for its *origin.* Immanence thus stood divorced from transcendence; omnipresence from personality; and the external relation of knowledge to its objects was changed over into an internal relation of objects to the knowledge-process itself. God's distinct existence and nature became confounded with a universal self-consciousness; and the world began to be regarded as a closed system of reality, having the whole reason of its

existence and activity within itself. Philosophers followed the lead of the new idea, instead of consulting experience and history. They did not stop to reflect that a notion so exclusive is impossible to reason. It was enough for them that it pleased the fancy—a faculty to which romanticism has pandered for a hundred years. "The construction of the world out of self-consciousness, without empirically given material," produced on Kant "a ghostly impression;" nor would he have felt otherwise, could he have lived to hear the objective idealists claiming that "the world does not consist of two things—mind and matter—but of one thing regarded in two ways; mind and matter being no more capable of existing apart than the concave and convex of a line, or the positive and negative poles of a magnet." Who can prove the indissolubility of this tie between mind and matter? "That an object apart from a subject is impossible, is obvious, just as it is impossible there can be a husband without a wife. They are correlative terms. But, as David Hume very acutely argued, though husbands without wives are nonsense, that is not to say that every man is married. An object is absurd without a subject, but who allowed that everything was an object? That is precisely the issue to be decided."[4]

It kindles the imagination to be told that the world is an "evolving consciousness." The idea of a "germ" is very vivid, so much so that we exegete the imagery which it contains and become the victims of verbal suggestion. "Say, for example, that the jelly-fish has 'unrolled' into the Sermon on the Mount, and you will be condemned out of your own mouth. But say instead that the jelly-fish has *evolved* into Shakespeare, the savage code *evolved* into the Sermon on the Mount, that my consciousness of this or that has *evolved* into a consciousness of that or this, and instantly a light seems to fall on the origin of Shakespeare and the wonderful ways of the mind. But the light should not be trusted too far. There is no trouble with my seeing of the germ; but by no manner of means can I see a germ *of* consciousness. I can no more see consciousness as a germ than I can see it as an egg or a baby—or as Dr. Ritchie's 'roll.' True, having seen a germ of some sort, I can mentally label it 'mind:' I can see the various stages of growth with my label hanging to each; I can see the growth as a whole with the label still there; but when all

[4] *The Great Fallacy of Idealism.* By D. H. Macgregor. *Hibbert Journal,* July, 1906, p. 789.

is done, it is not 'mind' that I have seen but only a label, with 'mind' written upon it, attached to a germ which is neither mind nor thought nor consciousness. It is the label alone which saves this language, when put under pressure, from turning into rank materialism. A slender safeguard.....Now here I venture to submit, the psychologist's fallacy is easily detected. It consists, of course, in treating a consciousness of what is dim to the person being studied, as though it were a dim consciousness of what is clear to the person who is studying him; a consciousness of what is confused as though it were a confused consciousness of what is orderly; a consciousness of an evolving world as though it were the evolving consciousness of a world; a consciousness of low gods (or goods) as though it were a low consciousness of high gods. In short, 'consciousness of degrees' is converted into 'degrees of consciousness,' and the idea of development becomes the development of the idea."[5]

Picture thinking of the kind described has perverted the Christian conception of God in the minds of those who yield to the lure of imagery. Exegeting the metaphor of a "germ," they mistake this exegesis for an objective analysis and imagine that they have sounded the depths, and discovered the very essence, of ultimate Reality itself. Starting with the erroneous supposition that the universal idea of being is the only idea we have or can frame of God; and finding that this universal idea does not lend itself to discourse, they proceed to concretize it by the phrase "unity-in-difference," and to make it viable by introducing the principle of evolution or development. The "unity" is thus made to appear as developing into the "differences," and so we have a self-running and self-explaining world. The verbality of this "explanation" appears when reflection sets its eagle eye upon it; the real problem is not the development, but the origin of the world, and this problem is not distinctly approached, even, in the jumbling solution which the immanentist offers. The vague notion of being which he imaginatively transforms into the Ground of the universe is not the historical religious conception of God at all, but a philosophical abstraction reified. The Necessary Being, reason tells us, has all its possibilities realized, none of them to attain. It is incapable of changing, progressing, or developing, having within itself the whole reason of its existence in the simul-

[5] *Does Consciousness "Evolve?"* By L. P. Jacks. *Hibbert Journal*, April, 1913, pp. 521, 522; 540.

taneous and complete possession of its unbeginning and unending perfect life. It is a maximum actual, not a maximum potential—the infinite opposite in every respect of "being in general." Succession is not its law nor can be; it enters not into composition with the things that grow, nor may it be a constituent part of the appearing and disappearing selves that strut for a while on the stage of the ever-changing. And by the very fact that succession *is* the law of all selves other, God is distinct from the universe by the whole diameter of His being, though this must not be taken to mean that He is spatially removed from us in inaccessible majesty. "He is not far from each of us" and operates in all more truly than do individuals themselves with their bounded existence and powers. Transcendence *and* immanence; not transcendence *or* immanence—such is the fact we have to face when reflection rules, when imagery ceases its rainbow pictures of allure, and the analysis of the scientific and religious consciousness is made complete.

Let force and activity and development be as immanent in the universe as you will; grant even that they are embedded in its very nature and constitution, interwoven into the very fabric of the original fire-mist and all that has since come forth from that primitive nebula, of which the scientist is so fond—how would you prove that the immanence of law, order, and development is so congenital to the universe as never to have been borrowed, so absolutely ingrained as never to have come from without? Would you appeal to the metaphor of the germ and ask us to *imagine* when we are called upon to *think?* Would you enter a plea in avoidance instead of facing the evidence as it stands? Is not the immanence of law, order, and development *relative,* without anything even remotely suggestive of its being *absolute?* By what right do you regard the uniformity of Nature as a proof of its eternal necessity? Is not the fact of uniformity as equally compatible with a free and spiritual, as with a necessary and mechanical, cause? And on what principle previously established do you manage to convert the positive statement—the Cause of the world is within it—into the negative and exclusive statement—the Cause of the world is entirely within it and can have no distinct life or existence of Its own apart?

Not only does reason demand a Person and the reality of that Person as the object of religion, the affective side of man's nature—his aspirations, ideals, feelings, and hungering quests, re-

fuse to be put off or sated with an impersonal abstraction. In the words of Carlyle, "it is impossible to suppose that conscious intelligence and religious emotion were put into us by a being that counted neither among its original possessions." A world of persons cannot have the impersonal for its source and goal. That would be to admit that the greater came out of the less and was hurrying back to it again with bounding strides. And such is the sole meaning of immanence. When modern philosophy at the time of Fichte, Schelling, and Hegel dropped the concept of real personality and set up the inferior notion of self-consciousness in its stead, it actually exchanged the Infinite for the indefinite, abandoned Western thought for Eastern, and sank to prechristian levels in its conception of the Divine; not realizing—the more's the pity—that "God may be immanent in man, and man be man all the more for His indwelling; and that God is not less God because we kindle our flame at His sun, nor is our light the less our own, because it is received and borrowed."

LIONEL JOHNSON.

BY JOYCE KILMER.

THERE was a murkier tinge in London's air
  As if the honest fog blushed black for shame.
  Fools sang of sin for other fools' acclaim,
And Milton's wreathe was tossed to Baudelaire.
The flowers of evil blossomed everywhere,
  But in their midst a radiant lily came
  Candescent, pure, a cup of living flame,
Bloomed for a day, and left the earth more fair.

And was it Charles, thy "fair and fatal King"
  Who bade thee welcome to the lovely land?
Or did Lord David cease to harp and sing
  To take in his thine emulative hand?
Or did Our Lady's smile shine forth, to bring
  Her lyric Knights within her choir to stand?

ONTARIO'S PIONEER PRIEST.

(A TERCENTENARY.)

BY JOHN J. O'GORMAN, S.C.D.

THE Catholic Church in Ontario celebrates this year its tercentenary. It was in July, 1615, that the Recollect Franciscan Friar, Joseph Le Caron, paddled up the Ottawa River and arrived in the land of the Hurons, there to begin the preaching of the Gospel in Ontario. The story of the coming of this pioneer priest can be reconstructed with accuracy from the contemporary writings of Champlain and Sagard, and from other early authorities.

What is known of the early life of Joseph Le Caron is quickly told. Born in the year 1586 near Paris, he embraced the ecclesiastical state, and became chaplain to the Duke of Orleans, and then to his son, the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XIII. He abandoned his promising ecclesiastical career to join the strictest branch of the Franciscan Order—the Recollects.[1] He was professed in 1611, a year after the succession of Louis to the throne. Three years later, Champlain, who had founded Quebec in 1608, appealed to the Recollects to undertake missionary work in Canada. Father Le Caron was one of the volunteers accepted.

The story of how the first missionaries were obtained for the infant colony of Canada is well worth giving in detail. Parkman's account lacks completeness and in some points accuracy. Champlain tells us in his *Voyages,* published at Paris in 1619, that he felt that he would be much to blame if he did not provide for the savages, especially the sedentary ones, some means of bringing them to a knowledge of God. Hence he was on the lookout for some zealous Religious who would undertake the work. Six years had now (1614) elapsed since the foundation of the Habitation of Quebec, and thus far lack of the necessary funds and other difficulties had caused him to neglect the matter for the time being. In 1614 he was more successful. Sieur Hoüel, Secretary of the King, and Comptroller-General of the Salt Works of Champlain's native town of Brouage, became interested and recommended the Recollect Friars of that town. As Hoüel was a man zealous for

[1] *Mémoire des Récollets,* 1637.

the glory of God and spread of religion, he generously promised to contribute part of the expenses himself, and considered that it would not be difficult to get the friars. Père du Verger, their Provincial, was at once communicated with, and received the proposition with joy. Of the friars who, burning with zeal, offered themselves for the work, two were chosen and sent from Brouage to Paris to get the necessary faculties from the Papal Nuncio. Monsignor Robert Ubaldini, the Nuncio of Pope Paul V. to France, told them that to give the necessary faculties exceeded his powers, hence it was necessary to write to Rome to the procurator of the order to obtain them of His Holiness. There being no time to do this before the ships sailed that year for Canada, the monks decided to wait till the following year. They returned to Brouage.

Champlain and Hoüel were, however, impatient. A few months later, Hoüel applied to Père du Chapouin, the Provincial of the Recollects of the Province of St. Denis, that is, of the Paris Province. He at once took up the matter, and spoke to the Prince of Condé (who was then Viceroy of New France) and to the cardinals and bishops then at Paris for the assembly of the States-General. This historic assembly was held in Paris, in October, 1614. Five cardinals, seven archbishops and forty-seven bishops were among the one hundred and forty ecclesiastical delegates. Champlain also appealed to the cardinals and bishops, pointing out the need and utility of the work. His appeal for church extension did not fall upon deaf ears. They all approved of the idea of sending four Religious to Canada, and gave Champlain fifteen hundred livres to supply them with what was necessary. The Nuncio obtained the necessary faculties from the Pope, and the King gave his letters patent. When Champlain explained to the recently-organized Company of Associates, which held the commercial monopoly of Canada, that the Prince of Condé, the Viceroy, wished Religious in Canada, they were at once willing. Though some of them were Huguenots, they agreed to transport without cost and maintain the Recollects. The sending of the first Heralds of the Cross to Canada[2] had certainly a dramatic beginning. Champlain standing before the ecclesiastical members of the States-General of 1614 asking for missionaries for Canada, would make a magnificent subject for a painter. Whether they realized it or not, that day a new page of the history of the Church was begun.

[2]A few secular priests and Jesuits had already done some missionary work in Acadia, though the fortunes of war had brought their mission the previous year (1613) to a sudden end.

The four Recollects chosen for the Canadian mission were Father Denis Jamet, who was appointed Superior, Father Joseph Le Caron, Father Jean D'Olbeau, and Brother Pacifique du Plessis. They proceeded in true Franciscan manner on foot and without money to Honfleur. There they met Champlain, and all having gone to confession they embarked on the *St. Etienne,* a ship of three hundred and fifty tons, commanded by Sieur de Pont Gravé. They set sail on April 24, 1615, and after a pleasant voyage landed at Tadousac on May 25th.

There were now three priests in Canada. Father Le Caron chose as his field the Hurons. Father Jamet as Superior took charge of Quebec, while to Father D'Olbeau's lot fell the wandering Montagnais Indians of the Saguenay and the neighborhood. Without stopping at Quebec, Father Le Caron proceeded at once to the Grand Sault where the Hurons were trading. He decided to return with them to Huronia and pass the winter there. He could thus spy out the land, learn their language, and see what could be done to convert them. He returned to Quebec to get a portable altar and whatever other things were absolutely needed for the winter. On his way to Quebec, Champlain met him and tried to dissuade him from going to Huronia. He advised him to spend the winter in the Habitation at Quebec, pointed out the hardship it would be to spend the winter alone among the savages, and promised to go with him the following summer. "Nevertheless," writes Champlain in his *Voyages,*[3] "no matter what you would say to him he would not change his view, being urged on by a divine zeal and a love of these people, having resolved to make known to them their salvation. What made him undertake this enterprise was, he told us, the absolute necessity of going there not only to study the nature of these people, but also to learn their language more readily. As regards the difficulties which, as pointed out, he must expect from their manner of living, he assured us that he was ready to meet them and to bear them, and, with the help of the grace of God, of which he was certain, to adapt himself joyfully to the food and discomforts. Since he was going there in the service of God, since it was for the glory of His Name and the preaching of His Holy Gospel, that he voluntarily undertook this voyage, he was sure that He would never abandon him in such resolutions. As regards temporal discomforts, little was necessary to content a man who had made profession of perpetual poverty, who looked

[3] *Voyages,* Paris, 1619. Pages 13 and 14, author's translation.

for nothing else than heaven, whether for himself or for his brothers. As it was not in keeping with his Rule to have other ambitions than the glory of God, he purposed to suffer and support for the glory of God, all the wants, pains and toils that would be in store for him. Seeing him urged on by such a holy zeal and ardent charity," concludes Champlain, "I no longer wished to deter him. He left with the determination of being the first, with the help of God's grace, to proclaim there the name of God, and was filled with joy that an occasion presented itself to suffer something for the name and glory of Our Lord Jesus Christ."

Father Le Caron continued to Quebec, got his missionary outfit, and on his way back to the Sault, where the Hurons were, met Champlain and Father Jamet at Rivière des Prairies. Here Father Jamet and Father Le Caron said Mass—the first ever said in Canada[4] (apart, of course, from Acadia). This Mass was said most probably on June 24th, the Feast of St. John the Baptist, who in recent years has become the patron of French Canadians. The following day Father D'Olbeau said the first Mass in Quebec.

About July 1, 1615, Father Joseph Le Caron and twelve Frenchmen, who went along to protect the Hurons from the Iroquois, left Sault St. Louis for the seven-hundred mile journey with the Hurons to their own country. The route followed was the Ottawa River as far as the Mattawa, the Mattawa as far as Lake Nipissing, and then the French River to Georgian Bay, in other words the route of the proposed Georgian Bay Canal. The first part of the journey—that is, as far as Allumette Island—had been described by Champlain in the account he had already published of his trip of the year 1613. The whole journey is described by Brother Sagard,[5] who made it in 1622, and also by later missionaries. Father Le Caron contents himself with this general description: "It would be hard to tell you how tired I was with paddling all day, with all my strength, among the Indians; wading the rivers a hundred times and more, through the mud and over the sharp rocks that cut my feet (he wore only sandals); carrying the canoe and luggage through the woods to avoid the rapids and frightful cataracts; and half-starved all the while, for we had nothing to eat but a little sagamite, a sort of porridge of water and pounded maize. Yet I must avow that amid my pains I felt much consolation. For alas! when we see such a number of infidels,

[4] Cartier speaks of Mass having been said, but as no priest accompanied him in his voyages, he refers merely to the custom of a layman reading the prayers from a missal.

[5] *Le Grand Voyage au Pays des Hurons*, Paris, 1632.

and nothing but a drop of water is needed to make them children of God, one feels an ardor, which I cannot express, to labor for their conversion and to sacrifice for it one's repose and life."

By the end of July, Father Le Caron arrived at the Huron country, being the first white man to see Lake Huron. He landed near the village of Toanché. Toanché Landing, called by Champlain Otoücha, was on the northern shore of Penetanguishene Bay. It was here, according to Brother Sagard, that the first Mass was said.[6]

Meanwhile Champlain, having taken council with Pont Gravé, had decided also to go to the Huron country, and lead an expedition against the Iroquois. He left a few days after Father Le Caron and the main body of the Hurons with two Frenchmen and ten Indians. Champlain's little party in two canoes arrived without mishap in the Huron country on August 1st. A few days later Champlain found Father Le Caron in Carhagouha. This was on the northern shore of Nottawasaga Bay, an indentation of the Georgian Bay. It was seven or eight miles southwest of Toanché. It is within the present limits of the parish of Lafontaine, diocese of Toronto. Carhagouha was an important fortified Huron town, surrounded by a palisade thirty-six feet high. Great was the surprise of the missionary to see Champlain. An arrow-shot from the village a cabin was built with poles and bark to serve as a chapel and cell for the priest. Everything being arranged, Mass was said by Father Le Caron on August 12th in the presence of Champlain and the fourteen Frenchmen. After Mass a cross was planted amid the noise of their muskets and the solemn chant of a *Te Deum*. With the saying of this Mass and the planting of this cross, the Catholic history of Ontario may be said to begin.

Ten days later Champlain left Carhagouha, and Father Le Caron did not see him again till January, when he and the Huron braves returned from their unsuccessful expedition against the Iroquois. Meanwhile the heroic missionary endeavored to learn the Huron language and instruct the poor savages. The villagers were quite friendly to him. Indeed when he first came they had offered to lodge him in one of their own huts, which the priest had very wisely declined. Several families lived together in these huts, in filth and immorality. Though some of the savages came daily to the priest's cell or cabin, to learn about God and how to pray to Him, the work of conversion was slow. The moral law of the Christians was an insuperable obstacle to savages, by whom

[6] Sagard, *Histoire du Canada*, p. 224, Paris, 1635.

fornication and adultery were considered lawful and universally practised, and by whom revenge on one's enemies was lauded as the greatest virtue. Nevertheless the priest continued to pray and work. He said Mass daily alone, as he and the later missionaries never allowed pagans to assist at Mass. After his morning prayers and meditation, Mass having been said and breviary recited, he would begin his daily task of learning Huron, and teaching Christian Doctrine in that language.

Champlain returned from his Iroquois campaign in January, and as the Hurons were unwilling to bring him back to Quebec he had to spend the rest of the winter with them. He and Father Le Caron visited the Petuns or Tobacco nation. The Petuns belonged to the same Indian family as the Hurons, and linguistically differed but little from them. The Hurons proper occupied the territory between Nottawasaga Bay and Lake Simcoe. The Petun's territory extended from Nottawasaga Bay to Lake Huron. Algonquin tribes frequently camped in the Petun territory. The visit of Champlain and Father Le Caron to this territory lasted a month. At the instigation of the Petun Oki or sorcerers the priest was cruelly treated. Nevertheless he succeeded in baptizing some children and some old men who were dying.

On their return to the Huron country, Father Le Caron continued his study of the language and teaching of Christian Doctrine. He went from village to village to lay the foundations of the missions he proposed to establish. He composed the first Huron dictionary, which Leclercq, who saw it, pronounced to be fairly correct. More could not be expected. For as Charlevoix, speaking of Le Caron, said, the Huron language cannot be learned in one or two years, give it what application you will. Another difficulty he had to contend with was the scandalously immoral lives of the dozen French trappers who had accompanied the pious Champlain. Immoral Christian traders have always been a bane to the Catholic missionary. The pioneer priest had now spied out the land. It was necessary to report to headquarters the plan for its definite conquest to Christianity. So when in May, Champlain succeeded in getting a few Hurons to bring him to Quebec, Father Le Caron went along with him. They left May 20, 1616, and arrived at Three Rivers, July 1st. The importance of the year that Father Le Caron had spent with the Hurons can scarcely be over-estimated. He had found the way to what was destined to be, a generation later, the greatest missionary field north of Mexico.

A BUDDING DIPLOMAT.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

PENDING the arrival of his dinner, Bobby Carter sat reading a letter. It had been dated at Paris and was from his Aunt Susan. Midway the first page, he leaned back and laughed, then re-read the provocative passage:

> So—you're at San Cataldo, an old haunt of yours? Making a three days' retreat, are you? Well, if your conscience is stinging you, 'tis no more than you deserve. A nice muddle you've made of things—just when your friends were preparing a royal send-off for both of you! Was America so hostile a place that you had to find sanctuary on this side of the water? I met Nanette the day I sailed, and tried to get her side of the story. She shrugged her shoulders and smiled. She's just as exasperating as you are. I dare say you quarreled over the silliest of trifles. You never did have tact or judgment. If ever you prove the contrary, I'll gladly send you a check for a thousand. That's how *strong* my conviction is! Don't be foolish. Nanette's a girl worth fighting for. Go home. It isn't too late—yet.

"Home!" exclaimed Bobby, "not for a million! That's how strong my conviction is! As for that thousand—"

But just then Marianna Lombardo brought him his dinner.

"Signorino will have coffee?" inquired the old woman.

"If you please," agreed Bobby.

Marianna nodded, but lingered hesitant, apologetic.

"My daughter," she began with a troubled shake of her head.

"Yes," encouraged Bobby gently.

"She wishes to go to your country," said the other, brushing one eye with a corner of her apron.

"Not—Adrianna!" said Bobby, frowning.

"Yes," declared the old woman with a shrug, "but she won't be contented there. She'll never be satisfied any place—any more."

Bobby looked up inquiringly at the brown, old, troubled countenance.

"She'll be asking to come home again in less than a month," said Marianna.

"But why?" he insisted.

"Eh!" replied the old woman fretfully, "Gigi has taken up with another in the village—down there."

She threw out a gesture toward San Cataldo.

"Gigi?" sought Bobby, frowning incomprehension.

"The young man that boards here," explained Marianna with a flourish. "He is clerk to the syndic. He will be coming for his dinner presently."

"Oh—o," said Bobby. He considered a moment then suggested:

"Suppose you send Adrianna down with the coffee things."

"Perhaps you could dissuade her," advanced the old woman solicitously.

"It's possible," admitted Bobby.

Shortly thereafter, Adrianna Nanetta Lombardo, with a tray of coffee things, came slowly down the garden path. She was not very tall. Her hair, black as midnight yet softly luminous, crowned a lovely face. Her eyes, deep-fringed, were very brown, very limpid. An afterglow of melancholy made them specially arrestive. For the moment, they claimed their honest due—an honest admiration. She listessly uncovered a dish of sugar squares, raised her eyes and asked:

"One—or two?"

"None—please," said Bobby. And, smiling up at her, he asked quietly: "Won't you be seated?"

She pondered the invitation a second, then seated herself. Bobby, lazily fingering the handle of his cup, suddenly looked across the table and remarked:

"I hear you're going to America?"

"How did you know?" demanded the girl.

"Your mother tells me that you're determined to go," he replied.

The girl shrugged her shoulders, but made no rejoinder.

"Why?" urged Bobby.

"Eh—because," murmured the girl, looking off across the garden.

"Oh," said he, "that's the reason, is it?"

"Y—e—s," said Adrianna slowly, refusing to look at him.

Bobby, pushing aside his coffee things, leaned forward and inquired:

"And does—*he* know that you are going?"

"But—certainly," she replied with a look.

"If you go," said Bobby warningly, "he'll laugh at you and tell the joke to all his friends."

"Joke!" exclaimed the girl, her dark eyes flashing.

"Certainly," asserted Bobby. "And he'd tell everybody that you'd be home again in no time. And when you came back, he'd just look at you and smile, as much as to say, 'Why, I thought you'd gone to America! What brings you back *here,* I wonder?'"

The girl looked at him in amazement. Before she could frame a response, however, a third party entered on the scene. Adrianna glanced at the newcomer, got to her feet, gathered up a few of the coffee things, set her lips tightly together, and went stiffly up the garden walk. The intruder, seating himself at a nearby table, took in Bobby Carter with a slow, appraising regard. It was a suspicious scrutiny. There was almost a warning in Gigi's glittering black eyes.

"Hm—m," mused Bobby, "a heart betwixt and between. No wonder he doesn't look happy."

Whereupon Bobby sought his room for a siesta. An hour later he emerged from his nap with an access of industry. He laid hold of his writing case to find himself rich in envelopes, but with no sign of note paper. He debated a second, examined his matchsafe, then announced: "We also need matches. Moreover a walk will do us good."

An hour later, he was seated in the garden of the public inn at San Cataldo. On a chair beside him were his gloves, walking stick, a package of wax tapers and a ream of writing paper. He was indolently gazing out at the splashing waters of the fountain in the square, when he heard a step behind him and a voice humming, "Del mio cuore l'impero non cedo."

"Indeed," murmured Bobby. The next moment, he found himself looking up into two brilliant dark eyes. He took the creature in with a somewhat quizzical glance. She was handsome—no doubt of that. Still there was something lacking. He tried to fix the missing element, but it escaped him. She returned his stare with interest and an attitude that demanded, "Well—what *do* you think of me?" And, in a flash, he had the missing element fixed,

posted, labeled. And he passed sentence on the poser before him—"heartless coquette, trifler." But aloud:

"You may fetch me some sweet cakes and coffee."

"Is that all?" doubted the beauty with an uplift of her eyebrows.

"For the present," he replied with a dignity that admitted of no rejoinder.

Wherewith the trifler went up the garden walk warbling lightheartedly, "La donna è mobile, qual piuma al vento."

"Man," observed Bobby Carter, "man is a brute. He isn't expected to have a heart. But a woman—"

He considered a moment, then wondered:

"And yet, that's just the sort of creature to wind us about her thumb. Why?"

He caught a glimpse of the elusive reason a few moments later, when the poser, having arranged his frugal refreshment, stood regarding him out of her really magnificent eyes. Bobby broke a sweet cake.

The beauty sighed. Then both looked up at a third party.

"Oh—ho," said Bobby to himself, as two glittering black eyes swept him with a glance of censure, of veiled warning.

"The gentleman will excuse you," said Gigi dryly.

"Can't you see that I'm engaged?" pouted the beauty, turning her back upon the discomfited representative of the municipality.

Bobby Carter with commendable discretion munched a sweet cake. Gigi hesitated, favored Bobby with a glance of defiant inquiry, withdrew, seated himself at a neighboring table, impatiently lighted a cigarette, and scowled.

"He's such a—a boy," threw out the coquette, "I can do nothing at all with him."

Bobby acknowledged this advance with a slight uplift of his eyebrows.

"He is a clerk to the syndic," she remarked, as one who would say, "A big fish in the waters hereabout."

"Indeed," he murmured.

"Signore is an American?" sought the flirt with a tone of invitation in her voice.

Bobby bowed politely but distantly.

"It is a very wonderful country, I suppose," sighed the visionary.

"Yes," conceded Bobby.

"Such great cities," offered the other, a look of annoyance stirring in her dark eyes.

"Yes," he agreed, sipping a drop of alleged coffee from the end of his spoon.

The poser smiled. It was not an altogether indifferent smile. She pouted—an altogether fetching pout. She leaned forward, and her black eyes, as they met those of her intended victim, were certainly glorious; and her voice was so tender that even her intended victim marveled, and she said:

"Signore is not well—perhaps?"

"Why—yes, thank you," returned Bobby, rising and gathering up his possessions. He placed a coin on the table, gravely lifted his cap and murmured:

"Good day, signorina."

"*Good* day, signorino," laughed the baffled one.

Down at the gateway, Bobby paused, looked back, and smiled. A passionate discussion was taking place under the trees in the garden.

"Young man," said Bobby, "if I were to present you with a gift, it would be the thought that all that glitters is not gold." In the middle of the village square, he paused once again, and admitted: "She certainly is magnificent."

This may or may not explain why, exactly at the noon hour, the following day, Bobby Carter again entered the garden of the public inn at San Cataldo. He chose the same table he had occupied the day previous. And, as on the previous day, the trifler, a song on her red lips, a smile in her black eyes, came tripping down the garden walk. Bobby ordered with magnificence and lavishness. The poser received his commands with a running stream of comments—little nothings that taken together made less. Twenty minutes later she was desperately engaged in breaking down the man's stubborn resistance. Midway his repast, he relaxed, gradually thawed, and achieved two consecutive sentences. By the time coffee was served he had melted to the measure of a challenging smile. And, finally, as an earnest of his capitulation, he begged the triumphant creature to be seated. Whereupon she promptly laughed at him. Bobby with a fine assumption of alarmed disappointment, was just on the point of protesting, when something happened. Gigi, eyes flashing, was striding toward the two interested players.

The beauty immediately transferred her attentions to Gigi.

Bobby sighed audibly; whereupon the flirt paused, glanced over her shoulder, and winked at him. Bobby promptly returned the promise, then frowned pleadingly. Gigi escorted the irresistible one to a neighboring table, whence he managed to keep one defiant eye on his *rival.* Bobby, with puckered lips, looked up at the tree tops a moment, lighted a cigarette, frowned a second, then deliberately left his matchsafe on the table. A half-hour later he was back at the tavern, where he ordered a pot of coffee. Adrianna brought it to him down in the garden. She stood regarding him pensively from under her long lashes. She lingered near the table, as one reluctant in the face of a difficult but obvious duty. Bobby having tasted his coffee, gave vent to a little congratulatory "Ah—h." Then he looked up. His smiling glance was met by one that was rather stern, somewhat sad, vaguely reproachful. He wondered.

"Why did you go there to-day?" suddenly asked Adrianna, frowning.

"Go—where?" he countered.

"To that inn," answered Adrianna, shaking her hand disapprovingly.

He fortified himself with some coffee, before asking:

"But—how did you know?"

"I was at the post office," she informed him. "And I—was—there—yesterday—too," she added.

"Oh—o," said Bobby, enlightened.

"She doesn't care for you," announced Adrianna. "She cares for no one except herself."

"Do you know," returned Bobby seriously, "that's just what I think myself." And, breaking into a smile, he asked: "When are you going to America?"

Adrianna shook her head from side to side.

"Nothing definitely settled yet?" he suggested.

"Nothing," repeated Adrianna wearily.

Bobby, looking up at her troubled countenance, mused:

> "For aught that ever I could read,
> Could ever hear my tale or history,
> The course of true love never did run smooth."

And, as the girl looked at him frowningly, he translated the thought into her language. Whereupon she studied him rather

sympathetically a moment, then asked: "Have *you* been disappointed in love?"

"No one is ever disappointed in love," returned Bobby, repressing a smile.

"Yes they are," murmured the girl, absently fingering the edge of her apron.

"Not much!" he declared stressfully. "One may be disappointed in the person, but in the emotion—never!" And, after a pause, "Did you ever read the poets?"

"Sometimes," admitted the girl. "They always know how to say the things you often feel but can't express. Some of them are very wise."

"Well," said Bobby, amused, "it was one of the wise ones that expressed the opinion that—

> 'Tis better to have loved and lost
> Than never to have loved at all."

Adrianna frowned incomprehension. Whereupon he achieved a translation of the sentiment.

"That is really true," said the girl musingly, her brown eyes filled with a wistful light. "It is very hard to explain, isn't it?"

"The conviction?" sought Bobby.

"No," murmured Adrianna, "I mean what love really is."

"Oh!" said he, again forcing back a smile.

"Sometimes," confessed Adrianna pensively, "sometimes, it seems to be the cruelest thing in the world. And sometimes—sometimes—" She stood at a loss, silent.

"Never mind," sympathized Bobby, "I know just what you mean. You'll find it one thing to-day and another to-morrow. It's honey and gall, song and silence, sunrise and darkness. It can blossom in the soul of an outcast, and bloom in the heart of a king. It's the simplest thing in the world and a mystery. It's the great solace of life and an agony. And yet

> The pains of love be sweeter far
> Than all other pleasures are."

"Love isn't anything like that," murmured the girl.

"What is it then," he demanded.

"I don't know," mused Adrianna. "It just is."

"But," argued Bobby with a flourish, "that's no explanation at all."

"Well," announced Adrianna firmly, "its something that makes you better than you really are. It gives you strength to do things that otherwise you couldn't do. It makes you see many beautiful things that you never noticed before. It makes you happy even when you feel most like crying. It makes you hope. It makes you feel alive."

"I couldn't have put it better myself," admitted Bobby. "Still you've never really lived until you've suffered the pang of a hope possessed and lost."

"Suffering is good for us, I suppose," sighed the girl.

"We couldn't be happy without it," observed Bobby. "And have you ever noticed that it's always the one we love best that makes us suffer most? I wonder why that should be?"

"They don't understand," said the girl simply, making ready to go. Tray in hand, she started slowly up the garden walk, turned and came back. Bobby looked up inquiringly.

"Have you ever suffered like that?" she asked quietly.

"What do you think?" he submitted, smiling up at her.

"I don't know what to think of you sometimes," replied Adrianna.

"Think of me," said Bobby, his eyes a-twinkle, "think of me as a budding diplomat."

"I never know when you are serious," complained the girl, moving on up the walk.

"Well," he called out after her, "that proves my title, doesn't it?"

The following day, after luncheon, Bobby sat gazing worriedly up at the blue skies. Adrianna watched him solicitously for awhile, then asked:

"Are you in trouble?"

"No," replied Bobby, "merely in a quandary. I left my matchsafe down there."

"Not at that inn!" exclaimed Adrianna.

"Yes; and I wouldn't care to lose it," he replied.

Adrianna frowned.

"I've got to go get it," he announced in a tone of apprehension. For a few moments, the girl staring absently at her hands, made no rejoinder. Suddenly she looked at Bobby rather shyly and asked:

"Do you object to walking down to the village with me?"

"Object!" exclaimed Bobby, drawing back, as one thoroughly misunderstood. "Why, I was going to ask you to come with me."

"Oh!" murmured Adrianna, blushing. She hesitated a moment before informing him, "Because I don't care to have you go there again alone. Will you wait till I change my dress?"

"Certainly," replied Bobby.

An hour later, with design aforethought, he led the blushing Adrianna Lombardo across the public square directly in front of and past the syndic's office. At the window thereof, a startled observer, stood Gigi. Five minutes later, in the garden of the public inn, Bobby was giving his order for sweet cakes and milk. The beauty politely but thoroughly ignored his companion. Nevertheless, when she returned with the refreshments, she smiled down at Adrianna Lombardo, who should say, "You little innocent thing!" Then she turned her superior talent toward Bobby, mixing her small talk with melting glances. At first, Bobby held aloof. Finally, he yielded and became an open party to an interchange of empty nothings. Adrianna, surprised, grew restless, then apprehensive. At last, she touched Bobby's arm and reminded him of his mission.

"Oh, yes," he remarked with a smile, "I left my matchsafe here yesterday. Did you find it?"

"You didn't get it yet!" exclaimed the poser, drawing back in an attitude of astonishment. "Why I told Gigi to be sure to give it to you last evening." She smiled patronizingly down at Adrianna Lombardo.

After a brief pause Bobby said that no doubt it escaped his memory. "But," he added, "I thank you very much for your thoughtfulness, your extreme kindness."

He bowed graciously and ventured a glance toward the square. He saw what he saw. When he again looked up at the poser, there was an altogether different expression on his countenance. And, with a steady look at the flirtatious eyes, he said:

"It was a gift. I wouldn't have lost it for worlds."

Adrianna flashed him a glance of understanding. The beauty frowned; in her black eyes there crept a light, and on her vividly red lips there hung a question. And though it hung there dependent, unexpressed, the estimable Bobby answered it.

"It was a gift," said he, "from the truest, the most honest woman I ever knew; true to her heart, honest in her least motive.

She was the kind of woman to whom faith, loyalty, sincerity, were everything; the sort of woman that made men better than they thought they could be. She gave me that matchsafe. I have always treasured it as a reminder of precious things, among them the qualities of true womanhood. I shall be many times your debtor for its restoration."

The trifler stood silent, an expression on her countenance as one uncertain whether she had just been thanked or rebuked—or both.

"There's a story connected with that matchsafe," began Bobby. But just then something happened.

Gigi, plainly anxious, almost humble of mien, was coming slowly down the pathway. As he drew near, he looked at Bobby and, holding out the matchsafe, murmured:

"If signore will pardon me? I forgot all about it last night."

"Why certainly," said Bobby, rising to receive his keepsake. And as Gigi's hand met his, it lingered overlong. Bobby, divining the intent, held it and asked: "If you will join us at some refreshments?"

"No," demurred Gigi with a sidelong glance at Adrianna, "I was on my way home. I saw you from the gateway and remembered the matchsafe."

"Ah," remarked the designing Bobby, "in that case I'll walk with you both as far as the square."

There was a momentary pause, in the midst of which the beauty, with a scornful shrug of her shoulders, turned and left her customers to their own insipid affairs. Bobby ignored the discourtesy. Gigi frowned. Adrianna, eyes downcast, stirred uneasily.

Out on the public square, Bobby bridged an embarrassing moment by announcing: "I've got to leave you, now. I must send off a very important telegram and mail a letter."

"But," began Adrianna nervously.

"No—no," he quickly interposed, "don't wait for me. I shall be sometime. Good-bye for awhile and—good luck!"

A few minutes later, he stood regarding the two figures moving hand in hand along the highway in the direction of the inn.

"Yes," mused Bobby with a nod of his head. "It's something that makes you better than you really are."

Then he went to send his telegram and mail his letter. The first was addressed to Miss Nanette Waringford, care of the purser

of the steamship *Aller* of the North German Lloyd, at Naples, and it read: "Will meet you on arrival of ship at Genoa. Everything arranged according to plan."

The letter, which was very brief, was addressed to Mrs. Sushanna Barton, Hotel Mercedes, Paris. Bobby read it through with a smile. It announced:

> I've never known *you* to fail so thoroughly. Where was that boasted intuition of yours? There was no quarrel. As for my sudden departure—well, the deciding factor was that "royal send-off," which our friends (?) insisted on arranging. Nanette, her mother and myself, concluded that such pagan parade and publicity might well be dispensed with. Nanette and her mother arrive at Genoa on the seventeenth. The wedding takes place at the Madeleine, nuptial Mass, morning of the twenty-first, nine o'clock sharp! After congratulations, you are to come to share a wedding breakfast at the Grand Hotel, where you may hand over that check for a thousand. I'll have a very present use for it.

Bobby frowned a moment, then added a P. S., which read: "It has been earned twice. I'll tell you how when I see you."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

BY DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

I.

HEN George Bernard Shaw speaks," said a recent critic, " the world listens." Ten years or more ago, those who listened laughed. To-day those who listen are in large part serious. It has been the remarkable destiny of George Bernard Shaw to pass within a brief span from the position of jester extraordinary to the English-speaking people to that of a philosopher, with a message so serious that he scarcely dares couch it in serious form. *When Arms and the Man* appeared, England flattered itself that a new light had broken over the field of comedy. The seriousness of *Widowers' Houses* and even of *Mrs. Warren's Profession* was forgotten. Of the old intense days of the Shavian " trumpet and cart " Socialism, cultured England knew next to nothing. Shavian paradoxes became the banter of the hour. Men laughed at Bernard Shaw's exaggerated posing and his delicious drollery. The crack of his bladder on English morality and ideals and religion amused them as only men can be amused who are quite sure that even their heel is invulnerable. Mr. Shaw gained the public ear as a harmless montebank, far too fond of a jest to care for truth, and quite too conceited to be serious.

Yet there were all the while men who looked behind the painted grin to find tense lips and unsmiling eyes. Beneath the pose and the paradox, the gay flippancy and the careless exaggeration, they detected a grim seriousness even more intense than that which had marked the old days of villainous slouch hats, of Socialist carts in Hyde Park, of Fabian societies, and even of Anarchism. Some detected to approve; others, to condemn. But though they differed as widely as G. K. Chesterton, Joseph McCabe, Archibald Henderson, Clement Scott, and William Archer in their estimates of his philosophic worth, they were unanimous in pronouncing Bernard Shaw the most serious humorist since Molière. And they were taking him at his own rating.

Waggery [he said] as a medium is invaluable.....When

> first I began to promulgate my opinions, I found that they appeared extravagant and even insane. In order to gain a hearing, it was necessary for me to attain the footing of a privileged lunatic, with the license of a jester. Fortunately, the matter was very simple. I found that I had only to say with simplicity what I seriously meant just as it struck me to make everybody laugh.....My method is to take the utmost trouble to find the right thing to say and then to say it with the utmost levity. And all the time the real joke is that I am in earnest.
>
> I am not really a conceited man. It is only a pose to prevent the English people from seeing that I am serious. If they did, they would make me drink the hemlock.[1]

To-day, only the man who knows nothing of the real Bernard Shaw forgets the philosopher in the humorist. For the others, he is a serious man using to its full the jester's privilege of preaching a serious philosophy without meeting the fate of an historical philosopher. And taking him at his own rating and at the rating of his best critics, I, too, choose to consider Mr. Shaw as an intensely serious man.

In proportion to the growing seriousness of his purpose has been the increasing lightness of his literary vehicle. Had Mr. Shaw been born half a century back, the drama as a means of propaganda would have been quite out of fashion. Then he would have written novels like Charles Reade's diatribes. But the drama built like a thesis which one of the characters proposes, another lives, and the rest discuss in lengthy dialogues, was rising into popular favor. Ibsen, Hauptmann, Maeterlinck and their ilk found a collaborator in the person of the brilliant Mr. Shaw. His genius for epigram, his undoubted originality and wit, his power of sustained dialogue, made him a facile master of the new dramatic form. And his artistic gifts drew him an extensive audience from those who do not care if your theories are false, so long as your literary manners are faultless. From *Widowers' Houses* to *Androcles* and *Pygmalion,* Mr. Shaw has run the gamut from unrelieved seriousness to fantastic farcery. For Mr. Shaw has adopted the gentle policy of laughing his adversaries to death.

And Bernard Shaw's adversaries are legion. Few negative philosophers have been so at odds with all accepted truth. The

[1] *George Bernard Shaw,* a critical biography by Archibald Henderson; published with the authorization and revision of Mr. Shaw. Page 199 and *passim.*

standards of religion, morality, economics and art which the preceding ages have reared are in his eyes wrong, quite wrong; and fate or the Life Force has benignly sent Bernard Shaw to bowl them over. Nothing loath, Bernard Shaw rolled up his sleeves and has been hard at it ever since. At first he failed. The grim seriousness of *Widowers' Houses* and *Mrs. Warren's Profession* left the public unscathed. The bitter indictment of middle-class tenement owners found each member of rather slim audiences with a perfect alibi in his hand. Economists who were wise laughed incontinently at the Socialistic morality of *Mrs. Warren's Profession;* economists who believed that the theatre is not the proper place for moral clinics pronounced it simply unfit for presentation. The public declined to take Bernard Shaw seriously as a preacher of morality.

But when one cannot prove his own views, it is always possible to laugh at the views of others. As a substitute for argument, ridicule and satire are simply invaluable. So Voltaire had found, and Tom Paine, and Ingersoll; and so in his turn did Bernard Shaw. The conventions and standard of past ages must be made too absurd for serious consideration. Laugh and the world laughs with you; for if it will not laugh from enjoyment, it will laugh for fear you may fancy it is slow at catching a point. It is as a satirist that Mr. Shaw has gained the public ear.

Yet satire is a desperately dangerous weapon. It breeds in its wielder a queer twist of mind that makes him see everything out of focus. To your thorough-going satirist, nothing is sacred. He will lay anything, no matter how precious, between the stones of his mill. Even Molière, for all his Catholic instinct, went beyond the bounds and satirized what was worthy of serious respect. Satire can only be trusted to one who can prove his claim to a heart full of human kindness. Such a man will pick out for the target of his satire, men's foibles and follies which degrade the divinity within them. He will smite with his lightning the pride and vanity and petty meannesses that weigh men down in their flight toward God. He will strike not so much because he hates the vice as because he loves the victim. His love of virtue will make him unsparing in his war on vice. Like Thackeray, he will wing his bitterest arrows at Major Pendennis; but he will stand with uncovered head as Laura Bell passes by. More than that. The satirist must be put under bonds that in killing what he considers wrong, he does not slay the guiltless. He must prove that his

vision is clear and strong. A perfect satirist would have the heart of a mother and the vision of an archangel. A man who satirizes with but imperfect knowledge is a blind man shooting at a target. He may hit his mark; more likely death and destruction will attend his gunplay.

In almost every point the satire of Bernard Shaw fails. It is a cruel and deadly thing. Wonderfully brilliant, scintillating at times, it cuts to the quick even while its brilliancy blinds the eye. Like Swift's, it never flashes but to kill. Bernard Shaw, I honestly believe, is a man with friends whose affection he has gained and with dependents whose loyalty he has merited. But judged from his plays and his public utterances, Bernard Shaw is a hopeless misanthrope. He has committed the unconceivable crime of never falling in love with any of his own characters; even they are the objects of his fine derision, sinking, at the moment when they threaten to approach something like heroism, into abysmal depths of cowardice and selfishness and petty vanity.

The fancied foibles and vices of men offend his taste; but he loses sight of the victim in his hatred of the vice. With eyes firmly riveted on the weakness and faults inherent in human nature, he has come to mistake these for human nature itself. The satirist in him has distorted the judge of human nature. His characters are human only in so far as they are faulty. Forgetful of the heroic qualities that give to a race its martyrs, its mothers, its nuns, he does not reflect that the faults and foibles of men are not the things that make our human nature, but the things that spoil it. He forgets that the highest Type of man, Who was also God, shows us the human nature completely perfect, because it was completely without fault.

And when we come to consider the institutions against which Mr. Shaw flings his satire, we realize how desperately mistaken satire can become. Mr. Shaw has a fine scorn of the painters of the middle and late Renaissance. Good; if he cares to condemn Raphael and Correggio with all their paintings to the lowest depths of Tartarus, he may if it lies in his power. Men lived for centuries without these masterpieces, and they can live for centuries more without them. But when he condemns to the same place Christianity and the natural law, a halt must be called. The coming of Christ forced men to insert new words into their vocabularies, words that stood for virtues of which their lives had not felt even a trace. Christianity and the natural law are the only things that

stand between man and the lowest dephs of savagery. And whether that savagery be the lust and butchery of Kaffir tribes, or the lust of the temples of Venus and the butchery of the Colosseum, is a matter of indifference. It is enough that Christianity brings to Kaffir and Roman the saving virtues of purity and brotherly love. That alone would make a thoughtful man bow before it.

Mr. Shaw has not realized that there are things too sacred for the satire of any man. One cannot be a humorist on all subjects, and Christianity and the natural law are two of these. Many centuries ago certain satirists went forth from Jerusalem and stood beneath the dying Victim of their blindness. "If Thou be the Son of God," they cried, with a sense of their own vast humorousness, "come down from the cross and we will believe in Thee." But though many struck their breasts, it is not recorded that any man laughed. And no man laughs at that satire to-day.

For Christianity Mr. Shaw professes a contempt that is almost nausea.

> I loathe the mass of mean superstitions and misunderstood prophecies which is still rammed down the throats of the children of this country under the name of Christianity as contemptuously as ever.[2]

The Christian God he describes in his reply to Nordau as a "frightfully jealous and vindictive old gentleman sitting on a throne above the clouds;" while "heaven is a sort of bliss which would drive any active person to a second death." Of the pivotal doctrine of Christianity, he has just this to say:

> Popular Christianity has for its emblem a gibbet, for its chief sensation a sanguinary execution after torture, and for its central mystery an insane vengeance bought off by a trumpery expiation.[3]

Personal immortality, he utterly refuses to take seriously.

> The idea of personal salvation is intensely repugnant to me when it is not absurd.....I think the trouble has come about through imagining that there are only two attributes—eternal life and utter extinction in death. I believe neither of these theories to be correct. Life continually tends to organize itself

[2] *Freethinker*, November, 1908. Quoted by Joseph McCabe.
[3] Preface to *Major Barbara*.

> into higher and better forms. There is no such thing as personal immortality; and death, as Weissman says, is only the means of economizing life.....
>
> I have a strong feeling that I shall be glad when I am dead and done for—scrapped to make room for somebody better, cleverer, more perfect than myself.[4]

For the Saints he has only pity.

> And I regard St. Athanasius as an irreligious fool—that is, in the only serious sense of the word, a damned fool.

Put in less blank and honest fashion, the same contempt finds expression in his plays. *Man and Superman,* the dramatized philosophy of Mr. Shaw, is ornamented with a scene in hell, which for blasphemies it would be rather difficult to duplicate. Hell is a delightfully cheery place, filled with the joys of art and music and beauty and life. Heaven is a sort of refrigerator decorated in neutral tints where bored companies sit about and, between yawns, contemplate. Contemplation Mr. Shaw seems to imagine as a form of amusement like looking at picture postcards twenty-four hours a day in the midst of a company of anæmics and mental defectives. The devil, who is a joyous combination of Harry Bailey, Petronius and Hammerstein, has the highest respect and affection of his guests, as he has the highest respect of Bernard Shaw. God is an enlarged Puritan minister who, with genuine Puritan zeal, has banned from his domains all the joys of life, and whose guests live on the verge of physical collapse from tedium.

Clergymen are frequent figures in Mr. Shaw's plays, only two to my knowledge being Catholic priests. Without exception, they are futile or absolutely disgusting. Morell,[5] in the face of a real spiritual problem, is a helpless, conceited, self-satisfied dolt, without enough red blood in his veins to thrash the degenerate Marchbanks.[5] The bishop in *Getting Married* sits calmly by, muttering inanities through a matrimonial controversy that would go straight to the heart of Helen Key. No clergyman I have encountered since the unspeakable Lutheran of "Thelma" more disgusted me than the Rev. Samuel Gardner.[6] While of the two priests in *John Bull's Other Island,* one is a brow-beating, ignorant tyrant, and the other is mad.

Martyrs he has caricatured to the full in *Androcles and the*

[4] G. B. S., 447. *On Going to Church.*
[5] *Candida.*
[6] *Mrs. Warren's Profession.*

Lion. No Christian would care to acknowledge as a co-religionist of the first or tenth or nineteenth century any of that crowd of insincere, cowardly, frivolous men and women who are not worthy even in Mr. Shaw's play of the glories of martyrdom.

For all this attack on Christianity—and scarce a beginning has been made—there is only one possible palliation: Bernard Shaw raves without knowledge. There is only one being who really understands Christianity and still loathes it; and though Mr. Shaw would probably regard it as flattery, I do not care to class him with the one who, before he fell like lightning, was called the Bearer of the Light. The truth is that Mr. Shaw is pitiably ignorant of the religion he satirizes; and that is fatal to a satirist. He has caught up some of the phrases in which Christianity has been crystallized, just as a child or a savage might do. Of the height and breadth and depth of their significance, he has surmised nothing.

Mr. Shaw may sneer at the Heavenly Contemplation which Christians call the Beatific Vision, but he understands not even remotely that with contemplation comes the fullness of knowledge for which his mind is blindly groping, and the fullness of love which even his heart must crave. Of all the attributes of our Father Who is in heaven, he has seized upon His avenging justice alone, perverting it, with true Calvinistic instinct, into a merciless torturing of infants and predestined sinners. Such is not the God of the Christians, Who is infinite Holiness, infinite Justice, infinite Love.

For him, as for the unbelievers of long ago, the gibbet of the Cross is still a stumbling-block. St. Paul's prophecy holds in the twentieth as it held in the first century. The wonderful love of Christ for man which that Cross symbolizes, a love that has made sweet the tears of sufferers like St. Teresa, kindled the heart of penitents like Magdalen, and stimulated to heroic emulation martyrs like the aged Prince of the Apostles, is utterly beyond his ken.

Mr. Shaw's characters are seldom typical of anything except Mr. Shaw's preconceived views of life; and this is especially true of his ministers of religion. If the priests of Christ's Church were really typified by the ministers of Mr. Shaw's plays, Christianity would be to-day a smouldering heap of ruins. More typical by far of the priests of God are the men for whom a leper colony, or a sick bed, or a life devoid of all the joys of domestic relationship is all in a life's work. The realities of another world are not indefinite,

dubitable things to them; but facts that can withstand the indifference of heathen nations, or the sneers of the cultured infidel.

Sitting upon the chair of judgment and passing sentence upon Christianity, Mr. Shaw gives the impression of one who holds himself well versed in the doctrines and practices of Christianity. His own account of his early religious training, however, tells how starved his soul has always been of the things that could make religion acceptable to so intensely intellectual and æsthetic a nature.

The faith into which Bernard Shaw was born had but one solid sustaining dogma—hatred of the Catholic Church. Protestantism in Ireland was a counterpart of the Puritanism which Mr. Shaw depicts in *The Devil's Disciple;* a cold, hard, bitter religion, dogmatic without dogma, strongly tinged with the conqueror's hatred for the religion of the conquered. Such a faith soon cramped and revolted the temperamental youth.

> When I was a little boy, I was compelled to go to church on Sunday, and though I escaped from that before I was ten, it prejudiced me so violently against church-going, that twenty years elapsed before, in foreign lands, and in pursuit of works of art, I became once more a church-goer. To this day my flesh creeps when I recall that genteel suburban Irish Protestant Church.....Yes, all the vulgarity, savagery, and bad blood that has marred my literary works was certainly laid upon me in that house of Satan.[7]
>
> Imagine being taught that there is one God—a Protestant and a perfect gentleman—keeping heaven select for the gentry; and an idolatrous impostor called the Pope, smoothing the hell-ward way for the mass of the people, only admissible into the kitchens of most of the aforesaid gentry as general servants at eight pounds a year.[8]
>
> I believe Ireland, as far as the Protestant gentry are concerned, to be the most irreligious country in the world..... Protestantism in Ireland is not a religion; it is a side in political faction, a class prejudice, a conviction that Roman Catholics are socially inferior persons who will go to hell when they die and leave heaven the exclusive possession of ladies and gentlemen.

Speaking of Shelley's atheism, Leigh Hunt complains that familiarity with the Established Church drove him into unbelief. The same excuse is urged in his defence by Bernard Shaw. Irish

[7] G. B. S., 12. [8] G. B. S., 15.

Protestantism brought him an intense disgust for Protestant Christianity that has never died; but it did far worse. From one small sect which he had known, he came to scout all revealed religion, classing all in one category.

But Irish Protestantism is not the Christianity whch Christ taught and St. Paul preached and St. Cyprian testified to with his blood. Nor is the Salvation Army which Mr. Shaw takes as the Christianity to be pilloried in *Major Barbara.* Close to his doors lay a religion that would have satisfied all his cravings for intellectual, æsthetic and spiritual light. The bigotry of his home and Church held him relentlessly aloof. The Church that had claimed the loyalty of the Irish nation to the point of death, that had made Irish women stainless in their purity and Irish men heroic in suffering, that is filled with the beauty of art and ritual, and living with the very truth of heaven, meant no more to Bernard Shaw than if the nearest Catholic Church had been in Patagonia.

If Mr. Shaw ever comes to grasp the infinite justice and purity of the Father Whom sin has offended, the infinite love of the Son Who hath borne our iniquities and been bruised for our offences, he will be happy like that " damned fool " Athanasius to bear for a lifetime the hatred and scorn of those who reject the God-made Man.

It is sometimes said that no honest man can be a real atheist. Once he has thrown over the Christian God Whom he does not even try to understand, Mr. Shaw creates a deity for himself and sets him up as chief Lar of his domestic atrium.

> There are two mutually contradictory ideas which cut across each other in regard to the relative powers of God and man. According to the popular concept, God always creates beings inferior to Himself; the creator must be greater than the creature.....
>
> As a matter of fact, we know that in all art, literature, politics, sociology—in every phase of genuine life and vitality, man's highest aspiration is to create something higher than himself. So God, the Life Force, has been struggling for countless ages to become conscious of Himself, to express Himself in forms higher and higher in the scale of evolution. God does not take pride in making a grub because it is lower than Himself. On the contrary, the grub is a mere symbol of His desire for self-expression.[10]

God, then, is a cosmic force, working up and up, blindly

[10] G. B. S., 474.

but unerringly, without reason or cause, toward a perfect realization of Himself in the Superman, or perhaps, as Mr. Shaw says, in the Supersnake. Here is Pantheism, old as the hills, reduced to the last absurdity.

Whatever one may think of such nonsense, this much is certain. If Bernard Shaw could find such unsubstantiated absurdities in the pages of any scientist or theologian, his laughter would shake the spheres of heaven and the linotypes of England. He would ask the creator of the unfortunate deity whence comes this unheard-of Life Force. Who gave it power to act? Did it spring from nothing or is it eternal? Then the music of jest and epigram would slowly deepen into the rumble of uncontrolled wrath. How dare any man fling such rotten metaphysics into the eyes of intelligent beings? How dare he foist such rotten science off as truth?

Mr. Shaw would then point out that had the unfortunate maker of gods read his, Bernard Shaw's, plays, he would have seen in *Julius Cæsar* that progress is an exploded myth; that men of one generation are exactly the same as those who preceded and those who follow them; that *Julius Cæsar* differs not one whit from the modern Londoner who is a dreamer by moonlight and a mighty doer of deeds by day; that the Briton of Cæsar's Britain and the Briton of to-day show precisely the same insularity, the same love of tradition and pride of birth. In fact, he would probably declare with Nietzsche, his master, that far from the world showing signs of development, Vespasian the Proud approached nearer the Superman than Czar Nicholas or George of England. He would then point out that in *Mrs. Warren's Profession* and *Major Barbara* he, Shaw, had proved that the Life Force, far from being a deity, is controlled by environment and capital, and must bow in submission before them. And his laughter would echo round the world. Instead, he wrote *Man and Superman* to popularize his deity; he allowed his divinity to thrust his weird presence into his plots and dialogue; and he based his moral system upon this unknown god. Would not Puck himself have laughed and repeated his venerable dictum?

It is beside the purpose to waste time here on a Pantheism familiar in its general phases to every student of Catholic philosophy, or to discuss in any detail the peculiar twist by which Mr. Shaw has added individuality to his little fetish. But place his god beside the God of the Christians, and then marvel at the

courage of the man who prefers the Life Force to the Almighty. His god is an impersonal, unknown power, without feeling, without actual entity, not only unconscious of the existence of us dependent mortals, but actually struggling to gain a consciousness of himself, yet blindly forcing us to live and act and breed other beings as futile as ourselves. His god boasts as his first characteristic a violation of the primary law of nature, that a thing cannot confer upon another a perfection which it does not itself possess. His god is incapable of holding out to us a future reward as a stimulus or a future vengeance as a preventative; he can neither love us nor command our love.

Our God is a personal God, living and acting throughout the universe, loving us with a love so intense that He was willing by a miracle to steep His Divinity in human woes; a God Who created the seas with their bounds and rewards a cup of cold water given in His Name; a God Who, with an act of His will, gave form to the stars of heaven, and yet comes in the Sacrament of the Altar into the hearts of the smallest child; a God Whose loving providence, obscured at times through the blind folly of man, will right all wrongs for an eternity; a God Who is infinite love, infinite goodness, infinite majesty, the last object of our desires and our reward exceeding great. His god is a fantastic dream, unproven and unprovable. Our God is a scientific and theological necessity, Whose necessity pagans like Plato and Aristotle might perceive with little less clearness than Pasteur and Faraday. Between two such deities, the thought of choice would be an insult. A false philosopher is generally one that draws logical conclusions from false premises. And of all false premises, the most fatal in its consequences is an untrue conception of God and of man's destiny. For every other truth in life will take its significance from that.

The immoral philosophies of the day, with their justification of euthanasia and race suicide and adultery, are intelligible only because those who propose them have thrown to the winds all belief in an Eternal Judge of infinite holiness. The heroism of children who offered their tender limbs to the flames and the rack, can only be explained by their firm belief that all things were dross if they might gain Christ. In ages of faith men fell through passion and, in sackcloth and ashes, wrote *Stabat Maters* in expiation. In ages of unbelief men fall through malice and, in purple and fine linen, write new philosophies to justify their fall.

Mr. Shaw is no coward; he is brave enough to draw the inevitable conclusion from his rejection of God and eternity. Without a God Who has a right to command, there is no such thing as a distinction between right and wrong. Without personal immortality, morality is as shifting as the table etiquette of civilized races. That is a conclusion which every Catholic philosopher would demand as the correct one from such premises. And that is a conclusion which many an atheistic philosopher is cowardly enough to shirk. Mr. Shaw has embraced it in its entirety.

Morality, says Mr. Shaw, and his characters echo his dictum, is as shifting as table manners or the rules of the drill grounds. We do not eat peas with our knife, he intimates, for the reason that the present-day usage says none of the best people does so. We do not play fast and loose with our friend's wife and property, because under present conditions such conduct is regarded as mistaken by the people who count. No doubt he would add that, in years to come, eating peas with a knife may be done wherever peas are eaten, and playing fast and loose with a friend's wife and property may be done wherever the wife is fast and the property loose.

With equal insistence, Mr. Shaw would deny that the laws of the Decalogue are written on tables of stone or on the tablets of the heart. There is no power outside of ourselves, he asserts, that dares say: "Thou shalt!" or "Thou shalt not!" With Ibsen, he declares that human conscience is the only lawgiver, the supreme arbiter of right and wrong. No law, call it human or natural or divine, can bind the will in its pursuit of self-realization. Nothing can stand in the way of the action of the Life Force within us; everything must go that the Life Force may prosper.

Thus precisely do his characters act. They know no law. With them, the end, coöperation with the Life Force, justifies any means, be it good or clearly evil. Ann Whitefield,[11] Shaw's Everywoman, lies shamelessly, tricks and deceives her mother, plays every situation to her own advantage, frankly hunts the man who spurns her advances, and tramples under foot the tatters of feminine modesty to gain her end—marriage which means the propagation of the Life Force. Candida[12] honestly affirms that once her love for her husband is gone, no law can bind her; that she would give her goodness and her purity to the insufferable Marchbanks as

[11] *Man and Superman.* [12] *Candida.*

willingly as she would give her shawl to a beggar dying of the cold. In the face of temptation, she weighs her loyalty to her husband not by any consideration of the intrinsic right and wrong of adultery, but by the question: Is adultery under these circumstances the sensible and humane thing to embrace? When Sergius,[13] folding his arms, declares: "Nothing binds me!" Bluntschll, pleased, as Mr. Shaw remarks, with this bit of common sense, replies: "Saranoff, your hand; my congratulations!"

Had Candida fled with Eugene, Mr. Shaw would have blamed her no more than Ibsen blames Nora flying from her Doll's House. Both were right in acting in accord with their desire for life, though all the laws under heaven forbade adultery. In Mr. Shaw's moral code there is to be "no more or no less respect for chastity than for incontinence, for legality than for illegality, for subordination than for rebellion, for piety than for blasphemy, and, in short, for the standard vices than for the standard virtues," except in as far as the individual conscience approves or condemns.

Once you take into consideration Mr. Shaw's premises, there is no denying his logic. Without a personal God Who made us for Himself and for our own eternal happiness, moral law has none but a utilitarian justification. Only a supreme God Who made me from nothing, and can with His word send me down to eternal ruin, can bind my will with a strict obligation. No man in this world nor any group of men can legislate right and wrong for me. Mere men like myself, they cannot make me their slave. They have no rights over me; they cannot make their experience a law unto my conscience. But the God Who made my nature can make laws for that nature, and them I must obey. Mr. Shaw may feel justified in accepting his fluctuating standard of right and wrong; but until we accept Mr. Shaw's blind, vague and irrational deity, we know that incontinence, and unlawful rebellion, and blasphemy will always be hideous crimes.

[13] *Arms and the Man.*

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE POETS OF 1915.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

IF there is one thing more than another in Mr. William Stanley Braithwaite's *Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915*[1] that earns the sincere admiration of the reader, it is the manner in which he has refused to lend himself to any of the cliques or schools, and his insistence in presenting American poetry of to-day with a welcome for all who honestly aspire and decently achieve. We have seen in his Anthologies for 1913 and 1914 the growth and expansion of this literary catholicism, and before discussing the contents of his volume for 1915, we wish to express our general appreciation of this attitude.

"The April mood," writes Mr. Braithwaite in his introduction, "sanctifies the poet's dreams. He has come through them to realize the eternal grace that beats in the pulse of life. April typifies not so much resurrection as recurrence. This touch of mystery that comes creeping out of the shadow into the sunlight, transfiguring all with a motionless alchemy of breath and color and odor, evokes from poetry a similiar touch of mystery that comes out of the shadows of human sorrow and pain into the joyousness of aspiration, a transfiguring power of faith, hope and love, quickening the nature of man." It is this touch of mystery that flickers over all of Mr. Braithwaite's work, giving it truly poetic character apart from the material in which he deals in the one hundred and eighty-four pages, beginning with *Invocation* by Wendell Phillips Stafford and ending with *To My Country,* by Charles Hanson Towne. Let us begin first with the ladies: *The Cradle Song* of Josephine Preston Peabody contrasts quaintly with *The Bacchante to Her Babe,* by Eunice Tietjens, and in *The Musicmaker's Child,* by Miriam Allen de Ford, we come upon a lovely poem of the sea, with the haunting lines:

"I am choked with sand,"
Says Jan the fisher.
"A pearl in each hand,"
Says Jan the fisher.

[1] New York: Gomme & Marshall. $1.50.

There is also *Heritage,* by Theresa Virginia Beard, to make a lovely foil for Amelia Josephine Barr's *A Spring Symphony* and *Ulysses in Ithaca,* with their positive, almost masculine, qualities as in:

The measure of the martial dance, the rhythmic shield and sword.
Ithaca, Ithaca, the wind among the trees,
The peasants singing at his toil, the murmuring of bees,
The measure of the martial dance, the rhythmic shield and sword.

Also there are Margaret Widdemer and Olive Tilford Dargan with striking poems each; and Agnes Lee with her *A Statue in a Garden* where she sings:

I was a goddess ere the marble found me,
  Wind, wind delay not!
Waft my spirit where the laurel crowned me!
  Will the wind stay not?

Then tarry, tarry, listen, little swallow!
  An old glory feeds me—
I lay upon the bosom of Apollo!
  Not a bird heeds me.

And Caroline Giltinan, and Edith Wharton, and Sara Teasdale, in whose *Testament* are the fine lines:

But out of the night I heard
  Like the inland sound of the sea,
The hushed and terrible sob
  Of all humanity.

Then I said, "Oh, who am I
  To scorn the God to His face?
I will bow my head and stay
  And suffer with my race."

Mary Rachel Norris has written a beautiful poem, *Pax Beata;* so too has Corinne Roosevelt Robinson in her sonnet, *We Who Have Loved;* while Amy Lowell is represented with three long pieces of prose and rhythm, *Patterns, The Bombardment* and *The Fruit Shop,* which reveal her achievement and limitation in the difficult line she has essayed.

With the men one comes upon a broader field: *Peter Quince At The Clavier,* by Wallace Stevens, is a sketch-book notation that in a higher state of development give us Vachel Lindsay's excellent picture of *The Chinese Nightingale.* Edgar Lee Masters, whose *Spoon River Anthology* is in so many hands, contributes in his *Silence* these striking lines:

There is the silence that comes between husband and wife.
There is the silence of those who have failed;
And the vast silence that covers
Broken nations and vanquished leaders.
There is the silence of Lincoln,
Thinking of the poverty of his youth.
And the silence of Napoleon
After Waterloo.
And the silence of Jeanne D'Arc
Saying amid the flames, " Blesséd Jesus "—
Revealing in two words all sorrow, all hope,
And there is the silence of age,
Too full of wisdom for the tongue to utter it
In words intelligible to those who have not lived
The great range of life.
And there is the silence of the dead.
If we who are in life cannot speak
Of profound experiences,
Why do you marvel that the dead
Do not tell you of death?
Their silence shall be interpreted
As we approach them.

The work of Robert Frost is well illustrated in *Birches, The Road Not Taken* and *The Death of the Hired Man;* while Edwin Arlington Robinson, perhaps the father and pioneer of all these poets of the half-music, is represented by a splendid poem, *Flammonde:*

He never told us what he was,
  Of what mischance or other cause,
Had banished him from better days
  To play the Prince of Castaways.
Meanwhile he played surpassing well
A part, for most unplayable;
  In fine, one pauses, half afraid
  To say for certain that he played.

Percy Mackaye's vigorous war poem, *The Return of August,* contrasts interestingly with *The White Ships and the Red* of Joyce Kilmer, where

> "Nay," said the scarlet visitor,
> "Though I sink through the sea
> A ruined thing that was a ship
> I sink not as did ye.
> For ye met with your destiny
> By rock or storm or fight,
> So through the lagging centuries
> Ye wear your robes of white.
> But never crashing iceberg
> Nor honest shot of foe,
> Nor hidden reef has sent me
> The way that I must go.
> My wound that stains the waters,
> My blood that is a flame,
> Bear witness to a loathly deed,
> A deed without a name."

In *Gayheart,* the author, Dana Burnet, shows much of the quality that has brought about the success of his recent volume of *Poems;* and in a series of sonnets George Edward Woodberry chants of war and peace, culminating thus:

> Whence not unmoved I see the nations form
> From Dover to the fountains of the Rhine,
> A hundred leagues, the scarlet battle line,
> And by the Vistula great armies swarm,
> A vaster flood; rather my breast grows warm,
> Seeing all peoples of the earth combine
> Under one standard, with one countersign,
> Grown brothers in the universal storm.
>
> And never through the wide world yet there rang
> A mightier summons! O thou who from the side
> Of Athens and the loins of Cæsar sprang,
> Strike, Europe, with half the coming world allied,
> For those ideals for which, since Homer sang,
> The hosts of thirty centuries have died.

Richard Butler Glaenzer, Hermann Hagerdorn and James Oppenheim are also here with vigorous singing of the war and its

horrors; while John Gould Fletcher and Walter Conrad Arensberg weave exquisite fantasies in the older manner. Witter Bynner is represented with an interesting poetical study entitled *Passages from the New World,* and Richard Burton with a striking sonnet on *Fate.* Ridgeley Torrence is credited with *The Bird and the Tree,* whose gloomy quality contrasts strongly with the lines of his *The Vision of Spring:*

> Dove-low waters among the kindled willows
> Then would lift to anoint a dust unsaddened,
> Piercing cries of the spirit from the marshes
> Melt with chorusings sweet upon the hillsides,
> Harplike mysteries called through glowing orchards,
> Shy, invisible laughters from the thickets.
> All that uttered the dream while earth turned heedless
> Then with freshets of song would cool its fever.

Hills, by Arthur Guiterman, and a triangle of songs by William Griffith, make excellent foils for the Franciscan *Sunbrowned with Toil* of Edward F. Garesché, S.J. Benjamin R. C. Low's lines, *For the Dedication of a Toy Theatre,* have an old-world beauty that seems to reproach the boastfulness of the new:

> You, also, looking backward with regret,
> Who catch a glimmer of late childhood yet;
> And you who never wandered, skimped indeed,
> Beyond the borders of this hard world's need;
> But most, you children, holding in your hearts
> The ways of highest heaven, best of arts
> Be seated here. Yon curtain is the mind:
> Let logic slip, and—laughter is behind.
> Ay laughter, and brave deeds, and hopes come true—
> The old sweet world of fancy, made for you.
> But mark you, disenchantment's nigh at hand;
> Who ever questions will not understand.
> Look to't: and, as you love us, we entreat,
> Put off your cares; a smile will buy your seat.
> Ho! actors! come, make ready there within:
> Have up the curtain; let the play begin!

It remains only to mention Don Marquis' fine ode, *The Paradox,* and to point out the brilliant charm of Louis Untermeyer's *Swimmers,* with the lines:

Then the swift plunge into the cool, green dark—
The windy waters rushing past me, through me,
Filled with the sense of some heroic lark,
Exulting in a vigor, clean and roomy.
Swiftly I rose to meet the feline sea
That sprang upon me with a hundred claws,
And grappled, pulled me down, and played with me.
Then, tense and breathless in the tightening pause,
When one wave grows into a toppling acre,
I dived headlong into the foremost breaker.

Beside the Anthology, Mr. Braithwaite gives us, pp. 183-293, his *Year Book of American Poetry,* containing an index of poets and poems in American magazines; a department of reviews of "the Best Poetry of 1915:" a list of important publications dealing with poets and poetry and articles and reviews published during 1915. In appreciating the care and labor that have gone to the preparation of these valuable departments, we mark with a regretful sigh the absence of the names of Louise Imogen Guiney, Marguerite Merington, Maurice Francis Egan, Ina Coolbrith, Charles Phillips, Katherine Brégy and Thomas Augustine Daly, as well as any reference to the splendid literary series by Father James J. Daly, Joyce Kilmer and others, in the pages of *America.*

Still there is small room for carping criticism in this handsome volume of Mr. Braithwaite's, which has now become the steady product of the New Year's season, one which the student and critic of the years as they pass cannot afford to overlook. To all such and to the libraries they are likely to affect in the pursuit of studies, we may recommend Mr. Braithwaite's *Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1915.*

NATIONAL PREPAREDNESS AS ILLUSTRATED BY AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY CHARLES H. MCCARTHY, PH.D.

ONE hundred years have passed since the tumult and uproar of the French Revolution have ceased. But their distant echoes we yet may faintly hear. The energy of the First Republic passed the frontiers of France, and in all the leading nations of Europe woke the sword of war. From Coruña to Mount Tabor, and from Alexandria to Moscow, Napoleon's devoted legions followed his dauntless marshals. But as if Europe and Africa furnished for their fame a theatre too confined, they crossed the Atlantic to Española, where thousands found hospitable graves.

Under Toussaint the black Americans won their liberty, only to learn that freedom alone cannot prevent a race from sinking into the fenlands of despair. A century has shown that not even the friendship of the world is sufficient to restore their intelligence or to support their prosperity. Now, though guided and befriended by a powerful state, the Haytians know that freedom is not a cure for every ill. *That* they have enjoyed without restraint. Those were unrewarded who brought to the negroes a civilization from the foremost files of time. They were suspected and their gift was spurned. In fighting the French the Haytians cut themselves off from a boundless source of knowledge, the storehouse of the past. To them the generosity or, if one choose so to call it, the weakness of France proved a doubtful blessing. It left them free to turn their faces from the past, the fountain of their spiritual life, and to sound for themselves the shoals in the ocean of time upon which they were about to embark. As yet their experience has yielded little light. In their despotic Republic the expiring flame of liberty rises and falls, and at any moment may go out forever. Whatever may be the fate of freedom in that nation, to many Americans Hayti resembles a slumbering volcano.

For a season the French had loosened other chains, and in many lands woke pulses of hope, but once more those fetters were riveted, and those hopes sank to rest. The tempest of war that for

years had swept the face of Europe at last was hushed. Looked at carefully its people, dreaming of the rights of man, and believing that the sun of his redemption had risen, do not seem to have known that from the fields of victory they were drifting toward despair.

Textbooks tell us that the breath of war purifies the patriot's flames; that even for peaceful pursuits it marshals all the forces of the soul. Brave sentiments, we are told, are roused by captive cannon and by waving flags, the trophies of ghastly fields. But to conquering nations these ensigns of power bring no happiness, for this is not the way of heaven. In the whirlwind path of war are devastated fields, once gay with nature's jewelry; blackened homes, cherished memorials of peace and love; ruined temples, sanctified by the breath of prayer. Of all the activities that fill men's lives on earth war is the most hideous.

After Waterloo came the reconstruction of Europe. In a little while the veteran grew a stranger to the use of arms, the husbandman resumed his plow, the artisan took up his half-forgotten trade. In time the process of the seasons brought plenty. Again were heard the alarms of war, but a power unseen restrained the gathering hosts and once more, like a spectral army, they vanished into air. For a sunny hour men were happy. But again the lowering clouds foretold a tempest, which broke, and beat and raved. The havoc over, peace renewed her reign. Thus have alternate war and alarms filled up a century. Except for some British interludes, history holds the first Napoleon responsible for much of the earlier fighting.

In the middle period the purpose of Europe was to protect the Turk, and associated with him against Russia were Great Britain, France and Sardinia. They had done a gallant deed. They kept the Turk in Europe. But even nations cannot with impunity sin against civilization, and, sixty years after, all of them know his gratitude.

In the later cycle, 1864, 1866, 1870, the wars were charged to Prussia. She was prepared and she was victorious. But the conquests of those years failed to silence international strife, and merely served further to inflame ambition.

In our day the world had attained to the summit of human glory. We had surpassed all the ages in grandeur. Since the last great war a generation had scarcely passed when Europe's skies were overcast. The rising gale drove on the mustering clouds and hid the lights of heaven. The tempest broke pitiless and

terrible. The dread war had come with its calamities and its horrors.

The prehistoric methods of the savage still adjudicate our differences. It is true that we no longer feast on the vanquished, for the world has bidden farewell to human flesh. But men still hold carnival at the cost of those that beg and those that starve. Filled with ignorance and superstition, as we are often told, and as so many believe, the Middle Ages had learned humanity. In the harsh world that we know a little of, *their* chivalry would seem a thing of loveliness. But from our troubled planet that foolish weakness has been banished by the valiant sons of Mars.

The desolation of provinces, the wreck of kingdoms, and the slaughter of armies are the dread tidings reported by eighteen months of war, calamities still heightened by the march of pestilence and famine. As tame spectators of these direful woes, what have Americans done and what have they resolved to do to keep from their own land similar scenes of slaughter? Are they, too, destined to tread the fields of grief?

If we attempt to pierce the future, we see nothing clearly, but dimly revealed are signs of things that are appalling. The events to come are wrapped in puzzling shadows. Then it is vain to question, for from our vision divine wisdom has concealed the book of fate. In a word, it is idle to interrogate the future; its mysteries are its own. The past alone is ours. Science, which has charted the ocean and the skies, has likewise for us unrolled the scroll of history. Little wisdom is needed to read therein and to learn its lessons. Our land has not been free from strife. In fact, great and small, we have felt the sorrows and known the tragedies of many wars.

The first and greatest of our Presidents, wise though he was and just, found himself compelled to enforce the law at the point of the bayonet. The Whisky Rebellion, most formidable in Pennsylvania, called for settlement. The founder of the political party which at this moment guides our destinies, recommended in dealing with lawless men the employment of gentle methods. In other words, Jefferson advised his chief to send into Pennsylvania a small force. Hamilton, who knew that a few battalions would be resisted, and that bloodshed would follow, urged the sending of an army so strong that folly itself would refrain from opposition. The wisdom of the counsel was perceived and adopted. Fifteen thousand troops entered the troubled region. Their very presence

overawed the "Whisky Boys;" in a few months order was restored and no blood was shed. There was felt but little bitterness toward the new Government, which had shown at once its strength and its clemency.

The lesson to be learned from the conduct of Washington is that the possession of power need not close the door on mercy; that a policy of economy, for the purpose of turning a minority into a majority party, or for any transient object whatever, would have given a local habitation to anarchy, an example that would have been dangerous if not fatal to the feeble Government.

But, knowing the general poverty, Washington had twice attempted, and with disastrous results, to deal gently with the Indians in the old Northwest. We know the fate of Harmar and of St. Clair. Necessity forced the President to call upon General Wayne, a real soldier, and for the emergency to assemble a real army. But Wayne was too wise to lead recruits against crafty Indians. Month after month he drilled them in the elements of tactics and in forest fighting. In fact, the settlers thought him mad. After that perfect preparation, which should have preceded the trouble, he met the red men at Fallen Timbers. Those tribes troubled the frontiersmen no more. Are these small-scale experiences known to the American people? Not to many of the voters harangued by those who advocate defencelessness, nor, perhaps, to all the guileless orators themselves.

It may be contended that without preparation all America's great wars were crowned with success. This acquaintance with the history of the United States is gained from anniversary orations, whose primary object is entertainment, or from schoolbooks, which generally aim at inculcating patriotism, and omit much that is non-heroic. Let us examine in outline America's four great wars, namely, the War for Independence, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the Civil War.

The thirteen colonies which England conquered or settled united in 1765 to secure a redress of grievances. Nine years later necessity recommended their closer union. Seeing that protests were unavailing, it was deemed prudent to begin the formation of an army, and in some colonies there came into existence companies of minutemen; also committees of correspondence and committees of safety. When finally, by the policy and the act of England, war began, the Government was without an army, a navy, or a revenue. Thus equipped the patriots of that era challenged the mistress of

the seas and the arbitress of Europe. But into their ultimate success there entered, as we shall see, many elements unforeseen.

The lack of a stable army, especially at the outset, was a source of the greatest embarrassment to General Washington; the lack of even a small American navy made it possible for England safely to transport to her colonies troops by thousands and by tens of thousands. During the autumn of 1775 and the following winter, Washington, who had ammunition only for defence, was compelled helplessly to watch the movements of the British in Boston. When, however, a little more had been collected, he drove them forever from that city.

A powerful fleet gave to General Howe his undoubted successes on Long Island and on Manhattan Island. With it troops could easily be landed from the Hudson or the East River in the rear of the American army; hence Washington's retirement northward. The retreat across New Jersey need not be rehearsed. The genius of Washington turned that disastrous campaign into victory at Trenton. The battle of Princeton, in the early days of 1777, was followed by the march to Morristown. Later there came from the North tidings of the victory at Saratoga. To what extent the successes gained were due to the supplies sent by Beaumarchais we shall probably never know. But if on this point there is room for doubt, there can be none concerning the extent of the assistance of France after February, 1778, for that is a matter of record.

Let it be assumed that Colonel George Rogers Clark would have completed his winning of the West without the assistance of Father Gibault, the loan of François Vigo, the aid of the French volunteers, or the encouragement of the Spanish Governor beyond the Mississippi. Let us set it all down to the credit of Virginian enterprise and Virginian gallantry, and they cannot easily be overpraised, yet the followers of Clark were from boyhood inured to exposure and trained to marksmanship. That is, they could march and shoot. Connected with this brilliant exploit were forces not Anglo-American.

When in the early summer of 1778 the British abandoned Philadelphia, perhaps the step was recommended quite as much by a rumor of the departure from Europe of a French fleet as by the activity of General Washington, whose army during the preceding winter had shivered at Valley Forge. Again, when the British in New York were meditating a descent on Rhode Island, the actual arrival of a French fleet put them on the defensive.

Perhaps no one will deny that the victory at Yorktown, October, 1781, ended England's hope of a successful conclusion of the war. But Cornwallis would have escaped almost unscathed if his return to New York had not been prevented by the presence of a powerful French fleet under Count de Grasse and a part of the French army under the Marquis de St. Simon. In this trying situation what neutralized the activity of the British fleet? One squadron had long been given employment by the Spaniards in the Mexican Gulf, for in 1779 Spain declared war on England. By General Bernardo Galvez, British troops also were occupied in the West Indies and in the Floridas. Under Count de Grasse and Count Guichen thirty-four or thirty-five of the best battleships afloat had assembled to renew the fight with the British fleet, which after being beaten by Grasse had prudently sailed for New York. The surrender of Cornwallis was inevitable.

From an early stage of the war Washington was convinced that a strong fleet would soon bring victory. In the very hour that France sent a victorious one, the end of the long struggle was in sight. The lack of a navy had greatly lengthened the duration of the war.

In addition to the assistance of France, up to that time the greatest ever rendered by one nation to another, the advantage that resulted from Spain's war with England, as well as England's war with Holland, made success certain. Moreover, the King of France had loaned to the new Republic generous sums. Spain too had furnished a little, and, when the military phase of the war had ended, Holland assisted with money, as during the war she had made it easy for American ships to get supplies at St. Eustatius, one of her West Indian possessions. Prussia, which had been accustomed to act with England, not only rendered her no assistance, but by diplomatic pressure urged Holland, as earlier she had urged France, to enter the war on the side of America. In brief, the rebellious colonies won their independence by the gallantry of their soldiers, the military genius of their Commander-in-Chief, and the assistance of Spain, France and Holland. There had been almost no preparation, and but for unexpected assistance American independence might not have been won in 1781. That might have rewarded the efforts of a later generation. In the Revolutionary War, therefore, Great Britain did not fight the United States alone, but the United States in concert with three strong European powers.

The statesman who recommended the sending of an inex-

pensive force against the "Whisky Boys" was elected President in 1800, and soon after inauguration commenced his memorable experiments on the navy, of which for eight years he was Commander-in-Chief. His gunboat policy is valuable as one to be avoided rather than to be imitated. By Albert Gallatin, his able Secretary, Jefferson was informed that war was inevitable, and was told that a perseverance in his paternal embargo system would result in an empty treasury. That prediction was fulfilled to the letter, though it happened toward the close of President Madison's first term. By submitting to a succession of indignities Jefferson had avoided war, but the American character had not altogether escaped contempt.

No injury, no affront could provoke the Government into considering measures of defence. It seems not to have been executive spirit that finally led Madison to recommend a declaration of war against England. Perhaps, though the suspicion is not susceptible of mathematical proof, it was the desire for a second term. While war had long been feared, there was no preparation for such a contingency. Though Great Britain was engaged in a mighty struggle with Napoleon, the greatest military leader of all time, she found an opportunity with a handful of Canadians and a fringe of her navy to humiliate the United States. Captains like MacDonough did not receive their warrants from President Jefferson or his successor. In their eyes commissions in the navy were new items of expense. Once more was Great Britain forced silently to submit to the demands of the United States, but again she was embarrassed by another war.

After all, it was, perhaps, fortunate that Wellington with eighty thousand men was at Waterloo and not at Plattsburg. But even the presence of the Iron Duke could not have saved the fleet of the gallant Downie. However, it will be admitted that Wellington would not have been courtmartialed for cowardice and incompetency as was Prevost. Doubtless the British army would have completed the journey down the Hudson to New York. Was there no element of luck in the final victory? Not every nation has had a Napoleon for a partner, if not an ally.

Certain microscopic eyes afterward discovered a wastage at West Point. Why support at considerable expense an academy for the training of army officers, when every township in the United States had its school where one might "cipher" to cube root and mensuration? It was seriously proposed, in the long interval of

peace after 1815, to abolish the United States Military Academy. What saved the institution is by no means clear, but in the course of a few years the war with Mexico showed its inestimable value. The "peculiar institution" of the South had forced a war with the sister Republic. In the victories that followed West Point graduates had no slight share. If officers equally efficient had commanded the hosts of Mexico, the result might have been postponed and the cost of success far greater.

The war for Southern independence, 1861-1865, was no exception to those of former times, for both its duration and magnitude were chiefly due to lack of preparation. By a singular policy the Government was poor in an era of increasing wealth, and by reason of the employment in high office of disloyal men the vessels of the navy had been sent to distant seas, the nearest warship being at Vera Cruz. By a knowledge of the probable time when trouble would begin, certain States arranged for the purchase of weapons from the Federal arsenals. The presence in every bureau of officials whose affections were otherwhere gave to conspirators early intelligence of all the plans of Government. Not only was the navy dispersed, but it was hoped by the resignation of its officers the army would be demoralized, and demoralized it was. Like the army and navy the civil service was turned awry. Officials subverted their posts to a hostile power.

Is our present revenue policy more nearly adequate to national emergencies than was that of 1860? In our time would it be impossible to destroy the efficiency of the navy? Are *all* employees of Government more loyal now than were those of 1860? Is every plan of battleship, gun, and fort as great a mystery as the identity of the man in the iron mask? But the problem of our time is not whether the army is equal to any possible emergency, whether the navy is to be increased in size and efficiency, or whether officials generally are loyal to the Government of the United States. The question of the moment seems to be concerned not with the security of this country, but, it is feared, with the welfare of some faction.

Modest, compared with the military establishments of the great European powers, as would be our proposed new army and navy, the additional cost would doubtless be felt by many citizens as no slight addition to the present burden of taxation. Should our Government adopt a policy similar to that in contemplation; will the people derive from those new charges benefits at all commensurate with the cost? Is it reasonably to be feared that our

Government will inaugurate a system of taxation which will continue through endless years and bring no blessings to those who bear it? All our experience has shown that when the danger will have passed, the burden will be removed. If the citizen does not abdicate, by a failure to exercise his political rights, he can easily alter or entirely change a policy deemed prudent when the world was mad. In America there is little difference of opinion concerning war. All wise men would avoid its costs as well as its calamities. Many there are, indeed, who would thrive in that grim trade, and those would welcome it, but they would not be found in marching regiments. So desirable is peace that some would defend it with a fortress of gold.

No statistician has accurately estimated the cost of the Civil War, and for years to come none can do so. Half a century after its commencement our Government was still paying in pensions more than one hundred and fifty million dollars a year. Though the ranks of the veterans are growing thinner, many of them have an expectancy of years, and to those fortunate survivors payments will continue cheerfully to be made.

If we generously estimate the number of slaves in 1860 at four million, and assume that the Federal Government had offered for them one thousand dollars per head, an exceedingly high price, the cost of buying them from their owners would have amounted to only four billion dollars. That would have been thought by the physicians of the state, economists and statesmen, a staggering burden, yet it is only a small part of what the war actually cost. Expensive is the tribunal in which Mars presides.

The battles of the Civil War, compared with those that mark a modern one, were but as skirmishes between outposts. Yet even their lists of casualties were long and sorrowful. So stupendous would be the cost of a war with any great nation, that from our favored land prosperity would be banished for generations. History, which oftentimes sustains hope, gives no guarantee that the most upright official conduct will insure a continuance of peace. It does, indeed, inform us that America's preference for neutrality has seldom been in harmony with the interested policies of European powers, and it clearly teaches us that the knowledge that we are prepared to exclude from this hemisphere such ruin as reigns in Europe, would cause even the mightiest to hesitate before attempting to disturb our repose.

GLENMALURE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND GILBERT.

A WORLD-SONG in the running water:
"Red am I with the red of slaughter,
When storm and torrent sweep the Glen
I mourn the fate of gallant men.

"I wash their graves and keep them green—
Prankt with the flowers of golden sheen,
I chant their praise when summer is kind,
I keen for them on the winter wind.

"I run, I rush to the cleansing sea
And wash me clean in the wave of the free,
Yet still am I red with the red of blood
In valley shadow, in mountain flood.

"Michael Dwyer still sits in his chair,
On the red rock up the mountain there,
And the roofless barrack with eyes of hale
Stares at him from the heart of the vale.

"It threats me as I hurry along
For the mindfulness of my ceaseless song,
But I will sing when stone on stone
The baleful walls to dust are gone.

"Will sing of the patriot hearts that bled,
Slaughtered to dye my waters red,
Will sing and sing to the souls of men
My world-song from an Irish glen.

"Men of to-day ye are cold and tame,
Care not for praise, care not for blame,
Go count your sheep in the mountain cave
And feed your kine on the heroes' grave.

"No more to your crags the eagle clings,
On Lug-na-cullia he spreads his wings,
The rabbit thrives, and the wily fox
Lives at ease in his hole in the rocks.

"Some of your old men brood as I,
Talk of the brave awhile, and die!
The young are fleeing to happier lands
Where's room for souls and where's work for hands."

Only the river, only the river
That knows no death and will sing forever,
Only the ever-running water,
Running red with the red of slaughter,

Hears the battlecry of the brave
Ringing from the patriot's grave,
And winds it into a water-song,
The song of all days that will live world-long.

TRANSMIGRATION.

BY ESTHER W. NEILL.

PART II.

Fifteen Years Afterwards.

CHAPTER V.

THE "new member," known familiarly as "the ugliest man on the floor," leaned back in his chair and looked around the House of Representatives with small interest. His eyes had circumnavigated the room so often while the gentleman from some unpronounceable Indian town had been talking. The "new member" wondered at the Speaker's patience. Why did he not stop the little man with his provincial platitudes; or why could not the loquacious one talk to the stenographer alone, and then his speech could pass in the *Congressional Record* without discomfort to an unwilling audience? It occurred to him that he could at least reduce the audience, and rising, he walked quickly up the green carpeted aisle.

At the door a page met him holding out a woman's card. The "new member" looked at it indifferently, then his expression changed to one of half fear, and he put his hand up to a long scar on his cheek as if he placed dependence on his disfigurement, and for a moment he stopped to consult a small mirror that hung behind a screen. The image reassured him. He was a man of forty-two, but he looked older than his years; his hair and pointed beard were almost white, and his face, bronzed by much out-door living, made their whiteness more apparent; the scar on his left cheek had drawn one of his eyes downward. For a long time he had thought that he would lose the sight of that eye, and the relief he had experienced in its preservation destroyed all dismay at the distortion.

As he entered the ante-room a slim girlish figure rose to greet him. The "new member" knew nothing of women's clothes, but he received the vague impression that his present visitor's hat and coat were entirely out of style; the coat was short and tight fitting. Though he realized his own helplessness to analyze anything so amazing as feminine fashion, it troubled him to feel that this girl was shabby, for he was keen enough to observe that her black gloves had worn white at the finger tips.

"I am Miss Polly Maxen," she began nervously, "and I believe I have come to the wrong place. I should have gone to your office rooms in the new building across the street. You are Mr. Walcott?"

He hesitated a moment, "Yes, I am Mr. Walcott," his voice sounded strange and far away.

"And I've come to the wrong place?" she asked again.

"Well, I wouldn't say that," he smiled faintly, "if you really wanted to see me. If you had gone across the street you might have had to wait a long time."

The smile reassured her. "I thought perhaps my coming here was unusual."

"Well, I don't know," he smiled broadly now; "I don't know anything more about this place than a Fiji Islander, and I'm trying to keep people from catching on to the fact. You see I've only been in Washington two weeks, and I believe—I believe I'm sorry I came."

She was disconcerted now, for in some way his regret seemed to be connected with her.

"Why—you mean you have received so many applications for positions?"

He saw how he had blundered, "No, not that, but I believe there's more room to breathe out West. I lived in the East—once—long ago—too long to remember, for I've spent fifteen years trying to forget."

She looked at him in some bewilderment, the interview had departed so far from a business basis. No doubt he had met with some fearful railroad accident traveling in the East—the long scar seemed to prove it. Her sympathetic imagination pictured him in a hospital, far away from friends and kindred, undergoing great physical suffering. No wonder he had tried to forget an experience that had left him disfigured for life.

"I should think you would like it here," she said struggling to relieve the silence.

"Would you?" his eyes were very kind, "then perhaps I shall. Washington is a beautiful city, so uncommercial, so perhaps I shall like it if you say so."

There was another awkward pause; Polly wondered what she should say next.

"Mrs Bolivar sent me to you," she began again abruptly. He seemed strangely amazed at the announcement.

"Why, do you know Mrs. Bolivar?"

"Well, I've met her only once. She gave me a little note of introduction, and I lost it on the way, but really I don't think it can make much difference, for Mrs. Bolivar hardly knows me; anything

she could say about me was mere politeness. I think I remember the words perfectly. 'This is to introduce you to Miss Maxen who is badly in need of work. Can you find a corner for her in any of your slummy undertakings?' That was all, and to tell the truth it worried me a little. What could she mean by 'slummy undertakings?'"

He laughed aloud. "That's only a picturesque phrase for charity work."

"But I don't want charity," she interrupted. "It was only work—some sort of work," she repeated with a little touch of despair. Her face had flushed, and her brown eyes, always her chief beauty, looked luminous and full of pain.

The ugliest member was studying her with intent interest. Her nervousness worried him.

"Haven't you—anything?" he asked.

"Nothing now," she answered, "mother had a small annuity, but the company failed. I must get work somewhere."

"Is your mother in town?"

"No, mother is at home. We live in a small town in Virginia. I came to Washington last week in the hope that I could get a government clerkship, but that seems impossible, there have been so many appointments from my State. Mrs. Bolivar said you had many interests, associations and—things," she ended weakly.

"I'll hunt one up for you," he said hopefully. "Some kind of a 'thing.'"

"Oh, thank you. Would you like some sort of a recommendation?"

"Recommendation!" he repeated as if the suggestion was absurd.

Polly was a trifle dazed by his startling manner. "I thought it was usual to ask for them," she ventured.

"Well, perhaps, yes of course. Leave the recommendation if you choose, but I thought Mrs. Bolivar's was lost." He prided himself that this explanation canceled his former mistake. "Who else has recommended you?" Certainly the last question sounded dispassionate enough.

"Judge Frankfort."

"What! that old man still sitting in judgment?"

"Why do you know him?"

"Well I should—" he paused. He was again on dangerous ground. He had no right to recollections. "He was a friend of my father's, years ago; his name is very familiar," he added awkwardly.

"Yes, of course, he is very well known here in Washington. I thought a letter from him might help, and I'll leave my own card with

my address. I'm staying with some cousins. I often wonder what Southern people would do without cousins."

"They are a convenience," he admitted. "I don't believe I was ever good enough to mine."

"Mine have been very kind and have asked me to stay indefinitely, but of course I can't. My grandfather used to say that hospitality in the South was such a disproportioned virtue that it had grown to be a vice."

He was glad to see her at her ease once more. "I believe I'd agree to that. I've seen them arrive by the carriage load, babies and nurses and go-carts and trunks."

"Oh, I think it was delightful when we could afford it," she said, "but we've had to grow so skimpy, we have nothing left but traditions, and you Western men know how hard it is to live up to traditions."

"But as long as you don't have to live *on* them."

"But that's the trouble. We try to make cake by our grandmother's receipts with most of the good things left out."

"Well that's a stunt worth knowing," he said gravely. "So many of us are trying to live that way."

"Live?"

"Like, like cakes, with the good things left out. A little monotonous, don't you think?"

"Very."

"We'll see what we can do to remedy it."

"You are very good."

"Oh, no, I'm not. Don't be grateful. If I can do anything, don't thank me. Now that's understood, I owe you more than I can ever pay. Just tell yourself that until you believe it."

She regarded him again with wonder. Mrs. Bolivar had forewarned her that Mr. Walcott was "unusual," but Polly was not prepared for the rapid changes in his manner; one moment he seemed so gruff and unapproachable, the next so full of sympathy and gentleness, and one or two of his remarks seemed to show that he had some bewildering knowledge of her past.

"I'm sure it would be very strange not to thank you."

"Then let's be strange. Why not?"

She smiled wanly. "Well, I don't exactly know why not, except that one ought to be grateful."

"But we needn't be like everybody else."

"No."

"Besides I think you're different."

This was too personal for Polly's Southern upbringing. What did he mean? Even Polly, in her narrow experience, had known many flirtations to begin with those very words, like the familiar opening of

a well-read book. The next obvious question was, "How am I different"—and the answer might be hair or eyes or heart or soul—the details made no difference—when personalities had once begun.

But the "new member" seemed oblivious to his indiscretion, though he still stared at her in that confusing way of his. She felt that she must bring the interview to some sort of a conclusion.

"I'm afraid I have imposed upon you too long," she began a trifle stiffly, "you have been very kind. Here is the judge's letter. Now I'll go."

He did not try to detain her, but after she had gone he wondered why he had not. There were so many questions he wanted to ask her, and he had practically dismissed her, fearing his own power to keep up the deception, for it was the first time in all the fifteen years of his voluntary banishment that Jim Thompson had ever encountered anyone closely connected with his past. He ought not to have come to Washington. It was too near to his own old home. Of course Polly did not recognize him, she was but a child when he had gone away, and she would not notice even a resemblance. The night of the fire seemed very close to him, and the strange feeling of relief that was almost exultation, when he turned his back upon the blackened ruins of his home to start anew. He remembered that he had only forty dollars in his pocket when he passed through the deserted depot to buy his ticket to New York. The new sensation he experienced when he began to count his pennies, to regulate his meals, so that he might have enough to pay his way in the steerage to Liverpool. And he was not altogether unhappy on that voyage in spite of the stuffy sleeping quarters, the sickening odors, the meagre food, the squalor of his fellow-passengers. The steamer seemed such a big safe shelter in which to make a new beginning. All day he watched the receding waters, conscious of that restfulness which is born of the restlessness of the sea. Sinking suns, panoramic mixtures of color, stretches of quivering sea and sky, white moonlight and widths of stars. How easy in a vast world to lose oneself. How impotent he seemed. How useless his past striving. The ship's doctor was very kind, and showed much concern for the burn upon his face.

"It will be long in healing and it will leave a disfiguring scar. I doubt if your best friends will know you."

He had tried to conceal a smile. Truly fate was propitious to a man trying to lose his identity. But what did the past matter? What did anything matter—with the encircling water around him, the sweeping oblivious sea. Silent as to its tragic secrets of hoarded treasure, passive to its buried dead, boundless, unfathomed, unchangeable with the years. Only the rising and falling of the tides in the

end as in the beginning. Facing a formless power gigantic in its strength, a deep sense of humility haunted him. How puny seemed all individual accomplishment or failure!

A week of perfect calm and then his mind, quickened by the rest, awoke at first to a sense of pain. He had forgotten to use the lotion that the doctor had given him, and his face was worse, much worse; one of his eyes was endangered. Suffering and bandaged he excited the sympathy of his fellow-passengers. Heretofore he had seemed to have no place among them, his clothes were better than theirs, his speech was not the same, his forced friendliness showed a lack of interest, but now they clustered around him, urged by the great leveller of pain, a thing that their own experience had made them heed to sympathize. Blinded and bandaged he felt the need of human companionship, and they, hoping to cheer him, poured out their hearts' histories. Most of them were returning to acknowledge their failure in this land of promise. They talked with primitive simplicity and the invalid listened on, conscious of an unexpected pleasure in their confidences. In his business relations with the poor, he had known that their world was so remote from his, and his manner, while it charmed them, was apart from real feeling. His clients were but stepping stones to the pedestal of his own supremacy. But now as he heard these pitiful stories of hope, privation, despair, the question of power with which the sea had confronted him seemed answered in this cry of man's need for man. Unconsciously, slowly, a resolution began to form itself in his mind, not with the force of a compelling vocation, but strengthening with the days.

When he landed at Liverpool he was penniless, but with a newborn sense of liberty he applied for a place as a dockhand. The prospective employer took account of the great physical strength which the new immigrant seemed to embody, and he engaged him at once, refusing a crowd of wizen-faced, ragged men who whined for work.

Down in the heart of the great city which battens itself on thoughts of its own prosperity, Jim Thompson saw woe unspeakable. Crowds of children with heaven's innocence dead in their wide hungry eyes, upright sober men idle, hollow-cheeked and sluggish, grown indifferent to starvation; pestilential places called homes; mothers, too wan to heed their babies' cries, confronted by white signs nailed to the rotting walls by the Board of Health, warning them that certain infantile diseases are caused by dirt and lack of care, and these in narrow reeking streets where space is begrudged to the sunlight. Beer shops, pawn shops everywhere invited the desperate.

It was here that Jim Thompson's resolution was fully formed. He was animated by no saint-like spirit of sacrifice. It was his old

strong business instinct reasserting itself, not for selfish mercenary motives, but in his desire to right flagrant business wrongs practised upon the poor. His active intelligence had claimed this outlet, and this was but the beginning. Every day he realized, with a sort of grateful enthusiasm, that this part of the world needed him, this squalid, unquestioning part that accepts all life's drudgery and asks no man's antecedents.

From a dock hand he had been advanced to a clerkship. He left his own lodgings and penetrated further down into the slums. Up Lime Kiln Lane off Scotland Yard to join forces with an old priest who had established a modest clubhouse, where the poor could find warmth and light and shelter and innocent recreation; the priest was too old, too wise to be surprised by the requests or motives of strange humanity. He welcomed Jim Thompson as a valuable recruit demanding no explanations. As the months went on, Jim Thompson began to realize his own power—not the old power that money had give him—but the force of his will, his judgment, his capacity for leadership in this world of ignorant poverty, and he began to ask himself: were not conditions in his own country as pitiable as the ones he had found here? Why should he work among aliens when America, in optimistic heedlessness, was building a bulwark of misery as great as England's own.

Chapter VI.

Mrs. Bolivar had arrived in Washington in a chaotic whirl of boxes, trunks, furniture and babies. Mrs. Bolivar's traveling was always cyclonic; the fact that her husband, Alexander C. Bolivar, had been elected to the Senate was not of such monumental importance as the packing of the six small Bolivars, who reduced the world to such a state of clamorous confusion that all political problems seemed to be mere abstractions hardly worth consideration.

Fifteen years before Mrs. Bolivar, then Miss Fanny Mattingly, had graduated with the highest honors that her college could confer upon her, but that period seemed very remote. So many babies had filled the interim that it was difficult to believe that there ever was a time when they had no existence. She had a keen appreciation of her husband's ability, but she had little time to express her sympathy or understanding, for the six small Bolivars submerged her.

Bred on a broad Western plain, a Washington house, wedged in between two others, was too small a place for their stamping ground. They amused themselves falling down the soft, carpeted

stairs, ducking one another in the bathtub, clambering over the neighbor's fences and fighting in the big nursery. All day Mrs. Bolivar seemed to be kept busy bandaging bumped heads, holding cold compresses to bleeding noses, drying the ducked ones, and applying hot water bottles to little stomachs that rebelled at the number of green apples stowed surreptitiously away in them. Every week two or three of the servants gave notice and left with astonishing promptness, apparently indifferent to the high wages the Senator persuasively offered. Once the butler forgot his studied pose of aloofness, and turning the Bolivar twins upside down he spanked them soundly when he found that they had adroitly slipped a piece of ice down the back of his new livery. The Senator arrived in time to witness the chastisement, and after a short mental struggle between his parental affection and his judicial sense, justice conquered, and he retired as quietly as he had come.

Into this household the "ugliest member" came with a proposition. Mrs. Bolivar was in the library pouring tea for the Senator. It was five o'clock, the only quiet hour of the day, the only time in which the babies were barred out.

"Walcott," said the Senator cordially coming forward as his friend unannounced entered the doorway, "we haven't seen you for a week. I thought you had begun to number us among the useless plutocrats and cut our acquaintance."

"All men are frauds," said Mrs. Bolivar, holding out her plump hand to him. "You told us that we were the only friends you had in Washington."

"My absence doesn't prove the contrary," he said smiling, as he took the cup she gave him. "This chair is always such a surprising luxury," and he sank down into a deep sleepy hollow. "It's a curse to be so long-legged, so few chairs seem to fit."

"Oh, you poor bachelors," mocked Mrs. Bolivar. "Why is it that in these enlightened days of decorators and bachelor apartments a man seems so incapable of taking care of himself?"

"They're not," said the Senator teasingly. "We married men know better. Walcott is too strenuous to be comfortable. He has all the asceticism of the anchorite in the desert. How many paupers are you supporting at present?"

"Don't let him get statistical," begged Mrs. Bolivar. "Let's gossip."

"I'm willing," replied Walcott. "How are the babies?"

"Now really," protested his hostess, "the babies are adorable and they were all whole when I left them ten minutes ago, but I didn't mean to carry the conversation to the nursery. I know and you know that there are millions of babies in the world besides mine. I

may be narrow, but I don't take any special interest in knowing how many teeth my neighbor's baby has or whether the painful process gave the child chills or convulsions, so I don't expect other people to take that minute interest in mine. Everybody knows that babies have been teething since the beginning of time. When I said gossip I meant nice little bits of scandal. My interest is psychological not malicious."

"A wise man never explains," said her husband parenthetically.

"But I'm speaking of the wise woman. Did you ever reflect how much of a woman's conversation is made up of explanations?"

"She has so many things to excuse," said the Senator, his eyes twinkling.

"Come, come," said Walcott, "I always feel rather left out when you two begin to try to be clever at each other's expense. It would be traitorous to adopt a feminine point of view, and ungallant to assume a masculine. Don't leave me sitting on the fence."

"Then why don't you talk," suggested Mrs. Bolivar. "Give an account of yourself for the last seven days."

"Oh, you can guess," said the Senator, stretching himself on the long davenport, "I suspect he's buying a coal yard."

"A coal yard?"

"It's a pet hobby of his—help the poor to coal at wholesale rates. Then he's secretly trying to start an insurance and sick benefit society on a philanthropic business basis."

"Philanthropic business basis," repeated Mrs. Bolivar. "It sounds alliterative, but can a business be philanthropic?"

"That remains to be seen," answered Walcott good-naturedly.

"*Remains* is a good word," said the Senator. "That's all that will be left of you."

Mrs. Bolivar frowned upon him. "Alexander is never serious," she said, "except when he's sitting in the Senate, and then he's so very serious that he refuses to laugh at the stray jokes that occasionally come halting from a colleague's brain."

Walcott handed back his cup for more tea. "I wish there was more laughter in the world," he said.

"Dear me is that intended for cynicism or despair?"

"Neither, I was thinking of someone. I was wondering how I was going to broach the real object of my visit."

"You see," said the Senator, lazily lighting a cigar and handing the box to Walcott, "you see, Fanny, that we are not the *objects*. I was lying here flattering myself we were."

"You are the main ones. I want you to help me out of a difficulty."

"Is it a deep difficulty?" asked Mrs. Bolivar. "Behold two scaling

ladders. I'm ready to do anything that doesn't require a large amount of time. Time is at a premium ever since my two nurses left on the same day. I don't blame them much, the twins dropped a cake of soap in the coffee pot and buttered their toast with vaseline. You know I should dote on slumming. People are so much more interesting without the sham and the shame of the convention, but I've started my career in Washington as a social outlaw. I haven't returned half my visits, and Alec talks about 'social obligations' which is a polite way of telling me to placate his constituents. I wish the days were forty-eight hours long. Now tell us what the object is."

Walcott narrowed his eyes as if he were choosing his words with the greatest of care. "First, where did you meet Miss Maxen?"

"Miss Maxen! I never saw her in my life until two days ago. She called on Alec looking for work; he was busy, so I, with my usual impetuosity, sent her to you. I thought she was very pretty and would suit you—matrimonially."

"There's Western frankness for you," laughed her husband. "Don't you know that all women are born matchmakers? They make their own, and then they try their hands on other people. You can't trust them."

"Matchmaking is a very laudable avocation," said Mrs. Bolivar, sugaring her tea. "Why not? I'm tired of hearing about the economic independence of women, they don't want it."

"Don't want what?"

"Independence."

"They talk an awful lot about it then," mused her husband making circles of smoke in the air.

"Of course we talk an 'awful lot,'" repeated his wife. "It's the fashion to go in for careers, but we all mean to drop them as soon as the right man appears."

"But suppose he doesn't come?"

"Then we frequently take the wrong one—half the time just to escape from our choosen careers."

"I don't believe it," said Walcott.

"Then how do you account for the unhappy marriages?"

"I don't try to account for them," he smiled. "What makes you so disloyal to your sex to-day?"

"To tell the truth I'm tired of them. The modern girl seems so restless, so dissatisfied, so feverish. Years ago they stayed at home and were a comfort and help. Think of the samplers they left behind them."

"Samplers—what is a sampler?" he asked helplessly.

"Fancy work on an atrocious scale, willow trees and epitaphs in cross stitch."

"And you consider them a desirable antidote for restlessness?" asked Walcott dryly.

"Very desirable."

Her husband laughed aloud. "My mind is bewildered by the lady's logic. Do you suppose Penelope did samplers?"

"Penelope is not to be despised," replied his wife. "What could she do with Ulysses so far away? She looked towards him as she spoke, and there was a touch of sentiment in the light laughing tone that Walcott did not fail to notice.

"We have wandered far from the point," said Walcott after a moment's pause.

"Was there any point?" asked the Senator yawning.

"The point was matrimony," said Mrs. Bolivar.

"Please spare me," entreated Walcott, "I assure you I'm not in the market."

"Of course he isn't," said the Senator. "When we first met him—let me see, that was thirteen years ago on our way home from England—didn't I tell you that he was a woman hater?"

"But Mrs. Bolivar disproved that," interrupted Walcott with old-fashioned gallantry.

"Don't let's try to be complimentary," she said. "We've known each other since my honeymoon—that's a long time; we've stood the wear and tear of political battles; you've been godfather to half my children; that ought to establish a relationship. Now tell us what kind of a slummy friend you have on hand and let us help you."

"Well, I wouldn't call her 'slummy,' and my thought at present half concerns my godchildren. Don't you think," he added humorously, "that it might be a wise precaution to treat them to some sort of discipline?"

"That is not tenderly maternal," said the Senator, glancing merrily at his wife.

"Paternally dispassionate," she suggested mockingly.

"We will say—unbiased," continued Walcott. "Someone who could gain some sort of control and give you a little more peace and freedom. Someone who could stand proxy when the real mother was out. It occurred to me this morning, just after Miss Maxen's call, that you might like to engage her as your private secretary or governess."

Mrs. Bolivar turned to her husband. "Alexander what do you think of it? Do you believe that our babes' intellects need training? I turn to you for advice because—well, I have a preconceived notion that a woman is better off without masculine advice, but the thought that our children have emerged from barbarism to the necessity of a governess is too great a shock for me to stand alone."

"Bobby is eight," said the Senator meditatively, "and is very backward. Of course they will have to be taught by somebody. Walcott's advice is always sound. We don't want a crowd of infant prodigies, but we don't want a half a dozen numbskulls to disgrace us. I knew we would have to look for a school as soon as we were settled. A governess seems to solve the problem."

"And she might help out with my invitations and notes."

"Of course," said Walcott, and then he added with some confusion, "I think she would expect to be treated as—one of us."

Mrs. Bolivar laughed again, "Oh, Mr. Walcott, Mr. Walcott," she exclaimed, "I feel insulted at the suggestion. We Western people are not snobs, the Lord be thanked for that. We've all had some sensible tavern keeper or cowboy in our pedigree to preserve us. Get Miss Maxen to call on me at once. The prospect of a governess grows upon me. They somehow seem so delightfully old-fashioned in these days of elective boarding schools. I feel that I am a girl again, huddled in my mother's attic, reading one of those dear three-volume novels where a governess is always the heroine and captures the hero by conversing with him in Greek Homeric verse."

"Is Miss Maxen that kind?" asked the Senator dubiously.

"You ought to know," said Mrs. Bolivar. "Isn't she your cousin?"

"Yes, her mother is, some way—far back—but I never saw her until a few days ago, and I'm pleased to say she asked my help before she discovered our kinship. The name on her card, Martha Canfield Maxen, made an impression. I once had a great grandmother or an aunt-in-law or some sort of distant ancestor by the name of Canfield. I asked her a few questions and found that she was a distant cousin. I once had a fancy for genealogy before I went into politics, then I found that the least said about grandfathers the better, so I dropped it."

"Dear me," sighed Mrs. Bolivar, "this is all very irrelevant. I take the romantic view, Alexander the aristocratic, Mr. Walcott has sanely told us that our children need generalship. If he thinks Miss Maxen can control them let us engage her at once."

"You are very kind to try the experiment," said Walcott putting down his cup preparatory to taking his departure, "for of course most things in life are experiments."

"I suppose they are," said Mrs. Bolivar meditatively. "I'm going to give an experimental dinner on the twenty-seventh, and you will have to come to it."

"Why do you call it experimental?"

She laughed. "Well the butler is new, and my best china may all have been broken in the packing, and I know so few of my

guests intimately that they may all have feuds with each other for all I know or—care."

"Well, leave me out," pleaded Walcott, "I hate dinners."

"Your presence seems essential," said the Senator. "Since you know no one, you can at least act as barrier for the *feudists*."

"You can't escape," said Mrs. Bolivar decidedly. "Miss Maxen will be here and you will have to balance the table."

"On you," said the Senator grinning broadly. "Glad you've got the physical strength; there's no use protesting, you will have to come."

"I've no evening clothes."

"Then buy 'em. My dear man, this is the East—the Capital of the United States. You don't expect to go round all winter in a suit of rusty tweeds."

"I'm sorry I came," said Walcott with a rueful smile.

"Well, maybe you are, but that doesn't alter the situation. You're here. I'll take you to my tailor in the morning. I'm not going to be the only victim at Mrs. Bolivar's first dinner."

Walcott looked resigned, "You're a pleasant pair of plotters," he said as he rose to say good-bye, "but you've taken a mean advantage of me, you will have to acknowledge that."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LATIN AMERICAN CONGRESS.

BY JOSEPH V. MCKEE, A.M.

URING the present month the attention of all religious bodies of this country will be focused on the meeting of the Congress on Christian Work in Latin America, which convenes, February 10th, in the city of Panama. The plan and scope of the work contemplated by this Conference are of such magnitude, and the consequences of such a serious nature, as to give the Congress an importance which no meeting of Protestant denominations in late years has deserved. Since the formulation and publication of the purpose to hold such a Congress, the various Protestant bodies have shown in the subject an intense interest. With the exception of the Episcopal Church, where the question of participation in the Congress aroused animated feeling, which at times developed into discord and sectional antagonism, all the Protestant Churches are enthused by the possibilities that may arise from the Conference, and are solid in their support of the Congress. But while it is, and could not be otherwise than, a purely Protestant enterprise, in its purpose and effects it will have a direct bearing on the Catholic Church. The influences which it will set in operation will reach far beyond the confines of Protestantism and in extent and importance be marked and serious.

The Congress, which will extend from February 10th to 20th, and comprise more than five hundred delegates from the United States, Canada and Latin America, has been well planned. In March, 1913, a Conference of Protestant missionaries was held in New York City. At this meeting the subject of Latin America, and the possibilities of extended missionary work in that field, came up and received serious attention. As a result a committee was appointed to confer with the other mission boards, with the idea of obtaining coöperation in this work. A canvas showed a unanimity among the various mission heads. It was, thereupon, decided to hold a great representative Congress to meet at the seat of operations, and there to discuss ways and means to inaugurate a concerted, continent-wide missionary propaganda among the peoples of Central and South America.

In accordance with this determination, an invitation to participate in the Congress was extended to all Christian bodies. "All communions or organizations which accept Jesus Christ as Divine Saviour and Lord, and the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament as the Revealed Word of God, and whose purpose is to make the will of Christ prevail in Latin America, are cordially invited to participate in the Panama Congress, and will be heartily welcomed" (Official Bulletin). The purpose of the Congress, as officially promulgated, is "to obtain a more accurate mutual knowledge of the history, resources, achievements of the peoples so closely associated in their business and social life; to unite in a common purpose to strengthen the moral, social and religious forces that are now working for the betterment of these countries; to discover the underlying principles of true national prosperity, and to consider ways and means by which these principles may be put in action and made effective.....to recognize all the elements of truth and goodness in any form of religious faith.....neither critical nor antagonistic, but inspired by the teachings and examples of Christ."

To take the Congress out of the realm of the purely academic light, commissions were appointed to begin at once the task of investigating the various fields covered by the subjects assigned them. After extensive research, they were to prepare papers which would be taken up for discussion at the Conference in Panama. The following topics were assigned to the respective commissions: 1. Survey and Occupation; 2. Message and Method; 3. Education; 4. Literature; 5. Women's Work; 6. The Church in the Field; 7. The Home Base; 8. Coöperation and Union. These commissions have been at work since 1914, and their reports are now printed and will be distributed among the delegates at the Congress.

When the subject of a Conference for concerted missionary propaganda in Latin America was broached to the members of the various Protestant missionary organizations, it was received with decided favor, and steps were immediately taken to coöperate with the central board which set the movement afoot. All the sects were prompt in ratifying the action of the delegates to the primary conference. It was a matter of no surprise, therefore, when, on May 12th, the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That the Board of Missions, having learned of

> the plan to hold a Conference in Panama in 1916 on missionary work in Latin America, on the same general lines as the World Missionary Conference in Edinburgh in 1910, will arrange to send delegates to the Conference and authorizes any of its officers who may be asked to do so, to serve upon committees in connection with the Conference, and to take such other steps in the preparatory work as they may think desirable, provided that whatever notice or invitation is sent to any Christian body shall be presented to every communion having work in Latin America.

This resolution, after some debate, was carried. Up to this time there seemed to have been a firm spirit of coöperation among all the Protestant bodies. The greatest harmony existed; plans were laid out and approved by the various boards, the work was progressing favorably, and the energy resulting from close union was pushing the preliminary tasks to fruitful conclusions. But, at this point, when the Episcopal Board of Missions took up the matter officially, a note of discord was heard within that Church. In a brief space the protest against Episcopal coöperation with other Protestant communions aroused animated discussion. The controversy that followed was carried on throughout the summer. It culminated in public dissension and overt opposition in the following October (1915). As a result the cleavage between the High Churchmen and the Low Churchmen, the two wings of the Episcopal Church, is more pronounced than ever.

While the Episcopal Church is a Protestant sect, and cannot rightly claim continuity of Orders or Apostolic Tradition of Faith, there have been members who claim that these are the marks of that Church and hold that it is truly Catholic. The tendency on the part of the members of this division has led them to hold aloof from the Evangelical denominations, and to move Romeward in ritual and dogma. For some time they have been working for a unity of Churches, and place great hope in the outcome of the Conference on Faith and Order, the preparatory Conference of which was held recently at Garden City, New York. Consequently, when the Episcopal Board of Missions pledged that Church to coöperation with the other Protestant sects, these members protested vigorously. They felt that the Panama Conference was nothing more or less than a deliberate attack on the Roman Catholic Church—an attack which they could not justify, especially at a time when they were endeavoring to effect a reconciliation with

the Roman Catholic Church. They feared "that conferences like Panama may lead to a Pan-Protestantism, in which faith and order will be thrown to the winds for the sake of a false union which can never be unity. They feel, with the late Bishop Codman, that all efforts at unity with the Protestant denominations have proved abortive and a waste of time." They opposed coöperation on two grounds: first, because they felt the Conference to be an affront to the Roman Catholic Church, and, secondly, because they appreciated the absurdity of a body attempting to obtain unity with the Catholic Church, and at the same time joining in a work that could not be otherwise than a flagrant attack on that same Church.

This controversy remained distinctly "intra-mural" until the autumn meeting of the Board of Missions, which took place on October 26th in New York City. There the dissension came to a head. The High Churchmen, in support of their protest against coöperation in the Panama Conference, carried the fight to the floor of the meeting, and submitted a motion to rescind the action of the Board to send Episcopal delegates to Panama. This motion was defeated by a vote of twenty-six to thirteen. Thereupon Dr. William T. Manning, Rector of Trinity Church in New York City, the Bishops of Fond du Lac, Washington and Marquette, and the Dean of All Saint's Cathedral in Milwaukee, resigned from the Board. Nevertheless the Board resolved to follow out its original determination, and seven bishops were chosen delegates to attend the Congress on "the provision that they go for conference only, and with no purpose, authority, or power of committing the Board of Missions to coöperate."

It is difficult to foretell the effect of this dissension on the future integrity of the Episcopal Church. Undoubtedly it will be far-reaching and serious. For a long time the Church has sheltered communications holding every shade of belief. Totally lacking the authority to determine matters of faith or dogma, it has lent its name to the widest divergences in creed and profession, and is far away from the essence or even semblance of Catholicism which, at times, it claims. This anomaly of claim and fact has not passed unperceived by the thinking members of the Church. They have been seeking, some consciously, others unconsciously, an authority on which to base securely the validity of faith and orders. As a result they are moving farther apart from the Calvinist members of the same Church. The differences between these two wings

have long since been serious, and seem to have become permanent. The question of coöperation with the other Protestant bodies in the Panama Conference has added to this spirit of incompatibility. Other like matters of administration will come up in the near future which will call forth even more decided opposition. It is difficult to see how these conflicting bodies can long remain united in one communion. The union can be sustained only by ties of strong common interests. The absence of any such binding factors in the Episcopal Church has exerted a disintegrating influence which imperils the future existence of that body.

In commenting on the action of Dr. Manning and the mid-West High Churchmen in resigning from the Episcopal Board of Missions, *The Outlook* said editorially: "The invitation to the Panama Conference and the statement of its purpose were guarded with utmost care from any phrase or word which could give offence to Roman Catholic Christians in Central and South America, and only by an arbitrary interpretation can animosity or anti-Roman Catholic propagandism be read into those statements."

If, as *The Outlook* says, censuring the High Churchmen, "only by an arbitrary interpretation can animosity or anti-Roman Catholic propagandism be read" into the purpose of the Panama Conference, it is extremely difficult to justify the position taken by Dr. Manning and his co-workers. If there was no reason for conceiving that the Conference was directly antagonistic to the Roman Catholic Church, the High Churchmen acted in too hasty a manner in their zeal to guard the feelings of the Catholic Church from affront. What reason should impel them to see hostility to a Church not their own where no such hostility existed? Why should they be supersensitive about the feelings of a Church of which they were not members? If their action was not based on a keen sense of justice and fair play, but arose from a mere "arbitrary interpretation," it is impossible to explain their conduct, the serious consequences of which they realized fully.

But is *The Outlook* justified in its statement that only an arbitrary interpretation can read anti-Roman Catholic propagandism into the work of the Panama Conference? Can the claim be sustained that the Conference is not essentially antagonistic to the Roman Catholic Church? Is there reason to believe that the work of those interested in the Congress is not primarily against Catholicism in Central and South America?

It is true that the statement of the purpose of the Panama

Conference shows a desire that "all communions that accept Jesus Christ as Divine Saviour" coöperate in the work to be done in Latin America. But back of the published declaration of the Congress, there is a deep-seated feeling of antipathy to things Catholic, a spirit of bigotry and a willingness to misrepresent that change the purpose of the Conference, and make it a concerted, serious attack on the Catholic Church in Latin America. When it is realized that the Congress will be made up of men who openly declare that the Catholic Church is wanton in its fostering of ignorance, vice and moral corruption, who publicly state that the Catholic Church exerts an influence subversive of Christianity, and that everything morally, economically and socially corrupt can be laid at her door, we cannot accept at its face value the declaration of the Congress that it is not antagonistic to any form of religious faith.

Nor has this bitterness toward Catholicism been disguised in any way. When the invitation to coöperate was published it was fiercely attacked by many Protestant bodies. They were eager for the Conference, but they objected to the wording of the invitation. They desired the words "Congress on Christian Work" changed to read "Missionary Conference," lest, perhaps, the Catholic Church might participate in the Congress. They feared, in the words of a Protestant writer, that "there will be too little criticism of the Roman Catholic Church in Latin America. Some look upon the Pope as Anti-Christ, and hold that no denunciation and opposition can be too decided and forcible."

The ten Republics that constitute Latin America are and have been essentially Catholic. Long before Protestantism reached the shores of America, Catholic missionaries had brought the light of Christianity to the wilds of South America. At an inestimable cost they won a great continent to Christ. Through their efforts the sacring bell sounded on the heights of Mexico, in the fever-laden lowlands of Panama, on the pampas of Brazil, on the mountains of the Andes and the rocky shore of Chile. The Faith that they preached became the inheritance of the peoples there, guiding their lives, shaping their destinies, always strong, never diminished.

Yet it is to the inhabitants of these countries that the Panama Congress would bring "the light of Christ." In order to justify the Panama Conference, the representatives of the Protestant missions have grossly maligned the peoples they would "save" from moral degradation. They have misrepresented Latin America as a

land of unspeakable iniquity, where Christianity has never reached. To make plausible their arguments for the need of missionary work in South America, they have pictured the Latin American as a creature of abject immorality, aided and protected in his sordid life of corruption by the evil powers of the established Catholic Church.

"Morally," recently wrote William Souter, a prominent Protestant missionary, in showing the need of the Panama Congress, "things [in Latin America] are about as bad as can be. No one expects a young man to be moral, and conditions are such in many homes, purposely arranged by parents with the well-being of their sons at heart, that would shock you, dared I mention details..... So-called heathen China is far away ahead of the South American republics where morals are concerned."

Another missionary, in urging support of the Congress, writes in *The Missionary Review* of only a month or so ago: "From the beginning of Rome's domination of South America every effort has been made by the priests to prevent the spread of evangelical truth. The Bible is pronounced an immoral book which will corrupt the minds of those who read it, consequently the priests seize every effort to destroy it."

Another writes on behalf of the Congress: "In South America failure is not due to unbelief in the deity of Christ or the necessity for His atonement, but the difficulty is that these truths have been obscured by other teachings."

Within the past year no appeal to support the Panama Congress has been made that did not misrepresent conditions in Latin America and calumniate the Catholic Church. The following excerpts, taken from the writings of men prominent in the work of the Panama Conference, are typical of their attitude:

> There has been four hundred years of misrule and religious intolerance and superstition in South America. They have the political and religious characteristics of the Dark Ages.
>
> Widespread ignorance, immorality and irreligion constitute a call for a healing and life-giving Gospel.
>
> It is time that Christian forces united to win Latin America to Christ.
>
> Besides, we must not forget that there are millions of souls in that continent who have never yet heard of the Christian faith and other millions who have a very wrong idea of it. Surely these benighted souls constitute a legitimate field for missionary labor.
>
> Thousands of thoughtful students and professors are waiting

> for friends who will show them that belief in God and immortality is rational, that religion is to be incorporated in daily life, and to manifest its powers in transforming lives and communities.
>
> South America is still groping in moral and spiritual darkness. South America does not know the saving power of the Lord Jesus Christ. This is the Macedonian cry of South America.

These statements show the real attitude of those participating in the Panama Congress. These are the sentiments of the men who wield power in their Church and who will fashion the policy of the Conference. They have portrayed the Catholic Church in South America as an agency of corruption, a breeder of immorality and a force working for ignorance, vice and moral degradation. Consequently when we read these unproved and false declarations which are given to bolster up the cause of the Panama Conference, we cannot, in reason, see the justification of saying that "only by arbitrary interpretation can animosity or anti-Roman Catholic propagandism be read" into the purpose of the Congress. Much less are we inclined to accept this claim when we know that Protestant missionaries are being instructed in the special art of "deorganizing" the South American Catholic, and that the Fourth Report of the Board of Missionary Preparation of the Episcopal Church, just recently published, contains thirty pages of explicit directions for winning the South American from the Catholic Faith—instructions written especially for the foreign work to be inaugurated at Panama, and later at the special conferences which will be held in Lima, Santiago, Buenos Ayres, Rio de Janeiro and Havana.

A quotation from the recent writings of the Rev. C. L. Thompson, Chairman of the Committee on Unity and Coöperation at the Panama Congress, is interesting. He says of Latin America: "Its people in large measure have failed of the impulse for noble living, which comes by a noble inheritance. If we have inherited high moral ideas, it is not to our praise, but it constitutes a reason why we should share them with others less fortunate.....[The Congress is] an endeavor to lift to higher levels and purer forms of Christian faith people who have been made cold or indifferent by the formalities of religion without its spirit."

It would be instructive to know what the South American people, who have always been idealistic, think of statements such as these and the men who make them.

It is impossible, in any way, to justify the calling of the Panama

Conference. From the point of view of the Latin American it is totally unnecessary and will work not good but evil. The Conference can offer no adequate religious or moral substitute for what the South American now has. In striving to disturb his religious belief it will work not for Protestantism, but for irreligion and immorality. In a social or economic way the Conference can do nothing, nor has it the right to offer even suggestions. The changes that must be effected, and they are many, must be done by the Latin American himself. It is his affair, and by nature he will resent any foreign interference; and justly so. Can we imagine a Conference of South American delegates coming to Washington and sitting in judgment on the people of the United States? Mr. Barrett, head of the Pan-American Union and every unprejudiced authority who has the interests of his country at heart, have realized the dangers attending the holding of the Congress, and have publicly advised against it.

ETIAM MORIENDO CORUSCAT.

BY HONOR WALSH.

Sad wailing March! thy loved green mantle spread
Above wan February's corpse-cold ground,
Above the sufferer who surcease hath found,
Above our gentle-valiant saintly dead!
Mute is his voice who left no good unsaid—
Wit, wisdom, admonition, grace profound
Are memories now of him, whose pillowed head
In majesty of life, kind Death re-crowned.

Keep woe for weaklings by fond lures enchained,
And grieve for sinners, expiating crime—
For him, the stainless who redeemed the stained,
For him who lived to bless, whose death in prime
Clasp the full record of the heaven-ordained,
Vain tears might blur the path he bade us climb!

SOME YOUNG MEN OF FRANCE.

BY COMTESSE DE COURSON.

ONLY a few months ago, in a thoughtful and accurate paper,[1] THE CATHOLIC WORLD made its readers acquainted with "the Catholic Renaissance in France," an evolution that those whose lot is cast among French people have watched for years past with passionate interest and heartfelt gratitude. The world at large was slower to recognize the movement and, as M. Charles Baussan judiciously observes, not unnaturally, judged French morality by the indecent plays and novels that are shed broadcast on the markets abroad, but that, in reality, only appeal to a small minority among the people of France. It also was inclined to identify the nation with its anti-religious Government, and to conclude, without sufficient knowledge of the thousand complex causes that dominate the interior life of a people, that the French Catholics were in some measure to blame for the Government's arrogant irreligion. That they may have favored its action unwittingly by their political quarrels is probably true, but it is a fact that whatever may have been their errors of judgment in the past, they have, especially within the last twenty years, proved themselves truly alive to the perils ahead, and ready to give their time and their money to the social and religious works that played a considerable part in the "Catholic Renaissance." The war, from which we in France are all suffering more or less at the present moment, has fanned into flame the religious reaction that had been steadily at work for the last quarter of a century. One of its characteristic features is full of hope for the future: this revival is perceptible chiefly among the young, and has manifested itself for some years past in the action of the guilds, leagues and Associations founded by young Frenchmen on the principles of religion. They realize that an elder generation failed, through its lack of union, in stemming the tide of atheism and sectarian tyranny, and they steadily built their work upon a wider basis, that of religion, irrespective of politics.

Another characteristic of the present generation of young

[1] *The Catholic Renaissance in France.* By Charles Baussan. THE CATHOLIC WORLD, September, 1915, p. 734.

French Catholics is their wish to *know;* they are more reasonable than sentimental in their attitude towards the Church, and they make no secret that their object is to understand their religion, to realize it in their conduct, and to extend to the Church a tribute of enlightened and heartfelt obedience. This obedience controls their activities on all the burning questions that before the war absorbed their attention: the social problem, for instance, was studied in the Catholic Associations of young men in a spirit of justice and charity, happily and wisely influenced by the teaching of Rome.

We may safely say that when in August, 1914, the war, a surprise to the majority of Frenchmen, called the nation to arms, there were scattered throughout the land thousands of intelligent, studious, devout and active young men, whose previous life was an excellent preparation for the stern duty ahead. Many of them belonged to an important Association founded twenty-five years ago, under the direct inspiration of Count Albert de Mun. It is called the "Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Française," or, more familiarly, the A. C. J. F., and it numbered, when the war broke out, twenty-five thousand members, belonging chiefly to the intelligent student world and to the laborious middle classes. They were active and devoted, eager to extend the reign of God among men, indeed an *apostolic spirit* is a leading characteristic of the A. C. J. F.

This Association is by no means the only one that helped to advance the religious renaissance in France; there are "patronages" and gymnastic societies by the hundred, governed in a Catholic spirit, that did the same work and did it excellently. But as in a necessarily limited space, it is difficult to touch on *all* these manifestations of religious life, we take the "Jeunesse Catholique" as being qualified to represent the general attitude of our young Catholics under present circumstances. It was, before the war, influential and popular, hence we may believe that it represented the average spirit of our young men; its members belong to every class of society: among them are landed proprietors, engineers, doctors, lawyers, workmen, accountants, clerks, etc. It presents, therefore, a fair sample of the young French laymen, who profess to be practical Catholics, in the years 1914, 1915 and 1916.

The moral and social training received by the members of the A. C. J. F. in times of peace was severely tested by the war. "The present circumstances bring serious lessons that will last a lifetime," writes one associate, "……but never did we realize so keenly the

value of the Christian and Apostolic teaching that was impressed upon us by our dear Association."

A military chaplain, writing to the Director of the A. C. J. F., strikes the same note; he recognizes the excellent moral training that makes real "apostles" of these young soldiers; they have been taught that to live up to their belief is not sufficient, that they are bound, having received more than others, to give more, and to extend the reign of God to the best of their ability.

In their military life opportunities of self-sacrifice are not wanting, and the "Bulletin" of the A. C. J. F. is, in this respect, instructive reading for those especially who know of the Catholic youth of France. It proves the latter to be equal to their task. One member writes to the centre of the A. C. J. F. in Paris: "Imagine my joy: one of my non-commissioned officers, whom I had for a long time endeavored to convert to a better way of thinking, was wounded by my side, the same shell struck us both. He writes to me from the hospital, where he is nursed, that he goes to the chapel every day. This shell has done him more good than harm."

A military chaplain tells the following story: He had organized a daily Benediction in a miserable church, situated in a country desolated by the war, and where an artillery regiment was stationed that enjoyed the unenviable reputation of being notoriously irreligious. The chaplain had been told beforehand that his attempt to attract the men to the church was doomed to failure, but nothing daunted he started a daily service, and the first two evenings the scanty congregation fully justified these gloomy forebodings. Somewhat disheartened he was alone in the sacristy, wondering how he could reach the reluctant artillerymen, when, he says, "a big giant, about twenty-four years of age, entered the sacristy. He informed me that he was, before the war, accountant in a mining undertaking, and that he now was a non-commissioned officer in the artillery regiment quartered in my village. He offered to lead the singing, promised to bring his men to Benediction; he suggested that big notices written by him should be posted up throughout the village, inviting the soldiers to be present at a Solemn Mass on August 15th. We set to work, and we prepared several hymns for the coming festival. These repetitions took place at my young friend's dinner hour: 'How about your dinner?' I said. 'Oh, never mind,' was the reply, 'I have done nothing for the Church since the war began. I really must do something now.' And when I praised

his zeal: 'Do not praise me,' he said, 'it is the 'Jeunesse Catholique' that teaches us to serve the Church. A young friend of mine, who is quartered near Hébuterue, considers himself privileged because by getting up every morning before four o'clock, he can serve several Masses. We who belong to the J. F. are not in sufficient numbers to do all we would wish!'" The chaplain continues to relate how this young soldier's assistance braced up his own courage, and created an atmosphere of vitality around the hitherto deserted church, where, under his guidance, the artillerymen, forgetting their prejudices, soon heartily joined in the prayers and singing. Another young member of the Association was quartered in a hamlet where there was no church. He sent for a portable altar, and transformed his room into a chapel, where his adjutant, a soldier-priest, said Mass every day at dawn. "It was a very humble sanctuary," he writes, "ornamented with a few flowers, but it made me happy to feel that after many years God had returned to the poor hamlet where He was forgotten. By degrees some of my comrades came to Mass; I discovered among my sergeants two young men who had assisted at the meetings of the A. C. J. F., and by supporting one another we were able to spread and to defend true and healthy doctrines." The letter of this young apostle describes with what "intense emotion" he continues to receive the "Bulletin" of the "heroic" Association, hundreds of whose members have shed their blood for France; their example is ever before their surviving comrades.

"The A. C. J. F. has taught me the real value of life," writes a wounded member; "I offer my life for the 'Jeunesse Catholique,'" whispered another to the priest who was assisting him. In the plain of the Woëvre, that since the beginning of the war has been swept by the German shells, a young soldier lay dying; he received the last Sacraments with deep devotion, then he drew from his bloody tunic a tiny Maltese cross, the badge of the Association: "I belong to the 'Jeunesse Catholique,'" he whispered to his confessor, who then understood the enlightened and heroic detachment of this young soldier.

The spirit of detachment that is revealed in every page of the "Bulletin," has nothing morbid or melancholy about it; the tone of the letters that it quotes is invariably manly and bright: "When I make my rounds at night," writes one, "I feel truly in the hands of God; I am full of joy at the thought that, for my country's sake, I have a duty to perform and a danger to face."

Another, who is a lieutenant, assembles his men in church every evening. There is no curé in the village: the lieutenant says night prayers aloud, and sings the *In manus,* as being the prayer most suitable for men who live under the shadow of death. They can then, he says, face the risks ahead with trust, calmness and joyful confidence in God's mercy and love.

In the weary prisoner's camps in Germany, the members of the A. C. J. F. continue their work as apostles; truly the lessons taught to them in times of peace have not been in vain. One of them, writing from Alten-Grabow, relates how Mass is said in the camp by a soldier-priest; the young members of the "Jeunesse Catholique" helping to organize the ceremony and prepare the altar. All the French prisoners came, and when the familiar "Cantiques," that remind them of home, were sung, many among these rough soldiers burst into tears. On a great feast, over eight hundred among them went to Holy Communion. The writer of the letter, who, before the war, was president of an important group of the A. C. J. F., insists upon the conversions that take place among the prisoners: "You may often see one of them learning his Catechism, under the guidance of a seminarist, who prepares him for baptism. .....Others first come to night prayers from curiosity, the prayers and 'Cantiques' of their childhood move their hearts; they return to the chapel, ask to see the priest, and finally take up their long-forgotten religious practices."

At Ingolstadt, a young soldier on arriving pinned a paper Maltese cross on his tunic, and almost immediately five members of the A. C. J. F. lost in the crowd of prisoners rallied round him; a few days later their number had increased to over thirty, and they had organized among themselves a branch of the Association, with the object of spreading a Catholic spirit and Catholic practices among their fellow-captives.

The good work that is being carried on among our French soldiers in the prison camps of Germany is confirmed by the chaplains of these camps.

"The cannon is an excellent preacher," said a military chaplain, but in the dreary leisure of a prison camp there is more time for study, and the new learned lessons sink deeper, and develop in more favorable conditions, than in the atmosphere of the battlefield. A soldier-priest, since killed at the front, whose influence over his comrades was irresistible, spoke to me of the religious revival brought about by the war. He recognized its existence and was

far from minimizing its effects, but, in his opinion, the conversions wrought in the atmosphere of the prison camps have more depth, because they are founded on reflection and study, as well as on prayer. From these camps will issue, he believed, not a *nation* of practical Catholics, but an *élite* of converts, who, having leisurely re-learned their religion, will practise it with more enlightened zeal, and in whose ranks the rising generation will find its leaders. The task of gathering in the moral harvest, that will spring from seed sown during the war, will, in the future, be the portion of the survivors of the great conflict. As a young member of the A. C. J. F. once wrote: "Those who, by the mercy of God, are spared, are bound to be apostles, and to consecrate their lives to creating a new and better France."

Most of the young soldiers of the Association of which we have just spoken, belong to Christian families; the influence of the A. C. J. F. only developed and matured the principles they had received from their parents as a sacred heritage, and the work wrought in their souls by the Association was prepared by their Catholic home training. Among their contemporaries was another class of young men, in whom the religious revival of the last quarter of a century acted in a more striking manner, because these recruits were drawn to the Catholic Church from homes where Catholicism was ignored. We may add that the Catholic Renaissance would have lost much of its depth and value had it consisted merely in making good men better. It went further, and it drew to the Church a distinguished group of students, most of whom belonged to the Government schools. They were attracted to the Catholic Church because of her discipline, her authority and her reasonableness. There was no sentimentality about these twentieth-century converts, but a keen sense of the necessity of an unerring law; what might have repelled weaker minds drew these sincere souls to the one authority that proclaims itself infallible.

The extent of the Catholic revival in these hitherto-closed circles is little known outside France; it is none the less a solid fact as those who see France *from within* can certify. It is important that any religious movement to be lasting should appeal to the intellectual element of a nation, and the Catholic Renaissance in France can boast of the loyal allegiance of a considerable number of French professors and students, who fought their way to faith through the waters of unbelief. Some of these recent converts, highly gifted men, who seemed destined to exercise a happy influence over their

generation, have fallen in battle—Charles Peguy, among others, a man of humble birth, but a born poet, an ardent devotee of Jeanne d'Arc, and something of a mystic. Another loss to literature, as well as to the Church, was that of Renan's grandson, Ernest Psichari, who was killed during the summer of 1914, and towards whom the men of his age turned with pride and confidence as to a born leader. He is, says one who knew him intimately, an excellent specimen of the men of his generation, who, educated outside the Catholic Church, find their way back to her Fold by sheer force of conviction, illuminated by the grace of God. "His life was one long spiritual battle, a struggle of the soul; the same struggle that is, just at present, going on in the soul of his race."

Ernest Psichari, whose mother was the daughter of Renan, the author of the blasphemous *Life of Jesus,* was born in 1883. His father was a Greek and he was baptized in the Greek Church, but beyond this seems to have grown up without any religion. He was educated at a Paris lyceé, and was destined by his intellectual gifts, the bent of his mind and his family traditions, to the career of a professor at the Paris University. Until the age of twenty-one, this appeared to be his natural vocation, but, after he had accomplished the compulsory military service, to which all French citizens are bound, he determined to remain in the army, and his resolution created a tremendous sensation among the intellectual circles in which his family moved. He soon rose from the ranks in the army, and distinguished himself in the course of several distant expeditions in Congo and Mauritania. This brilliant lieutenant was a thoughtful and original writer. He had inherited something of his grandfather's charm as an author, but there was nothing of Renan's vagueness about his vigorous manhood. During his second African campaign he thought long and deeply of the religious and social problems that haunt many men of his generation, and to which the school in which he had been reared can give only unsatisfactory answers. Slowly and surely he worked his way towards the Catholic Church; he prayed incessantly, and the solitude in which he lived served as a kind of retreat. "The desert is a blessed land," he wrote. The different stages of his upward progress are noted in his posthumous work, lately published, *The Centurion's Voyage.* Psichari thus defined this curious and deeply interesting work: "If these studies have no doctrinal authority, they, at any rate, have the sincerity of a confession. They are merely the thoughts of one who, during long years, pas-

sionately sought the truth and who, eventually, had the happiness to find it."

In 1911, he had got to the point of praying fervently for light to *see* and for strength to *do*, and his intimate friends received letters that have been published, in part, since Psichari's death. They reveal his strong attraction towards Catholicism, his growing conviction that here lay the only answer to his eager questionings: "I am," he wrote, "if I dare say, an absurdity, a Catholic who has not the faith," but this overwhelming attraction had not yet brought absolute certainty. "I loudly call upon God, and He does not come to me," he adds. Later on, speaking of these wrestlings of his soul, he said: "I believed in nothing, I lived like a pagan, but I felt the irresistible invasion of grace; I did not yet possess the faith, but I knew that, one day, I would possess it."

In December, 1912, he returned to France, and for the next two months he stood, hesitating and anxious, on the threshold of the Church, but humble prayer carried him forward, and to this earnest soul God's answer came in due time. On February 4, 1912, in a private oratory at Versailles, Ernest Psichari made his solemn profession of faith in the presence of a Dominican Father and of two friends who had been closely associated with the different stages of his conversion. He made his general confession the same day and, four days later, was confirmed; on the ninth, he made his First Communion. "I feel," he said to the Dominican Father who was his first confessor, "that I now will give to God all that He requires of me."

The new convert's joy, simplicity and filial attitude towards the Church, deeply impressed his friends; he seemed from the first familiar with her ritual and her prayers. He had an extraordinary gift of prayer, and those who were nearest to him in the first days of his conversion, will never forget the wrapt expression of his countenance when he knelt before the altar. Almost from the first he thought of becoming a priest; he felt it a sacred duty to fill the place that his grandfather's apostasy had left vacant, and he humbly hoped that if, in spite of his apparent impenitence, Renan made a final, though unseen, act of contrition, his own self-sacrifice might help to abridge the apostate's time of expiation. He clung to this hope with filial pity. For the time being, however, he kept his intentions as to his future secret, and took up his military duties with a new view of things, temporal and spiritual.

He was among the few who expected the war, and who looked

upon it as a necessity, to be faced, not merely with courage, but with joy. He had offered his life to God, and the gift was about to be accepted under a different form from that to which he looked forward when he decided to become a priest. He left Cherbourg with his regiment, and at the end of August he and his artillerymen were at Virton, in Belgium. The battle of the Marne had not, at that date, turned the tide of invasion, and the allied armies had to face the overwhelming German forces. For twelve mortal hours, on August 22d, Psichari and his men stood steady under the enemy's fire; the soldiers were as admirable as their officers. Towards evening a bullet struck the young lieutenant in the head; his death was instantaneous, and the serene expression of his dead countenance was long remembered by those who rescued his body.

The evolution that for the last few years is bringing many young men, trained to distrust and despise the Church, within her influence, was brilliantly sampled in Renan's grandson. For this reason we may say that many hopes centred on him, and that his loss was more keenly felt by his friends. Trained in the University, belonging to a circle of unbelievers, he seemed destined to bridge over the abyss that separates the Catholic Church from those who ignore her existence. The movement that is slowly bringing Catholic doctrines into notice among the French intellectuals does not, however, depend on the life and influence of one man. Ernest Psichari was not alone in his search for Truth, and a steady evolution on the same lines was perceptible before the war in the Government schools for higher education. The tragic events of the last eighteen months will not stifle a movement that has its source in the innermost recesses of the soul. On the contrary, unusual trials bring unusual graces in their train, and a patriotic duty that entails absolute self-sacrifice is an excellent preparation for the reception of spiritual light and certainty. Upon a soil ploughed by suffering and watered with blood the flowers of grace develop and flourish as in their natural atmosphere; the rough blasts of adversity are more favorable to their well being than the enervating influences of peace and plenty.

Those who live in France at the present moment are able to judge of the bracing and elevating action of the Great War upon the young men of France; not a day passes without the fact being brought under their notice, and if anything can diminish the horror of the tragedy that is making so many homes desolate, it is surely the knowledge of the spiritual forces that are at work behind the scenes.

New Books.

MISSIONS AND MISSIONARIES OF CALIFORNIA. By Rev. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O.F.M. Four volumes. San Francisco: James Barry Co. Volumes I., II., III., $2.75 each net; Volume IV., $3.00 net. Complete set, $11.00.

Father Engelhardt, the indefatigable and scholarly Franciscan of Santa Barbara, California, has just completed, after twenty-five years of continuous labor, his general history of the California missions. Three more volumes are promised us on the detailed history of the missions of Upper California.

Volume I. treats of the missions of Lower California. An introductory chapter tells of the labors of the Franciscans during the early days of American exploration—in the West Indies, Central and South America, Florida, New Mexico, Arizona and Texas. It also describes the discovery of California and the voyages of Cabrillo, Cermenon, Vizcaino, Drake and Cavendish along the Pacific coast. The rest of the volume describes in detail the Lower California missions under the three regimes of the Jesuits, the Franciscans and the Dominicans.

Volumes II., III. and IV. discuss the twenty-one missions of Upper California. Most of the writings hitherto published on this subject are valueless to the student, because their authors did not consult the original documents, and as a consequence gave us not objective history, but second-hand impressions, often unfair and unjust to the missionaries and their work. With a view to answering effectively the many calumnies and misrepresentations that have disfigured the pages of ignorant or bigoted writers, Father Engelhardt has with infinite pains consulted the original Spanish documents.

In simple but eloquent language these entertaining volumes plead the cause of the missions against their many calumniators. No honest man henceforth will have the daring to assert that these missions were a failure, if he reads this noble record of seventy-six years (1769-1846). They tell of the baptism of ninety-three thousand immoral, superstitious and brutish Indians, who were made devout Christians, and taught to be competent workmen of every description—carpenters, masons, blacksmiths, shoemakers, spinners, shepherds, cowboys, and fruit-growers.

The chief sources utilized by Father Engelhardt are the three

thousand Spanish manuscripts of the Santa Barbara archives, the archives of the Archdiocese of San Francisco, and the Bishop of Los Angeles, the two hundred and eighty-nine volumes of the California archives put together by Stanton in 1853, the Bancroft collection at the University of California, and the archives in the government palace of Mexico City.

It may be news to many that the historian Bancroft did not really write all of the twenty-eight volumes that bear his name. As a matter of fact he himself wrote only four of them, the others being written by Oak, Nemos, Savage, Bates, Peatfield, and Mrs. Victor. Strangely enough the myth of Bancroft's authorship was repeated on the title-page of every volume, without any credit being given to those who had written the major part of the work. We can readily understand that such a man well deserves the strictures passed upon him by our author for his many false and bigoted statements.

A GRAMMAR OF THE GREEK NEW TESTAMENT IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORICAL RESEARCH. By A. T. Robertson, D.D. New York: George H. Doran Co. $5.00 net.

There is no field of philology that has been so fruitfully worked during the past ten or fifteen years as the study of New Testament Greek. The unearthing of innumerable papyri in Egypt has given us what we had hitherto lacked, extensive specimens of the common everyday Greek of apostolic times. These discoveries have placed the Greek of the New Testament in its proper setting, and necessitated the re-writing of its lexicon and its grammar. The completion of a new lexicon is still, we fear, a long way off; but we are fortunate in having now a complete and comprehensive grammar written in the light of the new knowledge. The author is Professor of New Testament Exegesis in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary of Louisville, Kentucky, already well known for his smaller grammar, which is used in some of our own theological seminaries, and has been translated into several languages of Europe.

A student of this new work of Doctor Robertson is at once struck by its vast erudition. Every aspect of New Testament Greek, both in accidence and in syntax, is studied in this grammar of more than thirteen hundred pages; and the author treats every phase of his subject comprehensively, and is well acquainted with its voluminous literature. The task is one that could be accom-

plished only by a man of prodigious memory, of untiring energy, and most intelligent methods of work. America has produced works of greater insight and originality, but none of greater learning. Perhaps we are on the eve of a new era. When Kentucky gives birth to a Robertson, it is time for Germany to look to her laurels; a few more Robertsons, and she suffers an eclipse.

The enormous erudition of this work gives one at first the impression that it has overwhelmed its author; but this is a mistake. It is true that he is more successful in collecting and sorting his facts than in setting forth his conclusions in a clear light. His page is frequently overcrowded with the opinions of grammarians about the facts, when he would have done better, after sifting the facts himself, to draw his own conclusion. Our author loves to quote, even to prove the obvious and the commonplace, somewhat after the manner of the old curé who was fond of citing St. Prosper of Aquitaine in witness of the truth that nothing is so inevitable as death. His style, consequently, lacks conciseness, and does not lend a high enough relief to important ideas and conclusions. In spite of these defects, he does sort and assay his material. He takes his facts wherever he can find them, and though he has a deep respect for great scholars like Delbrück, Brugmann, Gildersleeve, Moulton, Burton and Deissman, he is no blind follower of anyone, but shows a real, though modest, independence of judgment. And like a good scribe, he is always drawing new things out of his treasury as well as old.

We cordially recommend Dr. Robertson's great work to our colleges and theological seminaries. It is really indispensable to the seminarians, because in no other single volume are the linguistic facts concerning the Greek New Testament collected together at all, while here they are exhibited in the light of a full knowledge of Greek—classical, Biblical (if we may speak of Biblical Greek) and *koiné*. Most college professors, too (we venture to say), have much to learn from this work, for it is a most valuable repertory of facts concerning classical usage, which, moreover, cannot always be viewed correctly except in the light of the *koiné*. Moreover, it will disabuse them, if need be, of the idea that New Testament Greek is a language entirely apart from the main current of Greek life; they will see it as the language of the civilized world in the first century, the people's language indeed, but refined and charged with a deeper meaning to fit it to become the vehicle of a divine revelation given to all nations.

CONTEMPORARY BELGIAN LITERATURE. By Jethro Bithell. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $2.50 net.

How can a Catholic follow with complacency the views of one who declares that his Church "hates originality?" This note, struck on page twenty-six of the present volume, unhappily foretells that this expositor of the contemporary literature of a dominantly Catholic country will enunciate appreciations which even the unlearned critic knows to be false. For example, the author states that "the good Catholic finds nothing offensive in the playful spirit (of Max Elskamp) that makes symbols of the Virgin and Jesus, and expresses an artist's disgust with ugly things by dreaming that the Mother of God looks down upon drunken soldiers reeling through the streets of Antwerp." And he shows a sense of gratification in announcing that this or that author has abandoned the faith of his earlier years, and scoffs as a skeptic when reviewing the conversion of Lerberghe. It is true that the author does mention Catholic authors, and that he gives them his measure of praise, but his measure is not a true one. We cannot countenance the movement that empties art of all moral and religious ideals; we cannot tolerate the symbolism that sets forth "religion—that still seems to be present among us, but is dead;" we cannot range ourselves on the side of the realist, no matter how subtle an artist he may be, whom the civil courts fined because of his immoral writings. Being so minded we find contemporary Belgian literature a tract we care not to enter; or if we do, we would not take Mr. Bithell as a safe guide.

FRENCH NOVELISTS OF TO-DAY. By Winifred Stephens. Second Series. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50.

Considered as an anthology, this is a book of real merit. For one who is directed to modern French fiction for the purpose of comparison or research, and who is unable from lack of time or of linguistic ability to gather his impressions first hand, this volume answers a real need. It presents an introductory chapter on the French novel at the beginning of the war and some half dozen studies of particular novelists. Second series as it is, the names discussed are less familiar than one might expect. Bourget and Bazin, with Barrès, de Coulevain, Anatole France and Loti have evidently been treated in the preceding series. Romain Rolland, whose Jean Christophe has a special chapter, is the only name the average reader will immediately recognize; the Tharauds, Mar-

celle Tinayre, Boylesve, Mille and Aicard sound strange. An analytical method is followed throughout. Each study is prefaced by a chronological list of the author's novels. The novels are grouped according to spirit or tendency or treatment; each has a word, while the most representative of each group is given detailed examination, with copious extracts usually translated. Abundant handy information is here for those who seek it.

But those who seek anything finer or deeper than handy information, will search in vain. Surely Miss Stephens has read her authors wrong to find in them "that elevating and broadening of the mind and heart" which Barrès himself has said to be the aim of the novel; and her own statements are misleading and conflicting. Boylesve's novels, it seems, "are touched with the spirit of the Catholic and classic revival, which is one of the most striking phenomena of present-day France"—as we are convinced from other sources it is indeed—but Boylesve, by the author's own portrait, was an agnostic who deigned to treat the Church and her consecrated children with a contemptuous tenderness and a patronizing disdain. Marcelle Tinayre's "delicate art reflects as a clear mirror the dawn of the new French spirit;" she has the "idealist's poetic soul." Yet "the theme of all her novels is the eternal duel between the sexes;" she always considers "love apart from marriage."

To one whose heart yearns for the old France, the real France, the true France, these are depressing pages. Bold, frank materialism, grim facts of human existence, vivid scenes of powerful passion, religious sentiment growing into fanaticism verging on madness—the evil is there, and sympathy with that evil seems to be there likewise. The author announces specifically that these novelists have been chosen because in their works are reflected more clearly the various tendencies of present-day life and thought in France. Lightness and grace, harmony and sense of proportion, consummate artistry, so typically French, we recognize and admire; but from the present tendencies of French life and thought as herein depicted, O Lord deliver us!

THE ROMANTICISM OF ST. FRANCIS. By Father Cuthbert, O.S.F.C. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.00 net.

"For all time," writes Father Cuthbert, "the Franciscans have consecrated the romantic temperament and vision. They were not led on by philosophy and statesmanship, or by what is called practical common sense. Theirs was the enthusiasm and

vision which belong to the springtime of life, when a man's spirit soars upon the wings of adventure, and he reasons by intuition and speaks in figure. Their unique achievement was that they laid hold of this springtime spirit, and by God's grace dedicated it as a permanent possession in the tradition of Catholic life, for the comfort and joy of ages to come."

Poverty is the distinguishing mark of the Franciscan life. According to the definition of Fra Jacopone da Todi, "poverty is in having nothing and in desiring nothing, yet in possessing all things in the spirit of liberty." The Friars were to have no kind of proprietorship over material goods; they were to labor and serve others; and in case of necessity they were to beg for alms. Franciscan poverty has proved itself in history an effective protest against the world's avarice and absorption in material gains.

The fundamental conception in the organization of the Franciscan fraternity was the personal life of the individual. This is clearly seen if we take note of the moral qualities upon which the Franciscan legend most emphatically insists as exhibiting the true Franciscan character. The foundation of Franciscan discipline is trustful obedience to an ideal of faith, which has for the individual the authority of conscience and the sanctity of religion.

The *Fioretti* placed before the brethren the ideal of "the Poor Christ" as the Sunlight of their existence and the Measure of their perfection. Jealousy for personal truthfulness was a second characteristic of the early Friars. "They were so jealous of the truth," says Thomas of Eccleston, "that they would hardly dare speak in hyperbole." A third charming virtue was their "holy pure simplicity." To the mind of St. Francis simplicity was the soul of poverty, or that diviner poverty which nature shares with the Creator.

Modern rationalists have at times questioned St. Francis' loyalty to the Catholic Church, but his loyalty was absolutely unquestionable. "To him she was really the great Mother of Christian souls, and he loved her institutions and her very name with the love of a son and of a patriot. No sooner did he think of founding a fraternity than of his own accord he went to the Pope to obtain his sanction and blessing, and to the end he was constantly referring to the Holy See for guidance. Moreover, whatever stood for the life and authority of the Church was peculiarly sacred in his sight: his intense reverence for priests and theologians is an outstanding fact in his story; so, too, is his abhorrence of

heresy, and again his tender love for the Blessed Sacrament of the altar."

The paper on St. Clare in the present volume first appeared in 1912 in the pages of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. It was written on the occasion of the septcentennial commemoration of the " conversion " of St. Clare. It describes her great devotion to St. Francis, her perfect following of Franciscan poverty, which culminated in Pope Innocent III.'s grant of the " Privilege of Poverty," and the inspiration her perfect purity and transcendent grace gave to the whole Franciscan movement.

The third essay, " The Story of the Friars," describes the influence of the Franciscans on the world at large. Father Cuthbert portrays the Friars as the great peacemakers amidst the political turmoils and wars of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. From the earliest days we find the Friars tending the sick poor in the hospitals of Florence, and two hundred years later we find them founding the *Monti di pietà* to rescue the Italian poor from the clutches of usurers. The Friars, moreover, brought the spirit of true piety out of the cloisters and cathedrals into the home of the people, and so were in a particular sense the creators of popular devotional services. These were not intended to displace the liturgical service of the Church, but grew naturally out of the popular preaching of the Friars.

By popular religious literature they spread among the people the story of the Gospels, or taught them the higher ways of spiritual perfection. In poetry we may quote the Umbrian *Laudi* and the *canzones* of Fra Giacomino. In prose we note the *Meditationes Vitæ Christi* and the *Stimulus Divini Amoris,* both written in Latin, but soon popularized in the vernacular by many preachers and writers.

The last essay, " A Modern Friar," gives a brief sketch of the Capuchin Father Alphonsus. This brief biography gives Father Cuthbert an excellent opportunity of showing how the Franciscan ideal was realized in the Europe of the nineteenth century.

THE IRISH NUNS AT YPRES. An Episode of the War. By D. C. M. (O.S.B.) Edited by Barry O'Brien, LL.D. With an Introduction by John Redmond, M.P. With illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net.

This intensely interesting little book relates with unaffected simplicity the experiences of the Irish Benedictine Nuns of Ypres,

when in the early days of the war their ancient abbey was destroyed, and they were compelled to take flight. The abbey had been the home of a community of Irish Sisters from the year 1682. The story begins with the appearance of a German aëroplane over the city about six weeks after the opening of the war, and the arrival of the enemy a few days afterwards. The intimate details of the consternation in the convent, the terror and confusion in the town, the arrival of the English troops, another subsequent bombardment which destroyed the abbey, are set before the reader not in general description, but by a relation of the happenings that befell the eyewitness. So many thrilling events pass in succession that one is tempted to indulge in excessive quotation. One or two characteristic passages, however, may be permitted. As the Sisters started on their flight, laden with their packages, two of the soldiers came forward to help them:

> We chatted as we hurried along, stopping every one or two minutes, to avoid a shower of bricks, as we heard a shell hiss over our heads and fall on one of the houses by us. One of us remarked to the soldiers: "It is very kind of you to help us." To our delight they answered: "It's our same religion, and our same country." They were both Irish Catholics, one from Kerry, the other from Belfast.

The soldiers escorted them out of Ypres, amid the bursting shells. Two vain attempts were made to return to the convent, and then the Sisters were obliged to abandon hope of entering it again. Trudging along on foot, assisted occasionally by a wagon or a motor, encountering all sorts of the evidences of the war, destitute refugees, soldiers, hospitality from all who had anything to offer, through the efficient courtesy of British and French officers the Sisters finally reached Boulogne, where they embarked for England. We need not observe that the other-worldliness of the nun is everywhere in evidence, and all the more strongly from the strange surroundings of this journey. Yet, "still in our ashes live our wonted fires" as the following incident testifies:

> We came up with a British cavalry regiment. They were coming from the trenches. They looked at us and shouted: "Who are you, Sisters, and where do you come from?" Dame Columban answered: "We are English nuns from the Benedic-

tine Convent of the Rue St. Jacques." This was too much for Dame Patrick, who called out: "We are no such thing. We are *Irish* Benedictines." "Irish!" shouted half a dozen of them, "and so are we," and they all began singing, "It's a long way to Tipperary." Needless to say, it was an Irish regiment—every man wore the harp and shamrock on his collar and cap.

A SHORT HISTORY OF GERMANY FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE YEAR 1913. By Francis M. Schirp, Ph.D. St. Louis: B. Herder. $1.00 net.

As far as the limits of his space permitted, the author has admirably accomplished the task of presenting a concise survey of German history, up to the date specified in the title. We trust that the book will realize his aspirations by making "friends throughout the length and breadth of our country, and help towards creating a better understanding and appreciation of a people which has always proved a true friend of the United States."

Notwithstanding its accorded purpose, the work has none of the earmarks which distinguish the body of contemporary literature which has come to be popularly known as the German propaganda. It presents facts in a plain, objective fashion, without entering into philosophical disquisition regarding movements, tendencies, destinies; or any undue hero-worship. It is Catholic in spirit; the story of the Reformation, and that of the Kulturkampf, for example, are presented from the Catholic side, in the true perspective. As an instance of the impartial temper that pervades the work, one might observe that Bismark is accused, very rightly, of having, in order to make Prussia supreme in Germany, deliberately, planned the war against Denmark by Prussia and Austria, with the expectation that, after the war, the two allies would quarrel between themselves over their victim's spoils, and thereby provide Prussia with the desired opportunity of attacking her recent ally. One wonders, too, if the author is not passing a severe stricture upon some of the proceedings of the present war, when writing of the great Tilly, a devout Catholic, a conqueror in thirty-six battles, he remarks: "In his campaigns in Protestant countries he used to protect the churches with his own guard against any violation." The history closes with 1913, on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession to the throne of Emperor William II.

THE JAPANESE PROBLEM IN THE UNITED STATES. An investigation for the Commission on Relations with Japan appointed by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. By H. A. Mills, Professor of Economics, University of Kansas. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

This study is an important contribution regarding a question which was very acute five or six years ago, and though in comparative abeyance just now, may become acute again in the future; that is, the question of Japanese immigration on the Pacific Coast, and of the relations existing between those who have come and their white neighbors. The author has made a close and extensive personal inquiry into the conditions and activities of the Japanese population in the West. He has investigated the cities and the farms, and the ranches; and as far as the data afforded him opportunity the psychology of the Japanese. The results of his work are set forth with the system and lucidity appropriate to a good textbook. Besides the valuable collection of well-selected facts, the book offers the writer's conclusions as to what legislative measures ought to be passed for the regulation of Asiatic immigration, and of the immigrant's political status when he has become a resident.

The Alien Land Law enacted in California he believes to be unjust, impolitic and unnecessary. It is unjust chiefly "because it takes advantages of discrimination under the naturalization law to further discriminate between aliens of different races lawfully in this country." It is impolitic because "it is opposed to the spirit and fundamental principles of unity and good understanding upon which the conventional relations of the two nations depend." It is unnecessary, he contends, under the present restricted immigration, though with immigration unrestricted it might be required. What about assimilation? The writer is of the opinion that the Japanese have many personal qualities that make for assimilation, but whether they could be assimilated completely he hesitates to affirm, though he thinks the evil of race mixture is pretty much of a "bogie."

SYNDICALISM, INDUSTRIAL UNIONISM, AND SOCIALISM. By John Spargo. Second Printing. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.25 net.

Although the Industrial Workers of the World were organized by Socialists, they have probably caused more trouble to the American Socialist movement than to the forces of capitalism. For they soon discarded the accepted Socialist policies, and adopted the

methods of Syndicalism, thus making a serious split in the ranks of the Socialists of the United States. When their power was at its greatest height, John Spargo delivered five lectures in Brooklyn, which were later published in the present volume. He describes the nature, philosophy, and implications of Syndicalism, its doctrine and practice of *sabotage,* and its relation to Socialism. While he demonstrates that the methods and theory of Syndicalism have been repudiated by the official voice of Socialism, he does not hesitate to admit that this rejection has been dictated entirely by motives of expediency. The Socialist party condemns the "direct action" of the Syndicalists, not because such conduct involves destruction of property and other violations of legal and moral rights, but because it is in the long run harmful to the workers. Indeed, Mr. Spargo himself confesses that, uncompromising opponent as he is of the practices of *sabotage,* he would gladly aid in a programme of seizing the property of the rich, setting the torch to buildings, and summarily executing a few members of the possessing class (p. 172) if he believed that these devices would prove effective. His conviction that the theories and policies of Syndicalism and the activity of the I. W. W. would prove hurtful to the Socialist movement in the United States, has been fully justified by the results. The Socialist vote fell off greatly in the elections of 1914, the leaders of the movement seem to be less united than ever, and the movement as a whole seems to exhibit less vitality and enthusiasm than at any time within the last fifteen years. For this condition the Syndicalist faction is largely responsible. This is only one of the many reasons why the present volume is valuable to all who are interested in either Syndicalism or Socialism.

MODERN INDUSTRY. In Relation to the Family, Health, Education, Morality. By Florence Kelley. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.00 net.

This volume presents the substance of four lectures before the Teachers' College, Columbia University, in 1913. Like everything else that Mrs. Kelley has written, it is above all concrete and suggestive. She shows just how modern industry tends to disintegrate the family through rendering marriage impossible to large groups of male workers, compelling married women to become wage earners, withdrawing children from the home, crowding families into tenements instead of homes, making many homes

into workshops, and reducing the proportion of home owners. The manifold bad effects of many occupations on health, and the obstacles to education created by many forms of labor, specially those carried on by children, are likewise set forth in striking though brief fashion. The chapter on "Modern Industry and Morality" consists mainly of a review of the evils of the anonymous ownership of industrial enterprises as regards the relation between employer and employee, the crime of adulteration in the preparation and manufacture of many kinds of goods, the moral hazards encountered by the young girls employed in department stores, and some suggestions for remedying these bad situations. The author's proposals for the improvement of industrial morality may be reduced to two: an increasing control of industry by coöperative associations and by city, state and nation; and the acceptance of the ideal of "service instead of profit." Both suggestions contain a considerable element of Utopianism. However, Mrs. Kelley is too well acquainted with the actual forces, psychological and economic, that dominate modern industry to expect that her proposals will be realized fully or suddenly. On the whole, the book is an excellent description in summary form of the most vital relations of modern industry.

STRENGTH OF WILL. By E. Boyd Barrett, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.25.

Father Barrett, who holds degrees from the National University of Ireland and from the University of Louvain, is rather a specialist in the field of psychology; and yet he has so far considered the needs of the ordinary reader that the present volume offers no difficulties to the untrained mind. Let us say at once that the book is one for which we have been long waiting. It gives us a Catholic theologian's summary of those conclusions of modern experimental psychology which bear upon the moral and spiritual life; and there is not the slightest doubt about the right of the present volume to be included in the reading of every priest, excepting only those who are themselves trained experts in the science of psychology.

Technicalities and metaphysical discussions are avoided in these chapters. The author is concerned only with imparting a strictly scientific and perfectly practical instruction upon what can be done to cultivate the power of willing and how to set about this important task. "Causes of Will-Maladies" and "Methods of

Will-Training" are among the most interesting chapters of the book; and "A Tentative Scheme of Exercises" provides us with all the data necessary for the construction of a course of will-treatment for ourselves, according to our need.

It is as a practical help to the improvement of character and conduct that the book interests us most, and makes the widest appeal to the general reader. At the same time it will be of very considerable value to persons who have been more or less upset by what they suppose to be a conflict between the findings of modern psychology and the traditional doctrines of Catholic philosophy.

THE LIFE OF FATHER DE SMET, S.J. By E. Laveille, S.J. Translated by Marian Lindsay. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $2.75.

Every American-Catholic or non-Catholic ought to read this entertaining life of Father De Smet, explorer, geographer, ethnologist, linguist, writer and missionary. His forty-three years of missionary activity among the Flatheads, the Blackfeet, the Sioux and other Indian tribes prove him indeed a man of heroic mould. He pleaded their cause with the United States Government, and did his utmost to have justice meted out to them; he brought about treaties of peace, when all others had failed to conciliate the outraged tribes; he traveled to Europe nineteen times to collect moneys for his missions, and traveled by land eighty-seven thousand leagues in his missionary journeys; he made many converts, and won the love and veneration of Christian and pagan Indian alike. Father Laveille's well-documental life reads like a romance. It has been well translated.

CHAFF AND WHEAT: A FEW GENTLE FLAILINGS. By Francis P. Donnelly, S.J. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 60 cents.

The book before us is a companion volume to *Mustard Seed.* We are quite sure that no other recommendation will be necessary. These miniature essays, originally printed in the columns of *America,* run through more than two hundred and fifty pages, giving us Father Donnelly's bright comments on the things, the people, the customs, the fancies, the oddities, the failings that make up the world around us. We have again the brief anecdote with a convincing moral hung upon it; and the disguised sermon that falls upon our conscience with such gentle humor as to make us glad to

be persuaded. It is a gentle flail, indeed, that the author wields; but there are few strokes which do not count.

COLLECTED POEMS. By Condé Benoist Pallen. New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. $1.25.

It was not yesterday nor the day before yesterday that the name of Dr. Condé Pallen became one to conjure with in American letters. As critic, poet, lecturer and editor of the monumental *Catholic Encyclopædia,* he has won distinguished laurels. Hence it may be supposed that these *Collected Poems* have, very largely, their own full-grown audience awaiting them. Such readers will be glad to welcome in a single volume *The New Rubaiyat,* the various odes which Dr. Pallen has delivered at scholastic or patriotic celebrations, long dramatic poems such as *Agläë* or *The Feast of Thalarchus,* and that particularly beautiful narrative poem, *The Death of Sir Launcelot.*

New readers will be impressed not only with the dignity and high seriousness of Dr. Pallen's muse, but equally with his variety of achievement. There is no doubt at all that he has, like Aubrey de Vere, set his face to "keep alive poetry with a little conscience in it." Yet there is scarcely a finer thing in the present volume than that pure lyric, *A Song of Sixpence;* and his sonnets—particularly *Mors Victa* and the second *To a Sonnet*—have both power and charm. Truly,

> in this slender compass closely pent
> A master's voice may shake the firmament.

A word should be added in praise of such felicitous and satisfying quatrains as *Life* and *Treasure Trove,* of which one would be glad to find more over Dr. Pallen's signature.

THE PEOPLE'S GOVERNMENT. By David Jayne Hill. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

The substance of this volume was presented in the form of lectures before the Law School of the Boston University during the winter of 1915. The author defends constitutional democracy against either absolutism or authoritative democracy. He has no patience with those superficial minds who assert that the doctrine which declares law to be merely the expression of the "will of the people" is a doctrine of the American Revolution; and, therefore, necessarily forms part of the American conception of the State. He holds, on the contrary, that "the American Revolution on its

negative side was a revolt against absolutism in every form; and, on its positive side, a defence of the inalienable rights of the individual. It was an appeal to general principles of justice to be universally applied, and as much opposed to the arbitrary will of a parliamentary body as to the arbitrary will of a royal person." He shows on the other hand that the French Revolution spelled the absolutism of the people, and merely substituted it for the absolutism of the monarch. He writes: "The French Revolution was a transfer of despotism from one depository to another, but not a revolt against despotism as such; and it was not, in any true sense, a defence of the rights of the individual, but an assertion of the authority of the mass. All the power formerly possessed by the king was in that revolt taken over by the people, undiminished in amount, and untempered in quality. The despotism of the Paris mob was more fierce, more arbitrary, and more sanguinary than that of any French monarch had ever been."

In a chapter on *Government by Official Oligarchy,* Mr. Hill protests against the idea embodied in President Wilson's address to Congress, December 2, 1913, in which he suggested the adoption of a federal law, depriving the people of the privilege of meeting in party conventions for the nomination of candidates for public office, and of the right to choose their own delegates to such conventions for the purpose of framing a platform of party principles.

In strong words he defends the Supreme Court against its modern detractors, and pleads for loyalty to the Constitution against the modern demagogue who would set aside "its guarantees which have hitherto secured the inherent rights of individuals and the stability of the State under equal laws."

A SHORT HISTORY OF BELGIUM. By Léon van der Essen, Ph.D. Chicago, Ill.: The University of Chicago Press. $1.00 net.

Dr. van der Essen, Professor of History in the University of Louvain, has written within the brief compass of one hundred and sixty pages a scholarly history of Belgium. He divides Belgian history into nine periods: the formative period to the reign of Charlemagne and his heirs (B. C. 57 to A. D. 843); the period of feudalism; the rise of the communes (eleventh to fourteenth century); the political centralization of the Dukes of Burgundy (fifteenth century); the Spanish rule (sixteenth to seventeenth century); the Austrian rule (eighteenth century); the French régime

(1792-1815); the Dutch rule and the revolution of 1830; and the period of national independence.

It is the stirring story of a brave and independent people, doomed perpetually to fight against Romans, Burgundians, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Dutchmen, and in our day, Germans.

The writer says nothing about the rôle played by Belgium in the present European War, although in a brief epilogue he calls attention to the liberty-loving spirit of the Belgian people, and mentions Disraeli's words in 1870: "It is a fundamental principle of the policy of this country that the country situated along the coasts of Dunkirk to the North Sea islands should be possessed by free and prosperous states.....in order that these countries should not belong to a great military power."

MOONDYNE JOE, by John Boyle O'Reilly. (New York: P. J. Kenedy & Sons. 75 cents.) It is forty years ago since the critics welcomed and the children thrilled and wept over this story of prison life and of dashing adventure. It is happily again resurrected for the delight of the younger generation.

PERHAPS the proper treatment for this book, *The Devil in a Nunnery and Other Mediæval Tales,* by Francis Oscar Mann (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net), would be not to notice it, even unfavorably. It is a collection of tales of mediæval England, composed and told with exceptional skill. The author knows the language, manners and spirit of the Middle Ages intimately, and writes with just enough old-fashioned phrasing and antiquarian allusion to give his style piquancy and quaintness. But in copying the many sly pokes at ecclesiastics found in the writings of those days, he overlooks the real reverence nearly always present. He doubtless aims at being roguish and mischievous, but he succeeds only in being cynical and unfair. Nothing that he says is very gross or very bitter; it is insolent and impious.

Recent Events.

The Editor of The Catholic World *wishes to state that none of the contributed articles or departments, signed or unsigned, of the magazine, with the exception of "With Our Readers," voices the editorial opinion of the magazine. And no article or department voices officially the opinion of the Paulist Community.*

Great Britain.

The adoption of Conscription is, of course, the most noteworthy of the events which have taken place in Great Britain since the opening of the war, as it is so great a departure from the methods that have hitherto been adopted, and indeed from the characteristic spirit of the British people. The very suggestion months ago caused a controversy which was carried on in the most acrimonious way. The working classes, or at least large sections of them, threatened, by a general strike, to suspend the whole of the country's business, being willing to risk even the loss of the war. Compulsory service was contrary to their traditions, their prejudices and their habits of mind. A more potent influence was that they considered it to be a victimizing by the capitalist of the laboring man. Yet the bill enforcing National Service passed the House of Commons by a majority of more than ten to one, even strong opponents voting for it, and this because they knew that their constituents were so strongly in its favor that an appeal to the country would deprive them of their seats.

The truth is that the bill introduced by Mr. Asquith was of so mild a character that to call the system enforced by it Conscription would be a misnomer. By voluntary enlistment an army of some three million men had been raised, when in the autumn of last year the number of recruits began to fall off so seriously that the armies on service in the various fields of warfare could not be kept up to their full strength. Conscription was then the natural remedy, but the opposition was so strong, not merely in the country at large, but even in the Cabinet itself, that a last effort to secure the maintenance of the forces at full strength by the voluntary system was undertaken by Lord Derby, who, for this purpose, was appointed head of the recruiting department. The system adopted by him

was based on the personal canvass of every man between the ages of eighteen and forty-one. Those who, in response to this appeal, came forward voluntarily were placed in forty-six groups, according to age, state (single or married), and occupation (reserved or non-reserved). In the early stages of this canvass the question arose about the order in which single and married men should be called out, and Mr. Asquith gave a pledge that married men should not be called out to service before the single men, and that if more than an insignificant number of single men failed to respond to Lord Derby's appeal to come forward voluntarily, either measures would be taken to enforce service upon these, or the married men who had come forward would be released from the obligations which they had undertaken.

Lord Derby's canvass resulted in nearly three million more men being enlisted on the voluntary system, forming, as Mr. Balfour said, an achievement unparalleled in the world's history. But some six hundred and fifty thousand single men were found not to have responded, and the question arose whether Mr. Asquith was called upon to fulfill his pledge. As it was evident that they formed more than an insignificant minority, it became necessary either to enforce the service of these six hundred and fifty thousand, or to release four hundred thousand married men who had enrolled themselves on the strength of the pledge. The latter alternative could not be entertained for a moment, and so the National Service Bill was introduced and has become law. As will be seen, it applies to a very small section of the nation, and even in regard to them it makes every possible allowance and exemption. All ministers of religion are exempted, as well as men employed in necessary national work; men who are the sole support of dependents, such as parents, brothers or sisters or other relatives; men physically unfit; and those who conscientiously object to combatant service; in the last case the exemption will be from combatant military duty only, not, however, from such services as stretcher-bearers. An opportunity for making the law a dead letter was given by the re-opening of the Derby group system of attestation, so that all who were willing might come forward of their own accord. The bill is limited in its operation to the end of the war, and so it forms no part of the permanent law, although ardent supporters of Conscription may try to make it serve as the thin end of the wedge. It was the fear of this which, perhaps, led to the resignation of Sir John Simon. He, however, was the only

member of the Government who took this course. The three Ministers representing labor who resigned on the introduction of the bill were in its favor; their resignations were due to the fact that the organizations behind them passed a resolution against the measure. This is the first time in the history of the British Parliament in which dictation of this kind has been heeded, and it is not considered of good omen. A member of Parliament is accountable to his constituents, not to an organization, political or other. Labor's attitude to the bill has remained hostile, a hostility, however, which has been kept within moderation and prudence. The feeling of the country is so strong that unreasonable opposition would not be tolerated.

British statesmen have to keep in view four main requisites for the continuance of the war. Men have to be found to keep the armies up to their strength, workers have to be supplied for the making of munitions, both in private works and in those controlled by the Government (of which there are now about two thousand six hundred); money has to be raised with which to pay the soldiers and for armaments, and as a means to the latter the export trade has to be kept going so far as this is compatible with the other claims. These various demands have to be balanced and weighed, and hence all the volunteers who have come forward cannot, even if they were all physically fit, be made into soldiers. The population has been divided into starred and unstarred men, according as they are fitted or not fitted for employment in works necessary for the war. Trades have been distinguished into reserved and unreserved, according as they are more or less beneficial to the nation's commerce and the prosecution of this war. Rents and the rates of interest have been placed under restriction. Tribunals have been appointed to settle questions arising out of these measures. In fact interference with personal liberty has been carried to an extent which the most advanced of Socialists would not have dreamed of a few years ago. All that the citizen has, his goods and fortune, are claimed by the State as its right. Strange to say the classes among which Socialism finds its strongest supporter, have proved the most recalcitrant. Mr. Lloyd George, the former idol of the working class, has fallen into some degree of disfavor for the efforts which he has made to enforce regulations of this kind. Strong resistance has been offered, especially by the workers on the Clyde, to the dilution of labor, which the Minister of Munitions looks upon as necessary for the new Government

factories. These factories have everything ready for making the large guns which are needed, except the men, and skilled men in sufficient number cannot be found. The necessity, therefore, arises of placing unskilled men under the guidance of the skilled in order to carry on the works. This, however, is against union rules, and although appeal after appeal has been made, the men have remained not altogether, but to too large a degree, obdurate. In fact it must be said that the working classes, so far as they are represented by certain trade unions, have not done their duty to the country in any conspicuous degree. They have not wholly failed, but they might have done a great deal better than they have done. The chief cause of this failure is the class hatred which has been so rampant for several years past. It is in no way due to any hesitation about the war, or to any lack in determination to carry it on to a decisive end. There are, of course, as there must always be in any community, men who differ from the majority, perhaps in some cases for the sake of differing. In South Wales, for instance, there are some few who are called pro-Germans, whether as a term of opprobrium or because they sympathize with Germany cannot be said. There is that fraction of the Socialists called the Independent Labor Party, of which Mr. Ramsay Macdonald is a prominent representative, which is, to say the least, lukewarm. The Democratic Union, of which Mr. Morel is a supporter, has come forward in criticism of British diplomacy. These, with a few of the philosophically minded like Lord Courtney, is a fairly comprehensive list of those who are not full hearted supporters of the war. To the vast majority the talk of an inconclusive peace such as Germany would accept at the present time is as the twittering of sparrows. This feeling pervades all classes, chapel as well as church-goers, the frequenters of the music-hall and the theatre, as well as the man in the street. The nation is even more determined than the Government. The latter has been severely criticized for what seems to be indecision and irresolution in the conduct of the war. A call is being made for a much stricter enforcement of the blockade. Too much regard is being paid to the interests of neutrals, out of consideration for whom the full power of the navy has been held in check. The system of promotion in the army by which commands are given according to seniority, is being openly blamed for failures in France and the Dardanelles. On these and several other points criticism is heard, but none upon the determination of the Government to continue

the war to a decisive conclusion, even if Great Britain were left to "carry it on" alone. Nor is this only Great Britain's voice, it is that of the Empire as a whole. The spring of this determination is that this war is not merely for more or less territory, but for an ideal which makes the Empire to be what it is: for, that is to say, liberty and self-government as opposed to despotism and absolutism. As Napoleon said: "Sooner or later the sword is conquered by the idea."

France.

The contrast between the conduct of the workingmen of France and some of those of Great Britain is greatly in favor of those of France. Loss of time there is practically negligible; no trade union restrictions exist at the moment; everything is done to increase production; no limitation of profits exists, and no question in this respect has been raised by the work people. Thousands of women are employed in the French munition works, and they work with a good will that is most impressive. The same may be said of the large number of women that have undertaken similar tasks in Great Britain. They work, in most cases, in France for the same hours as the men, and there is no restriction imposed on what they may do. The introduction of unskilled male and female labor has presented no difficulties. The reason for the greater devotion of the French workman is that the war has been brought near home to him. The French nation has settled down with determination and a feeling of set purpose to the fulfillment of the task allotted to it. There is no question but that the nation is at war, and the dominant sentiment, not only of the men but of the women, is to carry the war to a successful conclusion. Every thing else is subordinated to that determination. This it is that has prevented difficulties arising in the manufacture of war material. A mission sent to France from Great Britain, which included leading trade union officials, gives the foregoing testimony to the fact that France is at war as a nation, and to the results that have followed the recognition of that fact.

Those among the British Socialists who are opposed to compulsion receive no sympathy from the Socialists of France. Their leader in the Chamber frankly tells the English Socialists that they can no longer avoid calling the whole nation to arms, and that it is only by responding to the call that they can render the greatest service to the peace of the world. By doing so they will not

serve militarism, but will contribute to the victory which is to extinguish the monstrous embodiment of militarism with which they are fighting. France herself has mobilized over seven million men. Her national army includes all the manhood of France—men of middle age, fathers of families, old and young. In the first week of January the eighteen-year-old class of men was called up for training, and in May it will go to the front. The French know that there will be no "after the war" for labor, for capital or for any other form of national life unless victory is achieved by the Allies. Hence they are puzzled at the attitude of those of the British workingmen who opposed the National Service Bill, and can only attribute it to the ignorance still existing about what is at stake. A better explanation will be found in the over-confidence in the result which still exists, owing to the immunity of Great Britain from the sufferings which France is undergoing. But while criticizing the attitude of labor, the action of the British Government, in bringing in the National Service Bill, has given the most complete satisfaction, as it has thereby afforded the most convincing proof that could have been given of its resolution to shrink from no sacrifice in order to obtain the victory towards which all are striving.

By the soldiers in the trenches confidence in that victory is felt in an ever-increasing degree. M. Clemenceau, the great critic of French Governments, has been making a long tour of the front. What struck him most is the transformation that has taken place in the character of the soldier. He is, M. Clemenceau says, a new man, calmer and more self-restrained than the soldier of the past. The relations between officers and men are those of affection, confidence and esteem. The soldier in the trenches is welded with the rest of the nation in a true brotherhood, with a quiet determination to do and to suffer everything to vindicate the nation's aspiration in a conflict which they are determined shall be the last effort of scientifically organized barbarism.

No changes have taken place in M. Briand's Cabinet. There are, indeed, indications that some degree of friction exists between the Government and the Chamber. A large section of Deputies has sought through parliamentary control to take a more immediate hold on the military and diplomatic policy of the Government than the Government is willing to give. Institutions created for peace and liberty do not necessarily work with perfect smoothness in war time. Taking into all the difficulties of the situation, it

is wonderful how well the Third Republic has borne the strain of this terrible war, and how close is the union of the French people.

Belgium.

Cardinal Mercier and the Belgian Bishops have addressed to the Episcopate of Germany and Austria a Letter which the New York *Evening Post* calls unparalleled in history. It proposes the establishment of a tribunal of inquiry into the atrocities committed during the German invasion of Belgium. The Letter refers to the German Emperor's telegram to President Wilson accusing Belgian priests and women of committing "abominable, odious, and criminal acts against German soldiers," and declaring that his heart bled to see that measures of repression had been rendered inevitable. The Belgian Bishops absolutely deny these accusations, as also those formulated in the name of German Catholics by the German Professor Rosenberg of Paderborn, and by many German Catholic newspaper writers and associations. They propose the establishment of a joint Belgo-German Episcopal tribunal of inquiry under the presidency of a neutral Bishop. Before this tribunal the German Bishops may summon whosoever they wish, while they, on their part, will summon whomsoever the German Bishops wish. They will ask to appear before it all the pastors of parishes where civilians, priests, monks, nuns or laymen were massacred or threatened with death on the plea that "someone had fired." They will ask all these priests to sign their depositions on oath, and then unless it is pretended that the whole Belgian clergy is perjured, the German bishops will be obliged to accept, and the civilized world will not be able to reject the conclusions of this solemn and decisive inquiry. They add that so long as German justice holds aloof [from this inquiry] they retain the right and the duty to denounce what, in all conscience, they regard as a grave outrage on justice and upon their honor. The Letter was issued on November 24, 1915. So far no reply has been received. It is reported, however, that the German Bishops did not receive the Letter.

It is impossible to say what foundation there is for the rumors which have been circulated in many quarters, and under varying forms, that Germany has offered a separate peace to Belgium. It is more than evident that Germany is anxious to secure peace—on terms acceptable to herself. Her fortunes must, indeed, be at a low

ebb if she is willing to give up Antwerp and the Belgian seacoast, and to relinquish the hope of a port which would threaten England, and afford the much-desired outlet for her commerce, besides paying, as one report asserts, an indemnity to Belgium. The sole compensation which she would find would be in the freeing of a large number of German soldiers for service elsewhere; and the rendering the opening into Germany for the Allies much narrower and, therefore, more easily defensible. Tempting though the proposal was, it has been definitely rejected by the Belgian Government, the Allies having renewed their assurance that Belgium will be restored to its full rights and that its integrity will be maintained.

Possibly the German offer to Belgium may have been due to the action of the Holy See, for the Holy Father is said on good authority—that of a distinguished Belgian Jesuit—to have told a Dutch Chaplain in the Belgian army, with the wish that it should be made as widely known as possible, that he considers that Belgium has a right to complete reparation from Germany; and that he will never consent to offer his good offices for the reëstablishment of peace unless Belgium has all her territories in Europe and Africa restored to her with the plenitude of her liberties and her international rights as they existed before; and this without prejudice to her claim for adequate indemnity and the restitution of all private property.

Progress of the War. Although no offensive movements on a large scale have been made by either the Allies or the Germans, the latter have made local attacks on narrow fronts of the French lines—attacks which have resulted in gains measured by yards, for which they have paid by enormous losses. It is not easy to see the purpose of those attacks, for any serious advance on Paris must be made on a scale similar to that with which the war opened. It may be that conditions in Germany are such that the General Staff cannot afford to sit down and wait for the great offensive which has so long been threatened. From many sources it is becoming evident that large numbers of the German people at home are growing more and more weary of the war, and are getting tired of living on rations—rations which have been recently diminished in quantity. The German Government may be truthful in its statement that the supply of food within the Empire is sufficient, if used economically, to supply all the needs

of the population; but to distribute that food in daily doles cannot be done to the satisfaction of everybody. Hence it is not to be wondered at that wide discontent is felt with life under such conditions, and that the Government might deem it advisable to divert public attention by victorious activities on a small scale. This is, however, merely a conjecture, for these attacks may be feelers for another attempt to reach Paris.

The general opinion, however, seems to be that in France and Flanders a stalemate has been reached—that neither of the opposing forces can break through. There are those who urge that it is the part of wisdom for the Allies to seek the weakest spot of the German line of two thousand miles, and to concentrate all their strength upon it. The Balkans they look upon as the suitable place, while Russia advances through Bukowina. The Allies from Saloniki should work their way up through Serbia to join forces, and endeavor to penetrate into the plains of Hungary. The objections to this course are so many that it is not likely to be adopted. The difficulty of transporting a large enough army, with all its equipment, is sufficient reason for rejecting such a proposal. The very opposite view seems to be the one more likely to be adopted. This is that the strongest place in the enemy's lines should be chosen for the attack. That is without doubt the line in France.

For the first time for many months Zeppelins have succeeded in reaching Paris, while one of the many attempts upon London has met with a small measure of success. That the larger number of Zeppelins which reached England went to other places where they did no little damage, may be taken as an indication that the confidence is justified which has been expressed in the measures that have been adopted for the protection of London.

The destruction of several British ships by a raider which has escaped from Kiel, is the first instance of a failure of the British navy in keeping fast bound in port the German navy which it is anxious to meet in open conflict. The raider has not yet been captured.

No change of any importance has taken place along the Russian line in the north; more to the south there has been a fairly successful advance of Russia, where she is now in close proximity to Czernowitz. That Russia should so soon have undertaken a new offensive is yet another evidence of her wonderful powers of recuperation. Strange to say, she has benefited by the loss of Galicia, for some three millions of its inhabitants followed her

armies into Russia, and are now adding to its industrial, agricultural and military strength, while Austria has lost something like one-twelfth of its population. The last report is that the advance of Russia from the Caucasus into Armenia has been crowned by the capture of Erzeroum, the great military centre of the Turks, and the key to Turkish Armenia. It is said to have been a part of the plan of campaign, as arranged at the beginning of the war, that Russia should try to reach Constantinople by this route, and that it was only when she found herself unable to do so that Great Britain endeavored to reach the capital through the Dardanelles. The advance of Russia into Armenia will relieve the British who are still being besieged at Kut-el-Amara. It may also have an effect upon the projected invasion of Egypt, of which so much has been heard. The British have evacuated Gallipoli, and have been completely defeated in an attempt upon which so much depended. Some little consolation is found in the skillful way in which the evacuation was effected, but when the number of lives that were sacrificed and the vast amount of money that was spent is considered, there is little of which to be proud.

The Allies have made themselves secure at Saloniki. They have there a great army fully equipped with artillery and stores. Intrenchments have been made, which are said to be stronger than those on the Western front, and every day adds to their strength. Why neither the Central Powers nor their Allies, the Bulgar and the Turk, have made no attempt to drive out the Entente Powers is hard to say, for they cannot fail to realize its importance. The position of Saloniki, on the flank of the communications with Constantinople, renders those communications insecure, while Bulgaria, a very poor country, is forced to keep her army mobilized as a defensive measure.

In the conflict with Austria upon her own borders, Italy seems, within the last two months, neither to have lost ground nor gained; but she has suffered a loss of no little importance by Austria's success in overrunning Montenegro, and especially by the capture of Lovtchen, a position of importance for the control of the Adriatic. There seems to have been an inaction and a failure to render assistance to the Montenegrins, which have not yet been fully explained. It is satisfactory to be able to note the fact that the spasmodic and disconnected activity of the Allies has given place to a deliberate and well-planned coördination, and that gratifying results have already begun to make themselves felt.

With Our Readers.

THE new College of St. Paul, the home of the Paulist Novitiate at the Catholic University of America, at Brookland, D. C., in which many of our readers are interested, was dedicated with special ceremony on the Feast of St. Francis de Sales, January 29th. On the eve of the Feast, Solemn Vespers was celebrated in the presence of His Excellency, the Most Rev. John Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate to the United States; and on the morning of the Feast itself the building was solemnly dedicated by His Eminence James Cardinal Gibbons, and immediately afterwards Solemn Mass was offered in the presence of the Cardinal. Readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD will be especially interested in the two sermons delivered on the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth respectively; the first by the Very Rev. Charles F. Aiken, S.T.D., treating of the Congregation of St. Paul and its relations with the Catholic University of America; the second by the Rev. William J. Kerby, Ph.D., reviewing the spiritual character and aspirations of Father Hecker, the founder of the Paulist Congregation.

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SERMON PREACHED BY THE REV. CHARLES F. AIKEN, S.T.D., AT ST. PAUL'S COLLEGE, BROOKLAND, D. C., JANUARY 28, 1916.

IN the life of every religious community the dedication of its house of studies must be an event of importance and an occasion of rejoicing. In the present instance this is particularly true, for this ample and stately structure, consecrated to the great work of training novices for the Paulist Congregation, is the first building of its kind that its members could call their own. Heretofore they have lived as tenants on property belonging to others. Now they have the satisfaction of standing on their own soil, and of working and praying under their own roof. Here they have a structure especially adapted to their needs. This noble house of studies offers ample facilities for training and maintaining their young novices, whose numbers will increase from year to year. A house of such proportions bespeaks a healthy state of present conditions and a looking forward to still greater growth in time to come.

Among the numerous friends and well-wishers who rejoice with the Paulist Fathers on this happy occasion are to be counted the officials and professors of the Catholic University of America. Strange were it otherwise, for the University from the beginning has enjoyed the friendship and loyal support of the Congregation of St. Paul. When the project of setting up the Catholic University was broached in the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, one of its most enthusiastic advocates was Father Hecker, whom the Paulists love and revere as the founder of their society. And when, in 1889, the doors of the University were opened to students of Sacred Theology, Father Hewit, who succeeded Father Hecker as Superior of the Congregation, and who con-

tinued his broad-minded policy, moved the house of studies to Washington and installed it on the very grounds of the University. The College of St. Thomas, as it was then called, was the first institution to be affiliated to the University, and from the very beginning Paulist students sat as attentive hearers under the University professors. From that time on the relations between the University and the Paulist Community have always been most cordial and friendly. Each was an encouragement to the other. Among the men of note who gave public lectures at the University were Paulist Fathers, and one of them occupied for several years the honored position of professor of mathematics and astronomy. And in recent years, another, after winning distinguished honors abroad, has been called to serve as instructor in Experimental Psychology. During the dark days of the University, when the clouds of financial disaster hung threateningly over it, when the student body was painfully dwindling, and when not a few of its friends feared the end was not far off, the Paulist Fathers did not lose hope. At that very time they proceeded to gather funds for the erection near the University of a permanent house of studies; so that it may be truly said that this noble building is an act of faith, on the part of the Paulists, in the future of the University.

This intimate connection between the Catholic University and the Congregation of St. Paul is more than a sentimental union springing from the friendship that existed between the leading men of both institutions. The Paulist Community was instinctively drawn to the University because it knew the value of University training, and because it recognized in the University aims and aspirations in harmony with its own. The chief aim which Father Hecker and his high-minded associates had in view in founding the Congregation of St. Paul was to set before the American people a type of Catholicism that, while in perfect accord with the authoritative teaching of the Church, would at the same time square with American institutions and American ideals. They saw therein an effective means of refuting the charge that the Catholic Church was a foreign importation hostile to liberty, hostile to popular education, hostile to the Constitution of the United States. They rightly felt that the claim of the Church to be divine would be more readily heard once she had won recognition as a helpful factor in furthering what is best in social, political, and intellectual life in this country.

It will readily be seen how the Catholic University, through its religious and scientific instruction, alike varied and profound, ever tends to make the Church in this country better known, better respected and better loved. It smoothes the way to a higher intellectual life suited to conditions peculiar to our beloved country. In common with other Catholic Universities throughout the world, it vindicates the truth of the Catholic religion; it sets forth, in the light of Catholic faith, the various branches of knowledge that lend dignity and usefulness to human life. But more than this, as the Catholic University of America, it presents its teaching in harmony with American ideals. Every nation has its own peculiar genius, which ever tends to work out in its own practical way the fitting exercise of the inalienable right of the individual to life, liberty and the pursuit of true perfection and happiness. Ours is a government of the people, by the people and for the people. To assert that a republican form of rule is the best possible polity for every nation, that it is suited to every temper and class of minds, that it should everywhere prevail, would be a faulty judgment of overzealous souls. But for the citizens of these United States there is no question but the needs of our great nation are best served by the form of democracy so wisely laid down in the Federal Constitution. In some nations the cause of religion and of civilization may be best

promoted by a union of Church and State. But in these United States the happy results have been attained by the separation of Church and State—for any other political arrangement would be impossible. In this way, progress in social, economic and political life has moved harmoniously with progress in things religious. Nowhere in recent times has the Church advanced with such rapid strides as in our own country, where its sole material support has been found in the voluntary assistance of the faithful, and where its tendency to exert its benign influence in a multitude of new channels has not been hampered and thwarted by petty government restrictions. Like a noble tree, the Catholic Church has struck its roots deep in American soil, which has proved most favorable to its healthy and vigorous growth.

A democratic form of government, to be a success, must be a *mind* rule, not a *mob* rule. To this end it must rest on two solid pillars, neither of which may be set aside. The one is education, the other is religion. Only popular education can give rise to an enlightened people, whose voice, being decisive in public affairs, should be the expression of a judicious public mind. Only religion can keep active in the conscience the sense of duty that should prompt every citizen, in the measure that responsibility has been laid upon him, to secure legislation that shall be wise and just, to promote fidelity in the execution of laws, and to demand honesty in the administration of public affairs. In a democracy like ours, it is but right that the Church should inculcate with especial emphasis the civic and social duties—an honest ballot, the support only of worthy aspirants to public office, honesty in the administration of municipal, state and federal affairs, the readiness to give of one's wealth, aye, to make sacrifice of limb and even life, when called for by the public weal, active coöperation in wise economic and social reforms that will help to lift the people to a higher level of dignity, health, comfort, intelligence, sobriety and clean living.

The value of the Catholic University for clarifying and disseminating these teachings, in which love of God and love of country are so happily blended, in which Catholic faith lifts American patriotism to its highest possible plane, cannot be overestimated. What wonder, then, that the Congregation of St. Paul, whose ambition is to set before the American people the Church of Christ as the friend of American democracy, as the guardian of liberty, as the promoter of progress in every field of upright human endeavor, as the strong right arm of civilization as well as the giver of divine truth, what wonder, I say, that from the beginning it should have placed its novices under the shadow of the University, where they might find inspiration and strength, and wisdom and courage to face the prejudices and difficulties of keen minds not yet Catholic, and to seek to win them to the fold of Christ? The University spirit has never been absent from the Paulist Congregation. It is shown in the efforts of its members to further the cause of Catholic religion in new ways. Witness the Apostolic Mission House, congregational singing, the question box, the usefulness of which has been widely recognized by the clergy both secular and religious. It is shown also in the apostolate of the press, whose power for good was never more keenly appreciated than by Father Hecker and his associates. The Catholic World, *The Leader,* and in more recent times *The Missionary* have helped greatly to make the Church better known and better loved. And so, too, the books of Catholic piety and wisdom that have come from Paulist pens. It is safe to state that, in proportion to its numbers, no other religious society in this country has made so generous a contribution to Catholic literature as the Congregation of St. Paul.

The Catholic University of America and the Congregation of St. Paul are, then, institutions of which we have reason to be proud, and in which we, as Americans, are led to take a lively interest. For both are American in origin, and both are racy of the soil in which they have taken root. Both are still young, as years are counted in the lives of great Catholic movements. But each has the promise, under God's blessing, of a vigorous growth in time to come. May the Congregation of St. Paul, bound to the University in the future as in the past by ties of genuine sympathy and good will, flourish like the tree planted by the running waters, which shall bring forth its fruit in due season, and whose leaf shall not fall.

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SERMON PREACHED BY THE REV. WILLIAM J. KERBY, PH.D., AT ST. PAUL'S COLLEGE, BROOKLAND, D. C., JANUARY 29, 1916.

THE Rector of the University asks me to give expression to his regret that engagements elsewhere prevent him from taking part in this morning's ceremony. He sends his most cordial good wishes. When he asked me to bear this message for him, he reminded me of the uninterrupted attachment that has marked the relations of the University and the Paulist Community for twenty-five years. As both friend of the Paulist Community and Rector of the University, he asks the abundant blessing of God upon this College, and he prays that the fondest hopes of your zeal in the service of souls may find plenary fulfillment.

I.

In the ceremony that we have just witnessed, this building was dedicated to the honor and glory of God. It is to serve as a home for the novices of the Paulist Community. It will be known as St. Paul's College. As such it is affiliated to the Catholic University. When the home of the Community was on the University grounds, it was known as St. Thomas' College. The Paulist Community was the first to take up residence at the University and to enter into close academic relations with it. The relations between the University and the Community have been without interruption, cordial and wholesome. A feeling of spiritual gratitude and renewed assurance is stirred in the heart of the University because another sanctuary lamp has been lit before another tabernacle in the growing circle of tabernacles that surround the University and proclaim its service to the American Church. May God bless St. Paul's College for all time.

II.

The Paulist Community may be studied most readily and may perhaps be best understood from a fourfold standpoint. At least an observer who views the Community from outside, will be assisted in his study if he approaches it in the manner to be indicated.

The Community represents a new attitude toward the ideal of Catholic truth, a new spirit in serving it, a new method in that service and a new type of Community to perform it.

Revealed truth has never lacked the missionary impulse nor the pioneer who charts for it, new paths to the hearts of men. No truth is devoid of it. The sensitive soul of Father Hecker, however, caught a new vision and that new vision stirred this impulse in a singularly new way.

Some of us place our ideals far away from everyday life. Vague visions

of them are permitted to float about in fancy. Sometimes we clothe those ideals in indefinite terms, and our practical wisdom screens off their effulgence and tones it down to our diminished capacity to receive it. We thereby escape the discipline and service of the ideal. Again, we feel conviction as to its truth, but we postpone to later days and for other times our surrender to it.

When Father Hecker caught his vision of the ideal, he went with significant courage and unreserved abandon straight to it. It seized his soul. It captured his imagination. It reorganized his life, set his ambitions, constructed his standards. It became unto him law and order and life. That ideal was to preach the truth which had been made known to him to his non-Catholic fellow-countrymen. His vision reached out until it saw America Catholic. When the divine light came to the sensitive soul of Father Hecker, he saw how it might be carried to those outside the fold, and that new vision shaped and mastered the missionary impulse of his great heart. No practical shrewdness diminished the zeal of his consecration. No adverse advice availed to hurt the definite certainty of his purpose or the sweep of his impulse to carry it out. His ideal was not primarily to provide an atmosphere in which his followers might find their peace. It was to provide a community in which his vision could be tabernacled and handed down. This concrete ideal was to be the corporate ideal of the Paulist Community. Everything in its spirit and constitution springs from that as a source and goes back to it as an end.

The missionary impulse is Apostolic. The command of Christ accounts for it. The traditional imagination of Christianity represented it often as a call to foreign lands, to pagan or heathen. Father Hecker's experience of the missionary impulse kept him at home. It gave us a new vista of spiritual duty, a new conception of the claims of Christian brotherhood, a new field for searching zeal. As far as I know, Father Hecker is the first American in whose soul this ideal of a Catholic America took on the splendid proportions of an inspiration and the rigid compulsion of a law. His ideal was concrete, magnificent, apostolic. He contributed a new longing to the heart of American Catholicism. He put into the religious traditions of the nation a new challenge to the fertility of our Faith. He placed before us, who are of the household of the Faith, a new and compelling claim for good example and spiritual excellence as supports in undertaking this magnificent work for God.

III.

A fundamental feature of this ideal of Father Hecker is found in the spirit that was born of it. That spirit is one of frank readiness to seek out and to bless God for those portions of revealed truth and natural virtue that the American people possessed in hopeful vitality. Father Hecker saw because of his own experience how Protestantism, transplanted to a new world, had in part forgotten its prejudices, and how Protestants had lost much of dogmatic Christian faith. But he also knew that many of them were, as he himself had been, struggling towards the light: that Protestantism had left them a residuum of natural goodness, and that this might serve as a fertile soil for the sowing of Catholic seed. They who cannot, or will not, take the trouble to see as deeply as this man of Apostolic spirit, may not understand. I know, of course, that it is easy to be misunderstood. All new thought is misunderstood. Hasty inferences, inaccurate understanding, partial statements are a source of torture to everyone who ventures to restate traditionally accepted truths or to bring a new type of consecration to the service of God. Witness St. Thomas, St.

Ignatius, St. Francis de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul. The utter simplicity and evident truth in Father Hecker's mind were the source of both assurance and power. Father Hecker caught, admired and proclaimed the types of natural goodness and Christian sentiment that his keen discernment showed him in the American spirit. He felt a quick and restless impulse to make that natural goodness first the handmaiden and then the ally of the supernatural in preparing for the triumphal journey of Jesus Christ through this new world. His vision had shown him the American people, radiant in the possession of the fullness of revelation, docile in hearing the voice of Christ's representative, noble in fulfilling the divine prophecy of one fold and one Shepherd.

We have to recall that the background of our civilization is a Catholic civilization, in which the natural was largely known and dealt with from the standpoint of the supernatural. Logic in the Middle Ages could distinguish between them, but imagination could not. Was it not customary to say in the thirteenth century that the natural seemed supernatural and the supernatural seemed natural, so closely associated in memory, imagination and experience were the two? The break-up of Catholic civilization destroyed the unity of life; the loss of the sense of supernatural outside the Church, and political and religious disintegration that ensued through the centuries, led to the first stage in the new relations of the natural and supernatural which was one of antagonism. With the attenuation of Protestantism the process continued until a stage occurred in which natural goodness was seen largely in itself, and not directly as a phase of rebellion, against the supernatural. Father Hecker's vision caught natural goodness, the natural virtues and the natural longing of the human heart for Christianity as features of this new American people to whose care God seemed to commit the custody of the world's future. It would not be surprising then if his spiritual instinct suggested that now that the instincts of hatred and antagonism against the supernatural seemed to have perished, natural goodness might be expected in a coming epoch to be reunited to the supernatural, and subjected to it in sweet and sanctified harmony to declare the power and majesty of the God of both.

Generation had succeeded generation. It had become evident that many might be and indeed were in good faith, that their hearts hungered for the complete revelation of God, and that they would accept the Catholic Faith could it be presented to them freed from the misconceptions with which their teachers had clouded it. It was this natural goodness, this good faith that Father Hecker recognized as *the* opportunity for a new apostolate. It was common in America because Protestantism was led to abandon supernatural claims and it left man with what may be called purely natural help. Upon this natural virtue Hecker based his hope of effective appeal. He saw America willing to listen; he saw it unsatisfied unless it embraced the Catholic Faith. He was profoundly impressed by this element of natural goodness that he discerned in the American people. This was the prologue to his vision of a Catholic America.

This element in the mind of Father Hecker, this reckoning with the normal, wholesome impulses of natural goodness and Christian instinct, never misled him. It never occurred to him that the natural was sufficient unto itself. How could it have occurred to him when every fibre of his being quivered with zeal to bring his loved people the fullness of revelation. It never occurred to him that partial truth was other than partial truth or that Christian sentiment was other than Christian sentiment. At any rate, his vision was complete and his instincts had under the providence of God sure guidance from it.

IV.

The logic of the process that I am attempting to describe leads us to the third element in Paulist work, a new method of apostolate, the non-Catholic mission and the press. It is not important here to determine whether or not in the South or elsewhere, instruction work among non-Catholics was undertaken before his day. I am informed that sporadic attempts of that kind had been made by Bishop England. Father Hecker reached these two methods, however, by the way of his vision of the ideal and the spirit of it. He assumed a natural hunger for truth. He assumed a readiness for supernatural truth when it was brought to the average fair-minded American. He assumed that the American was uninformed, but neither enemy, or critic. Hence, the controversial method that had had its place historically and that has its place still, seemed not quite adapted to his assumptions in the interpretation of American life and of its spiritual longings. Thus he was led to the spirit and method of exposition brought in all friendliness and peace to the American non-Catholic mind. The strong, capable exposition and defence of Catholic truth was his principal method of appeal. Controversy and debate were always secondary. The outcome of this process of feeling and thinking in him was the non-Catholic mission, the apostolate of the press, the question box. The place that these have taken in American religious history is due absolutely to the insight and instinct of Father Hecker.

V.

The logic of this Apostolic man's vision was irresistible. It led him to think out a new type of Community which would serve as the home of the great missionary impulse that drove him onward. He felt that he would have to create a community, because a community is the supreme form of human power. It should be a community made up of men committed to the highest forms of supernatural consecration. In this, of course, it would be like and not unlike other religious communities. All communities aim to produce the highest form of supernatural consecration. Father Hecker always said that the backbone of every religious community is the desire of perfection. The Paulist Community should be trained in delicate sensitiveness to the spiritual values of personal liberty. Personal initiative and personal ability of the members were to be cultivated as far as cultivation was compatible with obedience to the head under which all the members served. The compulsions of which the members were to be conscious should be from within rather than from without. Father Hecker felt that experience in spiritual liberty would give to his followers an insight and tone, a subtle way of presenting the supernatural truth that would appeal profoundly to the freedom-loving American mind.

His vision was of a Catholic America. This brought forward in his perspective the American hierarchy as the trustees of revelation under the direction of the Papacy. He felt profoundly the import of those words, *Posuit Spiritus Sanctus episcopos regere ecclesiam Dei.* Hence the Paulists were to be auxiliaries to bishops. The members were to be as close as possible to the hierarchy and their clergy. They were to find in the wisdom of the bishops and in their sympathies the practical direction of their apostolic work. Thus the missionary priests of St. Paul the Apostle offered themselves to the American episcopacy to help to make known to Americans the fullness of revelation and to bring the people into full and faithful union with the Apostolic See.

VI.

I have spoken of the Paulist attitude toward the ideal, of the spirit in which that practical ideal was approached, of the distinctive methods by which its work was undertaken and of the particular type of Community that undertook it. I believe that in these four respects the Paulist Community has made definite contribution to the history of the propagation of the Gospel of Our Lord Jesus Christ. Thus, the Community becomes in its own way as other communities are in their own way, the tabernacle of a vision, a grace and an impulse that are in their own way providential. I pray God that this new College may have an honorable part in the Community's history, and that every Paulist Father whose formation is perfected in it may hear and may obey the over-mastering call to the spiritual ideals of the great and good man from whose consecrated heart this Community takes its rise.

HOW little of unity on essential matters is found in the Episcopal Church is again plainly shown in a letter written by the Rev. James W. Morris, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church at Richmond, Virginia. The letter appeared in the *Southern Churchman* of January 29, 1916. Its aim is to show that the position of the High Church Party, of which Dr. Manning of New York is a conspicuous leader, does not represent the teaching and belief of the Episcopal Church. Concerning the theory of Holy Orders Dr. Morris writes:

He (Dr. Manning) assumes, with all finality, as if stating an indubitable and acknowledged fact, that this special conception of the exclusive validity of Episcopal orders is the sole and only one that is in agreement with the authorized standards of the Episcopal Church. Apparently he takes it for proven that his Low Church brethren have no legitimate place in the Church. They are, it seems, a sort of hyphenated Episcopalians, who must be suffered, but who, through ignorance or otherwise, do not understand the Episcopal Church. He takes for granted, as undeniable and certain, that this distinctive dogma of the High Church school is fundamental, is a test of orthodoxy as necessary as an article of the Creed. He says of this dogma: "It is a matter of the Church's own most distinct and essential teaching." And he adds: "If any member of the Episcopal Church, clergyman or layman, does not believe in the office of the priesthood, and that Episcopal ordination is necessary for the exercise of the functions of the priesthood, he in so far fails to accept the teaching and to represent the position of his own communion."

It is well to be fully persuaded in one's own mind, but that anyone should lay down as a fundamental doctrine of the Church a matter of order which was not taught by any divine of the English Church for almost a century after the Reformation, is truly wonderful. The Reformers themselves, and a multitude of other theologians in the English Church, have expressly repudiated any narrow view of Episcopacy. Hooker, Cosin, Usher, Burnet, Whitely and many other leading men in the Church have held Episcopacy to be for the *best thing* and not for the *sole being* of the Church. Even such men as Bancroft and Laud held no such extreme view of orders as Dr. Manning insists upon as a *sine qua non* of Churchmanship.

Dr. Manning must know well that a long line of able and devoted Church-

men, whose loyalty to the Church has never been and cannot be questioned, have repudiated and abhorred the views that he presumes to proclaim as "essential;" he must be aware that the Anglican communion has never had more distinguished, more learned, or more faithful sons, than those who have maintained the *bene esse* in opposition to the *esse* of Episcopal orders.

Dr. Manning's notion of the visible Church is likewise interesting. One wonders whether he forgot what the Church of which he claims to be entirely "representative," defines to be the visible Church. It may be well to write it down, for what the Church authoritatively teaches is too often obscured by individualistic notions. "The visible Church of Christ is a congregation of faithful men, in which the pure Word of God is preached, and the sacraments be duly ministered according to Christ's ordinance, in all those things that of necessity are requisite to the same."

If Dr. Manning has framed this article, would he have left so large an opening for the Protestant ministry of other Churches? Would he not have said very firmly and very indubitably, "The sacraments duly ministered solely by priests who have been ordained by Bishops in direct succession from the Apostles?" Would he have left room for doubt on this fundamental point? I suspect that he will think that this article fails to give the teaching and to represent the position of the Church.

But which has the greater authority, a carefully drawn doctrinal statement of the Church in her Articles of Religion, or the *ipse dixit* of Dr. Manning and his party?

The letter ought to help in enlightening the minds of those who maintain the right of the Episcopal Church to the name "Catholic."

WE gladly comply with the request of the Very Rev. E. G. Fitzgerald, O.P., of St. Vincent Ferrer's, New York City, to publish the following appeal, and the prayer which it includes:

FOR GOD AND AMERICA!

WANTED! One million members to join the League of Prayer for the Conversion of America and the Salvation of Souls.

The requirements are very simple: To have one's name enrolled and to recite on the First Thursday of the month the indulgenced prayer of the League.

PRAYER.

O my Redeemer, through the sorrowful Heart of Mary I offer Thee my thoughts, words, and actions of this first Thursday for the salvation of souls, and the conversion of America, in union with Thy prayer to the Eternal Father: "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee." Amen.

The League for the Conversion of America was organized in 1910 on the First Thursday in February.

The late Holy Father, Pius X., gave the League his blessing. His Eminence Cardinal Farley has accorded it his hearty approbation.

Send in your name for enrollment to Corpus Christi Monastery, Hunt's Point, New York. Get your friends to do likewise, and above all don't forget to interest the children—Christ's "little ones"—in the League.

Help the great work: *For God and America!*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co., New York:
Newman's "Gentleman." By C. L. O'Donnell, Ph.D. 35 cents. *Modern Essays.* $1.40 net. *Mysteries of the Mass in Reasoned Prayers.* By Father W. Roche, S.J. 50 cents net. *A Mediæval Anthology.* Collected by Mary Segar. $1.00 net.

E. P. DUTTON & Co., New York:
Everyman's Library: Green's Short History of the English People. By J. R. Green. 2 vols. Cloth. 35 cents each. *The Honey Pot.* By Countess Barcynska. $1.35 net.

BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York:
Roma: Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome. By Rev. Albert Kuhn, D.D. Part XIII. 35 cents.

P. J. KENEDY & SONS, New York:
Mother Mary Veronica. A Biography. By Rev. Herman J. Heuser, D.D. $2.00 net.

THE H. W. WILSON Co., New York:
Woman Suffrage. By Justina L. Wilson. Pamphlet.

J. FISCHER & BROTHER, New York:
Missa Choralis. By Presb. Licinio Refice.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York:
Nationalism and War in the Near East. By a Diplomatist. $4.15. *The Industrial Development and Commercial Policies of the Three Scandinavian Countries.* By P. Drachmann. $1.75.

WOLFE TONE Co., New York:
What Could Germany Do For Ireland? By Jas. K. McGuire. $1.00.

THE AMERICA PRESS, New York:
Large Families of the Poor. The Pope's Christmas Allocution. Pamphlets. 5 cents each.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER, New York:
The Colorado Industrial School. By John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

LEO FEIST, New York:
What an Irishman Means by "Machree." (Song.) By F. P. Donnelly, S.J. 60 cents.

WORLD PEACE FOUNDATION, Boston:
Annual Report, 1915. Pamphlet.

W. P. FENNELL, 814 Washington Loan and Trust Building, Washington, D. C.:
Civil and Religious Liberty. By W. P. Fennell. Pamphlet.

PETER REILLY, Philadelphia:
A Divine Friend. By Henry C. Schuyler, S.T.L.

D. B. HANSEN & SONS, Chicago:
The Mechanism of Discourses. By Rev. M. Moeslein, C.P.

B. HERDER, St. Louis:
The Life of St. Columban. By Mrs. T. Concannon, M.A. $2.00 net. *The Mother of God.* By Rev. F. Girardey, C.SS.R. 75 cents net. *History of Dogmas.* Translated from the French by H. L. B. $2.00 net. *The Story of the Catholic Church.* By Rev. G. Stebbing, C.SS.R. $1.80 net. *Probation.* By M. L. Storer. $1.00 net.

HODDER & STOUGHTON, London:
Studies in the Psalms. By S. R. Driver, D.D.

AUSTRALIAN CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, Melbourne:
The Drink Evil in Australia. By Very Rev. W. J. Lockington, S.J. Pamphlet. 5 cents.

BLOUD ET GAY, Paris:
La Signification de la Guerre. Par H. Bergson. *Les Surboches.* Par A. Beaunier. *L'Esprit Philosophique de l'Allemagne et la Pensée Française.* Par V. Delbos. *Guerre et Philosophie.* Par M. de Wulf. 0.60 each. *Le Protestantisme Allemand.* Par J. Paquier. 1 *fr.* 50.

LIBRAIRIE ARMAND COLIN, Paris:
Pan-Germanism. By C. Andler. 0.50.

AUGUSTE PICARD, Paris:
Le Crime de Guillaume et la Belgique. Par Paul V. Houtte.

P. LETHIELLEUX, Paris:
Le de Profundis Médité. Par Abbé A. d'Agnel. 2 *frs.* 50. *L'autre Vie.* Par J. Guillermin. *Les Catholiques Italiens et la Guerre Europeenne.* Par V. Bucaille. 0.50.

GABRIEL BEAUCHESNE, Paris:
Le Prix du Sang. Par P. Lhande. 1 *fr.* 50. *Dieu la France, Nos Enfants.* 1 *fr.* 50.

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